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THE  
AMERICAN REVIEW:

A WHIG JOURNAL

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

VOL. V.

Pulchrum est bene facere Reipublicæ, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est.

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No. I.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE: THE WAR.

WE should have been quite content to leave the subject of the Mexican war with our readers, just as it was presented and submitted to them in the July number of this journal—we mean, in all the particulars in which it was then discussed—were it not that the President of the United States, under the sanction of his high office, and from his place of pride and power at the head of this great Republic, communicating with the National Legislature, under constitutional injunction, and with a registered oath upon him, has deemed it necessary to present to the country a new manifesto of this war—a manifesto of a character so extraordinary, so elaborately and cunningly wrought up, and so well calculated to mislead the popular mind, and to imbue it with false impressions of the plainest occurrences passing under our eye, and of the simplest facts of history—so well calculated, in fact, “to prepare the heart of this people for war,” for this war, and for any war which the Executive may choose to undertake, no matter with what designs of political ambition, or with what lust of conquest and extended dominion, if only veiled under the commonest disguises—that we feel called upon to go once more somewhat at length into the subject, and into an examination of this remarkable document. That the President should make an effort to defend the awkward and unenviable position in which this war has placed him, does not surprise us; but

we confess we are amazed and confounded, considering the station he occupies, at the consummate boldness of some of the assumptions he makes, as necessary to give a sufficient breadth of foundation for his defence to rest upon.

The President begins with adverting to the fact, that there is a sentiment abroad in the country unfavorable to the war. He flatters himself that such views are entertained by but few, though they have been extensively circulated. We do not know how far Mr. Polk has been allowed to become acquainted with the real state of public opinion on this subject. It not unfrequently happens that the ruler of a kingdom is nearly the last man in it to be well informed of what the people think of him and his government. We suppose he is a diligent reader of “The Union,” and that there is a warm and genial atmosphere of flattery all around him, to keep him on comfortable terms with himself. Still, it seems he is not altogether unaware that an opinion prevails, at least in some quarters, that this war was brought on originally by his own fault, and, in part certainly, for objects unworthy of the nation, and utterly repugnant to its sense of justice and honor. If he knew how wide-spread and deep-seated this opinion is among all classes and parties; if he knew what a feeling of disgust and abhorrence this confident belief creates, and how extended and diffused it is, we know he would shrink back in-

instinctively, and withdraw his hand from the bloody work in which he is engaged, at the earliest moment at which the simplest objects of justice and safety could be secured. If the real sentiments of the American people could be embodied and presented before him, it would demand a higher courage than he possesses, however brave for enterprises of this nature, to stand up unabashed and unblanched before the terrible frown, and the calm but indignant rebuke, he would have to encounter. We fear that he is making the common mistake of infatuated rulers, by fancying that the moderate and suppressed tone in which the public voice has thus far uttered its decided dissent from his policy and measures, expresses only the natural weakness of an interested opposition from which it emanates, instead of indicating, as it really does, that natural repugnance which all patriotic minds feel when obliged to oppose and expose the conduct of their own government, especially in matters involving its relations with other powers. We are not, however, without some evidence that he is forced, at times at least, to view this matter in its true light. The very labor which he has thought it necessary to bestow on his defence, is some proof of his apprehensions lest the popular sentiment against him might be growing too formidable to be either agreeable or safe. And there is a sentence—which we will quote—in the paragraph with which he introduces his defence, indicating pretty clearly that he was not without some uneasy impression that the whole force of the sentiment of the country against him had not been exhibited, and that if so, there was a reason for this moderation, creditable to the country, but by no means flattering to him, and which he must be prompt to avail himself of still further, and turn, if possible, to a still more profitable account.

The President, as we have said, begins his manifesto by a reference to the unfavorable opinion entertained in the country in regard to the origin and character of the Mexican war; and he puts forth promptly, in this connection, an appeal, not to the patriotism of the people, but to a false and base sentiment, which he would fain have instructed to confound all distinction between an administration and the country, and between right and wrong, and persuaded to a servile, unreasoned and abject submission—a mere passive obedience—not to the divine authority of a country governed by constitution

and laws, but to the arbitrary, and, it may be, destructive rule of a chief, elevated, no matter by what unlucky accident, to the seat of temporary power. He undertakes to characterize any apparent want of such submission to his personal course and policy in this war—any lack of this passive obedience—any difference of opinion with him in this matter to which one may dare to give utterance—as moral and legal treason! Here is what he says:

“A more effectual means could not have been devised to encourage the enemy, and protract the war, than to advocate and adhere to their cause, and thus to give them ‘aid and comfort.’”

The President applies this language to those who have been so unfortunate as to hold and express opinions unfavorable to the war, and to his agency in bringing it about. This is, in his judgment, to advocate and adhere to the cause of the enemy; this is to give the enemy “aid and comfort.” “Treason against the United States,” says the Constitution, “shall consist...in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort.” And this great statute of treason Mr. Polk does not scruple to quote against those who have ventured, or shall venture, to utter a word against his war. This, too, is official. It comes before us in a grave state paper, in which, by the requirement of the Constitution, he is to “give to Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient.” He officially informs Congress how, in his judgment, treason has been committed against the United States. He puts an official interpretation on this important clause of the Constitution, and delivers his solemn judgment to Congress, that those who represent this war as in its inception unjust and unnecessary, thereby bring themselves within the purview of this clause, are to be regarded as adhering to our enemies, giving them “aid and comfort,” and guilty, therefore, of treason against the United States. There is one other judicial opinion, and only one that we know of, in our time, to which this might form a fit companion and counterpart. It was that which Gen. Jackson expressed when he advised that the members of the Hartford Convention might be hanged under the second section of the rules and articles of war. But as the President does not follow up this im-

portant information thus given to Congress, under the Constitution—the expression of this executive opinion concerning the law of treason, and its applicability to the guilty opponents of his administration and his war—with the recommendation of any “measures” to be adopted by Congress for carrying his views into practical operation, we may conclude, perhaps, that the opinion itself is held rather speculatively than judicially, and was inserted in the President’s Message rather than thrown into the columns of the “Union”—where it much more appropriately belonged—for the sake of the wider circulation, and the more imposing effect, that might thus be given to it. However this may be, we hold the expression of a sentiment like this, in such a place, to be no way creditable to the President, or to the country. If we could suppose him serious in uttering such a sentiment, we should hold him capable, if he had the power, or could acquire it, of suppressing, by force, all freedom of opinion, of speech, of the press, and of debate. We should hold him capable of establishing a tyranny of the worst order, a tyranny which locks up the minds of men from all free inquiry, and shuts them up together in the country, as in one great prison-house, from which all light is excluded, except such as is permitted to struggle doubtfully down to them from official sources, and through barred and grated avenues. But whether, in his heart, he entertains such a belief or not, still, considering what a formal expression he has given to it, and the place in which it is found, at least we see in it a deliberate purpose, if he cannot wholly suppress free discussion in regard to this war, yet to give it some check, and above all, by this abuse of the popular mind, to rouse, if possible, and as far as possible, a blind popular prejudice in the country, to vent its indiscriminating rage against any and all who may happen to have opinions of their own, and to express them, about the manner in which this war was begun, and the leading designs of the administration in bringing it on, and in its prosecution.

On this subject, we would have the President understand, that this very common and cheap mode of defending the administration and the war, and which is so much in vogue with his newspapers and partisans all over the country, derives no additional force or dignity by being

thus elevated to a place in his annual Message to Congress. It is not made sublime by this elevation; and if it be not ridiculous, it is only because it is too odious to become so. And we would have the President understand also, that this is a war with Mexico in 1846, and not a war with England in 1812; that this is not a war for “free trade and sailors’ rights; that it is not “a second war for independence.” He mistakes altogether the circumstances under which the imputation of treason, legal or moral, can be made with any effect against those who do not happen to agree with the Executive in regard to the justice or necessity of undertaking a war. There is no Mexican party in this country—there is no faction which prefers Mexico and Mexican interests to the soil, the home and the interests of their own country; nor can the people, not even the weakest of them, be persuaded to believe any such absurdity—not even when the President himself descends to make the imputation.

But what kind of doctrine is this which teaches that no citizen is at liberty to raise his voice against any war in which the country may chance to be engaged, or against anything about the war, or even to whisper a word of disapproval: and that to do so, is to take sides with the enemy—is “to advocate and adhere to their cause, and thus give them aid and comfort?” Is this an American doctrine—is it a constitutional doctrine? Who makes a war in this country? How is the country placed in a state of war? Why, if it is engaged in solemn war at all as the Constitution contemplates, it is placed in that state by an act of Congress. Congress legislates on the subject, and legislates the country into the war; and Congress is a representative body, and its constituency is the people. We are accustomed to call this the people’s government; and the people are accustomed to think that it is their right, and a very sacred right, belonging to them, to canvass freely *every* act and measure of the government. If Congress makes a tariff which does not suit them, they condemn it; if Congress makes a sub-treasury which does not suit them, they condemn it; and why, if Congress makes a war which does not suit them, shall they not condemn it? If an administration does not suit the people, they take the liberty to displace it, and elect a new one that may please them better. This is deemed the right and prerogative of the people.



The whole ultimate authority of the government, under the Constitution, is in the hands of the people—this is our system. And yet we have a doctrine here which withdraws from the people all authority, and gives the whole power, present and ultimate, over to the government, or the existing administration, and that, too, when the measure in question happens to be the most important and stupendous in which the country can be involved. And not only is all positive and direct authority withdrawn from the people in such a case, but the very first element of their power is taken away; they may not even canvass or discuss the measure. Yet this is the President's doctrine, if he means anything; this seems to be the *democratic* doctrine of the day. But this is not the whole of it, nor the worst of it. We have been supposing the case of a war, regularly declared by Congress, the proper constitutional authority. But suppose a war undertaken by the Executive alone, without the authority of Congress—and such is demonstrably the very war we have on hand—what shall be said of this doctrine of passive obedience as applied to such a war? Now, indeed, as we thus consider it, the doctrine shines out, and shows us the kind of stuff it is made of. The Executive makes a war; the army is in the field, in the face of the enemy; battle ensues, and blood, and carnage, and all the horrors attendant on the shock of bristling hosts in deadly encounter; and all this takes place before Congress is consulted on the subject; though, at last, Congress is asked to *recognize* the war, and make the necessary provision for carrying it on with vigor and effect. What now is Congress to do? The President declares and proclaims that the war is just and necessary on our part, and our only fault is that we had not begun it long before; and at any rate, we are in it now, and that, in fact, the enemy began it, "by shedding the blood of American citizens on American soil." The President puts the case thus before Congress, and, at the same time, Congress knows full well that there is not one word or shadow of truth in the declaration that the enemy had commenced hostilities, "by shedding the blood of American citizens on American soil;" but that in the face face of open day, and witnessed by all men, the Executive himself had commenced hostilities by invading the proper soil, and the ancient homes and hearths of a foreign people, with whom, till that

moment, we were at peace. What, we ask again, is Congress now to do? What does this notable doctrine of the Executive, which we are considering, teach? Why, that the only duty of Congress is the duty of passive obedience. If Congress, or any unlucky member of that body, hesitates, stops to inquire, and finally ventures to assert, on indubitable proof, that this is an Executive war, precipitated and begun by him, without necessity and without apology, this is treason—this is treason! this is "advocating and adhering to the cause of the enemy, and giving him aid and comfort!" It matters not that Congress proceeds with the true spirit of patriotism—a sentiment which dwells in every generous bosom, along with the sentiment which makes a man honor his father and his mother, and leads him to provide for his own household—it matters not that Congress proceeds to make ample and prompt provision to succor our brave army in the field, to defend the country at all points against the public enemy; and to prosecute the war, now made necessary, perhaps, *post facto*, to its conclusion in an honorable peace. This is not enough. There must be a spontaneous and unbroken echo from the halls of the national legislature to the President's manifesto—just as ready, loud and unbroken, as if that manifesto contained nothing but the truth; and the lightest whisper of dissent is to be proclaimed as treason to the United States. At the least, if there be any, who cannot, in their consciences, join in the shout for the President's war, they must humbly acquiesce and be silent.

Here, then, clearly is a case, according to this doctrine, in which Congress is not at liberty to canvass or debate a measure proposed by the President, or to hold and alter any opinions upon it, but such as he shall furnish it with; and that measure, too, one of war—the most momentous on which Congress can ever be called to deliberate—and one, as it happens, explicitly and exclusively committed to its decision by the Constitution! Congress has nothing to do, but furnish men and money, just as the President demands, and as long as he demands. And what sort of a government does this make of our Constitutional Republic? What but the government of one man? In the nature of things, the Executive has the direction of the war as long as it exists; and Congress has no power, by the Constitution, directly, to make

peace. This is to be done by treaty ; and the treaty-making power is, in the first instance, in the hands of the President. The control which Congress, and the people through their representatives in Congress, might be supposed by the old-fashioned republicans, to have over the progress of a war—and especially an Executive war—once begun, is mainly in the right to withhold the supplies necessary for its prosecution, when, in their deliberate judgment, it is time to make peace. But Congress could not well take so decisive a step as this without allowing their reasons to go to the public. Indeed, such a measure itself would bear its own reasons stamped upon it. And this, by the President's doctrine, would be "to adhere to the cause of the enemy, and thus give them aid and comfort." This would be treason ! Congress might, too, deem it necessary to vindicate the Constitution of the country by calling the President to a solemn account for plunging the nation into an unnecessary war, by his own authority, and in contempt of the proper authority of that body. An impeachment might be instituted and prosecuted against him. And here, too, would be treason. The House of Representatives, prosecuting Articles of Impeachment, the *gravamen* of which would be, that an existing war was precipitated and begun by the deliberate act of the President, and that without any good cause, and for unjustifiable objects ; and the Senate, entertaining such an impeachment ; both would be guilty of "adhering to the cause of the enemy, and thus giving him aid and comfort." And this would be treason ! And just as it would be with these bodies, so it might be with the people themselves. Finding the President slow to make peace, in the case of an Executive war, or any other war, when peace ought to be made, and Congress itself, perhaps, subservient to his will and interests in the matter, the people, tired of the war, or believing it to have been unnecessary and iniquitous from the beginning, rise in the majesty of their strength, and with their own Constitutional weapon—the ballot—make an onslaught upon the Administration, drive them from power and fill their places with better men, and peacemakers. And here, too, is treason ! This would be "to advocate and adhere to the cause of the enemy, and thus give him aid and comfort," which is treason : and so we should have the people in a body committing treason against the United States in the

common and legitimate use of their own ballot !

But we will leave this doctrine of passive obedience—heretofore advocated only as a part of the necessary calling of demagogues, and so far comparatively innocent, but now finding a place in the Annual Message of a President to Congress—we will leave this doctrine to the sober reflections of our readers, and to the reprobation of the people. Not in our day has a doctrine been seriously broached so utterly subversive of public liberty, if it indeed could be seriously countenanced by the country. We rejoice to believe it will prove impotent and harmless, on account of its own inherent grossness and absurdity.

The President finds a cheap consolation for the general unpopularity of the war, in believing that the alacrity with which the volunteers have obeyed the call of their country, affords proof of "their deep conviction that our cause is just." We suppose, really, that it is next to impossible for a mere politician to understand, exactly, what an unalloyed sentiment of patriotism should mean ; or how an act of sacrifice and duty should be performed under the influence of such a sentiment, without any mixture of the narrower and grosser feeling of polemic politics, or of party, to help it along. We believe if a vote could be taken to-day among the 20,000 volunteers called into the public service, or the survivors of them, on the question of the origin and necessity of this war, that Mr. Polk would find he had small cause for confidence on account of their opinions. Among the officers in the field, from the commanding general down, it is well understood that the war is very generally condemned. All this, however, is matter of small importance. Certainly it is true that, in neither arm of our military force, regular or volunteer, have our countrymen allowed their convictions in regard to the causes and origin of this war, however unfavorable to the Administration, to interfere with their sense of duty to their country. Many of them we know, multitudes we believe, have gone to the field, and into the front of battle—perishing, not a few of them, on its "perilous edge"—who have never doubted, more than we now doubt, that the war was begun by the fault of the President, and has wanted from the beginning the sanctions which can alone make a war creditable to any Christian nation. But an enlisted soldier fights his battles, as in

duty bound, under orders; he does not make the war, nor is he responsible for it. The volunteer rushes to the field to fight for his country, as the son flies to defend his parent in the moment of peril; neither stops to ask how the quarrel began, or who is to blame for it. If, possibly, a little of the unadulterated spirit of war, so natural to brave hearts all the world over—a savor of the genuine disposition for a fight, after a long “piping time of peace”—has come in to deepen somewhat the glow of patriotism in the hearts of the gallant men who have fought, and mean to fight, the necessary battles of this war, there would be nothing very remarkable in such a state of things. At any rate we believe most men will think ours quite as rational a way of accounting for the promptness of our volunteers in taking the field, and quite as creditable to them, as that which the President has fallen upon. We have no desire, however, to deprive him of one crumb of the satisfaction he seems to feel on the occasion of his notable discovery; only we really think it would be quite as creditable to him, if he could be made to understand that, whether in the army or out of the army, all the duties of good citizens in reference to the existing war, may be as fully and faithfully performed, and no doubt will be, as thus far they have been, by the people of this country, of all classes and conditions, as if they believed that Mexico took the first step in the war, instead of the Executive, or as if they were, one and all, the unscrupulous supporters and defenders both of the war and of his administration.

What it is that the duty of patriotism demands in a case like the present may be safely left to the American people to determine for themselves, without any special admonition from those who have set this ball in motion. The love of country is pervading and universal. Our people are not likely to exalt Mexico in their affections above the United States; or prefer her interests to the interests of their own country. Since we are in the war, no matter how begun, or with what intent on the part of the Executive, we must get out of it the best way we can; and it would seem that there is no other way, at least under the lead of this Administration, but to fight our way out of it. As long as we have war, we must support the war—we must support the Administration in the *necessary* prosecution of the war. Congress must give

the Executive the *necessary* supplies of men and money; though, certainly, it does not follow that the Executive must necessarily have all the men and money he may ask for. Congress ought to satisfy itself, in our judgment, that the conduct of the war is to be adapted to the proper and necessary objects to be secured on our side, in prosecuting it. We know very well that the Executive is responsible for the conduct of the war, and must be left to plan his own campaigns; but it does not follow that he must be left to go on with a war forever in his own way, and for his own objects of spoliation or conquest. Against such objects, if they appear, Congress ought to be prompt to interpose the check which the Constitution has certainly given it. And if Congress will not interpose, or cannot, then nothing remains but for the people, at the earliest practicable moment, to take the remedy into their own hands. As being ourselves of the number of the people, and speaking, as we may flatter ourselves we do, in no very limited extent, their opinions, in uttering our own, we do not hesitate now, as we have not heretofore hesitated, to express our utter distrust of the President in regard to the objects, some of them at least, at which he is aiming in this war. And we are not afraid to speak, and to speak very freely, just what we think of the whole matter; and if Mexico should chance to hear what we say, we believe little harm would be done. We hold her for our enemy, as she is the enemy of our country. In times past, she had inflicted injuries on American citizens, or those for whom she is responsible had done so; and when this war commenced they had not been redressed. We now want satisfaction for these injuries. Texas, too, is ours, and Mexico must relinquish her pretensions to it. We cannot now renounce this acquisition; and we must have that country with its ancient and true boundary, and that boundary extended, if necessary, so as to embrace all persons in permanent settlements, who were at the time the proper subjects of the Texan Republic. Beyond this, this country had no claims on Mexico when this war was commenced, whatever claims it may acquire by the obstinacy of that power in maintaining the war. These objects attained, the war ought to cease. We have no right to another foot of territory in any part of the Mexican empire. We do not want

her territory, and if we did, we are able to pay for it, and Mexico ought never to relinquish an inch of it, but by voluntary cession, and on her own terms.\* Perhaps the President would think that this is "advocating and adhering to the cause of the enemy, and thus giving him aid and comfort,"—perhaps, he would call this Treason. At any rate, these are our opinions; we are free to express them, and we are quite likely to abide by them. They indicate the terms on which we think peace should be made with Mexico—the terms on which a standing and perpetual offer of peace should be kept before the Mexican government. But we are compelled to leave what further we have to say on the true objects of the war and the question of peace, for some other occasion. We proceed now to some further examination of the President's Manifesto.

Upon entering on his defence of the war, the President informs us very explicitly that his object is to give "a condensed review of the injuries we have sustained, of the causes which led to the war, and of its progress since its commencement." Plain readers would readily understand from this language that we should, of course, have "the causes which led to the war" when we should be put in possession of "the injuries we have sustained." It turns out, however, in fact, quite otherwise. "The injuries" referred to are placed in the foreground of the picture with every possible disposition of light and shadow, and of intense coloring, which the skill of the artist could devise, heightened, indeed, even to the point of a very ridiculous exaggeration, to give them prominence and effect. They consist of the wrongs done to the persons and property of American citizens, by the authority of Mexico, in various hands, for a period of twenty years, and remaining unredressed at the commencement of this war. But after the display of these injuries has been carried through nearly one-fifth part of the entire message, behold, we come in the end, to the lame and inpotent conclusion, that, after all, they had nothing to do with "the causes which led to the war." This part of the message is warded off with this very significant confession:

"Such are the grave causes of complaint on the part of the United States, against Mexico—causes which existed long before the annexation of Texas to the American Union—and yet, animated by the tone of peace and a magnanimous moderation, we did not adopt those measures of redress which, under such circumstances, are the justified resort of injured nations."

Thus far, then, it is manifest, we are no nearer the causes which led to the war than before, notwithstanding this formal and circumstantial showing up of our wrongs and injuries. It is manifest, that the task which the President had imposed on himself, namely, that of showing us "the causes which led to the war," had yet to be performed, even after he had taken so much pains to make us sensible of the sufferings we had endured at the hands of Mexico. "The war," said the President, "has been represented as unjust and unnecessary, and as one of aggression on our part upon a weak and injured enemy;" and he sat down to compose this manifesto, expressly and professedly, for the purpose of repelling this injurious imputation on him and his administration. Let it be observed, that this is not a dispatch addressed to Mexico to show her, now that we are in the war, what causes of complaint we have against her, for which she must consent to give us satisfaction before the war can cease; but it is literally and professedly a defence, addressed to his own countrymen, and designed to justify the Executive himself before the people of the United States, for his conduct and measures in reference to the war. He had been charged with having himself precipitated and brought on hostilities, and that not only without reference to the true causes of complaint we had against Mexico, but really, as was believed, for purposes of territorial acquisition and aggrandizement—thus trampling on the Constitution of his country in two vital respects at one and the same time. This was the charge; and we assume nothing when we say that the Message was expressly designed as a defence against this serious impeachment of his conduct. The first and leading fact in this charge had reference to the origin of the war, and it was affirmed that the Executive was responsible for it, inasmuch as

\* We leave out of our consideration here the question of the expenses of the war. Any claim we might have on that score would depend on the blame that might justly attach to Mexico: first in obliging us to go into the war, (if she did so,) and next in unreasonably refusing to make peace.



hostilities were begun by our own army, under his orders, and it was to this point that the President undertook first of all to address his defence. What, then, has he given us to begin with ? Why, a most elaborate exposition of wrongs and injuries which he insists *might* have led to the war, but which he confesses did not ! And if these wrongs and injuries really had nothing to do with the origin of the war, it is natural that we should inquire why they have been paraded and recapitulated with so much pomp and circumstance in the foreground of his defence. We are sorry to be obliged to say that we see in all this, only one of those common juggles practiced by those who mean to carry off a successful deception ; the attention of the audience is to be diverted and absorbed, while the trick is performed before their eyes, and escapes detection. We dare say there are thousands of readers, especially of those who feel bound beforehand to think that everything the President does is exactly right, and that there are of course good reasons for everything he does, who have risen from the perusal of this document with the firm conviction, not only that Mexico has done us grievous wrong in the matter of our unredressed claims on her justice, which is all very true, but that these very wrongs have been "the causes which led to the war." So the President intended they should believe even in the face of his confession to the contrary.

We desire, at least so far as our readers are concerned, that they shall fall into no error of this sort. Let it be kept distinctly in view all the while, that our unredressed claims on Mexico had nothing to do with the origin of this war. They were not in the number of the causes which led to it. That there are such claims, the whole country knows ; and nobody disputes, that when claims like these remain long unsettled and unpaid, either by positive refusal, or through evasion or inexcusable neglect, the nation may be justified in resorting to force—either reprisals, or war if necessary—in order to obtain satisfaction. We have elsewhere said, and we repeat, that, in our judgment, on the strictest ground of right, the United States might have had a justifiable cause, on account of these claims, for commencing hostilities against Mexico, if they had chosen to do so. We think that when Mexico, taking offence at annexation, suspended all diplomatic

intercourse with us, leaving these claims unsatisfied, and giving them for the time no further attention, she took an attitude which could not strictly be justified, and which left us at liberty, if we had so chosen, to take our remedy into our own hands. Just-minded men everywhere, we believe, in the country and out of it, have felt no surprise, that Mexico should have been irritated and vexed with the measure of annexation, and the whole course of events which led to it ; but then it was not a wrong which she had a right to resent by war, or by assuming an attitude which, for the time, seemed like a refusal, or might be construed into a refusal, to satisfy us for our claims. This was the error she committed, and it is one, as events have turned out, which give us a capital advantage over her. All this, however, belongs to the question of these claims as between the United States and Mexico. Between the people and the President, the question is, what had these claims to do with the commencement of this war ? And we answer emphatically as before—nothing at all.

In our former article, already referred to, we entered at some length into the subject of "our relations with Mexico." In the survey which we then took of those relations, we showed our readers, by ample recurrence to historical detail, just what original causes of complaint we had against Mexico, out of which it was possible to make a war. We showed that they had reference solely to these unsatisfied claims. We showed, to some extent, the character of these claims, from which it might appear how little there was in some of them to demand the interposition of the government at all—claims, for example, to the tune of a million or two, arising on unfulfilled *land contracts* with Mexico—while others certainly were of a nature to deserve and require its active and zealous interference ; we showed that however much Mexico had neglected or evaded attention to these claims in times gone by, yet she had never at any time, in terms, *refused* to recognize and settle these, and not only so, but that in fact every claim we had against her, down to the very last and least, had, in the month of March, 1844, when our Minister, Mr. Thompson, left that country, been actually recognized, and provision made, by solemn convention, for the final adjustment and payment of each and all, to the last dollar. Mr. Thompson had, as he declared,

“cleared the docket.” It is true, these claims—many of them—were again put afloat by the unfortunate refusal of our government to ratify the convention which Mr. Thompson had negotiated with Mexico, and as he made it for the principal reason that the convention for the adjustment of the claims was to sit in Mexico and not at Washington—a very insufficient reason for that refusal, as we humbly think, since the nomination of the Umpire was secured to the United States by that concession. It was a most unhappy time for any light cause to throw back the subject matter of these claims on future negotiation, when the disturbing and distracting measure of the Annexation of Texas was just coming on, (a serious movement towards which had already begun,) and which, as all men were forewarned and foresaw, could not do less than break up, temporarily at least, all friendly relations and intercourse between the two governments. But for this ill-considered and inopportune rejection of Mr. Thompson’s convention with Mexico, it is very plain, that exactly at the time when Mr. Polk’s war movement towards that country was commenced, instead of having the unredressed “wrongs and injuries” of our citizens to harp upon in his message, a commission might have been actually sitting for the peaceable adjustment of these wrongs and injuries, as so many matters of account are adjusted every day in our courts of justice. What *might* have happened, when Mexico, on account of Annexation, withdrew her Minister from this country, and declined all friendly diplomatic intercourse with us, of course we have no means of knowing. But we see no reason to conclude, unless she had finally made up her mind to declare war, and take the field for Texas and against annexation—a conclusion to which it is now manifest, she would never have brought herself—that she would have broken up, or in any manner disturbed the Court of Commission, if it had then been actually in session. She might have done so possibly; and so much at least is certain, that from the time when the measure of Annexation was a thing resolved on at Washington, Mexico neglected to pay the quarterly instalments due from her by previous convention. Probably she thought—it is very natural she should think—in the new relations between the two powers, that, giving up Texas, as she undoubtedly felt she must, sooner or later, peacea-

bly or otherwise, and when the unsettled question of boundary for Texas should come to be adjusted, the United States would be found indebted to her for territory, after which we are eternally grasping, which would enable her to pay off our claims in a manner more convenient than by the advance of some millions of Mexican dollars. Nobody imagined at that period, certainly Mexico did not, that we were going to take, in the name of Texas, all the territory in the ownership and proper possession of Mexico, up to the Rio Grande, including Santa Fe, without at least making some compensation for it; and Mexico had some right to count upon it, that, in one way or another, we should want all the land we could get. We think, at any rate, that nobody can wonder, whatever blame may attach to this conduct, that she did not continue to pay her hard dollars into our treasury after she found that Annexation was inevitable, and that she should conclude to wait, before coming to a final settlement of the residue of our claims, until she could ascertain how much land we were resolved to have, and how much money, by way of set-off to these claims, we were willing to allow her for it. Indeed, on this subject we may add, that what we have here supposed Mexico to have anticipated, has been pretty distinctly avowed by the President as the policy of the Administration. We doubt, indeed, if the President from the first, notwithstanding all the clamor he has raised about our unsettled claims on Mexico, has ever felt any serious regret after Annexation was effected with an undefined boundary for Texas, that Mexico should not have been brought to an independent settlement of these claims. He has evidently been satisfied to have them held in reserve, as the means of wringing from Mexican necessities a better and more comprehensive boundary for Texas than could otherwise be obtained. Perhaps we may find in the end that even California floated in his vision as an additional acquisition to be obtained by the same means. At any rate, we have before us in this very message, a brief but significant declaration from the President, to which we can give no interpretation short of that just now suggested. When speaking of Mr. Slidell’s unsuccessful mission to Mexico, and the grounds on which she refused to receive the Minister, he says, “The Mexican government well knew . . . that the *two*

*questions of boundary and indemnity should be treated of together, as naturally and inseparably blended, and they ought to have seen that this course was best calculated to enable the United States to extend to them the most liberal justice."*

In other words, as we read this language, Mexico ought to have known that we should insist, at all events, on a very liberal boundary for Texas, and want probably some independent slices of her territory besides, and that we should be able to allow her a more liberal consideration for all this by trading off our claims to her by way of compensation, while she would find on her part, this mode of payment to us, much less onerous than the heavy drain which would otherwise be imposed on her slender territory.

We cannot, in our notice of that part of the President's Message relating to these claims, consent to pass by, without comment, the extraordinary tone of exaggeration in which he indulges on this whole subject. It is a small compliment which he pays to the intelligence and general information of those whom he is addressing when he ventures on a broad assertion like this: "The wrongs which we have suffered from Mexico almost ever since she became an independent power, and the patient endurance with which we have borne them, are without a parallel in the history of modern civilized nations." This was very bold language for the President of the United States to hold in the face of a history so recent and so well known as ours. One would really suppose, from reading this sentence, followed up, as it is, with every choice term and epithet that could well be selected to give intensity to the character of enormity and outrage which is charged on the acts of Mexico, that this was the only instance in which American citizens had suffered in their persons and property by the unjust and lawless proceedings of foreign governments; least of all would any one suppose that the President could be aware that our short history is full of just such cases. Or did he suppose that few persons in the country would probably recollect, just now, what our experience had been in this respect, and that he could, therefore, venture, with impunity, to treat the wrongs which Mexico had done us, as if nobody had ever heard of such wrongs before, from any other quarter.

If there is any one thing more remarkable than another in our relations with

foreign countries, it is the extraordinary number of instances which have occurred in our short term of national existence, of outrage and injury committed on the persons and property of American citizens by foreign powers, and the extraordinary patience we have exhibited under these injuries, in deference, and steady adherence, to the policy of our government from the beginning, in favor of peace, as long as war could be avoided with honor. During the wars which followed the French Revolution, and which involved at one time or another, nearly every considerable power in Europe, the United States, as the most important maritime, neutral nation, became the subject of every species of illegal exaction and depredation, in their trade and commerce, which the wit and rage of the belligerent powers could devise. These outrages continued through a series of years. England, France, Spain, Holland, Naples, Denmark, all engaged in the commission of these offences. Nor have such acts been confined to the Continental governments; we have been subjected to similar outrages in our own hemisphere, and from other quarters besides Mexico. We settled this business with England by a war, because of the peculiar nature of her depredations, particularly on the high seas, and the doctrines she set up and maintained in their justification. But we settled with all the rest by treaty—not, however, generally without great difficulty, and very great delay. The claims which we had on the European Governments for spoliation and illegal seizure of property, dated, some of them, as far back as 1805 or 6, and the injuries complained of ran through several years. The claims on Spain were settled through the cession of Florida to the United States in 1819. Those on the Danish Government were not settled till 1830; the Treaty of indemnity with Naples was concluded in 1832. Mr. Rives' Treaty with France was in 1831. If Mr. Polk would take the trouble to look a little into the nature and character of the various acts of spoliation, insult and injury committed under the authority, and often by the special direction, of the French Government, on the persons and property of American citizens, through a series of years, he would find that the wrongs we have suffered from Mexico are *not* altogether without a parallel. And yet in that case a quarter of a century passed away, counting from the



commencement of these outrages, before redress was obtained. Every possible difficulty was thrown in the way of their adjustment; and it was not till that government passed, at length, into the hands of the present sovereign, that satisfaction was obtained. France then acknowledged herself indebted to citizens of the United States, in the sum of 25,000,000 francs, which was probably about one-third of the amount really and justly due. If ever a war could be justified for injuries of this nature, it might have been against France—not only on account of the aggravated character of the acts complained of, but on account also of the frivolous pretexts set up, at various times, to evade the claims, and finally to get rid of them altogether. Indeed, in every one of the cases referred to, the United States might have found occasion to go to war, if it had not been much better to remain at peace—quite as much occasion, indeed, in nearly every instance, as anybody could find for war against Mexico on the same account. Some of the claims against Mexico were for injuries of a very outrageous character—never, however, for one moment attempted to be justified by the government. But others, among the very largest in amount, and helping, more than all the rest together, to make up that round sum of three millions and a third which the President is so fond of parading before the country as having been left undecided by the Commission at Washington in 1842, are claims of a very different character. We are not aware upon what principle it is that the government is called on to take cognizance of a claim founded on a *mere breach of contract for land*, between a citizen of the United States and the Republic of Mexico. We are quite sure that our government has never listened to any claim of this sort against any other power; and we should think it well enough to take care that it do not set an awkward precedent against itself in this matter. At any rate, whatever may be said of other claims on Mexico, these certainly are not exactly the sort of cases to make a war out of; and we are sorry to see them so carefully brought in by the President on all occasions, to swell the amount which Mexico is charged with holding back from us, and for which he insists we ought to have gone to war long ago. Claims of the nature of these—even those the least admitting of excuse or apology—have, in

all the practice of the government, been deemed much more fitly satisfied by appropriate sums of money, though obtained with extreme difficulty, and after many years of patient solicitation, than redressed by war. And there has been nothing to take the claims against Mexico out of this category. In truth, as we have seen, they were all in the way of amicable adjustment, when the measure of Annexation came in to break up, for the time, our friendly relations with that power; and we have not a doubt that in due time, with a becoming patience on our part, and some judicious treatment of the case, the obstructions which that event threw in the way might have been removed, and full satisfaction for every just claim peaceably obtained, to the last dollar.

But let us be allowed now to recur once more to the fact, that after all this show of brave indignation, which we have in the Message on account of these unsatisfied claims, we do not yet find in them “the causes which have led to the war.” How, indeed, could we? It is for Congress to make any war that is begun on the part of this nation for any cause; and certainly Congress did not make this war, nor was it ever asked to do so by the Executive, whether for this cause or any other. So far from all this, the President insists that the war was begun by Mexico, when Congress, of course, had nothing to do but to recognize its existence, and provide the means for its prosecution on our part. It is true, we do not agree—we wish we could, since we are in the war—that hostilities were begun by Mexico. They were begun by the Executive; and still, confessedly, without the slightest reference to these claims. Under this state of facts, we think they are made to occupy quite too large a space, and figure too conspicuously, in a grave State Paper, which professed to be about to give us “the causes which led to the war.”

But we turn now to that part of the Message which does in reality treat of the “causes which led to the war.” The object of the President is to shift the responsibility of the war, in its inception, from himself, and fasten it upon Mexico. The mode is easily described. The first actual collision of arms took place on the left bank of the Bravo, by an attack of the Mexican forces on a detachment of United States troops. This the President, of course, holds to be the com-

mencement of hostilities ; here the war began. To this view, however, he is aware, a serious difficulty has been interposed. What was our army doing on the left bank of the Rio Grande ? Was not this the proper soil of Mexico, at any rate occupied by her citizens, governed by her laws, dotted with her waters and cities, and with her military posts ? And this brings the President in earnest to the task which he had imposed on himself, and bravely indeed does he encounter the difficulties and perils of his position. Nothing daunts him—nothing stays his march. He now deals with the familiar history of his country, and with current events, just as he had already dealt with the Constitution ; they are cast aside, or trampled beneath his feet. Having shown by an elaborate argument that Texas belongs to the United States by the process of Annexation—a point on which he might have spared himself all argument—he proceeds to maintain, with all gravity and earnestness, that Texas—the Texas thus annexed to the United States—has its western boundary—its historical, well-defined and indisputable boundary—on the Rio Grande, from its mouth to its source ! The army of the United States, then, was in its proper place on the left bank of that river, and so Mexico *did* begin this war, by invading our territory, and “shedding the blood of American citizens on American soil !”

In the earnest desire which we constantly feel to treat President Polk with the respect due to the Chief Magistrate of the nation, our commentary on this part of his manifesto shall be confined as strictly as possible to his allegations, and the conclusions he draws from them.

In the first place the President goes back to the Treaty of 1803, by which France ceded to the United States “the Colony or province of Louisiana,” notoriously without any expression of limits or boundary whatever, for the professed purpose of finding a definite boundary for the Spanish or Mexican province of Texas. “Texas,” he says, “as ceded to the United States by France in 1803,” has been always claimed as extending west to the Rio Grande.” It is difficult to conceive at the first blush that the President is here speaking of the treaty which ceded the mighty province of Louisiana to the United States ; and yet he could not refer to any other. If he had said that Louisiana, as ceded to the United States, had been sometimes claimed as extending

to the Rio Grande, we could have understood such an allegation as at least approaching historical truth. Louisiana, ceded as a vast province principally of primeval forest, without an attempt at naming a single line or even point of boundary, *was* subsequently claimed as extending to the Rio Grande—feebly claimed, for diplomatic objects, as the President must very well know. It was rather a pretension than a claim ; while, on the other hand, Spain never ceased to claim the country east of the Rio Grande, and to the Sabine, as belonging to her and not at all within the province of Louisiana ; and she did not hesitate, as she had occasion, to back her claims by military possession.

But the President does not stop with the allegation that Texas, *eo nomine*, was ceded to the United States by France, with its western limits on the Bravo—for so he means, at least, the casual reader shall understand him ; but in order to forge his chain of title in unbroken links, he next refers to “the Texas which was ceded to Spain by the Florida treaty of 1819,” as embracing the country up to the Rio Grande, and precisely as if this same Texas, *eo nomine*, had been ceded to Spain by the United States. Just how much historical truth is here exhibited will appear from a very simple statement.

The Treaty referred to, after ceding to the United States the two Floridas—not from the Perdido merely, to which on the east the United States had claimed for their province of Louisiana, but from the Mississippi up to which Spain had pushed her pretensions—proceeds to establish a boundary line between the respective countries of the two contracting parties west of the Mississippi ; that is to say, between the colonial possessions of Spain, on the one side, and the province of Louisiana as now owned by the United States on the other. This line begins on the Gulf of Mexico, at the mouth of the river Sabine, and follows the western bank of that river towards its source. Having described the boundary, “the two high contracting parties,” says the treaty “agree to cede and renounce all their rights, claims and pretensions to the territories described by the said line ;” the United States renouncing all pretensions to the territories west and north of that line, and Spain renouncing all pretensions to the territories east and north of that line. As to all the territories on the one side and the other of the Sabine,

this was just the common case of defining, by treaty, a boundary line between two countries, by mutual agreement, where no definite line positively described had been fixed before, and where there had been mutual and conflicting claims and pretensions. And this plain and simple proceeding is made to figure in the Message as if a specific cession of Texas, *eo nomine*, had been made by the United States to Spain!

Having carried his work forward thus far, no doubt to his own entire satisfaction, the President next proceeds to exhibit the various acts of the Republic of Texas, in minute and particular detail, which go to prove, as he seems to think, that she "always claimed this river (the Rio Grande) as her western boundary." These acts of the Republic of Texas were quite familiar to all who had ever taken the trouble to make themselves acquainted with her history; and we very much doubt if there be another man of any considerable standing in the whole country besides Mr. Polk, who would have risked his reputation by being the first to affirm that he regarded any or all of these acts together, as establishing any just claim whatever, in that Republic, to the whole country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, and from the mouth to the source of the latter river. In the same circumstantial way the Message recites the acts of the Congress of the United States since the measure of Annexation, as showing that that body has claimed the Rio Grande as the western boundary of Texas—and here, too, we repeat our solemn belief that no public man of any repute in the whole country, besides Mr. Polk, could be found, who would have been the first to venture on such an assertion. Of course, there will not now be wanting those, both of high and low degree, who will not be afraid or ashamed to follow where the President of the United States has dared to lead.

The juggle, for we cannot call it less, which the President has here attempted to play off on unpracticed minds, is but repeated, a little more at large, from his special message to Congress of the 14th of May last. It consists in the adroit employment of terms and phrases when giving locality and application to certain acts of the Republic of Texas, and of our own Congress, by which all distinction is confounded in the mind of the common reader, between a mere narrow strip of country lying along the west bank and

lower portion of the Nueces, and a broader belt of country, separated from the other by a wide expanse of chapparel and desert, situated along the east bank of the Rio Grande, and extending up that river to its source in the mountains, 2,000 miles distant. Let any one run over this part of the Message with the distinction we have now indicated in his mind, and he will see exactly what we mean, and exactly what the President means. Let it be enough to say that in reference to the whole country on the Rio Grande here adverted to, there is not the slightest ground or pretence for saying, what the President means should be understood, that the Republic of Texas ever asserted or exercised a single act of sovereignty and jurisdiction over this territory or its inhabitants; that she ever extended her judicial system over it, or established a custom-house, a post-office, or post-road, or land-office, within its limits, or ever attempted anything of the sort; or that any senator or representative residing in it was ever elected to the Congress of the Republic, or to the Convention which gave its consent to annexation. Just as little ground or pretence is there for saying, what the President also means should be understood, that the Congress of the United States ever established a collection district in this country on the Rio Grande; or that a surveyor of the revenue was ever appointed to hold his office within its limits; or that Congress ever established a post-route in it; or that it practically constitutes a part of one of the Congressional districts of Texas, or is represented, in any way, either in the House of Representatives or in the Senate of the United States. The whole foundation on which the President has reared up this compound of monstrous and absurd pretension, is found in the fact, which nobody has ever denied or disputed, that Texas had succeeded in pushing her settlements, few indeed in number and extremely feeble, across the Nueces, the ancient, well-known boundary on the west of the state and department of Mexico of that name. A lodgment had been effected at Corpus Christi, on the immediate bank of that river, near its mouth; and altogether, of village and rural population, scattered up and down that stream, on its west bank, confined to its valley, and at no great distance from its mouth, there might have been found, at the period of annexation, 500, possibly a thousand, souls. But what, in the name

of wonder, had all this to do with the country and the population on the Rio Grande? A country widely separated from the other by the natural boundary of a great desert, comprising parts of four states or departments of Mexico, stretching through *twelve degrees of latitude*, having continuous settlements for 500 miles of its lower, and 500 miles of its upper, portion, many of them of ancient date, with not less than thirty towns, cities, and villages, and a population of not less, altogether, than 60,000 souls, all living under their own laws, governed by their own magistrates, and as loyal to their own country as any people under the sun. And yet this is the country that Mr. Polk would persuade us to believe was a part of the Republic of Texas, was governed by the laws of that Republic in its lifetime, and is now governed by the laws, nay, actually represented, at this day, in the Congress of the United States! It serves to illustrate and characterize this pretension that it is set up in the face of the well-known fact, that there is a law of the United States—and the only law that we know of ever yet passed by Congress with any special application to any part of this whole region of country on the Rio Grande—which authorizes a drawback of duties paid on goods imported into the United States and exported to Santa Fe; a law constantly observed and enforced by the Executive until recently, when this same town, and the province of New Mexico, of which it is the capital, was captured by the American army, and taken possession of as a conquered country! This noted city of Santa Fe is situated in the upper portion of the Rio Grande country, some 1500 miles from the sea. Quite at the opposite extremity on the Gulf, is the town of Santiago, also now in our hands by military capture. And here, as at Santa Fe, until they were conquered by our arms, the commerce of the United States was accustomed to pay duties at a Mexican custom-house, as regularly and as freely as such duties were paid at London or Liverpool.

The attempt which the President has made, by historical recital, to carry Texas up to the Rio Grande, even from the beginning, demands that we should say a word or two more on this point. For a long period previous to 1776, the country known as Mexico was divided so as to form three kingdoms, so called; one colony, that of New Santander, and six provinces. Of these provinces, Texas

was one, and Coahuila was another, and the river Nueces was the boundary between Texas on the one side, and New Santander (New Tamaulipas) and Coahuila on the other. In 1776, the country, then called the Viceroyalty of New Spain, was divided into twelve Intendencies and three provinces. The Intendency of San Louis Potosi comprehended Tamaulipas, (formerly New Santander,) Coahuila, and Texas, with the same boundaries they had under the previous arrangement. The Republic of Mexico succeeded, and in 1824, the country was divided into nineteen States, four Territories, and the Federal District. Tamaulipas was one of these States, still having the Nueces for its northern and eastern boundary. Coahuila still touched the Nueces above Tamaulipas; and on the opposite side of this river, over against Tamaulipas and Coahuila, was Texas. Under the Constitution of 1824, Coahuila and Texas retained each its distinct geographical existence, as when they were provinces, but had a political union for the purposes of State government. Finally, in 1835, a decree of the General Congress dissolved the State Legislatures, and converted the States again into provinces, or departments. Of these departments, Texas was one, on one side of the Nueces, as before, with Tamaulipas and Coahuila on the other. In 1832, the people of Texas, still with her western boundary on the Nueces, formed a separate State Constitution, casting off Coahuila, and asked for admission as such into the Confederacy. This was refused by the Central Government. Then came her revolt, and her declaration of independence in 1836, while Tamaulipas and Coahuila, on the other side of the Nueces, maintained their fidelity to Mexico. They never revolted. Her independence established by the fight of San Jacinto, the Republic of Texas proceeded, with singular modesty, to declare, by act of Congress, that she would deem the Rio Grande to be her western boundary, thenceforward, from its mouth on the gulf to its source in the Rocky Mountains! This is the plain and simple history of Texas and her boundary. And in the face of facts like these, we have the President of the United States—with a modesty only equaled by that of Texas in her Act of Congress—through the process of annexation, which nevertheless expressly reserved the question of boundary to be settled



between Mexico and the United States, setting up, not a claim, but a positive and unquestioned title in the United States to the whole country in the left valley of the Rio Grande—towns, cities, rancheros, and all—Spaniards, Creoles, Indians, Mulattoes, Mestizoes, and Zamboes—the people of Tamaulipas, the people of Coahuila, the people of Chihuahua, the people of New Mexico; for all these are claimed, of course, along with their country, by the same title, and constituted, at once, 60,000 souls of them—and such souls too—willing or unwilling, good adopted citizens of the Model Republic!

And now we return to the embarrassing question, which we have supposed, some distance back, to have moved the President to flounder into the meshes of this desperate entanglement—what was our army doing, in the month of March last, on the banks of the Rio Grande? There it was, set down opposite the old Spanish town of Matamoros, with a battery of four 18 pounders, bearing directly, as the General in command promptly reported to the President, “on the public square, and within good range for demolishing the town.” “Their object,” he added significantly, “cannot be mistaken by the enemy.” And to attain this position, the army had marched in hostile array, and as a force invading an enemy’s territory, more than one hundred miles through a country (where it was occupied at all) peopled with Mexican subjects, governed by Mexican laws, and defended by Mexican troops, and to which neither Texas nor the United States—the *brutum fulmen* of a Texan Act of Congress notwithstanding—had no more title, claim, or pretension, than they had to the city of Mexico itself. What was our army doing there? Congress had not declared war against Mexico; Mexico had not declared or made war on the United States. Well, the army was marched to that position by the positive orders of the Executive. This is not denied; and we see now what apology the President has had to offer to the country for this extraordinary proceeding. He chose to assume, against all fact and all history, that our new Texan dominion had its fixed boundary on the Rio Grande, and he sent his army into the very centre of the Mexican State of Tamaulipas, and up to the doors

of its capital, by way of covering Texas with military protection!

We give the President the benefit of his own apology and defence, as he has chosen to write it down. The Bravo being in his mind the proper limit of Texas, the point to which the army was directed, was the true position to be taken for the defence of Texas against a threatened attack from Mexico. This is his case, as he himself presents it to us. But our army had occupied a defensive position on the Nueces for the protection of Texas, in complete security and quiet, for five months before the peremptory order of the 13th January was given which carried it to the Rio Grande. What, then, had occurred to require this change in the position of the army? The President, we are sorry to say, treats this part of the case with as little directness and candor as the rest. He jumbles the most important dates together in a way to produce confusion and misapprehension. We will take, however, for his true defence, the exact impression that he means to convey—especially, as otherwise no shadow of defence is presented. It is, that this order of the 13th January was given on account of “the apprehensions of a contemplated Mexican invasion,” the danger of which was then specially felt to be imminent by the Executive—an invasion, “the avowed purpose” of which was to reconquer Texas, and to restore Mexican authority over the whole territory, not to the Nueces only, but to the Sabine.” If this is not exactly what the President means we shall understand by his language, then we can only say that he has used language, in all this part of the case, without any meaning at all and has offered no defence whatever for his order of the 13th January. And if we have given his meaning correctly, then we have to say, that his defence has not one single fact, or shadow of a fact, to stand on. The published correspondence which we have, shows in the clearest manner, that on and about the period when this fatal order was given, neither the President at Washington, nor the General at Corpus Christi, felt any apprehension whatever, or had the slightest reason to feel any apprehension, of an immediate or early Mexican invasion, for the reconquest of Texas, or, indeed, apprehension of any hostility whatever to be begun by Mexico, for any purpose, so long as our army was not advanced beyond Corpus Christi. In the

summer of 1845, it had been thought possible, and only possible, that Mexico really might mean something by her threats of war. This feeling had now, and for some time, quite subsided. Early in September, Gen. Taylor had begged that no militia force should be sent to him. "I am entirely confident," said he, "that none will be required." And this tone of confidence was kept up down to the last letter written by him, which could have reached Washington before the order of the 13th of January.

The same tone of confidence in the peaceable aspect of affairs, was expressed in the letters of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of State, during the same period. The last communication from Mr. Marcy to Gen. Taylor, before the order of January 13th, was dated October 16th, and began with saying; "The information which we have here renders it probable that no serious attempts will at present be made by Mexico to invade Texas." And yet this very letter contained an *authority* to Gen. Taylor, only just short of an order, to move his army to the Rio Grande. It was only because Taylor would not take on himself a responsibility which belonged to the Executive, that the march to the Rio Grande was not begun under the instructions of this letter of the 16th of October. We have not a doubt that the Executive intended it should be. And at any rate, between the date of this letter and the peremptory order, not a sign had appeared on the earth, or in the heavens, to induce the President to believe that war was any nearer at hand from Mexico, than it had been three months, or six months before. Though Herrera had then descended from the Chieftainship in Mexico, yet this fact was unknown in Washington; and it was positively known that Herrera would not make war on the United States on his own responsibility. True, the President intimates that this revolution, which placed Paredes at the head of affairs, was anticipated, and not without apprehensions for the consequences, from the letter of Mr. Slidell of the 17th of December, received before his hostile order was issued; but it is also true that that same letter, in allusion to this expected or possible revolution, gave to the President this very significant opinion of the writer, in regard to its effects; "Notwithstanding the desire, which I believe

the present administration really entertains, to adjust all their difficulties with us, so feeble and inert is it, that *I am rather inclined to the opinion that the chances of a successful negotiation would be better with one more hostile, but possessing greater energy.*" The President cannot say with truth that he believed, or seriously apprehended, on the 13th of January, that Paredes, if then in power in Mexico, was any more disposed, or more likely, to declare or make war on the United States, or to invade Texas, on his own responsibility, than Herrera was, or had been. Not the slightest intimation of the sort had been given from any quarter. Such a measure, it was well known, if resorted to at all, and whoever might be chief, must come from a Congress of Mexico, and not from any President; and the work of gathering such a Congress, and collecting its opinions, was to be a work of time. In point of fact, the first movement of Paredes on this subject was after our army had marched from Corpus Christi, when he issued orders for "the defence of the Mexican territory, invaded by the United States," with a public proclamation, declaring to the world, even then;—"I solemnly announce that I do not declare war against the United States."

It is of the number of remarkable things found in the Message of President Polk, that he should roundly assert that Mexico herself had never placed her warlike demonstrations towards our forces in Tamaulipas, "upon the ground that our army occupied the intermediate territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande," but that her "avowed purpose" was to reconquer Texas to the Sabine. Can it be possible that the President had ever read the proclamation of Paredes, and the communications and proclamations of the several chiefs, Meija, Arista and Ampudia, which preceded the commencement of their military operations? Their language was, that General Taylor's occupation of the soil of Tamaulipas must lead to hostilities; and they called on him to retire, *not to the Sabine, but to the Nueces.* And we aver that not a syllable can be found from any one of them which indicated any further purpose than to compel him to fall back to the latter river.

But we stop here; we are sick of following the President through the sort of defence which he has ventured to set up for invading Mexico, and bringing on a

## NOTES BY THE ROAD.—No. V.

BY CAIUS.

## THE ILLYRIAN CAVERN.

THERE was a frouzy-haired, stout man, not a year ago, at the Hotel Metternich at Trieste, who secured for our party—Cameron, Monsieur le Count B., and myself—one of the Government post-coaches, to go on to the Austrian capital, just as lazily as we wished. The two-headed black eagle on the yellow coach door gave us the dignity of Government patronage:—a huge roll of paper we carried would secure us relays of horses in every post town between Trieste and Gratz; and our profound ignorance of the language would ensure to every begging, red-coated postillion, a plump “Go to the devil,” from our wicked friend Cameron.

Our coach was chartered for the whole route, and we could loiter as long as we chose, provided we could make the postmen understand our wretched German, or ourselves understand their wretched French or Italian. Every European traveler has heard of the awful caves of Addlesberg in Illyria, and to the awful caves of Addlesberg we wanted to go.

There was a fourth seat to our coach, and it was not filled. We were on the look out for a good-humored fellow, to make up our number, and to pay his fourth of the footing. We broached the subject to a table full at the Metternich, who had just come in, with terribly bronzed faces and queer Egyptian caps, from the Alexandria steamer. Whether it was that Vienna did not really lie in their paths, or whether they had grown in the East distrustful of proposals so peremptorily made, I do not know, but not one of them would listen to us. In this dilemma, our Sancho, the frouzy-haired man, offered us the services of a Polish courier, who had just left the *suite* of a Russian princess in Sicily, and who was now making his way back to the North. But on consideration, we were unanimously of opinion, that our equipage would not suffer by denying the royal applicant; and that the gratuity of the vacant seat would be better kept in reserve, than squandered in so

sudden charity as helping the poor devil of a Pole on his way to Cracow.

We refused him. We paid the stout man his fees, and bade him good morning. The porter waved his hand to the postillion; the postillion cracked his whip; and so, we dashed out of the court of the great inn at Metternich: And so, we passed, slow and toilingly, over those mountains that shut up the city of Trieste and its bay from that part of Southern Austria which is called Hungary. The long, blue waters of the Adriatic stretched out in the sunshine behind us, and the shores of Dalmatia lifted out of their eastern edge. We made the rascal that drove us stop his horses a moment when we had gained the full height. Thence we could see—one side, the little dot of a city where we ate so villanous a dinner the day before at the Metternich—glistening by the side of the Gulf of Venice. The other way, looking north and east, we saw green Hungary. Down, down we went galloping into its bosom—beautiful-hill-sided—sweet-sounding Illyria. In the caserne at Venice, and all through Austrian Lombardy, I had seen the tall, Hunnish grenadiers with their braid-covered coats; now I saw them loitering at home. And at each post station, they sat on benches beside the log cottages, and stretched their fine muscular limbs lazily into the sunshine. While I was looking at the grenadiers, Cameron was feasting his eyes on the full proportions of the ruddy Hungarian girls. He told me they had bright, open faces, and a dashing air, and moved off under the trees that embowered the cottages with the air of princesses.

At the very first stopping-place after we had gone over the hills, there came up to me such a winning little beggar as never took my money before. Italy, with all its *caritas* and *pel' amore di Santa Maria*, makes one hard-hearted. I kept my money in my breast-pocket, buttoned tight over my heart. I had learned to walk boldly about, without loosing a button for a pleading eye.



The little Hungarian rogue took me by surprise : I had scarce seen him, before he walked straight up beside me, and took my hand in both his, and kissed it, and then, as I looked down, lifted his eye timidly up to meet mine ;—and he grew bolder at the look I gave him, and kissed my hand again—*molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis*—and if I suffer this I shall be conquered, thought I ; and looked down at him sternly. He dropped my hand, as if he had been too bold ;—he murmured two or three sweet words of his barbarian tongue, and turned his eyes all swimming upon me, with a look of gentle reproach that subdued me at once. I did not even try to struggle with the enemy, but unbuttoned my coat and gave him a handful of kreitzers. Now before I could put my money fairly back, there came running up one of the wildest-looking, happiest-hearted little nymphs that ever wore long floating ringlets, or so bright a blue eye ; and she snatched my hand, and pressed her little rosy lips to it again and again—so fast that I had not time to take courage between, and felt my heart fluttering, and growing, in spite of myself, more and more yielding, at each one of the beautiful creature's caresses ; and then she twisted the little fingers of one hand between my fingers, and with the other she put back the long, wavy hair that had fallen over her eyes, and looked me fully and joyously in the face—ah ! *semper—semper causa est, cur ego semper amem !* If I had been of firmer stuff, I should have been to this day five kreitzers the richer. She ran off with a happy, ringing laugh that made me feel richer by a zwanziger ; and there are twenty kreitzers in a zwanziger.

I had buttoned up my coat, and was just about getting in the coach, when an old woman came up behind me and tapped me on the shoulder, and at the same instant a little boy she led kissed my hand again. I do not know what I might have done, in the current of my feelings, for the poor woman, if I had not caught sight, at the very moment of this new attack, of the red nose, and black whiskers, and round-topped hat of Cameron, with as wicked a laugh on his face as ever turned the current of a good man's thoughts. It is strange how feelings turn themselves by the weight of such trifling impulses. I was ten times colder than when I got out of the coach. I gave the poor woman a most ungracious refusal—Ah ! the reproaches of com-

plaining eyes ! Not all the pleasure that kind looks or that kind words give, or have given in life, can balance the pain that reproachful eyes occasion !—eyes that have become sealed over with that leaden seal which lifts not ; how they pierce one by day time, and more dreadfully by night, through and through ! Words slip, and are forgotten ; but looks, reproachful looks, frightful looks, make up all that is most terrible in dreams.

I hope Cameron in some of his wanderings over the moors, in his blue and white shooting jacket, had his flask of "mountain dew" fail, when the sun was straight over his head—and that between that time and night, gray night, damp night, late night, there came never a bird to his bag—not even a wandering field-fare—because he laughed me out of my charity to the old beggar-woman of Illyria.

He insisted, however, that there was nothing uncharitable in laughing, and that there was no reason in the world, why genuine benevolence should not act as freely in the face of gaiety as of the demure-looking faces, with which the Scotch presbyters about the West Bow drop their pennies into the poor-box. Ten thousand times in life, one is ashamed of being laughed out of a course of action, and never stops to think whether the action after all is good or bad. I never yet met a man who hadn't pride enough to deny his sensitiveness to ridicule. It will be seen that I was in quarreling humor with Cameron, and we kept the beggars fresh in our minds and on our tongues for an hour or more, when we appealed to Monsieur le Count, who looked very practically on even the warmer feelings of our nature.

Monsieur le Count thought the money to the boy was well enough bestowed ; to the girl, he would have given himself, had she been a trifle older—

—"And she had kissed your hand, as she did mine"—

"But as for the old woman, she did not deserve it." He was behind the coach, while I was in front, and had seen the mother send forward—first the boy—then the little girl—and after taking the kreitzers from both, had come up with a third !

Happily, Cameron's laugh of triumph was drowned by the noise of the revolution's bugle, as we dashed into the courtyard of the inn of Adelsberg.

Troops of the Illyrian peasantry. 12

tall, steeple-crowned hats, came staring about us; and the maids of the inn, dressed for a fair day, overwhelmed us with a flood of their heathenish dialect. A short, wild-looking fellow, with a taller hat than any in the crowd, could interpret for us in a little of Italian. He was to be our guide for the Caves. The great hall of the inn had a deal table stretching down the middle, and from this hall opened a corridor, out of which were our sleeping quarters for the night.

The sun had gone down when we had finished the dinner of broth and chops, and our steeple-crowned guide came in with his "Servitore, Signori."

Now the Count's idea of the Cave was formed by casual recollections of the dim catacombs under the capital, of the Pont Neuf, when the Seine was so low as to leave dry ground between the pier and the shore on the side of the Cité;—Cameron was thinking of Rob Roy's Cave under the lea of Ben Lomond, which, though a very fair sort of cave in its way, might, if the stories of some Edinburgh bloods were true, be stowed away—Inversnaid, Loch Lomond and all—in the crevices of the great Illyrian cavern we were going to see.

My own notions had a dreamy vagueness; and though I was fuller of faith than the French Count, yet my hopes were not strong enough to stave off the fatigue that came upon us, even before we had reached the grated door, in the side of the hill, that opens to the first corridor.

We had wound, by the star-light, along the edge of a beautiful valley: Boldo—that was the guide's name—and myself in front, and Monsieur le Count with Cameron behind, when we came to where the path on a sudden ended in the face of a high mountain;—so high that in the twilight neither Cameron, nor myself, nor Le Count, who was taller than both, could see the top.

Boldo pulled a key out of his pocket, and opened the door of the mountain.

This sounds very much like a fairy story: and it would sound still more so, if I were to describe, in the extravagant way of the story writers, how the guide, Boldo, lit his torch just within the door, and with its red light shining over his wild brigand face, and flaring and smoking in great waves of light over the rocky roof, led us along the corridor. It was a low and dismal den, and even the

splash of a foot into one of the little pools of water that lay along the bottom, would make us start back, and look into the bright light of Boldo's torch for courage. By and by, the den grew higher, and white stalactites hung from it, and as the smoke laid its black billows to the roof, their tips hung down below it, like the white heads of crowding genii.

Gradually the corridor grew so high, that the top was out of sight, and so broad, that we could not see the sides. Presently over the shoulders of the guide I saw a dim, hazy light, as if from a great many lamps beyond us, and soon after, Boldo turned round with his finger on his lip, and we heard plainly a great roar—as if of a river falling.

Then we walked on faster, and breathing quick, as the light grew stronger and the noise louder. We had not walked far, when we found ourselves upon a narrow ledge, half up the sides of a magnificent cavern: fairy tales could not depict so gorgeous a one, for the habitation of fairy princes. Above our heads, sixty feet and more, great, glittering stalactites hung down like the teeth of an Ænean hell: below us, by as many feet, upon the bottom of the cavern, a stream broad and black was rushing, and in the distance fell into some lower gulf, with a noise that went bellowing out its echoes among the ghostly stalactites of the dome. Across the water a narrow bridge had been formed, perhaps eighty feet in length, and two old men in cloaks, whom we now and then caught sight of, groping on the opposite cliffs, had lighted tapers along its whole reach; and these were flickering on the dark waters below, and reflected upon the brilliant pendants of the vault, so as to give the effect of a thousand.

There we stood—trembling on the edge of the cliff—the red light of Boldo's torch flaring over our little group; Le Count had for some little time banished his habitual sneer, and his eyes wandered wondering up and down, with the words at intervals escaping him—"C'est magnifique!—vraiment magnifique!"

Cameron stood still, scowling, and his eye flashing.

"Non e una meraviglia, Signore?" said Boldo.

"Davvero, davvero," and my eye wandered dreamily, now over the earnest faces of the Illyrian, the Frenchman, the Scotchman—now over the black bridge below, mouldering with moisture, on

which the tapers glistened, throwing the shadows of the frame-work darkly down upon the waters. The two old men were moving about like shadows; their tapers shed gleams of light upon the opposite side of the cavern: Boldo's torch glared redly on the side that was nearest us; the lamps upon the bridge sent up a reflected ray, that wavered dazzlingly on the fretting of the roof:—but to the right and to the left, dark subterranean night shut up the view; and to the right and to the left, the waters roared—so loudly, that twice Boldo had spoken to us before we heard him, and followed him down the shelving side of the cliff, and over the tottering bridge we had seen from above.

The old men gathered up the lights, and we entered the other side a little corridor, and walked a mile or more under the mountain;—the sides and the roof all the way brilliant as sculptured marble. Here and there, the corridor spread out into a hall, from whose top the stalactites hung down and touched the floor, and grouped together in gigantic columns. Sometimes, the rich white stone streamed down from the roof in ruffles, brilliantly transparent;—sometimes, as if its flintiness had wavered to some stalking hurricane, it spread out branches and leaves, and clove to the crevices of the cavern, like a tree growing in a ruin. Sometimes the white stone in columnar masses, had piled up five or six feet from the floor, and stood solemnly before us in the flare of the torch, like sheeted sentinels. Sometimes, among the fantastic shapes would be birds, and cats, and chandeliers hanging from the roof; and once we all stopped short, when Boldo cried, "Leone!"—and before us lay crouching a great white Lion!

Farther on—two miles in the mountain—one of the old men in the cloaks appeared in a pulpit above us, gesticulating as earnestly as the Carmelite friar who lifts up his voice in the Coliseum on a Friday. Presently he appeared again, this time behind the transparent bars of a prison-house, with his tattered hat thrust through the crevices, imploring *carità*; and I will do him the justice to say, that he played the beggar in the prison with as much *naïveté* as he had played the friar in the pulpit.

We had not gone ten steps further,

when Boldo turned about and waited until Cameron and Le Count had come fairly up; then, without saying a word, but with a flourish of the torch that prepared us for a surprise, wheeled suddenly about, turned a little to the right, then left—stepped back to one side, lowered his torch, and so ushered us into the splendid *Salon du Bal*. The old men had hurried before us, and already the tapers were blazing in every part—and the smoke that rose from them, was floating in a light transparent haze over the surface of the vault.

The fragments of the fallen stalactites had been broken into a glittering sand, over which the peasantry come once a year, in May, to dance. Masses of the white rock formed seats along the sides of the brilliant hall.

Now for the last mile, we had been ascending in the mountain, and the air of the ball-room was warm and soft, whereas before it had been cold and damp; so we sat down upon the flinty and the glittering seats, where, once a year, the youngest, the most charming of the Illyrian girls do sit. The two old men had sat down together in a distant corner of the hall.

Boldo laid down his torch, and put it out among the glittering fragments of the stalactites at his feet; and then it was that he commenced the recital of a strange, wild story of Hungarian love and madness, which took so strong a hold upon my feelings, that I set down my remembrance of it that night, in the chamber of my inn.

I know very well, that it may not appear the same sort of tale to one sitting by a glowing grate full of coals, in a rocking and be-cushioned chair, that did to me, in the depths of the Illyria cavern, sitting upon the broken stalactite columns—to say nothing of a brain gently warmed by a good glass of Tokay at the inn. Still does it show, like all the strange legends, that stretch their beautiful but pleasing shadows over the wayman's travel, strong traits of the Hungarian character—mad in love—quick in vengeance—headstrong—bold—bold, and daring in execution. I after thinking, if possibly I should lose more than I should gain by it to the world, I have determined the tale come in, as a little to travel.

## BOLDO'S STORY.

"Once a year," said he, "the peasantry come to the cavern to be merry ;—for days before, you may see them coming, from the mountains away toward Salzburg, where they sing the Tyrolese ditties, and wear the jaunty hats of the Tyrol, and from the great plains, through which the mighty arms of the Northern River—the Danube—wander ; and from the East, where they wear the turban, and talk the language of the Turk ; and from the South, as far as the hills, on which you may hear the murmur of the waters, as they kiss the Dalmatian shore—from each quarter they come—vine-dressers and shepherds, young men and virgins—to dance out in the cavern the Carnival of May.

"A whole night they dance : for they go into the mountain before the sunlight has left the land ; and before they come out, the next day has broke over the earth. But the light and the joy make day all the time they are in the cavern. Tapers are blazing everywhere ; and the great stalactite you see in the middle, is so hung about with torches, that it seems a mighty column of fire, swaying and waving under the weight of the mountain.

"Ah, Signori, could you see them—the Illyrian maidens with their pretty head-dresses, and their little ancles, go glancing over the glistening floor—Signori—Signori—you would never go home !"

"*C'est bien—c'est tres bien !*" said Le Count.

Boldo went on.

"A great many years ago, and there was a beautiful maiden, the daughter of a Dalmatian mother, who came on the festal day to the cavern ;—and her name was Copita. She had three brothers, and her father was an Illyrian shepherd. She had the liquid eye, and the soft, sweet voice of the southern shores whence came her mother ; but she had the nut-brown hair and the sunny cheek of the pasture lands, on which lived her father. Their cottage was on a shelf of those blue mountains, which may be seen rising along the southern and western sky from the inn door at Laibach. The cottage had a thatched roof, and orchard trees and green slopes around it. Just such an one as may be seen now-a-days, by the traveler toward the northern bounds of the Illyrian kingdom. The

smoke curls gracefully out of their deep-throated chimneys ; the green moss speckles the thatch ; the low sides, made of the mountain fir, are browned with storms.

"Copita loved flowers ; and flowers grew by the door of her father's home.

"Copita loved music ; and there were young shepherds, who lingered in the gray of twilight about the cottage—nor went away till her song was ended.

"The brothers loved Copita, as brothers should love a sister. For her, they gathered fresh mountain flowers, and at evening, the youngest braided them in garlands for her head, while she sang the songs of old days. And when they went up to the Cavern in May—which all through Illyria is time of summer—they twisted green boughs together, and so, upon their shoulders, they bore the beautiful Copita over the roughest of the mountain ways.

"During the nights of winter—for in this region there is winter through the time of four moons—she spun and she sang. But not one of all the young shepherds, or the vine-dressers in the valleys, who came to listen to her song, or to watch her small white hand, as it plied the distaff—not one had learned to make her sigh. Twice had she been with her brothers—the fair-haired Adolphe, the dark piercing eyed Dalmetto, the stout Rinulph, with brown curling locks—to the Cavern, in spring time. And often she would dream of the column of fire in the middle, and the sparkling roof, and the gloomy corridors, and the roar of the waters, and wake up, shaking with fear. For she was delicate and timid as a fawn, and these were memories that frightened her.

"Strange it was that so good a virgin should ever wake up affrighted. Strange it was, that so beautiful a maiden should not be wooed and won !

"Now Copita had a cousin, of wild Hungarian blood. Their eyes had met, but their souls had not. For Otho was passionate and hot-blooded, and often stern : he loved the boar hunts of the forests of Juliennes. But he had seen Copita, and he loved her more than all beside. Once, when wandering in early winter with his boar spear, he had come to her cottage ; and once, he had seen her at the dance of the Cavern. Otho was not loved of his kinsfolks in his home—for he was

cruel. None struck the boar spear so deeply ; and if he met a young fawn upon the hills, lost and crying piteously, he would plunge the rough spear in its throat, and bear it home struggling on his shoulder, and throw it upon the earth floor of his cottage, and say, 'Ho, my sisters, here is a supper for you !' and the fawn not yet dead !

"It is no wonder Otho was not loved at home ; it is no wonder he was not loved of Copita. And whom Copita loved not, Adolphe did not love, Rinulph did not love, Dalmetto did not love.

"Now in those old days, where there was not love between men there was hate. So there was hate between the three brothers and the Hungarian cousin of the wild locks and the dark eye.

"What should it be, but those wild locks and that dark eye of her Hungarian cousin, that made Copita ever wake in a fright, when she dreamed of the great Illyrian Cavern ? Adolphe was ever by her side to defend her, but Adolphe was young and innocent of all the wiles of manhood ; the eye of Dalmetto was quick and watchful, but the eye of Otho had watched the flight of the vultures, and seen them bear away kids even from the flock over which the father of Copita was shepherd ; Rinulph was strong, but Otho had struggled with the wild boar, and conquered it—and was the brown-haired brother of Copita stronger than the wild boar ?

"Was it strange, then, that Copita, the daughter of a Dalmatian mother, should sometimes tremble when she thought of of the passionate eyes of the cruel and determined Otho, bending fixedly on her, from out the shadows of the Cavern—for Otho loved the shadow better than the light.

"But dreams, though they be unpleasant, make not dim the happy life-time of an Illyrian peasant girl. The shuttle—it rattled merrily ; the song—it rose cheerily ; and the father, and the mother, and the brothers, were light hearted. Copita dreamed less of the last year's fête, and she dreamed more of the fête of the one that was coming. She dreamed less of eyes scowling with hate, and love ; and she dreamed more of eyes that were full of admiration.

"Ah, Signori, it is pleasant—life-time

in the mountains ! in the mountains of Illyria ! The green fir trees cover them, summer and winter ; the deer, wild as we, wander under them, and crop their low branches, when the snow covers the hills ; and when the spring comes, the grass is green in a day !\*—then what frolicking of boys and maidens !—what smiles upon old faces !" Boldo drew his coat sleeve over his eyes. For one moment—one little moment—his heart was in his mountain home.

Monsieur le Count, who was old and unmarried, drew a long breath.

Boldo thrust the end of his torch deeper in the shining sand and went on.

"May was coming ; Copita sang at evening gayer-hearted ; Copita danced with the fair-haired Adolphe on the green sward before the door of the cottage. The father played upon his shepherd's pipe ; the mother looked joyously on, and thanked Heaven, in her heart, for having given her such a daughter as Copita, to make glad their mountain home.

"She shed tears though, and the father almost as many, when their children set off for the festive meeting in the Cavern. Down the mountains they went singing, and the mother strained her eyes after them, till she could see nothing but a white speck—Copita's dress—gliding down, and gliding away among the fir trees. There was no singing in the cottage that night—nor the next—nor the next—nor the next—

"*Scusatemi, Signori !*

"Two days they were coming to the Cavern. At night they stayed with friends, in a valley ; and in the morning, doubled their company, and came on together. As they walked, sometimes in the valleys, sometimes over spurs of the hills, there came others to join them, who went on the pleasant pilgrimage. But of all the maidens not one was so beautiful as Copita. None walked with a statelier or freer step into the village below the mountain.

"Ah, Signori, could you but see the gathering upon such a day, of the prettiest dames of Illyria—the braided hair, dressed with mountain flowers, and sprigs of the fir tree, and the heron's plumes !—and in old days the gathering was gayer than now.

"In a street of the village, in the

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\*Nothing can be richer than the verdure of the hills of Southern Austria ; and I have seen, on the tops of the mountains, the snow and the grass lying under the same sun, and close together.



throng, Copita had caught sight of the dark face of her Hungarian lover. Perhaps it was this, perhaps it was the cold, but she trembled as she came with her brother Adolphe into the Cavern. The waters roared, as they roared the year before—as they are roaring now. The noise made her shudder again.

“‘Adolphe,’ said she, ‘I wish I was in our cottage upon the mountain.’”

“‘What would Rinulph say, what would Dalmetto say, what should I think, who love you better than both, if our beautiful sister were not of the festal dance?’”

“Just then the noise of the music came through the corridor, and Copita felt her proud mountain blood stirred, and went on with courage.

“The night had half gone, when Copita sat down where we sit. The fawn upon the mountains sometimes tires itself with its gambols; Copita was tired with dancing. Adolphe sat beside her.

“Copita had danced with Otho, for she had not dared deny him. She had danced with a blue-eyed stranger, who wore the green coat of the Cossacks, and a high heron’s plume, whose home was by the Danube; for who of all the maidens would choose deny him?”

“When Adolphe spoke of Otho, Copita looked thoughtful and downcast, but turned pale. And when Adolphe spoke of the stranger from the banks of the Great River, with the heron’s plume in his cap, Copita looked thoughtful and downcast, but the color ran over her cheek, and temple, and brow, like fire.

“Ah! for the poor young shepherds, and the vine-dressers, who had watched her white hand as it plied the distaff, and had listened to her voice as she sang in her mountain home—Adolphe knew that their hopes were gone!”

“Now it was a custom of the fête, that in the intervals of the dance, the young men and virgins should pass hand in hand around the column of fire in the middle, in token of good will between them. But if a second time a virgin went round, with her hand wedded to the same hand as before, then was the young man an accepted lover. But if a third time they went round together, it was like giving the plighted word, and young man and virgin were betrothed.

“It was the custom of old days; and all the company of the cave shouted greeting.

“Once had Copita gone round the

column with cousin Otho, of the dark locks and wild eye.

“Once had Copita gone round the column with the blue-eyed stranger, of the heron’s plume.

“A second time the stern Hungarian had led forth the beautiful Copita. She hesitated, and she looked pale, and she trembled: for there were many eyes upon her. Adolphe looked upon her, and bit his lip. Rinulph looked, and he stamped with his foot upon the sand. Dalmetto looked, and his eye seemed to pierce her through;—but more piercing than all was the sad, earnest look of the stranger of the heron’s plume. Copita shook: the memory of her dreams came over her, and she dared not deny Otho.

“Copita sat down trembling; Otho walked away with a triumphant leer.

“A second time came up the blue-eyed stranger, doubting and fearful. A second time went the beautiful Copita with him round the flame. This time she trembled: for many eyes were upon her. The eyes of Adolphe, of Rinulph, of Dalmetto, looked kindly, but half reprovably; there were eyes of many a virgin, that seemed to say, ‘Is this our gentle Copita who has two lovers in a day?’ There was the vengeful eye of Otho, that seemed to say, ‘Two lovers in a day she shall not have.’ It was no wonder Copita trembled.

“The music went on, and the dance; but the soul of the mountain girl was with her father and with her mother at home.

“‘Why is that tear in your eye?’ said Adolphe, as he put his arm around her.

“‘I wish I was in our cottage upon the mountains, with the distaff in my hand, and singing the old songs,’ said Copita.

“The dance ceased. Copita trembled like an aspen leaf.

“A third time came up Otho. Copita turned pale, but Otho turned away paler.

“A third time came up the blue-eyed stranger—whose home was on the Danube—who wore in his cap a heron’s plume.

“Copita blushed; Copita trembled—and rose up and stood beside him. Hand in hand they stood together; hand in hand they went round the column of flame: the gentle Copita and the stranger of the heron’s plume!

“A wild song of greeting—a Hungarian song—burst over the roof of the Cavern. You would be afraid, Signori, to

listen to the shaking of the Cave, when the mountain company lift up their voices to a mountain song! There is not a corner but is filled; there is not a stalactite but quivers; there is not a torch flame, but wavers to and fro, as if a strong wind were blowing!

"Now the face of the Hungarian Otho, as he looked, and as he listened, was as if it had been the face of a devil.

"Copita went with Adolphe into the cool corridor, for the night was not yet spent, and other dances were to follow. Adolphe left his sister a little time alone. Otho's eyes had followed, and he came up.

" 'Will my pretty cousin Copita walk with me in the Cavern,' said he.

"She looked around to meet the eye of Adolphe, or Rinulph, or Dalmetto. The dance had begun, and they two were unnoticed.

"She said not no: she made no effort to rise, for the strong arm of Otho lifted her."

Boldo rose, and lit his torch, and the two old men came behind, as we went out of the *Salon du Bal* into the corridor.

"Along this path," said Boldo, "they went on. Copita's mind full of shadows of dreams; she dared not go back—Otho's mind full of dark thoughts; his strong arm bore her on.

"She had not a voice to shout; beside the music was louder than the shouting of a frightened maiden. Otho pushed on with cruel speed. Copita's faltering step stayed him no more than the weight of a young fawn, which, time and time again, he had borne home upon his shoulder, from the wild clefts of the mountains."

The roar of the waters was beginning to sound. Bravely led Boldo on, with his broad torch flaring red. The road was rough. The rush of the waters nearer and nearer, and the damp air chilled us. Cameron was for turning back.

"No, no," said Boldo, "come and see where Otho led Copita; where he stood with her over the gulf."

And now we could hardly hear him talk for the roar; but he beckoned us from where he stood upon a jutting point of the rock, and as we came up, he waved his long torch twice below him. The red glare shone one moment upon smooth water, curling over the edge of a precipice, far below. The light was not strong enough to shed a single ray down where the waters fell.

" 'My cousin Copita,' said Otho, 'has

given her hand to the proud stranger of the heron's plume; will she here, upon the edge of the gulf, take again her promise?'

" 'The stranger is not proud,' said Copita, 'and my word once given, shall never be broken.' And as if the word had given life to her mountain spirit, her eye looked back contempt for the exulting smile of Otho. Like a deer, she bounded from him; but his strong arm caught her. She called loudly upon each of her brothers; but the dance was far away, and the roar of the waters was terrible.

"Her thoughts flew one moment home—her head was pillowed as in childhood, upon the bosom of her Dalmatian mother.

"With such memories, who would not have force to struggle? She sprang to the point of the rock—it is very slippery: again, the strong arm of Otho was extended toward her—another step back—poor, poor Copita!

"Look down, Signori;" and Boldo waved his red torch below him.

"The cottage of the Illyrian shepherd—of the Dalmatian mother was desolate upon the mountains! The voice of singing was no more heard in it!

"Otho heard a faint shriek mingling with the roar of the waters, and even the stern man was sorrowful. He trod back alone the corridors. None know why he made not his way to the mountains. The stones stirred under his feet, and he looked behind to see if any followed. The stalactites glistened under the taper that was fastened in his bonnet, and he started from under them, as if they were falling to crush him.

"Now in the hall of the dance, there was search for Copita, when Otho came in. There are three ways by which one can pass out of the hall, and after Otho had come in alone, Adolphe stood at one, Rinulph at one, and Dalmetto at one. The Hungarian could look the wild boar in the eyes, when they were red with rage—but his eyes had no strength in them then, to look back upon the eyes of virgins. He would escape them, by going forth; but when he came to where Rinulph stood, Rinulph said, 'Where is my sister Copita?' and Otho turned back. And when he came to where Dalmetto stood, Dalmetto said, 'Where is my sister Copita?' And Otho was frightened away.

"And when he came to where Adolphe



stood, Adolphe said, 'Tell us, where is our sister Copita?'

"And Otho, that was so strong, grew pale before the blue-eyed Adolphe.

"When Otho turned back, the young stranger, with the cap of the heron's plume, walked up boldly to him, and asked, 'Where is the beautiful Copita?'

"And Otho trembled more and more, and the faces grew earnest and threatening around him, so he told them all; and he was like a wild boar that is wounded, among fierce dogs.

"The three brothers left not their places, but the rest spoke low together, and bound the Hungarian hand and foot. Hand and foot they bound him, and took up torches, and bore him toward the deep river of the Cavern. The brothers followed, but the virgins joined hands and sung a wild funeral chant; such as they sing by a mountain grave. Adolphe, and Rinulph, and Dalmetto, stood together in the mouth of the way, that goes over the bridge and out of the mountain. It was well the three brothers were there: for as they bore Otho on, and as they neared the gulf, he struggled, as only a man struggles who sees death looking him in the face. He broke the bands that were around him; he pushed by the foremost—he rushed through those who were behind—he leaped a chasm—he clung to a cliff—he ran along its edge—but, before he could pass out, the brothers met him, and he cowered before them.

"They bound him, and bore him back, and hurled him headlong, and the roar of the waters drowned his cries.

"One more dance—a solemn dance around the column of fire, and the night was ended.

"At early sunrise, Adolphe, Dalmetto, and Rinulph had set off over the moun-

tains, with heavy hearts, homeward. They picked no flowers by the way for the gentle Copita! Copita sang no songs to make gay their mountain march!

"The blue-eyed stranger had torn the plume of the heron from his cap, and with a slow step, and sad, was going by the early light, down the mountains, to his home upon the banks of the mighty Danube.

"They say that in quiet evenings, in the gulf,"—and Boldo swayed the red torch below him—"may be seen a light form, that angels bear up. And when it is black without, and the waters high, may be seen a swart form, struggling far down"—and again Boldo swung his torch—this time too rapidly, for the wind and the spray put it out. We were on the edge of the precipice. "Santa Maria defend us!"

The two old men were groping in the distance—two specks of light in the darkness. Boldo shouted, but the waters drowned the voice.

Thrice we shouted together, and at length the old men came toward us. After the torch was lit, we followed Boldo over the bridge, and through the corridor, out into the starlight. Four hours we had been in the mountain, and it was past midnight when we were back at the inn.

I am not going to say—because I cannot—whether the story that Boldo told us was a true story.

Cameron said "it was a devilish good story."

And story or no story—the Cavern is huge and wild. And many a time since, have I waked in the middle of the night, and found myself dreaming of the pretty Copita, or the cap with the heron's plume.

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## ADOLPHE THIERS.\*

WE now arrive at a point of our narrative in which an incident occurs in the life of M. Thiers which has remained unexplained by him until almost the moment at which we write, and even now the explanation comes in an indirect manner.

M. Thiers, as we have seen, was the most active of all the public men connected with the press in exciting the people to resistance. He wrote the protest of the Journalists. From his Bureaux it was circulated. It might therefore have been expected, and it undoubtedly *was* expected, that this chief instigator of the movement would have continued on the spot to give it the benefit of his direction and superintendence, and to share its dangers. Grant that his physical character would have rendered his active aid in the street of little avail, his sagacity and intelligence would not have been the less valuable, though he did not issue from his bureaux. Yet as soon as the movement assumed a really serious aspect; as soon as it became evident that it was going to be something more than a mere *emeute* of the faubourgs—but before its successful issue seemed probable—M. Thiers disappeared from the scene! This fact is undenied, and it remains now only to state the circumstances with which it was attended, the impression it left upon the liberal party, and the explanation which has been lately offered by the friends of M. Thiers.

“Behold at last,” says a writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, “the tocsin has sounded, the people are roused, and rush to the conflict! Blood already flows! The artillery rolls over the pavement! M. Thiers has been heard. His anathemas have taken effect. The monarchy which has broken its compact is already overturned. A leading voice—a head alone is waited for. But where then is M. Thiers? Where has that boldness concealed itself which promised victory to its party, and which awaited with so much impatience the event which has now arrived? What has become of the popular orator who traced so proudly a circle round power, and defied it to pass

beyond its limits? Alas! like Archilochus and Horace, M. Thiers, little used to the tumult of battles, has felt his courage give way; the feebleness of his physical organization has prevailed against the force of his will, and he has departed to seek refuge from the affray in the shades of Montmorenci, to shelter himself at once from the dangers which precede victory, and from the proscriptions which follow defeat. But do not charge M. Thiers with want of courage. His heart failed him, it is true, on that emergency, but the same charge may be made against many others on the same occasion. M. Thiers has since proved, in rushing with ostentation to the barricades of June, that, when necessary, he has enough of military courage. But what would you have? On this particular occasion he was not provided with a supply of courage: possibly, also, he may reply that there was no room for the exercise of genius in a street fight; perhaps the long study which he had made of our victories, and the admiration he entertained for our armies, rendered it impossible for him to conceive how a successful struggle against our disciplined soldiers could be made by a mob of printers’ boys and shop-clerks, led on by editors of newspapers; that in short, the rabble of Paris must necessarily have been crushed by the regular forces. M. Thiers mingled boldly enough in the struggle, so long as the question was one of legal and peaceful resistance. He remained firm at his post in the bureaux of the NATIONAL to the last moment; he did not take his departure until the moment that old Benjamin Constant arrived; the moment at which the beat of the drum calling to arms, and the sound of the musketry, gave him the signal to retire. The first day of this sudden revolution, M. Thiers wrote the celebrated protest of the press, while in another quarter, M. Guizot wrote the protest of the Chamber; there were assemblies held of every class where deliberations were held on the means best calculated to produce the recall of the *ordonnances*. M. Thiers advised at these meetings that all civil proceedings should

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\* Concluded from Vol. IV. p. 568.

be suspended; that lawyers should not plead, judges should not decide, that notaries, attorneys, and all other public officers should suspend their functions. He wished thus to paralyze the nation and thus to compel the Executive to fall on its knees. It was in this way, he said, that governments were formerly compelled to recall their brutal decrees. But while M. Thiers was thus underrating the importance of the crisis, and reducing it to the dimensions of squabble between the Court and the Parliament, the movement was swelling into much greater proportions, and instead of a Fronde, as M. Thiers regarded it, it became a League, and something more. It was then that M. Thiers retreated from the struggle. It exceeded his stature. M. Thiers returned to Paris when order was restored and tranquillity re-established. Many conjectures have been offered respecting his proceedings, *extra muros* during the three days: we could, if we pleased, give the *historiette* of this *petite voyage*. But to what purpose? The material fact, and the only one, is that M. Thiers did return and that we now possess him safe.\*

Such is the statement of one who was an eye-witness and an ear-witness of the revolution of the three days. Let us now hear the story of another contemporary writer:

"On the 28th July, Paris was in effect declared in a state of siege, the Duke of Ragusa having been virtually invested with military dictatorship. The troops which had been collected around the Tuilleries were put in motion. The artillery was heard rolling through the streets. Civil war raged. What was to be the issue of this war? The savans, the men of letters, the majority of the soldiers themselves, felt compassion for the people, and for the fate apparently awaiting them. M. Thiers ran to a place of refuge which he found in the house of Madame De Courchamp, in the Valley of Montmorenci. In the office of the Globe, M. Coudin spoke of the white flag as the only ensign which the nation could recognize, and reproached Monsieur Leroux with compromising his friends by the revolutionary tone which he was giving to the journal.

"Among the most conspicuous of the journalists of that day was an individual

of tall and lank figure, abrupt but noble impulses and serious aspect. At the first report of the fire-arms he shook his head mournfully. Then he went unarmed, except with a walking cane, through the town, indifferent to the balls which were whizzing around him, and braving death without seeking for victory. This individual, destined afterwards to play a sad but noble part, was then little known;—his name was ARMAND CARREL. 'Have you even a single batallion?' said he incessantly to his more sanguine friends. On the morning of the 28th, meeting M. Etienne Arago (the brother of the astronomer), who evinced much ardor, he said to him,—"Stop!" and pointing to one of the populace who was greasing his shoes with the oil of a broken lamp, he said, 'Behold the people!—such is Paris!—ever the same levity,—indifference,—shown in the appropriation of the results of great and important actions to the most trifling uses.'

"When M. Thiers had reappeared in Paris on the 30th, and presented himself at Lafitte's, before receiving the commission to Neuilly (which we shall presently advert to), he expressed some annoyance that important measures had been decided in reference to the Duke of Orleans, without consulting him. Beranger, (the poet), who had a prominent share in the transactions of these days, replied with an ironical smile, "Is it not then quite natural that *the absent should be forgotten*."\*

In short, there can be no doubt that an impression has prevailed universally, that after having contributed to the utmost of his power, as well by his writings as personally to rouse the emeute, M. Thiers withdrew from its consequences at the critical moment, and did not reappear until its success ceased to be doubtful.

Recently, however, a narrative of the incident has appeared, which must be regarded as having the authority of M. Thiers himself, and as we have given the view of the matter popularly received, we must in justice give the other side.

M. Alexandre Laya, in his *Etudes Historiques de A. Thiers*, says that on Friday, 28th July, orders had been issued by the government to arrest several deputies, and that warrants (*mandats d'arrêts*) had been issued against the principal persons who had signed the protest of the press;

\* *Revue des deux Mondes*. Vol. IV. 674.

† *Histoire des dix Ans*. Vol. I. Ch. IV.-VI.

that M. Royer Collard gave notice to M. Thiers, that he, as well as MM. Mignet and Armand Carrel, would be arrested if they did not immediately conceal themselves. This notice is said to have been received by them on the evening of the 28th.

An immediate decision on their parts became necessary. They had taken a conspicuous part which rendered them especially obnoxious. The government still retained its full power. The skirmishes between the troops and the people on the 28th seemed, according to M. Laya, only to demonstrate the feebleness of the popular resistance. MM. Thiers, Mignet, and Carrel, were well known, and if they did not retire they might easily be arrested, and if so, what would become of their influence? These circumstances, we are told, were well considered at the Bureaux, by the Journalists, and it was the general opinion that the individuals thus menaced ought to withdraw. Accordingly, at nine o'clock in the evening, in the twilight, the three threatened victims departed from the office of the *National* and took refuge in the neighborhood of St. Denis.

Before quitting Paris, M. Thiers, it is stated, ordered a confidential servant who remained there to come to him the next morning with intelligence of the progress of the movement, having resolved to return to his post if it should appear that the popular resistance had any promise of success. It was on the next day, Thursday, the 29th, that the combat might be considered as seriously begun. The people had fairly committed themselves and the national cause offered some hopes of success. MM. Thiers and Mignet received the expected intelligence and heard in their retreat the echoes of the cannonade. They determined to return to Paris. They attempted to enter the city by the Barriere St. Denis, but found the streets impassable. They accordingly passed along the outer Boulevards to the Barriere des Batignolles, and descended through the Faubourg Chaussée d'Antin to the office of the *Journal*, where they did not arrive until late in the afternoon.

Thus it appears, according to this account of the matter, which must be considered as proceeding indirectly from the chief party concerned in it, that the entire duration of the absence of M. Thiers was from the night of Wednesday, the 20th, until the afternoon of

Thursday the 29th, and that even during the day of Thursday he was in the streets of Paris endeavoring to make his way through the tumult to the office of his *Journal*, and further, that M. Armand Carrel (since dead) and M. Mignet, still living, quit Paris with him.

As the office of the *National* had been the centre of the legal resistance in the first instance, it had now become the head-quarters of the armed insurrection. There MM. Thiers and Mignet met MM. Cavignac, Paulin, Bastide and Thomas, and with them one, who, during the three days, directed the movements of the people with great courage and ability, M. Joubert.

Immediately after their arrival, MM. Thiers and Mignet went to the Hotel Lafitte. The triumph of the people was now certain. MM. Semonville and D'Argout had been sent to Charles X. with a view to some arrangement. The Assembly of Deputies had resolved that they would listen to propositions from the King; but M. Thiers opposed this in the strongest manner. The question, he said, was no longer a change of Ministry but a change of Dynasty. It was too late for any compromise.

The difficulties of the conflict were over. Those of the victory were now to begin. Two centres of discussion—two political head quarters had been established. At the Hotel de Ville, General Lafayette, who had taken the command of the National Guard, was surrounded by those who loudly demanded a republic. A few voices out of the many shouted, "Napoleon II."

At the Hotel Lafitte all minds inclined favorably to the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, with representative institutions, after the pattern of those of the United Kingdom. With M. Lafitte himself this had long been an object of favorite contemplation, and had in fact long been anticipated. The name of the Duke of Orleans was pronounced as that of a person well fitted by his character and his historical antecedents to be elevated to the throne. The part played by the Duke was as yet one of strict neutrality. Although in the neighborhood of St. Cloud he did not show himself in the Royal presence, gave no countenance to those proceedings which led to the revolution, and offered no condolence for its result.

Some of the monarchical party expressed doubts whether the Duke would

lend himself to the proposed measure. He had as yet given no sign. M. Thiers advised M. Lafitte to assume the responsibility of committing the Duke to the Revolution without waiting for his sanction. M. Lafitte hesitated. M. Thiers represented the danger of delay; that the partisans of a republic were gaining the ground which the friends of monarchical government were surrendering; that besides there was nothing to be feared; he could throw the responsibility of the measure, if necessary, on the uncontrollable ardor of those by whom he was surrounded.

In short, M. Thiers proposed to put in immediate circulation a proclamation in favor of the Duke of Orleans which he accordingly wrote on the spot.

This Document was as follows:

"Charles X. cannot return to Paris. He has caused the blood of the people to be shed.

"A republic would expose us to frightful divisions; it would embroil us with Europe.

"The Duke of Orleans is a Prince, devoted to the cause of the Revolution.

"The Duke of Orleans has never fought against us.

"The Duke of Orleans was at Jemappes.

"The Duke of Orleans has fought under the tricolor-flag. The Duke of Orleans will again do so. We desire no other.

"The Duke of Orleans has not offered himself. He awaits the expression of our will. Let us proclaim our wish and he will accept the charter as we have always understood and desired it. It is from the French people that he will hold the crown."

This proclamation appeared immediately in the *National*, the *Courier Français* and the *Commerce*.

"Thus," says a contemporary writer, "while the united energies of a people were necessary to overthrow one Dynasty, a sheet of paper issued by a deputy and two Journalists was sufficient to establish another." The object, however, was not attained without some expressions of dissent. When M. Thiers and his colleagues walked from the office of the *National* to the Exchange, with this printed panegyric on the Duke in their hands, they were filled with apprehension at the surprise they excited among the public whom they encountered in the streets and still more by the storm of hisses with which they were saluted at the Bourse.

These circumstances occurred on the afternoon and in the evening of Thursday, the 29th. On Friday morning nothing had yet been heard of the Duke of Orleans. Whether or not he would lend himself to the course which had been taken, or intervene at all in the movement, no one was able to say. Delay was full of peril. A decisive step must be taken.

MM. Thiers and Sebastiani were at the Hotel Lafitte. The latter proposed to MM. Thiers to go to Neuilly, see the Duke, and ascertain personally his sentiments. But M. Thiers was not known to the Duke. It was therefore arranged that he should take a letter with him, signed by MM. Sebastiani and Lafitte, introducing him, and requesting the Duke to place full confidence in the propositions with which he was commissioned. M. Scheffer, who was personally known to the Orleans family, agreed to accompany him.

The Prince of Moskwa (son-in-law of M. Lafitte) lent his saddle-horses for the expedition, and they departed for the Chateau of the Duke of Orleans at Neuilly, where he was supposed to be then staying.

The direct route by the Champs Elysées being obstructed, they rode by the streets St. Lazare and Clichy to the quarter of the Batignolles. Here, being suspected to be royalists attempting to escape and emigrate, they were stopped and brought before the Mayor of the Arrondissement, who, on ascertaining their object, set them at liberty. They continued their route, and after some further difficulty arrived in fine at the Chateau; the door of which was at first shut in their faces! Such was the first reception of the bearers of a crown!

When their persons were recognized by M. Oudart, one of the attendants of the family, they were admitted and introduced to the study of the Duke, where, after a few minutes, the Duchess presented herself. While M. Thiers unfolded to her the tenor of the message of which they were the bearers, her look became serious and severe, and when, in fine, she learned that it was proposed to place on the brow of her husband the crown torn from the head of an old man who had ever proved towards her family a faithful relative and generous friend, she addressed M. Scheffer with much apparent emotion. "Sir," said she, "how could you consent to be the bearer of



such a message? That this gentleman," looking towards M. Thiers, "should have dared to undertake it I can well conceive, for he does not know us. But you who have been received into our acquaintance, and ought to be able to appreciate our feelings—oh! we cannot forgive you for this indignity."

M. Thiers, however, pressed on the Duchess the necessity that he should personally confer with the Duke. The Duchess thereupon withdrew for a few minutes, and returned accompanied not by the Duke, but by Madame Adelaide, the Duke's sister, and all his children except the Duke de Chartres, who had gone to join his regiment at Joigny.

They assured M. Thiers that the Duke of Orleans was absent at Raincy. Then ensued between M. Thiers, the Duchess and her family, one of those scenes the recollection of which can never be effaced from the memories of those who witnessed it, and which possess true historical interest.

M. Thiers laid before them all the dangers and difficulties of the crisis which had arrived. "The neutrality observed by the Duke; his absence from the Royal presence during the existing struggle, and his previous disapproval of the measures of the court, would, in any event, identify him, more or less, with the measures of the revolution; that if the existing dynasty must fall—of which there seemed now no reason to doubt—and the Duke declined to come forward and accept the measures now proposed, a republic would certainly be tried. Who could foresee the consequences of such a return to the situation of 1793. Evidently the most elevated persons would be the first victims. The very name of Bourbon would awaken hatred and excite vengeance, and the Duke of Orleans would not be protected by a popularity which he would compromise by retiring at the moment when his presence would have seconded the efforts of the people to defend their liberty menaced and their rights violated. He would be ranked among the enemies of popular institutions. The republic would re-erect its scaffolds, and excesses would ensue. In fine, the name of the Duke of Orleans had been already proclaimed, and had been received in such a manner as to en-

courage him to present himself to the people."

The resolution of the Duchess appeared to waver before these reasons. But it was on Madame Adelaide, the Duke's sister, that they seemed to make the deepest impression. She replied, and with great clearness showed that she appreciated the peculiar position in which her brother and his family were placed. She was duly impressed, also, with the noble part which her brother would have to perform, in the difficulty of the country; to snatch the people from the consequences of revolutionary excesses by preventing the establishment of a republic. She declared that she would answer for her brother; that she would guarantee his consent; and she authorized M. Thiers to announce this officially to those who sent him. M. Thiers, however, thought he could not return without some more conclusive solution of the difficulty, and demanded of Madame Adelaide whether in her brother's absence she would consent to present herself personally to the Deputies? On which the lady, rising with much dignity, said, "I will go, certainly. They will not hesitate to put faith in the word of a lady, and it is natural for a sister to risk her life for her brother!"\*

It was agreed that General Sebastiani should return for Madame Adelaide, and MM. Thiers and Scheffer departed for the Chamber of Deputies, where it had been arranged that they should make their report.

They had scarcely entered the *Faubourg du Roule*, on their return to Paris, than they found themselves obstructed by the populace, who were in a state of great excitement, some shouting "*Vive Napoleon II.!*" others "*Vive la Republique!*" The name of the Duke of Orleans was as yet in no one's mouth. No one among the people seemed even to think of the possibility of one so nearly connected with the fallen family being admissible to the vacant throne.

It was not without considerable difficulty that M. Thiers succeeded in crossing the Place de la Concorde and the Bridge. Having arrived at the Chamber of Provisional Assembly, he found deputies, combatants of the streets, and journalists, mingled together, and the greatest

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\* "J'irai, mon cher M. Thiers," dit elle—"certainment J'irai; on ne se de fera pas d'une femme, et il est naturel qu'une sœur risque sa vie pour son frere!"—*Etudes Historiques*, I. 116.



confusion prevailing. Some were for establishing a Provisional Government. No party knew what course to take. M. Thiers reported the result of his mission. But it was little attended to; every one offering his own project. Messages were sent to and fro between the Palais Bourbon and the Chamber of Peers. M. Dupin insisted that some definitive government must be decided on. Messengers from the Peers arrived with the information that all possible combinations had been suggested there, but that the members did not arrive at any definitive settlement of the difficulty. In the midst of this confusion, M. Remusat, the Editor of the *Globe*, who had been the first to sign the protest of the journalists, suggested means of extrication from their embarrassment. He advised M. Thiers to propose that the Duke of Orleans should be nominated Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. At the instance of M. Thiers, M. Sebastiani made that proposition, as a step preparatory to a final and conclusive settlement of the government. The title of King, suddenly proposed, might be dangerous. That of Lieutenant-General, being only temporary and provisional, would not startle the timid, nor provoke the opposition of the anti-monarchists, and would give time for the more deliberate re-constitution of the state. This proposition was promptly and unanimously adopted.

The Duke of Orleans was accordingly invited to Paris to be invested with the new authority. A deputation of twelve members of the Chamber, with M. Gallot as President, was accordingly commissioned to bear this invitation to Neuilly.

On the morning of the 31st M. Thiers had his first interview with the Duke of Orleans, who had arrived at the Palais Royale at midnight. In the course of that day, a tumultuous meeting of the now ardent partisans of a republic was held at the office of the *National*; at which M. Thiers endeavored to dissuade his friends from further recourse to force, and after much discussion, proposed to conduct a deputation from them to the Duke of Orleans. Six were accordingly selected for this interview, and they accompanied M. Thiers to the Palais Royale that evening, where they were received by the Duke in the gallery of the Battle Scenes painted by Horace Vernet.

On this occasion a conversation is said to have taken place between them and the Duke, on the general principles of the

contemplated government. The Duke frankly and openly declared himself the partisan of legal resistance to the encroachments of despotic power; but firmly opposed, on the other hand, to revolutionary excesses. He recalled the events of the past, and reverted to the excesses of the Republic and the Convention.

M. Cavaignac, interrupting him, requested him not to forget that his (Cavaignac's) father was a member of the Convention. "So was mine," promptly replied the Duke; "and I do not, therefore, the less respect his memory."

M. Thiers, during this interview, observed perfect silence. The young republicans were not slow to perceive that their cause was lost. "Well," said Thiers, after a pause, as they walked up the garden of the Palais Royale, "what think you of the Duke?"

"C'est un bon homme," said M. Bastide. "C'est un 221," said M. Thomas. "Il n'est pas franc," said M. Cavaignac.

This was the last interview of these great actors in the Drama of July 1830. M. Thiers rose, as we shall see, to the highest political honors—to office and to affluence. The others lived to descend into the dungeons of a prison—their former friend being in the plenitude of his ministerial power.

When the new Royalty was established, a ministry was formed including all shades of opinion, and composed of materials so heterogeneous that their long coherence was a political impossibility. In this Cabinet, the Baron Louis, an early patron of M. Thiers, was Minister of Finance. M. Thiers was appointed a Councillor of State, an office having some analogy to that of a Privy Councillor in England, and which, like the latter, has no very important functions; but it was at the same time arranged, that without accepting the formal title of the office, M. Thiers should perform the duties of Chief Secretary to the Ministry of Finance. This office afforded him opportunities of information and experience in administrative details under the immediate instruction of the most eminent financier of the day, which, with his usual ability, he turned to advantage.

In the Cabinet Council dissensions were soon manifested. It was split into two parties, one of which advocated resistance to the party of the movement, and the other tended to progression. The former course was advocated by MM. Casimir Perier, Molé, Baron Louis, M.

Guizot, and M. de Broglie, and the latter by MM. Dupont de l'Eure, Lafitte and La Fayette. These differences ultimately produced the dissolution of the administration.

The movement party having prevailed, M. Lafitte became the head of the succeeding Cabinet, and as such, was appointed President of the Council of Ministers. Immediately after the interview of the Baron Louis with the King at the Palais Royale, at which the former resigned his office of Minister of Finance, M. Thiers was sent for. On entering the presence of Louis Philippe, the first words the King addressed to him were, "M. Thiers, are you ambitious?" An explanation followed, and, much to the surprise of M. Thiers, the King offered him the Ministry of Finance, which the Baron Louis had just resigned.

M. Thiers did not affect to conceal his ambitious hopes for the future, but he begged his Majesty to reserve so high an honor and so eminent a proof of his confidence for a future day, when more advanced age and more mature experience would enable him to accept such an office with greater confidence in his own fitness for it than he was then able to feel. The King, however, pressed the matter, and observed that the Baron Louis had himself expressly advised his appointment. In fine, M. Lafitte was charged with the office, with M. Thiers as Secretary—the latter assuming all the active and laborious duties.

The Cabinet, thus formed, and known as the Ministry of November 2, consisted of MM. Lafitte, Dupont de l'Eure, Sebastiani, Soult, Montalivet, de Rigny, and Merilhou.

While M. Thiers labored in the Hotel of Finance, under the practiced superintendence of the Baron Louis, he had little opportunity of assuming any conspicuous position in public affairs. The Baron, an experienced financier, left him only a subordinate part to play. Accustomed to regard him as an intelligent young man that he formerly patronized and admitted to a place at his table, he still addressed him by the paternal phrase of "Mon enfant," and used to laugh heartily at the opinions which the youthful ardor of Thiers would prompt him to utter, and which only betrayed to his superior the extent of his financial inexperience. All this, however, was completely changed when M. Lafitte took the portfolio of the finances. Being also President

of the Council, and having private business to engage a portion of his attention, the whole burthen of the Finance Department fell upon M. Thiers, who instead of being, as under the Baron Louis, an inconsiderable subordinate and a pupil, found himself, under the title of Secretary, the real head of the Department, at a crisis when the country was reduced to the brink of bankruptcy at home, and menaced with invasion from abroad! He was fully sensible of the importance of his position, and the personal advantages to be gained from it. Accordingly before he assumed the position he saw open to him, he announced to M. Lafitte his intention to resign with Baron Louis. Lafitte, sensible how necessary his aid would be in an office in which he had just been drilled for four months by so experienced a superior, and conscious of his own complete ignorance of the technical official details, found himself obliged to go to the King and announce the impossibility of his retaining office unless M. Thiers could be induced to render him that assistance which he alone could at that moment give. The consequence of this proceeding was, that an express command was sent by the King to M. Thiers, that the interests of the state demanded that he should retain the place of under-Secretary of State in the Department of Finance.

The first impulse of a young man such as Thiers was—entertaining a profound consciousness of his own capacity and talents, and having all respect for official traditions, unshaken by the study of a succession of revolutions, and the personal observation of and participation in at least one—was to overturn all received ideas, and to establish a new system—a dangerous step, more especially in the finances. A more unfortunate moment for experiments of the kind could scarcely have been selected. The country was shaken to its centre. *Emeutes* were everywhere menacing. The South hesitated to submit to the laws of 1830. La Vendée had already again taken up arms. The city of Lyons showed symptoms of revolt. Still M. Thiers was not deterred from his innovations on the sensitive ground of taxation. What Napoleon in the plenitude of his power, or the Bourbons in the security of profound national tranquillity, dared not attempt, M. Thiers did not hesitate to propose amid the storms which were gathering around the throne of the Bar-

racades. The system of taxation, which had not been attempted to be disturbed in all the vicissitudes of administration since 1791, when it was settled by the constituent assembly, was now to be overthrown, not for the relief of the tax-payer, but to enable the government to plunge its hands deeper into the pockets of the people, and augment the gross amount of the finances. "The more the taxes are varied," said M. Thiers, "the more properties they will reach; and this principle must be applied in every variety of form. Taxation is an art which is in a state of progressive improvement, and which it may be hoped will soon attain the highest degree of perfection. By the new law a million of individuals will be liable to contribution, who were exempt under the old system!" Such was the character of the first measures projected by the prime instigator of the Revolution of July!

At this time M. Thiers made his debut in the Chambers, not as a Deputy, but as a Royal Commissioner, authorized to defend the projects of law on the subject of finance which were submitted to the Chambers. It was a curious incident in the life of this parliamentary orator, that in these his first attempts, he excited so much disgust, that M. Lafitte was compelled by the majority to engage that the bills which were to be subsequently introduced should be supported by himself, and that he would not continue to inflict upon the house his most intolerable under-secretary! Yet this same man has since proved to be incontestably the most powerful orator in the French Chambers. What, it will naturally be asked, was the cause of the invincible repugnance which he excited? We are told by those who were witnesses of these proceedings, that the tone of carelessness (*insouciance*) and levity which he assumed gave offence; that his long speeches, in which facts were loosely and inexactly cited, and figures given with flippancy were so erroneous that they were often exposed on the spot, were too like lectures, or articles read from a journal. In a word, the House regarded M. Thiers as an adventurer who came to retail his gatherings of history and literature from the Tribune.

Such were the first results of the attempts as a parliamentary speaker of one who was destined at a later period to fill a large space in European politics and diplomacy. His friends were beginning to look at his prospects with despondency.

Meanwhile difficulties continued to multiply around the Cabinet from other causes. Its intrinsic feebleness was such that it was evident it could not long subsist. It was discovered by M. Lafitte that the king himself was interfering without his knowledge in the business of the state; and justly considering such interference inconsistent with the principle of ministerial responsibility, he resolved to resign.

Having foreseen the approaching dissolution of the Cabinet, M. Thiers anticipated it, and resigned his office before the retirement of his friend and patron. "Swallows," says a contemporary writer, who noticed this proceeding, "are endowed with an instinctive presentiment of the falling of buildings in which they have fixed themselves."

Another construction, less unfavorable to M. Thiers, has, however, been put upon this proceeding, even by those who certainly are not too favorably disposed towards him. The following are the circumstances which have been mentioned in connection with it:

During this short administration of M. Lafitte, M. Thiers, as we have seen, held virtually the Ministry of Finances. At this time reports became prevalent in public, and were, without much affectation of reserve, repeated by the Press, which greatly embittered the life of this rising statesman, and have entailed upon his reputation injurious effects, which will probably never be effaced. These attacks assumed a form so definite, that nothing but a public and explicit refutation of the charges brought against him could by possibility deprive them of their most mischievous effects upon his character; and unfortunately that public refutation was never offered. In short, M. Thiers was charged with sharing in the improper gains derived from *douceurs* received for appointments to offices in the Department of Finances. That the nominees did pay these *douceurs* has not, we believe, been disputed. But it was not proved that M. Thiers was the receiver of them.

A writer who appears to have been well informed, states that one of the oldest and most attached friends of M. Thiers, with tears in his eyes, and his front suffused with a blush of honest shame, informed him of this deplorable circumstance. He affirms that the traffic referred to was carried on in the name of M. Thiers, by one whom it was impossible that he could denounce; that M. Thiers was deeply afflicted at it; and

that he instantly, on being made acquainted with it, renouncing all his ambitious hopes, and looking down with grief from the elevation to which he had raised himself to his original position, he determined to descend to his former station, and withdraw into the ranks of private life; that he went to M. Lafitte, confided to him the bitter misfortune of his situation, with a tone of simplicity and frankness of rare occurrence. He had resolved, he said, to quit the ministry, to return to those labors which he had pursued before the Revolution of July, and feeling the impossibility of offering the only refutation of the injurious reports which would be conclusive, he hoped at least to silence them by his retreat. On this occasion M. Lafitte displayed towards him all the affection and sympathy of a parent, consoled him, and enabled him to stop the further progress of the discreditable traffic. The king, informed of the circumstances, joined M. Lafitte in re-assuring M. Thiers, and in effacing from his mind the painful impressions which remained upon it.\*

It gives us much pleasure to quote this authority in refutation of injurious rumors, which even still continue to be credited. It unfortunately happens with public men, in every country, that charges against them once getting into circulation can never be entirely neutralized, no matter how conclusive their refutation may be. One hundred persons will hear the slander for one that will listen to its refutation; and, unhappily, the public takes greater pleasure in believing ill of those who have risen to eminence than in crediting their vindication.

In fine, M. Lafitte retired from the Ministry on the 13th March, 1831, the under-secretary having previously resigned. Casimir Perier succeeded to the Presidency of the Council and Ministry of the Interior. M. Thiers made a voyage to the South to canvass the electors of Aix, whose suffrages he hoped for at the next election; and in this canvass he was supported by the new Ministry, notwithstanding his connection with the outgoing Cabinet, and his previous resignation of office. In fact it was known to the new Ministry that he would support their measures, and oppose his late colleagues.

Under the Ministry of Lafitte, Thiers was the life and soul of the movement party; he spoke only of crossing the

Rhine, and of raising again in Italy the old banner of Napoleon's victories. On his return from the South, however, his tone was totally changed. His

"Thoughts, he must confess, were turned on peace."

The country, he declared, could only be served by peace; and as Lafitte's zeal in favor of the movement was guided by that of his under-secretary, so Casimir Perier found himself equally surpassed by the same individual in his advocacy for the pacification of Europe, and the consolidation of the foreign alliances.

M. Thiers, however, or his friends speaking for him, defend him against this charge of inconsistency. They say that he differed from M. Lafitte before the dissolution of his cabinet; that in his private conversations with him he adjured him not to allow himself to be allured by the mere attraction of a hollow popularity, but to adopt the conservative policy, and protect the new monarchical institutions from the factions which menaced them. He declared that although he would resign with M. Lafitte, he would nevertheless defend the principles of order and of resistance to the enemies of the new government. Such conversations, it is said, took place in the presence of several of the members of Lafitte's family, who are living witnesses of them.

All this may be perfectly true, and yet the inconsistency charged against M. Thiers remains unexplained. M. Thiers knew of the approaching changes in the government long before they occurred; and nothing could be more natural than to smooth the way to his future course by such conferences. It rendered the transition less abrupt.

Be this as it may, M. Thiers and his former friend and patron were thenceforward mutually estranged; and it was evident that the former suffered from an uneasy consciousness of the awkwardness of his new position towards the late president of the council. After his election, and his opening speech in favor of the new cabinet and against his friends, M. Thiers could not conceal his efforts to avoid personal communication with his former friend. An amusing example of his want of tact in permitting this feeling to be visible in the Chamber is related. There are two doors leading into the Chamber. The habitual seat of

\* Loeve Viemar: *Revue des deux Mondes*.



M. Lafitte was at the extremity of the lowest bench on the left, next to one of these doors, and in the position most remote from the other. *Before* the dissolution of the Lafitte cabinet Thiers invariably entered the Chamber by the door on the left, next the seat of Lafitte, stopping as he passed to chat with his friend. *After* its dissolution he just as invariably entered at the right hand door, to avoid the necessity of such a conversation!

M. Thiers, in fact, became now the avowed supporter and orator of the new cabinet; and, if we can credit the statements of M. Loeve Viemar, received two thousand francs a month from the secret service fund for his trouble. His influence on the Chamber as well as his reputation for good faith were, however, seriously impaired by the reckless precipitancy with which he hazarded assertions of facts and figures. While the Ministry accepted his advocacy they were not willing to avow the connection. M. Perier openly ridiculed the gasconade rashness and levity of his speeches; and did not dissemble his vexation when M. Thiers identified himself with the ministry by using the first person in speaking of Cabinet measures. On one occasion, when M. Manguin, in referring to M. Thiers, spoke of the latter as the orator of the Cabinet, M. Perier said in a contemptuous tone, and loud enough to be heard by M. Thiers,—“That thing an organ of the government!—Oh! M. Manguin wishes to ridicule us!”

As an instance of the carelessness, to use the most gentle term, which M. Thiers evinced at this time, with regard to the truth of the statements he made from the Tribune, we may mention one occasion on which General Lamarque had spoken of the military forces of France and of other powers, with which it was well known that he was intimately acquainted, from having kept up an active and extensive correspondence with the eastern states of Europe. M. Thiers, armed as usual with a load of documents, came to the Chamber, spreading before him an enormous chart, which covered the entire bench of the doctrinaires, on which he had planted himself. He then mounted the Tribune, casting a sarcastic glance at the opposition benches; he began to count on his fingers what the forces really were, as he maintained, which France had to fear. So many

regiments were on the Rhine; few in number, feeble, with small complements of men, and totally destitute of artillery! these were not worth mentioning; he enumerated the entire Prussian army, from Aix-la-Chapelle to Magdebourg; not a division or company that he did not carefully count, and the whole body amounted to a very contemptible force! And was this force to be held up as a bugbear! The opposition listening to all this, and remembering the many instances in which the speaker's inaccuracies had been already detected and exposed, gave vent to expressions of incredulity. No one, however, was prepared at the moment to refute the statement, and the orator obtained a temporary triumph. The next day, however, when a search was made, it was found that the army of M. Thiers and the army of the King of Prussia had nothing in common. But this discovery took place *the next day*, and *the next day* is an epoch which M. Thiers holds in small respect or consideration.\*

Until the debate on the question of an hereditary peerage, M. Thiers must be regarded as floundering through a succession of failures as a parliamentary speaker. It is true that there were, now and then, momentary flashes of success, but he had established no influence; on the contrary, he had excited much ridicule on the part of the opposition, and even those in whose favor he spoke, accepted his advocacy with a certain shyness and reserve, and as though they were ashamed of the connection.

The debate on the peerage was the crisis of his parliamentary life. He evidently intended that it should be so. From what we have formerly stated, and from some of the quotations we have given from his writings as a journalist, it will be perceived that the beau-ideal of government which he had set before his mind was the British. The Sovereign, the higher aristocracy, and the representatives of the people; these elements were essential to the system of his admiration. He would have France copy this. The sense of the country was, however, opposed to the principle of hereditary legislators.

The question of the constitution of the peerage had been postponed, on the settlement of the government after the revolution of July. It was left for future and more mature and dispassionate dis-

\* *Revue des deux Mondes* IV. p. 686.



cussion than it could receive in the confusion which necessarily followed the fall of one dynasty and the establishment of another. The time had now arrived when it became necessary finally to set this important question at rest. Is the legislative power conferred on a peer to descend to his heir, or is it to determine with the death of him on whom the Royal will has conferred it.

The head of the Cabinet, Casimir Perier, declared his conviction that the principle of inheritance should be adopted, but like the Duke of Wellington and Peel, in the case of Catholic emancipation, he at the same time admitted that, in the actual state of public opinion and feeling in the country, its adoption was impracticable. With an opinion, therefore, against the measure, he nevertheless proposed to the Chamber, that the peerage should only be enjoyed for life; that the principle of an hereditary peerage should be renounced in France.

M. Thiers, on this occasion, delivered a speech in many respects remarkable. Admitting that he was a supporter of the Cabinet, secretly paid, and therefore bound, in general, to advocate its measure, on this particular question, it is apparent, from what we have just stated, that he was free. It was, in fact, an open question. He knew the predominant feeling in the country and in the Chamber, and was well aware that the hereditary principle could not be maintained. Yet he took the unpopular side, and not satisfied with speaking in favor of the hereditary system, voted in favor of it; thus going further even than the President of the Council himself did.

It was evident, as we have already said, that M. Thiers intended to produce a great impression on this occasion. For eight days previously, his speech was talked of in the Chamber and announced in the newspapers. It was known, in short, that a performance of no common order was designed, and expectation was on tiptoe. M. Thiers, contrary to his custom, arrived early in the House. It was observed that more than usual care had been bestowed upon his external man, and that, especially, he wore gloves! It was evident that he was going to produce a profound impression. At last he ascended the Tribune with a slow and deliberate step, but with the air of negligence of one who is about to discharge some common task, which gives him neither trouble nor solicitude. He stood

for some time silent, endeavoring, by his manner, to impose a silence on the Chamber which it had not usually accorded to him. At length, by the interposition of some members friendly to him, the House was hushed. From the first it was evident that, in all respects, the orator had undergone a revolution. He used no manuscript—referred to no notes. His delivery, gesticulation, and even his personal attitude in the tribune, were all different from what they had ever before been. It was apparent that he was going to try a new style of eloquence; that he had laid aside his prelections and history, and his pompous rhetoric, and had adopted that familiar and colloquial style which prevails generally in the British House of Commons. In a word, instead of the classical eloquence in which, hitherto, he had had such indifferent success, he was trying the conversational style. He endeavored to make the House enter into the spirit of this style of speaking, by telling it that this was an assembly of sensible men, and not an ancient forum. Throwing off the toga in which, hitherto, he had robed himself when he ascended the tribune, he was there in his individual person, as he had met and chatted separately with the deputies of his acquaintance. The speech he delivered on this occasion had certainly been deliberately composed and written. Its complete structure and plan, and its very language, were evidence of this. The reasoning formed a chain, the artificial connection and regularity of which were very imperfectly concealed by the tone of conversation in which the speaker endeavored to dress them up, or by the episodes and historical anecdotes with which he so elaborately adorned them. His speech on this occasion occupied four hours. His voice, naturally feeble, failed in the middle of it, and he was obliged to make a considerable pause to recover strength before he could proceed.

This speech was listened to by the Chamber, and at the period of his parliamentary life at which he delivered it, that was a great point gained, for it could scarcely be said of any of his former orations. M. Thiers had yet much to learn of parliamentary tactics. He was still unable to carry his audience with him. He produced an effect, it is true, and that, probably, was all he expected to do. But he did nothing for the question under debate. The success he attained was his

own, and not that of his cause. His speech amused all, and was admired by many, but it persuaded none. While M. Guizot, who then far surpassed him as a master of parliamentary eloquence, would fasten upon some one great principle, some prominent idea, and by presenting it to his audience in various points of view, render the dullest minds familiar with it, until he would make them believe the principle was their own. This is essentially the art of a professor, and hence the success of M. Guizot in its application. M. Thiers, on the contrary, would crowd into his speech such a diversity of topics, so intermingled with anecdotes and *historiettes*, that his discourse resembled a piece of mosaic, very dazzling to the eye, but having little to engage the more reflective powers of the understanding. While the one orator would reproduce the same leading idea in many speeches, the other would crowd a plurality of leading ideas into a single speech. In leaving the house, after hearing M. Guizot, the deputies went home, thinking of the subject. In leaving the house, after hearing M. Thiers, they went home thinking of the man.

This speech on the peerage was characterized both by the good and bad qualities which were so apparent in the eloquence of M. Thiers. But the former were more than usually conspicuous, and the latter were less than usually offensive.

He as usually exhausted the subject. He took up in succession all the common and popular objections on the score of the unreasonableness of hereditary legislators, and replied to them first on general grounds, and then by argument derived from the experience recorded in history. He maintained that the existence of hereditary rank was a principle inherent in human society; that wherever in popular commotions its extinction was attempted, it was sure to reappear; he gave as an example, the creation of hereditary titles and rank under the Empire. But as a matter of fact, he disputed the irrationality of the principle of an hereditary branch of the legislature. What is the objection to it? That intellectual endowments are not transmitted from father to son, and that therefore a House of Lords may become in time a House of Fools! But he contended that in the first place, although intelligence does not always descend, traditions do, and that we find men descended from high families,

prompted by traditions to a course of conduct, to which inferior ranks could only be conducted by reason. Besides, although it be true that talent does not descend from father to son, and therefore in an hereditary monarchy, the crown may descend on a head but feebly endowed by nature; this cannot happen with a body consisting of several hundred individuals. Among the families of three hundred peers, a fair average of intelligence will always be found. "If," said the speaker, wise fathers sometimes beget foolish sons, it happens also that foolish fathers sometimes beget wise ones." As examples of the descent of mental endowments in the same family, he produced the examples of the Medici and Lord Chatham. Here he indulged his propensity for historical anecdote, and amused the House with the (well known in England) story of the younger Pitt being put upon the table at six years old to recite, for the amusement of the company, passages from the celebrated speeches of English orators. While he was relating this, it was impossible for those who listened to him and saw him, to avoid comparing M. Thiers himself with the boy he described. His diminutive stature which left his head alone visible over the marble of the Tribune, his childish, shrill voice, his provincial accent, and the eternal sing-song with which he delivered his periods, the volubility with which he poured forth those passages of history with which his memory had been stored, all irresistibly suggested to the minds of those who saw and heard him, that he was "himself the great sublime he drew," that he was in fact himself the surprising boy, mounted before the company to astonish them with the prodigies of a precocious memory!

Yet this speech with all its defects established the reputation of M. Thiers in the Chamber, and enabled the clearsighted to recognize in him one, who must, before the lapse of much time, rise to eminence in the affairs of the state. This speech was delivered in October, 1831, M. Thiers being then in his thirty-fourth year.

On the division of the Chamber on the question whether the hereditary principle should be recognized in the peerage, there were in favor of it only forty votes, against it three hundred and eighty-six;—a striking manifestation of the state of public opinion in France upon the question, especially when it is considered that

the head of the cabinet was from strong conviction in favor of the hereditary principle.

M. Thiers had now, so to speak, gained the ear of the Chamber, and with his usual restless activity he took full advantage of his success. He spoke frequently. The House served him as an arena for his oratorical gymnastics, and he was listened to with increased willingness and obvious interest. His physical defects and provincial disfavours were either forgotten or mentioned only as augmenting the wonders accomplished by his talent, in having surmounted disadvantages under which ordinary men would have succumbed. Finance was a favorite subject of discussion with him, and he had some credit for practical knowledge of its administrative details from his long and intimate connection with the Baron Louis.

Among the intellectual feats ascribed to him, we shall mention one which he performed about the period at which we are now arrived. In January, 1832, the Chamber had been engaged in the discussion of a project of law upon the intermarriage of persons with their wives' sisters or husbands' brothers. M. Thiers at this time was named as the reporter of the committee on the Budget, and the state of the country was at the moment such that the work must necessarily have been work of great length and complexity. He expected that the debate we have just referred to would have protracted to a considerable length, and postponed accordingly the commencement of his report. It happened unexpectedly, however, that the debate on the marriage question was suddenly brought to a close on the 22d of January, the day on which it commenced and the report on the Budget was the order of the day for the 23d. To write a report so voluminous in a single night was a mechanical impossibility, to say nothing of the mental part of the process. What was to be done? Such reports are always prepared in writing and read to the Chamber for this obvious reason, that although necessarily the composition of an individual member of the committee, they are in fact supposed to proceed, and do really possess the sanction of all the members of the committee, as well as of that individual member who is more especially charged with their composition. M. Thiers, however, pressed by the exigency of the occasion, and not sorry to find an occasion for play-

ing off a parliamentary *tour de force*, went down to the Chamber on the morning of the 23d. He presented himself in the Tribune, and apologizing to the Chamber for being compelled to depart from the usage of the House, by the unexpectedly early period at which the report was called for, in giving a *vivâ voce* and unwritten report, he proceeded at once to the subject aided only by a few numerical memorandums, and delivered a speech of four hours' duration, in which he discussed and exhausted every topic bearing on the matter of the budget. He plunged with the more ready and voluble fluency, into financial, political, and administrative details, unfolded with a logical perspicuity, an arithmetical order and precision, and intermingled with bursts of picturesque oratory with which he astonished and confounded the Chamber. History, politics, public economy, questions of national security and progress, were passed in succession before his wondering hearers, like scenes exhibited in a magic lantern. As usual no topic was omitted, every question was marshaled in its proper place and order, and the House nevertheless exhibited no signs of fatigue; they hung upon his words. On several occasions in pauses of his speech, after he had continued speaking for nearly three hours, they invited him to rest, not from fatigue on their part, but from apprehension of his physical powers being exhausted. "Repose-vous en pere," exclaimed several deputies. He proceeded, however, to the close without suspension.

The budget was at this moment a question of the highest importance. The country was placed between the dangers of foreign war and the disasters of civil broils. M. Thiers delivered from the Tribune a complete tableau of the financial condition of the State past and present, mingling the details with frequent bursts of spontaneous eloquence. Behind his demands for supplies he exhibited the question of life or death of the country.

Throughout this session M. Thiers was the extra-official champion of the ministry, and altogether the most prominent debater in the Chamber. The cholera broke out in Paris in the Spring, and on the close of the Chamber, M. Thiers, exhausted by his exertions, and willing probably to retire from the epidemic, started on a tour to Italy. On the 16th of May, Casimir Perier sank under the cholera, and the premiership became vacant, by

which event it was apparent that a reconstitution of the cabinet must ensue. The part which M. Thiers had played in the session which had just closed, was too important to allow him to be overlooked in the composition of the new cabinet, and he was invited to return to Paris.

Towards the close of the session popular disturbances took place in various quarters, and repressive laws against tumultuous assemblies were passed, which, like the other measures of the cabinet, were advocated by M. Thiers. The removal of the president of the council and the temporary reaction of the government, consequent upon the state of ministerial transition which followed, augmented by the difficulty of forming a new cabinet, emboldened the malcontents. Among those who fell under the effects of the prevalent epidemic at that moment was General Lamarque. His funeral was the occasion of the assemblage of the republican party in vast numbers, and an accidental circumstance, like a spark falling in a magazine of gunpowder, caused on this occasion a general *emeute* of the city and the Faubourgs.

A measure was proposed by M. Thiers in this emergency, which, in after years, cast great and general obloquy on his name, and for which, until very lately, no defence or explanation on his part has been offered by himself or his friends. On his proposition the city of Paris was declared in a state of siege, a measure of an extreme kind, which could only be excused by public disturbances of a much more serious and extensive kind than those which then prevailed.

The explanation or apology, if it can be called so, is to the effect that on the breaking out of the insurrection, on the occasion of the funeral of General Lamarque, Paris was a prey to the greatest anxiety; that it seemed to all well-disposed persons that the revolution of July was about to be recommenced. The Faubourgs had risen, armed as one man; the red flag had been unfurled; blood had been shed. At the moment the insurrection was at its height, as it is now said,\* M. Thiers advised that, in order to oppose the excesses which were breaking out with adequate energy, the capital should be declared in a state of siege. But without any assigned motive, it was not until after the *emeute* had been suppressed and tranquillity had been re-established

that this measure was put in force. To the astonishment of all, exceptional tribunals were at the same time established for the trial of the accused. Sentence of death having been pronounced against one individual by these illegal courts, it was set aside upon an appeal to the court of cassation. The ordinance declaring the capital in a state of siege was soon after withdrawn, and the record of that measure, say the defenders of M. Thiers, only remains as an evidence of the existence of a groundless chimera and a barren menace on the part of power.

Meanwhile, the Chambers being about to assemble, the reconstruction of the cabinet was indispensable and pressing, and many and intricate were the intrigues by which that process was obstructed. The personal interference of the sovereign in the administration which has since been so loudly complained of, was beginning already to manifest itself. The elder Dupin was invited to join the new ministry, but he objected to assume joint responsibility with MM. Sebastian and Montalivët, who had been understood to be too obsequious instruments of the royal will. The chief difficulty, however, was to find a head for the new cabinet to replace M. Perier. Several eminent men there were, but not one to whom all the others would voluntarily submit to be subordinate. In the absence of statesmanlike eminence, it was therefore proposed to place Marshal Soult in the president's chair, whose great military reputation, like that of the Duke of Wellington, none could dispute. It was finally settled, accordingly, that under the Marshal's presidency a ministry should be formed, excluding MM. Sebastian and Montalivët, the personal friends of the King, and consisting of MM. Bouthe, De Rigny, Hermann, the Duc de Broglie and Comte D'Argout, with M. Thiers as minister of the Interior, and M. Guizot minister of Public Instruction. This cabinet is known in the history of the day, as the ministry of the 11th of October, and it constituted the ministerial debut of M. Thiers.

The advent of M. Thiers to power was signalized by two remarkable events, in the accomplishment of one at least of which, the exclusive merit or demerit must be accorded to him. These were the capture of the Duchess of Berri, and the almost simultaneous capture of the



citadel of Antwerp. By the latter, the Belgian question was set at rest, and by the former all the surviving hopes of the elder Bourbons were laid in the grave. As the measures which terminated in this latter measure were conducted personally and exclusively by M. Thiers, we shall here relate them at length.

The Duchess of Berri was known to be concealed in La Vendée or its immediate vicinity. The minister of the Interior resolved that she should become his captive. With this view he ordered all the agents of the government and the police of that country, from whom he could hope to gain information on the subject, successively to Paris. The city of Nantes was supposed to be the place of concealment of the princess. M. Maurice Duval, known for his official ability, was named prefect of the place, with a body of the most able and active subordinates. To the various officials who had been commanded to attend at the ministry of the Interior, M. Thiers held a decided and unequivocal tone. The princess must be seized, but without resorting to the least violence. "No fire-arms must be borne by those in quest of her. It is impossible to foresee the effects of fire-arms—other weapons are under the more complete control of those who use them. There must be no killing; no wounding. If you are fired on, do not return the fire. The Duchess must be taken unhurt. In a word, we desire to take the Duc D'Enghien, but not to shoot him." Such were the instructions.

Great difficulties, however, still presented themselves. The information which had been collected was of a vague and uncircumstantial nature. Fortune, however, to which M. Thiers, like Napoleon, has been so frequently indebted, did not desert him in this emergency. An anonymous letter arrived one day at the ministry of the Interior, addressed to him, in which he was told that a person who was unknown to him had disclosures to make of the highest importance, relating to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Berri, and that if he would go unattended about nine o'clock that evening to a certain road called the *Allée des Veues*, branching from the main avenue of the Champs Elysées, he would there obtain means of procuring all the information he desired relating to the Duchess.

Such an episode, it may be easily conceived, was well calculated to pique the curiosity of so lively a mind as that of M.

Thiers. Yet the place, and the hour, and the conditions annexed to the invitation, were not without danger. At that time, the part of the Champs Elysées which was named, had the reputation of being the haunt of robbers and assassins. It would have been easy to have sent agents of the police there, or to have gone under their protection. But in that case would the informant venture to appear? There was reason for hesitation, but so much was at stake that the minister decided to take his chance of the danger.

He accordingly ordered his carriage to draw up in the main avenue of the Champs Elysées, at the corner of the *Allée des Veues*, where he descended from it, and walked alone to the appointed spot. Arrived there an individual emerged from among the trees, and addressing him by his name, informed him that he was the writer of the anonymous letter. This was the man DEUTZ, who afterwards gained an infamous celebrity.

The traitor assumed an humble and respectful tone. It was the humility of baseness.

It soon appeared that Deutz was the depository of important secrets. He had been employed as the confidential bearer of dispatches between the exiled princes and those absolute powers which favored their pretensions, and had even been the recipient of favors from the sovereign pontiff. He was now about to sell the secrets of his benefactors to their enemies. M. Thiers could not esteem the wretch, but he nevertheless made him his tool.

Conducted to the Hotel of the Ministry of the Interior, and dazzled by the splendor which he saw around him, his cupidity was excited by the hope of gain and he at once placed himself at the disposition of the Ministry. M. Thiers ordered the commissary of police, Joly, to conduct him to Nantes and there take such steps as might seem best suited to the attainment of the desired object. When they arrived at Nantes they put up at the Hotel de France, Deutz assuming the name of M. Gonzague. He immediately transmitted information of his arrival to the Duchess, informing her at the same time that he was the bearer of important dispatches. M. Duguigny was commissioned by her in reply to see Deutz, from whom he received a private signal agreed on previously. Divided cards of address were exchanged between M. Duguigny and the traitor, and no doubt remained of his identity. In



fine, Deutz was introduced by Duguigny into a house where he had a long conference with the Duchess. He soon after succeeded in obtaining an appointment with her for a second interview which was fixed for the 6th of November.

On this day he had agreed to betray his mistress, but at the last hour his resolution gave way and he desired to retract. Instead of the Duchess he offered to deliver up Marshal Bourmont with whom, also, he had had an interview. But M. Thiers declined this, saying that he had no wish to take a prisoner whom he would be compelled to shoot. Deutz, still recoiling with remorse from the odious part he had undertaken, now offered to deliver up the correspondence of the Duchess. It was too late, however. He had advanced too far to retreat and was compelled to fulfill his engagement.

He at length proceeded at the hour appointed and was admitted to her Royal Highness, with whom he had a long interview, during which there were no bounds to the expression of his gratitude, and he withdrew, leaving his mistress more deeply than ever impressed with his fidelity and devotion. This was the more singular, because, as it afterwards appeared, he tried, during the interview, by certain equivocal expressions to awaken her suspicions.

He had scarcely withdrawn, before the house, surrounded by soldiers, was forcibly entered by the agents of the police, pistol in hand. The Duchess, Mademoiselle de Kersabiec and MM. Maynard and Guibourg had only time to take re-

fuge in a place of concealment previously prepared by forming a cell in the wall behind the fireplace, which was covered by the iron plate which formed the back of the chimney.

The house was to all appearance deserted; but the information given by Deutz was so clear and precise that no doubt existed of the presence of the Duchess within its walls. A number of masons and some soldiers of the *sapeurs et pompiers* were, therefore, summoned, and the work of demolition was commenced. A fire was lighted in the chimney behind which was the cell in which the four persons were squeezed together, the space being barely enough to allow them to stand side by side. A small hole was provided in the chimney plate, at which each in turn applying the mouth, took air. But the plate soon became intensely heated by the fire lighted by the soldiers in the chimney and the cell was converted into a furnace!

Mademoiselle Kersabiec, unable longer to suffer the torture to which she was exposed, was at length forced by her agony to utter a cry. M. Guibourg thereupon struck with his foot the plate, which is stated to have become nearly red-hot, and the party surrendered themselves.

The mother of the legitimate heir to the throne of the greatest kingdom of the European Continent, pale, and almost expiring advanced to General Dermoncourt, saying, "General, I deliver myself to your loyalty." "Madame," replied the General, "you are under the safeguard of French Honor."

## THE LOOM OF LIFE.

I stood within a busy room  
Where many carpet-weavers were,  
And each did ply a lofty loom,  
With ceaseless and with noisy stir;  
Warp and roller, spool and reel—  
It was a curious scene to view,  
While slow revolved each groaning wheel,  
And fast the clashing shuttles flew.

Unnumbered threads of brilliant dyes,  
From beam to beam all closely drawn  
Seemed dipt in hues of sunset skies,  
Or steeped in tints of rosy dawn.—

As if a thousand rainbows bright  
Had been unraveled, ray by ray,  
And each prismatic beam of light  
Was woven in the fabric gay.

Quick—quick the clicking shuttles flew,  
And slowly up the web was rolled,  
Sprinkled with purple, red and blue,  
And strewed with stars of yellow gold;  
The quaint device came forth so true,  
It seemed a work of magic power,  
As if by force of Nature grew  
Each imaged leaf and figured flower !

I sat within a silent room,  
While evening shadows deepened round,  
And thought that life was like a loom  
With many-colored tissues wound,—  
Our souls the warp, and thought a thread  
That since our being first began,  
Backward and forth has ever sped,  
Shot by the busy weaver—man !

And all events of changing years  
That lend their colors to our life,  
Though oft their memory disappears  
Amid our pleasures and our strife,  
Are added fibres to the warp,  
And here and there, they will be seen,  
Dyed deep in joy or sorrows sharp —  
For *we* are all that *we have been* !

The loves and hopes of youthful hours,  
Though buried in oblivion deep,  
Like hidden threads in woven flowers  
Upon the web will start from sleep.  
And one loved face we sometimes find  
Pictured there with memories rife,—  
A part of that mysterious mind  
Which forms the endless warp of life !

Still hour by hour the tissue grows,  
(MEMORY is its well-known name,)  
Stained bright with joys or dark with woes,  
The pattern never twice the same !  
For its confused and mingled gleams  
Display so little care or plan,  
In heedless sport the shuttle seems  
Thrown by the maddened weaver—man !

And if our conscious waking thought  
Weaves out so few and worthless ends,  
Much more a tangled woof is wrought  
When dream with dream commingling blends ;  
The toilsome scenes of weary days,  
By night lived o'er, at morn we see  
Made monstrous in a thousand ways,  
Like fabled shapes on tapestry !

And as the weaver's varied braid  
 When turned, a double wonder shows,—  
 The lights all changed to sombre shade,  
 While what was dim then warmly glows ;  
 So that which now we think most bright,  
 And all we deem most dark and cold,  
 Will seem inverted to our sight,  
 When we our inner life behold !

For thought ends not,—it reaches on  
 Through every change of world or clime,  
 While of itself will ever run  
 The restless flying shuttle—time !  
 And when the deep-imprinted soul  
 Shall burst the chambers of the tomb,  
 Eternity will forth unroll  
 The work of this our wondrous loom !

H. W. PARKER.

## FESTUS.\*

THIS book has come to us, wafted on a perfect gale of puffery. Did anybody ever see the like? People of the most opposite sentiments and characters—Calvinists, Unitarians, Evangelicals, Rationalists and Universalists, nurslings and veterans of literature, sage poets and shrewd critics—all agree in representing it as a very eclecticism of poetry, philosophy, morality and orthodoxy. Compared to the rest of contemporary literature, "Festus," it seems, is an oasis in a desert—an Eden in a wilderness; and all that is profound, and original, and tender, and touching, and chaste, and voluptuous, is concentrated into it. "A most remarkable and magnificent production!" says one. "Contains poetry enough to set up fifty poets!" says another. "The very inmost life of a sincere and energetic mind!" says a third. "A glory and perfection in the midst of comparative sterility!" says a fourth. Truly, the grand universal reconciliation has at last come about; as the Devil and the Deity have met together under our author's banner, of course there is to be no further strife between their followers. Had Shakespeare, during his lifetime, received half the praise which has already fallen to this man, he would probably have died—or done worse—of too much glory. Since the publication of "Festus," the author is reported to have gone crazy. Our only wonder is, that anybody should have been so crazy as to think him sane. The

genius of humbug 'has obviously taken criticism by the nose, and can now give success to anything that comes along in book's clothing. Nothing can be offered so false, or foul, or flimsy, but some huge bellows stands ready to blow it into notoriety. Surely, at this rate, puffery *must* crack its cheeks pretty soon.

Doubtless, however, this is all as it should be; and we are by no means disposed to complain. It was but just, that Wordsworth's mild light should shine quietly in its place, until Robert Montgomery's will-o'-the-wisp had danced round the earth, and finally danced into it. So long as men need religious instruction, a theological quack or dandy, like Burchard or Maffit, will, of course, make pew-rents much higher than a modest, unambitious, Christian sage; were it otherwise, perhaps the pulpit might as well be dispensed with. The world would have no use for books of any kind, if it were already in a condition to distinguish and choose the good. There would be nothing for angels to do for us, could we recognize them when they come. Real worth suffices unto itself, as "virtue gives herself light through darkness for to wade." No man deserves popularity unless he be content to do without it; and we show a poor appreciation of merit, when we regret the liabilities which enter into the condition of its growth. He alone is fit to be a stay for others, who is

\* Festus, a Poem; by Philip James Bailey, Barrister-at-law. Second edition. London: William Pickering, 1845.

himself stayed upon truth; if a man be so stayed, popular censure will not shake him; if he be not, popular applause will rather blow him down than bolster him up. Assuredly, he who makes popularity the test of truth, knows not, and deserves not to know, what truth is.

Human society may be aptly enough compared to a pyramid; the number of individuals being greatest at the base, and constantly diminishing as we ascend. The higher the degree, the fewer there be that reach it; the noblest gifts cannot gain the summit without great labor, nor the greatest labor without noble gifts. Resting its broad base on the earth, the structure tapers up until it pierces the skies; so that whatever influences come from Heaven diffuse themselves from the apex downwards, ever widening as they descend, and reaching the bottom only by passing through all above. The eye is in the head, and it is only through the eye that the body can be filled with light. Thus, whatever enters at the summit comes in time to pervade the whole; but this order cannot well be reversed. With some such presentiment as this in their minds, authors were once foolish enough to write for the wise and good, that is, the fit and the few; they aimed to reach mankind by beginning at the apex and gradually working down to the base. But since every man has become just as good as his neighbor, and a great deal better, this foolish method has been abandoned; authors now begin at the base and work the other way. The reading democracy seem to have a sort of instinct that the natural course of wisdom is from the earth upwards, not from the heavens downwards; that truth passes through the base to the apex of the pyramid, not through the apex to the base. In the literary priesthood, therefore, as in the political, men must obviously be chosen and ordained from below, rather than from above; unless we suppose the pyramid inverted and poised on its apex, so that henceforth men are to begin at the top, and be promoted downwards. Of course it is those who need, not those who have had, most instruction, that are best qualified to select and commission instructors; for we must not so far sin against the wisdom of the age, as to presume there can be any better test and measure of truth than the voice of the majority.

But the practical result of this new order is, that the worst and weakest

books poll the most votes; the filthier or emptier a book is, the greater the number that can appreciate it; the lower it flies, the better its chance of getting whirled or sucked into the current of popular applause. The very ground of an author's success is, that he does not overshoot the reading democracy, and that, instead of aiming to make them wiser and better, he tries to persuade them they are already wise and good enough; for quackery always proceeds by appealing to the reason of its audience against the authority that challenges this faith. None are so easy to be duped as those who require their judgment to be convinced, and assume to see for themselves before they trust; that is, whose trust is altogether in themselves. But this is not all. Not only is the lowest book sure to hit the greatest number of readers, but it takes the greatest number of books to satisfy the lowest reader. Thus we have a double incentive to the making of bad books; reward is in a sort of geometrical ratio to worthlessness. Truth, plain and unattractive at first, always improves on acquaintance; the more one sees her, the more one wishes to see her; ever growing beautiful in proportion as she grows familiar, she of course rather precludes than provokes the desire of novelty and change; makes us prefer returning where we know she may be found, to venturing into untried regions in quest of her. But folly and falsehood always exhaust their attractions at a single interview, and the more they tickle the sooner they tire; one never wishes to see them twice in the same form, but is evermore chasing after the new forms in which they are evermore presenting themselves. Thus, the worse books a man reads, the more of them he wants; as it takes many objects to satisfy a man's lust, but only one to satisfy his love. Accordingly, the present age surpasses all others, both in the demand for new books, and in the supply of printed shams. From occasional showers, literature has become a continual freshet, which is so far from furthering vegetation, that it is even threatening to wash away the soil.

But our design is, not so much to censure the existing state of things, as to account for it. That such a book as "Festus" should jump into a reputation which *Paradise Lost* has even yet hardly grown into, is truly a most significant phenomenon; one which we shall be apt to regard as ominous or auspicious, ac-

according to our faith in human progress. Doubtless it results, in part, from the democratic principle of reversing the old order, and putting the base, or broadest layer, of society uppermost; that is, of submitting the gravest matters to the judgment of those who are least capable of understanding them; and who, if they were competent to decide who or what is best adapted to instruct them, obviously would not need to be instructed at all. How far publishers are concerned in originating and maintaining the present order, is not for us to say. One can hardly help seeing that their interest lies most in mediating between such as want nothing but puffs for their labor, and such as want nothing but shams for their money; and they probably would not be publishers, if they were ambitious of martyrdom in any cause but that of self-interest. Besides, when readers turn democrats, it is to be expected that writers will turn demagogues; and publishers are in duty bound to furnish both parties with every practicable facility for the process of mutual gulling. Far be it from us, therefore, to blame publishers for the course they take. Doubtless, they are as worthy a class of cormorants as any other; and are perfectly right in humbugging those who will consent to patronize them on no other conditions. If, then, acting as mediators between vanity and gullibility, they do give the shadows to both sides, and take the substance to themselves; if they dispense notoriety to authors and nothing to readers, and pocket the results of the process, surely no one ought to blame them; 'tis their vocation. But enough of prologue.

"Festus" is certainly a most marvelous book; nearly as marvelous as General Tom Thumb, or the Kentucky giant; and perhaps all had better read it, just to see what strange things a great genius can produce, and an enlightened public can appreciate. Like other monsters, the book is altogether original; nothing else like it ever was, or, we trust, ever will be produced. In this we must be understood to speak of the book as a whole; for where the whole is so excruciatingly original, of course many of the parts can afford to be borrowed. The author obviously undertook to give a dramatic development of a certain theory. We think he has succeeded to admiration. As is the soul of the work, so is the body; we know not whether to admire it more for the principle or for the

details. The whole work, in spirit and in form, is "rickety, disjointed, crazy" enough to suit the most fastidious epicure of lawlessness and deformity. To all those who take darkness for depth, and rudeness for strength; whose brains have got enriched with transcendental fury, and whose minds are big with vagueness and vacuity, it cannot be otherwise than a most delectable repast; in its meaningless jargon they will often find most admirable expressions of their own thoughts.

Like most philosophical poems, as they are called, "Festus" is neither good science nor good poetry, but an indescribable medley, which, so far as we know, has never been appropriately named. The book contains neither prose nor verse—neither fact nor imagination; is made up neither of persons nor of propositions; instead of life-like characters and passions, we have a long, tedious masquerade of abstract ideas; and, generally, the only hint vouchsafed of a change of speakers, is in the names prefixed to the speeches. Lucifer, it is true, preaches some very strange doctrine; but not stranger than the hero, Festus. They seem, indeed, but duplicates of the same idea—twin apostles, giving a biform development of the same theory; and, for aught we can see, the discourses of both might as well have come from the same person. On the whole, they are a little the oddest man and devil we have ever encountered; and it is somewhat doubtful which shows more wit—the devil in attacking such a man, or the man in yielding to such a devil. Doubtless, however, both are right and true in their kind; for they are altogether unlike anything else the human mind ever found or fancied. Lucifer, to be sure, is somewhat given to pouting against both God and man; nevertheless he is, at bottom, a real friend of both; and is, indeed, the only true days-man betwixt them.

The author is evidently a philanthropist, and belongs to that class of reformers who are going to do anything that ought to be done, and prevent everything that ought to be prevented, by love. Love, with him, has obviously settled into "a fixed idea;" it is the only idea he has; and he has not more than half of that—if, indeed, he had the whole, it would not be his *only* idea. Like others of his class, he seems to regard God as a mere philanthropist; religions as mere humanity; and the idea of retribution, divine or human, as too absurd to need refutation. Man,



he would argue, is too noble a being to be punished, and God is too philanthropic a being to punish him, here or hereafter. The viler and wickeder he becomes, the better opportunity he presents for the exhibition of the Divine philanthropy; and it is for this purpose that the devil has been commissioned to seduce and deprave him. Our author would recognize nothing as true, or beautiful, or good, for which love is not the best expression; power, wisdom, justice, honor, righteousness, holiness—all these he would degrade into empty synonyms of love. Man, whatever he may be or do, is but the object of love; is to be taught, governed, disciplined, developed, by love; and the fierce wars which we read of between Michael and Satan, were but lovers' quarrels after all, destined to end in a most loving match and lasting honeymoon. All just authority on earth and in heaven resolves itself into love, and enforces itself through love. Love, indeed, is the only absolute thing in the universe; whatever does not finally run up into this, and cannot be realized in and through this, had better not be, and, on the whole, is not. He knows no law nor gospel but love; will sanction no feeling towards God, or man, or devil, but love; will seek no heaven, and worship no divinity, but love. He finds nothing in nature but symbols of love: the wind, the rain, and the sunshine, plague, pestilence, and famine, the lightning, the tempest, and the earthquake—all, all are but expressions of love. He will allow no attribute to God but love, no engine to government but love, no arm to authority but love. All crimes against heaven and humanity are but occasions of love; all chastisements and corrections are but exhibitions of love; life, light and divinity are to be loved into us; death, darkness and devilry are to be loved out of us. That the book teaches, or rather, does nothing but teach, this shallow, conceited, despicable morality—a morality which could only spring up from the ashes of all manly thought and passion, and which goes to desiccate the soul of every just and noble and generous sentiment;—that the book teaches this arrogant and impudent morality—the offspring of weak heads and foul hearts—is, doubtless, enough of itself to account for most of the applause it has received.

Now, we profess to have some regard for "the law of love;" but when love is thus degraded into mere philanthropy—pushed to the exclusion of the more truly

religious sentiments, such as fear, awe, reverence; in short, when, for the God of love is substituted a mere deification of love, we must be excused from it altogether. True, we are told, "God is love;" but then we are also told, "God is a consuming fire;" that is, to imperfect beings. He is an object of fear as well as love—and, we may add, of fear in proportion as they are imperfect. On this point, therefore, we will venture to suggest there is such a thing as an union of love and fear—a thing which our author, in common with many others who have grown wise beyond what is written, probably cannot understand. To love without fear, or to fear without love, is, indeed, comparatively easy; but then either of these, and especially the former, is considerably worse than nothing. For when one gets to loving without fear, he is apt to presume he has the perfect love which casteth out fear; forgetting that, according to this, there must be some fear for love to cast out, and that none but a *perfect* love has a right to cast it out; so that his love becomes proud, conceited, irreverent—is, indeed, no love at all, but only a sort of appetite. Thus do all such super-celestial aspirations generally end in rather subterranean attainments. Scorning so base a sentiment as fear, and reaching at once to the nobler sentiment of love, we only miss them both. The truth is, we have to begin with the humbler virtues before we can reach, and in order to reach, the higher. Our feelings cannot leap from earth to heaven at one bound; they have to climb up over many steps before they get there, and in order to get there; and it is to be feared they will hardly get there at all, if they scorn the degrees by which it is appointed for them to ascend. If, therefore, we can rise to so high a feeling as fear, we may account it a special gift of grace; and when we find ourselves free from fear, we may be assured we are below it. But is not love the fulfilling of the law? Yes; and so is the flower the perfecting of the plant; but, as nature now is, and will probably continue to be, we have to accept of several things before we can get the flower, and even cultivate them in order to get it; and what kind of floriculture is that which prizes the flower so much as to dispense with the root, the stalk and the leaves? In like manner, assuredly, all love that is worth the name, begins with fear, and grows out of it; is, in some sort, conceived and born of fear, and ripens up

into that reverence which evermore walks softly and fearfully, is meek, and modest, and reserved, as feeling unworthy to approach its object, yet hungering and thirsting to be near him.

Accordingly, in a book written some centuries ago, we read of a wisdom which begins with fear. This wisdom our author seems to have renounced. Probably he started above it; started with the perfect love which casteth out fear. He seems, indeed, to entertain a good degree of contempt for those who are so bigoted as to begin with fear; and expressly tells us,

“Nor bates the book one tittle of the truth  
To smooth its way to favor with the  
fearful.”

Accordingly the book is, without exception, the most irreverent thing we have ever seen. Instead of putting his shoes from off his feet when he comes to holy ground, he rather puts on an additional pair. He wears his loftiest looks when in the awfullest Presence; and gives us the gratifying information, that

“Men have a claim on God; and none who  
hath  
A heart of kindness, reverence and love,  
But dare look God in the face and ask His  
smile.”

Following out this principle, he everywhere practices a familiarity with sacred things which is really the grossest form of irreverence; a familiarity which is far worse than the most violent antipathy, because it fondles and caresses but to desecrate and degrade. His manner towards such things is, emphatically, hail, fellows, well met! He evidently belongs to that class of worshipers whose motto is, “let us go boldly to the throne of grace;” and who *do* go boldly, as if their Maker were their equal. Nay, well-bred gentlemen treat their equals with a far more distant and ceremonious respect than these worshipers do their Maker. We may, indeed, say this manner proceeds from love; but it is only that kind of love which prompts to the violation of its object. Aversion to our Maker is apt to be at least distant and reserved, and is therefore far less offensive, evinces much less ignorance even, than the confidence which implies no distrust of ourselves. And yet this author has the coolness to assure us,

“All that is said of Deity, is said  
In love and reverence.”

Why, he hasn't reverence enough to feel his want of it; is so totally empty of it as to think himself brimful of it. He is, in short, so far from having reverence, that he even knows not what it is!

Now, nothing is so petrifying to the religious sensibilities as this moving amongst sacred things without corresponding emotions; the more we inspect and handle such things without confessing their sacredness, the more do we become hardened against them; and when we get so fond of them as to hug and kiss all the sanctity off them, our love has obviously fallen into dotage, or something worse. It is often unsafe for us to see, until we are prepared to adore; many things ought to be hidden from the eye until the heart is made ready for them; for fools do but wax in folly by gazing at what angels fear to look on. Accordingly certain truths seem to have been veiled from the understanding, on purpose that they might first make a lodgment in the heart. They come as mysteries—truths enveloped in awful obscurity—to affect us through finer senses, deeper avenues than the understanding knows of; to inspire us, in ways past our finding out, with certain sentiments; so that the mind has to become humble, and reverent, and submissive, in order to know them. They thus begin at the heart—the centre of our being—and build outwards; while, if they began at the surface—the understanding—to build inwards, they would only obstruct and foreclose the ground they were building on; block up their very access and passage to the heart. Indeed, the mind is made apprehensive of them only by this moral or religious preparation; without this, all the knowledge it gets of them only “puffeth up;” and wo be to the hand that shall dare to strip them of their holy mysteriousness—dissect and anatomize them to the understanding—before we have learnt to revere them; for *after* we have learnt to revere them, we shall hardly wish to see them dissected and anatomized. When they have wrought their appropriate effect in subduing, chastening, and humbling us, then the understanding acting subordinately, may also act safely. But *until* they have done this, the understanding, acting independently, acts but to err; for Providence, ever wiser and kinder to us than we can be to ourselves, will have us act by faith, not by knowledge, and has so ordered things that we see but to stumble, and the better our sight the more we stumble, unless

our path be strewn with light from heaven.

We have sometimes almost doubted whether Milton did not overstep the bounds of strict propriety, in making so free as he did with holy names and persons: in this respect, however, Milton is modesty itself compared to the author of "Festus." That our author may not have been aware of his irreverence, and so not have intended it, is really no excuse for him. We have known men who sincerely thought themselves perfect; but their sincerity, in our judgment, only made against them; for nothing but the most overweening conceit of themselves could ever have made them sincere in such a conviction. Men may sincerely think themselves very religious, when they have no religion at all; but, if they had any right feelings or principles in regard to themselves, they would not, in face of the admonitions and assurances given them, fall into such a piece of presumption. It is by preferring the voice that speaks within them, to the voice that speaks from above, that they get thus deceived and betrayed. It is one of the lies which they are all the guiltier for being duped by.

Nevertheless, "Festus" comes to us a *sacred* poem. Men, it seems, whose honesty we dislike to question, whose judgment we wish to respect, "have been much impressed with its sacred, Christian character." When we compared our first impression of the work with their statements respecting it, we knew not what to think, and were forced to conclude that either we or they "had eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner." Again we set about the poem, hoping and trying to correct our impression; but it was of no use; all our efforts to correct only went to confirm it. We have spared no pains to make our impression right, and we are satisfied it is right; at all events, if it be wrong, it is, we fear, incorrigible. Eulogy after eulogy has been written upon the poem, but no voice, so far as we know, has been raised against it. Such being the case, we shall offer no apology for canvassing its claims, somewhat severely and at length, both as a work of art, and as a code of morals. The thing may, it is true, be above, or below, or beside our criticism; nevertheless, we shall criticise it, or criticise *at* it. We may not, indeed, be able to kill it, but, if it be made of penetrable stuff, we shall

hope at least to bore some holes into it. Perhaps the only effect of all the wounds we can give will be to sting it into greater activity. Well, be it so; for we feel assured that the more there be to get drunk on it now, the more there will be to curse it when they get sober again; and one of nature's methods for convincing men they are fools, that is, for making them wise, is, by betraying them into follies. Of course nothing so effectually teaches children to keep out of the fire as the getting well burnt.

Most poets, when handling sacred themes, scrupulously avoid transcending the written Word. Oppressed, perhaps, with a kind of superstitious awe, they do not venture on any superscriptural announcements. They seem to think that, in writing on such subjects, reverence, modesty and reserve are entitled to a pretty prominent place; that even the principles of art and of good taste require that these elements be not altogether excluded; that, in short, the Muses do not belong to that class of beings who "rush in where angels fear to tread." But the author of "Festus" submits to no such slavery of the mind. From the freedom with which he makes original disclosures, one would think he had been specially authorized to complete the Revelation begun by the prophets and evangelists of old. Probably he draws from the same source with them; is their compeer, not their pupil; and, his authority being co-ordinate with theirs, of course he owes them no particular deference; if he transcends their statements, it may be their fault, not his. We know not how else to account for such disclosures as the following. The Angel of Earth is represented as remonstrating against the threatened destruction of his world, on the ground of its being the altar on which was made the great sacrifice for sin. Ignorant, it seems, of what is going on in other parts of creation, he thinks the earth has been especially favored and hallowed in this event. The language in which he is answered will, of itself, sufficiently indicate the source of the answer.

"Think not I lived and died for earth alone.

My life is ever suffering for love.  
In judging and redeeming worlds is spent  
Mine everlasting being."

In another place he informs us, that

"Who spurn at this world's pleasures lie  
to God;

And show they are not worthy of the next.  
The nearest point wherein we come to-  
wards God,  
Is loving—making love—and being hap-  
py.”

Probably the prophets and apostles of old were either ignorant of these facts, or did not see fit to announce them. To be sure, the author works no miracles to accredit his revelations, unless the reception his book has met with be a miracle; but it is to be hoped men have now got sufficiently enlightened to recognize the truth without any such endorsement. Of course Heaven would not reveal anything that should transcend the reason of a transcendentalist. Assuredly, such a man needs no miracles, for he will not be caught accepting a revelation on any other than internal evidence; that is, its conformity to his reason.”

From the specimens we have given, it will be seen at once, that our author is a pretty bold thinker and speaker, especially for one so young. The book abounds in revelations which no one can fail to recognize as “highly important, if true.” Indeed, nothing strikes one oftener or harder, while reading it, than the author’s surprising familiarity with the Divine counsels. But, how much soever one may marvel at the contents of the book, he is by no means to doubt their truth. Of course such a modest youth would not venture thus to develop Christianity out of the chrysalis into the butterfly on his own responsibility. Accordingly he has taken care to inform us all about the source and occasion of his disclosures. “He spake inspired; night and day thought came unhelped, unsought, like blood to his heart: God was with him; and bade old Time unclasp his heart to the youth, and teach the book of ages.” And yet “the course of study he went through was of the soul-rack.” Strange he should have racked his soul so terribly for thoughts which came unhelped and undesired. Perhaps, however, his labor was in prying open his soul to let the divine afflatus blow through. Again, speaking of himself, he tells us,

“Tis no task for suns  
To shine; he knew himself a bard ordained,  
More than inspired, inspirited of God.”

Thus it appears, the book and all its contents came through the author, not from him; he was but an electrical rod, to draw down the lightnings of heaven

upon the sons of men; and this book is the result of his drawings down. Surely no one has ever pretended to a higher mission, or brought better credentials. Coming with such authority he was doubtless justifiable in finishing old dispensations or making new ones. Let not his youth, therefore, be urged as entitling him to impunity, or to clemency. The appropriate virtue of youth is modesty, and if he be old enough to abjure this, he is old enough to be treated simply as he deserves. In a passage of which we know not whether the poetry be more beautiful or the egotism more disgusting, the author says that he himself,

“Like other bards, was born of beauty,  
And with a natural fitness to draw down  
All tones and shades of beauty to his soul,  
Even as the rainbow-tinted shell, which  
lies

Miles deep at bottom of the sea, hath all  
Colors of skies, and flowers, and gems, and  
plumes,

And all by nature which doth reproduce  
Like loveliness in seeming opposites.”

And in another place he says,

“He wrote the book, not in contempt of  
rule,

And not in hate, but in the self-made rule  
That there was none to him, but to himself  
He was his sole rule, and had right to be.”

All this looks as if the author knew what he had done, and why he had done it; and, at all events, did not mean to plead youth or ignorance in extenuation of faults; and if, as he assures us,

“Everything urged against it proves its  
truth

And faithfulness to nature,”

surely he and his admirers will rather thank than blame us for censuring it. His effrontery, in thus avowing what we had supposed everything calling itself manhood would be ashamed to confess, is certainly deserving of wonder, if not of applause. But ’tis part of his creed, that “hell is more bearable than nothingness:” and he seems to think that scorn of everything the past has looked upon as wise and good, is the surest way to win the favor of the present. Perhaps he is right in this, though we confess ourselves forced to regard it as rather an equivocal compliment to the present.

The poem, we are informed in the outset, is a sort of abstract, and fifth essence of human life, or, in the author’s own words, “a sketch of world-life;” especial-



ly "the life of youth, its powers, aims, deeds, failings; the manifold and manifest foibles, follies, trials, sufferings of a young, hot, unschooled heart that has had its own way in life." Of course, if the heart had not "had its own way in life," the delineation would not be "a sketch of world-life," as it is, since the hearts of the young are always left to their own instincts and impulses, without external guidance or restraint. Again the author says,

"All along it is the heart of man  
Emblemed, created and creative mind."

Nevertheless, our author does not, like other bards, draw man dressed

"In manners, customs, forms, appearances,  
Laws, places, times, and countless accidents  
Of peace and polity;"

"It is a *statued* mind and *naked* heart  
Which is struck out."

Here, then, we have the human mind stripped of everything adventitious, and presented without, concealment or disfigurement, in all its native, essential, universal elements and attributes. We may be assured, then, that here is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" that the author has pierced through the accidents of local and individual nature, to what is central and universal. If, therefore, we find anything here which seems to contradict our observation, it is because we have not gone far enough into things; because we have stopped at or about the surface, while our author has gone to the centre and core. Nay, that he differs from all who have written before him, and even contradicts them, is itself a kind of proof that he is right; for is it not a fact that others have given us merely some of the clothes and skin of humanity? and must he not perforce contradict them, who grasps and unfolds the heart? Thus we may know this representation is true in proportion as it differs from all others that we have seen. The more our author contradicts common experience, the more evidence we have of his superior insight.

Festus himself is, it seems, the representative of all mankind; an impersonation of the whole human race, concentrating and embodying all that belongs to man as man, and excluding all he has as a member of any particular nation, society, or family.

"The mortal is the model of all men."

"The hero is the world-man in whose heart

One passion stands for all, the most indulged."

Of course, therefore, the hero is as peculiar, as *sui-generis*, as the book itself; we have never found anything at all resembling him. Hitherto it has been our fortune, or misfortune, to see none but men of particular times and places; the man of all times and places, or of no time nor place, we have never been so lucky as to meet with save in bad books: in short, we have known men of various national and individual peculiarities; but the model, the prototype of all men, the one who was all without being any of them, we have not seen, or had not until we read "Festus." So, also, of Lucifer; he has nothing in common with any of the devils hitherto discovered; he is a touch, or rather, several touches above all that heathenism has imagined, or Christianity revealed. We, in our simplicity, had always supposed Satan the enemy of God and man, ever laboring to defeat the one and destroy the other; proud, rebellious, unteachable, and ungovernable; a liar and deceiver, seducing men away from truth and right to their own destruction. But this is all a mistake. The devil, it seems, is but God's shadow:

"There is but one great right and good,  
and ill

And wrong are shades thereof, not substances;"

so that "God is all that the devil *seems*." In other words, Satan turns out to be only a most religious and veracious personage in disguise; the most obedient servant of God and the most untiring friend of man; incurring God's wrath that he may the better work out his will, and enticing men into sin that he may the better effect their salvation; ever breaking the word of promise to the ear, but keeping it to the hope; always uttering the profoundest truths, which seem lies, indeed, but only because they are so very profound that we cannot see their truth. To be sure, he *seems* the enemy of God and man, striving to defeat the one and destroy the other; but this is because he knows the shortest road to perfect holiness and happiness lies through the opposite extremes of wickedness and misery: so that, if men would reach heaven, they must not turn about, but drive faster ahead; and, instead of forsaking th-



devil, try to outstrip him in the way he is going. Our author and the devil have ascertained that,

“When creatures stray  
Farthest from God, then warmest towards  
them burns  
His love, even as the sun beams hottest on  
The earth when distant most;”

and that “death is but the meeting together of destruction and salvation,” so that when death is threatened to the guilty, the meaning is, they shall be destroyed into salvation. Now, we would not pretend to doubt the truth of this representation; but we wonder our author should thus let out the secret of the devil’s good intentions toward us, lest by so doing he might defeat them. The devil obviously can succeed in his benevolent purposes, only on condition that we be kept ignorant of them. He is, indeed, a sort of holy, beneficent traitor, who does evil only that good may come; who has to *seem* our enemy, in order to *be* our friend; whose business it is to smuggle good into us under the disguise of evil: to seduce us into righteousness, and betray us into heaven. To acquaint us, therefore, with his designs, is certainly the surest way to thwart them; it is to be feared we shall hardly consent to go along with him, after we have learnt to what a meeting of extremes he is leading us. Assuredly, if men choose darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil, they will be apt to back out of the darkness, when told what a flood of light they are approaching. Strange our author did not think of this, and conclude it best to leave the revelation of such things where the Scriptures have left it. But perhaps he thinks the time has now come for the mysteries to be opened. For the present, however, we are chiefly concerned with the book as a work of art.

The beginning of the poem seems to have been suggested by a passage in the book of Job: “Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.” The scene opens in heaven, with a hymn from the Seraphim and Cherubim to the Creator, which is followed by Lucifer in a long, loud burst of praise, ending in a prayer for liberty to tempt “a certain youth among the sons of men.” Of course his request, urged with so much zeal and devotion, is immediately granted; where-

upon proclamation is made, that the destined victim of his benevolent enmity, as one of the elect, is

“Hallowed to the ends of Heaven,  
That though he plunged his soul in sin  
like a sword  
In water, it shall nowise cling to him.”

Next comes an announcement to the heavenly host, that the world is to end with the hero’s life; at which announcement the angel of earth, who, it seems, has not pried so deeply into the Divine counsels as our author, is greatly distressed; but Lucifer, aware that the end of the present world is to be but the beginning of a better, is as greatly delighted.

“The world shall perish as a worm  
Upon destruction’s path; the universe  
Evanish like a ghost before the sun,  
Yea, like a doubt before the truth of God,  
Yet nothing more than death shall perish.”

And is the whole universe, then, nothing but death? But this, we presume, is one of the profound inconsistencies which the author boasts of, probably as evincing his competency to make new revelations. Perhaps, however, while opening the old mysteries, he thought best to supply their place with new ones; and this is one of the substitutes.

The preliminaries to the temptation being all adjusted in the first scene, the second brings us pat upon the hero himself. Festus, who, though hitherto untempted, we should think had just emerged from a debauch, where he has reveled himself into satiety and disgust, comes before us musing upon the vanity of earthly pleasures, and the meanness of human life. Though blest through childhood

“With all the sweet and sacred ties of  
life,  
The prayerful love of parents, pride of  
friends,  
Prosperity, and health, and ease, the aids  
Of learning, social converse with the good  
And gifted; hopeful, generous, earnest,  
rich  
In common with high spirits, loving truth  
And wisdom for their own divinest selves;”

still, even in youth, he finds he can enjoy

“Nought which has not the honied sting  
of sin;  
That wanton whetting of the soul, which,  
while

It gives a finer, keener edge for pleasure,  
Wastes more and dulls the sooner:”

and since his heart has got "dizzy with its drunken dance," he is resolved, that "the voluptuous vanities of life" shall

"Enchain, enchant, and cheat his soul no more."

\* \* \*  
"What of all things here is worth a thought?

How mean, how miserable every care!  
And then, the ceaseless, changeless, hopeless round

Of weariness, and heartlessness and wo,  
And vice and vanity!"

Such are his melancholy reflections on this occasion. Presently, however, he glides into a very pious, philanthropic mood; (who knows not that a life of debauchery is the shortest road to true philanthropy?) the lusts of the flesh give place to the lusts of the mind; he waxes vastly ambitious of moral and intellectual power; longs to be the "sun-mind" of creation, that he may "warm the world to love, and worship, and bright life." Rather an inauspicious state of mind, one would think, for the tempter to find him in; nevertheless, Lucifer is a brave fellow and resolves to attack him. How Festus should have got so sick of the pleasures of sin without being tempted before, the author does not inform us; in this case he seems the tempter rather than the tempted. The devil, however, has kept an eye upon him, waiting till he should become temptable before venturing upon him. Lucifer had "heard his prayer," and seen

"The secret longings, unsaid thoughts,  
Which prey upon his heart, like night fires on  
A heath;"

and, "knowing his high, proud heart,"

"To test its worth, and show he held it brave,"

he comes to him, not in any attractive or deceptive disguise, "but as the soul of hell and evil,"

"To proffer him the earth; to set  
Him on a throne—the throne of will unbound—

To crown his life with liberty and joy,  
And make him free and mighty even as himself."

\* \* \*  
"Pleasure, and love, and unimagined beauty—  
All, all that is delicious, brilliant, great,  
Of worldly things,"

Lucifer offers him; and, knowing "the worm of sin has eaten out his heart" so

that he cannot enjoy them, vows to "renew it in him;" to make it

"The bosom favorite of every beauty,  
Even as a rosebud;"

so that he shall

"Render happy  
By naming who may love him."

But this is not half that Lucifer will do for him;

"All secrets he shall ken, all mysteries construe;

At nothing marvel; all the veins which stretch

Unsearchable by human eyes, of lore  
Most precious, most profound, to his shall bare

And open lie like dust."

Still the bait, big as it is, does not take; perhaps it is rather too big for Festus to swallow. He has entire faith, to be sure, in all Lucifer says; but appears somewhat coy or sullen, and denies his suit, though, perhaps, only to make him sue the harder. There is, it seems, but one thing for which Festus will sell himself to Lucifer; and that is the assurance of immortality:

"To know he has a deathless soul, he would lose it."

This assurance Lucifer for some time declines giving him, but, after much wrangling and some white-lying, finally gives it by calling up the spirit of his deceased lady-love; whereupon Festus strikes a bargain with him. Festus, it is true, has a pretty strong faith in immortality all the while, but he wants some reasons for his faith, and gets quite desperate in quest of them. Why Lucifer so obstinately withholds those reasons from him, and tries to divert him from his quest of them, is not revealed. Perhaps this is one of the cases where, as the author tells us, "the lines have undermeanings;" something esoteric and accessible only to the initiated. However, Lucifer yields at last, when he sees there is no other way to catch him; so that it is not so much a triumph of Lucifer over Festus, as of Festus over Lucifer. Possibly Lucifer keeps back this assurance from policy, "lest too light winning might make the prize light;" for its only effect on Festus, so far as we can see, is, to puff him up with pride of immortality, and renew his appetite for worldly pleasures.

No sooner is Festus assured of a future life, than he ascertains by the light of his

own reason, and in spite of Lucifer's arguments to the contrary, that it is to be a happy one. Here follows a pretty fierce encounter of wit and logic in regard to future retribution. Whether Lucifer advocates the doctrine of such a retribution in order to tempt his antagonist into looseness of life, or to confirm him in an opposite opinion, is left in doubt. At all events, Festus finds philosophy and philanthropy so much against the doctrine, that not even the devil himself can persuade him to accept it. He has ascertained, it seems, that "sin is not of the spirit, but of the flesh which blindeth spirit;" and that, being of the flesh, it must necessarily perish with the flesh. Besides, to admit that men are to be punished hereafter, is to admit that they *deserve* to be punished; and he loves them too well to admit that. With philosophy and philanthropy thus on his side, he of course floors the devil. Though he nowhere catches Lucifer in a lie, he appears to take for granted that he is rather given to fibbing, and that, in his arguing for a future punishment, "the wish is father to the thought." This doctrine seems to be one of the stated means whereby Lucifer seduces men into sin; for he of course wishes to get them into sin as deeply as possible, on the ground that, the greater the sin, the greater the salvation; a thing which, as we have already seen, it is Lucifer's vocation to promote to the utmost of his ability.

In all this, the author so totally reverses all the ordinary grounds and motives of human action, that we are not quite sure we have caught his true meaning. We are so used to seeing things by day-light, that we cannot see them so well in the dark. However, next follows a pretty fine love-scrape, wherein our hero revels in the most voluptuous images and anticipations, protesting to the fair object, that in vain he

"Strives to love aught of earth or heaven  
but her;  
She is his first, last, only love; nor shall  
Another ever tempt his heart."

In this state of mind he is visited with a most supernatural insight, with "the ken of Angels," so that neither sky, nor night, nor earth hinders him from seeing quite "through the forms of things into their essence," and even through the mysteries of life, death and immortality; all of which, by the way, is the work of love and Lucifer.

"This wild and whirlwind touch of passion

Which, though it hardly lit upon the lip,  
With breathless swiftness sucked his soul  
out of sight

So that he lost it, and all thought of it,"

seems to have detached his affections somewhat from his "foe-friend." Their next meeting, which takes place in Anywhere, begins with a downright blow up: however, after some pretty fierce scolding, and threatening, and fire-spitting, they get reconciled and start off on their enterprise, the one to fulfill his promises, the other to reap the harvest of their fulfillment. Passing by the market-place of a country town, where men are busy at their callings, the two get deeply engaged about the greatness and littleness of human life, when Lucifer takes occasion to urge upon his pupil the *carpe diem* principle, advising him to enjoy the present, mindless of the past and future, on the ground "that nothing but what is, is;" until they fall in with a funeral procession following the remains of one who, it seems, has died of a broken heart, because Festus had deserted her. Festus joins in mourning for her, and, finding her much lovelier in death than she was alive, he very sagely concludes, that, after all, "living is but a foolish habit," and means to break himself of it soon. At the close of the obsequies, the two have a deal of "exquisite fine fun," in practicing religious quackeries upon the crowd. Putting on the style of a "mad ranter," Lucifer harangues the people in a kind of sanctified buffoonery which reminds us powerfully of what we have sometimes heard at camp-meetings and revivals. This is followed by an extempore prayer from Festus, as long and dull as ever came from the lips of a puritan preacher; at the close of which Lucifer gives out a hymn, then pronounces a benediction, and the two pass on highly delighted with the trick they have been playing. As Lucifer's first business is to minister to his pupil's passion for knowledge, the two set out on a voyage of discovery, and take a very rapid aerial trip round the world, studying Geography as they pass. Returning from this tour they go to a village feast, for the purpose, apparently, of studying human nature. Here they meet all sorts of people, if not more, and, what with joking, singing, dancing, card-playing, and much profound talk on various subjects, scientific, religious, and political, have as mer-

ry a time as need be. After a visit to the centre of the earth, "in the fire-crypts of the world,"—where they do not stay long, because such deep researches awaken high aspirations, and make them long for light,—they encounter in their travels, a ruined temple, once sacred to the sun; when Festus, feeling "the exposition" of worship upon him, and knowing that "the truly holy soul, which hath received the unattainable, can hallow hell," turns aside to indulge in religious exercises. He elects himself priest and makes "a sacred offering to God," well assured, that one whom "God has hallowed by choosing him, lacks not consecration at best hands." In these proceedings Lucifer takes no part, except to furnish fire, wherewith to kindle the sacrifice. For their next lesson they resort to a huge metropolis, and cultivate an acquaintance with city life. This is followed by a short trip to the Planet Venus, where, among other spirits, Festus finds "the holy Muse," with whom he waxes amazingly poetical, and the deceased Angela, his first and only love, whose presence throws him into the ecstasy of passion. Thus Festus circulates about the universe, rolling and rioting, and carousing in all the luxuries of love, knowledge, worship, and dominion. Not a promise has Lucifer made to him, but is fulfilled, and more than fulfilled :

"He is an universal favorite ;  
Old men admire him deeply for his beauty,  
Young women for his genius and strict  
    virtue,  
And young men for his modesty and wis-  
    dom ;  
All turn to him, whene'er he speaks, full-  
    faced,  
Like planets to the sun, or owls to a rush-  
    light."

He is, as we should say, death among ladies; perfectly irresistible; all whom he approaches fall before him, and he before them. As susceptible as he is captivating, he finds every lady he meets the purest, sweetest, loveliest creature he has ever seen, and makes as many broken hearts as he finds beautiful faces. His love is always of that deep, divine sort which lasts only while the object is present, and which waxes deeper and diviner the closer he gets to her; so redundant is his generosity of heart, that he cannot choose but embrace every beauty he meets; and no sooner does he embrace one than she melts in his arms, and thus

leaves them free to clasp another; so that the whole book is stuffed with the very epicurism of love. On the whole, Festus is rather the most versatile, tumultuous, and ravishing lover we shall anywhere find. After solving all the mysteries, pocketing all the secrets, and sipping all the delights of creation; after visiting heaven and stealing thence some fine jewelry for his lady-love; after various short excursions, one through space, one to Everywhere, one to Hell, one to Nowhere, one to a lady's drawing-room, besides sundry other places too numerous to mention, extracting and concentrating the essence of them all; and finally, after a series of most ecstatic gallantries with one of Lucifer's best, divinest ladies;—after all this, and a great deal more, our hero mounts the throne of the world, and gives his law to the nations, which law is, that they shall all do just precisely as they have a mind to. No sooner has he grasped the reins of universal empire, than death falls upon his subjects, and, last upon himself; and they all migrate forthwith to the skies. Here follows a general mixing up of all things, heaven, earth, and hell, angels, men and devils; but the love of heaven proves too much for the sin of both the other places, and the absorption of the latter, with all its contents, into the former, constitutes the catastrophe of the drama.

Such is a brief outline of this stupendous poem. As the book gives a birds-eye view of all things and more too, so we have aimed to give a birds-eye view of the book. If this abstract does not astonish the reader, we know of nothing short of the book itself that will. But is there not some occult meaning in all this? Do the persons and events of the drama stand simply for themselves, or are they meant to body forth some general truth? Doubtless the meaning is occult,—so very occult, we fear, that no one, not even the author himself, can find out what it is; for the author takes care to inform us that the book is very deep, "the meaning always dwelling in the word in secret sanctity." We have brought to the work all the patience and perseverance we are master of, and yet are by no means sure we have even caught a glimpse of its interior significance. Though the author has devoted a whole scene to the special interpretation of his book, the utmost we can arrive at are conjectures respecting its meaning. Probably this results, in part,



from the fact, that the religion of the book, if it have any, is pretty much the reverse of all that the world has been used to regard as such.

As nearly, however, as we can guess, Festus represents the human mind, and Lucifer the principle of evil, guiding and impelling the human mind to the acquisition of knowledge. Here the doctrine obviously is, that man comes at truth only by the mediation and ministration of evil; and hence, as all truth has a saving and regenerating efficacy, the devil, though seemingly the enemy of man, is really his best friend, and, though seemingly the antagonist of God, is really his prime minister. The human mind gets inspired (whether of heaven or hell is uncertain) with a raging thirst for knowledge and, goaded on by this thirst, sells itself to evil—like Goethe's Faust to Mephistophiles—for the means and sources of gratification. The trips which Festus takes to various parts of the universe, at the leading and instigation of Lucifer, are the excursions of the human mind, under temptation in quest of truth. Thus, the devil conducts the soul to the knowledge of God: evil to the knowledge of good. The women, whom Festus falls so desperately in love with from time to time, represent Beauty, ever changing her form, yet ever the same in essence; and the hero's passion for them, represents the mind's instinctive love of the beautiful, in whatever form it appears. Our author's doctrine is, that

“Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty,  
And by that love they are redeemable;  
For, in love and beauty they acknowledge good,  
And good is God.”

Accordingly it is to this principle—love of the beautiful—that Lucifer directs his main exertions. Perhaps we ought to remark, by the way, that, in our author's view, truth and beauty are the same thing seen through the different media of reason and affection; now the object of thought, now of love. Hence when Festus, instigated by a presentiment of immortality, waxes clamorous for assurance of a future life, and demands that a spirit be raised for him, Lucifer denies his request, and even disclaims the power to grant it. When, however, he finds that the hero's anxiety comes from his intense passion for the beautiful, projecting itself beyond the present life, and burning for the per-

petual enjoyment of its object, he immediately owns his deceptions and meets the hero's demand by calling up the departed Angela, who, it seems, is the first form in which beauty had appeared to him, and stolen his heart. Thus Lucifer cunningly waits till he has engaged the hero's heart in the work, before opening to him the sources of knowledge, aware, no doubt, that the head will not continue to work unless the heart work with it; that the mind will not keep up its interest in truth as truth, unless interested in it as beauty at the same time; that, in short, whatever would permanently engage the thoughts, must first engage the passions. The universal favor which Festus enjoys, especially among the women, probably signifies the popularity naturally consequent upon mental and moral power; that is, the tendency of human nature to hero-worship. In the hero's roving about miscellaneously through Anywhere, Everywhere, Elsewhere and Nowhere, stopping on his way at all the intermediate places—now exploring the centre of the earth, that is, descending into himself—now exploring the heights of heaven—that is, ascending up to God—we have the twofold influence of truth and beauty, acting at once as antagonists and as auxiliaries to each other—knowledge evermore prompting to love, and love to knowledge—through which the devil is enabled to keep the soul busy, in working out its own salvation. The crowning of Festus king of all nations and people, of course prefigures the passage of knowledge into power—the future subjection of all things to the law of mental and moral might; when the human mind, having conquered and subdued the world, has no further use for it, and, tossing into the jaws of destruction, starts off in quest of other worlds to conquer. Thus, the mind's innate, indestructible love of truth, beauty, and power, is the means by which Satan gets it under his control. But, though the human mind pursues these objects *as* evil, they necessarily become good in its possession; for evil is but the shadow of good, and of course the mind has to grasp the substance in order to retain the shadow. However, as the mind is selfish and sinful by nature, truth and beauty are at first acceptable to it only in the form of pleasure; it *seeks* them for its own sake, but *keeps* them for theirs; using them only as means of self-gratification, it comes to love them *as* ends, and to forget self in view of them; nay, it



even braves, or rather embraces hell to compass them ; and thus the extreme of self-assertion passes naturally into the opposite extreme of self-renunciation. This selfish, sinful passion of the mind for truth and beauty ; this loving them only for the pleasure it may have of them, until the passion is finally driven to a complete annulling of self, is probably shadowed forth in the hero's ecstatic gallantries with his last lady-love, when he appears willing to commit all sin and incur all suffering, provided that, by doing so, he may become one with the object of his passion. This willingness to do and suffer all evil, for the sake of an union with truth and beauty, is, of course, the height of disinterestedness ; and thus do the extremes of sinfulness and holiness, of perdition and salvation, meet together.

Such, as nearly as we can gather, is the deep significance of this deeply significant production. The one idea, however, (if it be proper to call it an *idea*,) which rides paramount over the whole book, and imparts to it whatever of unity it possesses, is that of love triumphing in, through, and over every other principle. It is this principle which suffers evil to run riot through creation ; which kindled the fires of hell and plunged the devil into them ; which now lets, or rather sends him out on errands of salvation to man ; and which acts alike within and upon the soul, at once prompting and punishing, preventing and forgiving, sin. The angels rebelled from love ; the devil tempts from love ; and men sin from love. Love, in short, is a kind of spiritual gravitation acting towards and from the Centre and Soul of the universe over all created intelligence ; so that the faster and farther they run from that Centre, the sooner they reach death, the point from which they can only be drawn back into it. As this principle attains its highest development in the highest persons, so God's love towards his creature reaches its culmination when the creature, preferring suffering to submission, braves and defies his Maker on the ground that " it is better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." In this way is the creature brought

" To know God's love is more than all his  
sin,  
And prove unto himself that nought but  
God  
Can satisfy the soul He maketh great."

Surely, after this, no one will accuse the book of unoriginality. It has originality

enough to have damned Shakspeare fifty times.

Such being the plan of the work, our next concern is with the execution. The reader will please observe, that we have no quarrel with the author's plan ; we do not pretend to criticise it, but only to give a statement of it. As an artist (and it is in this character that we have now to deal with him) he had a right to propose whatever plan he saw fit ; his execution, however, is subject to the judgment of others. The book, be it remembered, comes to us as a poem ; and not only so, but as a sacred poem. By a poem we of course mean a work of art ; that is, a consistent, harmonious, organic whole. Now, we shall maintain that the book does not fulfill the conditions of such a work ; that it has nothing of the nature of a poem except the form ; that it is not entitled to any place whatever, not even the lowest, among works of art.

The rank of artist, we are aware, is one which many very wise and good men have striven to reach, but have not been able ; the falling short of it, therefore, ought not of itself to deprive the aspirant of a kind and even commendatory criticism. The truth is, works of art, in poetry, that is, poems, are not nearly so plenty as many people suppose ; they are a very high and different order of production ; and many things have been produced, which, though not good enough to be admitted into this order, are, nevertheless, very good ; and their authors have deserved, and have received, well of mankind for producing them. Assuredly, therefore, our author ought not to be blamed merely for failing to give us a work of art ; he might have given us much wholesome instruction or harmless pleasure in a far humbler form. An author is not to be censured, or denied a place in the Temple of Fame, because he has not the genius of Homer or Shakspeare. But what we do blame our author for is, that, without the ability to produce a work of art, he should have undertaken to originate a new religion—that, without the genius of a Homer or a Shakspeare, he should have presumed to accomplish what Homer and Shakspeare had too much modesty to attempt. With little or none of the modesty of genius, he has ventured on a subject where this modesty is peculiarly indispensable to the work, even as a work of art, to say nothing of its pretensions as a religious work. In a sacred poem, one would

really think a recognition of sacredness were the last element to be omitted. The sentiment of awe is the most essential constituent of such a poem, simply as a poem; it enters into the very idea of treating a sacred subject, we do not say morally, but *poetically*. But our author, as we have already seen, has such a perfect love of holy things, that he carries no more awe amongst them than a child amongst his playthings. To treat divine and human persons, as he does, with equal freedom and familiarity, is, obviously, to mistreat them both; it supposes an equality between them which does not exist; in a word, it is at strife with the harmony, and therefore at strife with the poetry, of things. Perhaps our author's reverence is so transcendental an emotion that it does not condescend to express itself in form; indeed, he somewhere tell us,

“ True faith nor biddeth nor abideth form.”

His religion may, it is true, have risen above form; if so, then all we have to say is, it is too high to be poetical; it may, indeed, be something better than poetry, but it is not poetry, and never will be until it stoops to a formal expression.

But the book is not only without the moral elements of a poem on a sacred subject, but is without the literary elements of a *poem* on any subject. To this latter point we shall now address ourselves. We will try the work, not by any external standard, not by the examples or the authority of others, but by itself. The author claims to be, and claims the right to be, a law unto himself. By this he probably means, that his work is organic; that, as such, its laws are innate (for this enters into the very idea of an organic work); that, in short, the work does not conform, and ought not to conform, to any external rules, but contains within itself the reason why it is so, and not otherwise. We will not dispute the author's right, *as an artist*, to be a law unto himself; nor will we prescribe his tribunal, but meet him at the tribunal of his own choosing. Doubtless all true works of art are organic, and as such do contain their laws within themselves. The question, then, is, not whether “Festus” conforms to the examples of other artists, but whether it conforms to the principles of organic life. Caliban, for example, though altogether unlike any other character ever known or conceived, is, nevertheless, a character; and that is enough to establish the author's

claim as an artist. Assuredly “Festus” has a right to be tried by its own innate laws, *provided it have any*. If, however, the law of the work be innate, as a living, creative, organizing principle, it will, of course, be found to pervade and inform the whole structure, bringing all the parts into harmony and consistency, making them true to themselves, and to each other; in a word, making them all homogeneous and interdependent.

By the dramatic form of his work, the author of course promised a development of character, an embodiment of life. In the preface, moreover, he promised that the hero should represent mankind—should be an impersonation of humanity itself, especially of youth. Here we expected to find what is most permanent and universal in human nature, gathered up into a form of individual life, and thus brought home to our sympathies and perceptions as men;—a concentration of humanity in whom we could all see more or less of ourselves, and of what is most inward and essential in ourselves. Again, the first scene led us to expect, in Lucifer, the evil spirit of the universe impersonated, as the source of bad impulses and bad influences to men—a character in whom we might recognize something of the old enemy we have so often met and struggled against, seldom with much success, often with none at all. In the intercourse between these two persons we hoped to get some further knowledge, or at least an instructive reflection of what we already knew, respecting the origin, progress, consequence and remedy of moral evil: innocence ensnared by cunning, conscience overborne by temptation, sin entering the soul in the disguise of happiness, but leading on, under Providence, to suffering, and suffering, through grace, to repentance, and repentance, to the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Such, we said, were our expectations; rather, such would have been our expectations, had we not known that great promises are apt to end in small performances.

But, had we cherished all the hopes our author seemed anxious to inspire, not one of them would have been realized, or would have begun to be realized. The hero, it seems to us, is in no wise an impersonation of youth, but rather a mere personification of youthful caprice and affectation. To our mind, there is no more of character in him than in a triangle, or an octagon. We cannot think,

we will almost defy any body to think, of him as a personal existence. Instead of embodying the elements of humanity, the author simply generalizes from himself, and that too, not from what is central and permanent, but from what is most superficial and transient, in himself. He shows no grasp or perception of universal truth, but only mistakes and substitutes his individual impressions for it. Festus does not represent *humanity*; he does not represent even the *author*; he does not, properly speaking, *represent* anything; he is merely the author's mouthpiece, venting divers whims, and notions, and crotchets, which have usurped the surface of the author's mind; things not growing up from his nature, or involving his individuality, but superinduced upon him by particular circumstances; and of which all we can say is, he believes them, or thinks he does. In short, Festus is no *he* at all, but only *it*; a mere name under which the author gives out various crude and inconsistent theories which he does not himself understand, but utters by rote, and will probably cast off as soon as he comes to understand them. The whole delineation of Festus appears the work of one trying to fancy situations which he cannot enter into, and passions which he cannot reproduce, and of which he knows not the laws. Youth is the period when the mind is peculiarly open to impressions and influences from without, and when the character is peculiarly apt to be moulded, modified, developed by circumstances. The same is the case, indeed, though in a less degree, at all the subsequent periods of life. Such is the nature and condition of humanity itself. But there is no growth, no progress, no development, in Festus. As he goes in, so he comes out; ends no better or worse than he begins. Though under temptation throughout the book, he remains unprayed by it; subject to the most powerful of influences, still he is uninfluenced. Nothing, indeed, but a walking bundle of notions could possibly go through what he does without experiencing an entire revolution of mind and character. To be sure, he utters different things from time to time, but we can easily see he utters them all from the same mind—as a vessel varies its contents, not its capacity; is sad, merry, severe and silly by turns, without any assignable cause or consequence. Though constantly thrown amidst scenes and objects that are adapted, had he any character, to give him the

deepest impressions, and impart an entire new cast and coloring to his thoughts and feelings; still he takes no impression, but keeps recurring to the same old topics; thinks, feels, speaks, and acts precisely as at first; undergoes, indeed, no perceptible change whatever, except a change of place and of time. Or rather, he changes just about as much as the author may be supposed to have changed while delineating him; is no more developed or influenced by the scenes and objects he encounters, than the author was by fancying them. Even when most interested in the things he has seen, he talks about them, not as if he were thinking of them, but as if he were thinking of himself, and trying what fine things he could say, and how finely he could say them. He is always expressing a longing for death which no man could feel, and expressing it in situations where no man could affect it. He is represented all along as a desperate lover, and yet, when deepest in love, with the object before him, he speaks, not in the passion-prompted style of a lover to his mistress, but in the vanity-prompted style of an author to his audience. Though set forth as an impassioned genius, still, in his most impassioned moments, he falls into those very incoherencies of thought, and, what is worse, into that contemptible admiration and ostentation of his feelings, which it is the nature of strong passion to preclude. When he is most deeply moved, instead of expressing his emotions, he goes to analyzing them, and talking about them; and this is just what a man would *not* do in such a state of mind. Everywhere, indeed, he presents the singular inconsistency of a mind most incontestable when most receptive; that is, of a mind most occupied with itself when most absorbed in outward things. For example, when he stops at the ruined temple to worship his Maker, he goes straight to talking about his soul's being holy since it has received the unattainable, and about his not lacking consecration at best hands since God has hallowed by choosing him. Thus, under an impulse to praise his Maker, he falls to praising himself; glorifies, so to speak, his ability and inclination to glorify God; is most conscious of his own holiness when most impressed with the holiness of the Being he is about to worship. Assuredly no person, when religiously prompted, would or could think and speak thus; indeed, these are the very things which a person, in such a

state of mind, would *not* and could not speak or think of. That a man should thus be deeply impressed with beautiful objects and with the beauty of his emotions at the same time, is of course a perfect contradiction; it is as if one should be thinking most of himself when most forgetting himself in external things. The truth is, the author is here giving out certain notions of his own touching the state, fate, and rights of every individual man simply as man; notions which, if carried out, would preclude the very actions they are represented as prompting, but which the author is so bent on inculcating, that he thrusts them in precisely where they are most out of place. He has a certain transcendental theory, according to which, God has made all things holy, by making them; and all men are full of the unattainable who have fallen in love with a beautiful woman, or had certain sensations so very exquisite as to seem a special visiting from heaven; and every man may be a priest and a church unto himself, and may consider himself divinely called and consecrated to the priestly office as often and as long as he feels inclined to exercise it. Thus, had we time and space we could easily show that the delineation of Festus violates all the laws of character and passion, and exemplifies all the vices of a conceited and opinionated author; that, in short, the whole thing is false—false to truth, false to nature, false to itself, false to everything it purports to be.

The representation of Lucifer is, if possible, still worse than that of Festus. The former is as untrue to the laws of action, as the latter is to the laws of passion. In the first place, Lucifer goes to heaven for a license, and then visits earth for an opportunity, to tempt one whom he knows to be “sick of the joys of sense;” whose heart has been “eaten out by the worm of sin;” and who has become “heart-deadened,” so that “God’s love seems lost upon him.” Though coming to Festus to blight his innocence and crush his hopes, he finds and expects to find him already stained with guilt, and bereft of hope, and abusing the world because he has sinned away the capacity to enjoy it. But, though he comes to Festus as a tempter, he throws off all disguise, and presents himself as the naked soul of hell and evil. Now, we cannot put these two ideas together; the mind will not recognize them as compatible. To say temptation comes in such a

shape, is to say it is no temptation at all. Again, while professedly laboring to deprave Festus, Lucifer keeps introducing him to objects and persons whose influence he knows will be to elevate and purify him; indeed, the tendency of his whole proceedings is, to make Festus wiser and better. Such, we say, is their tendency, not their result, though such would be their result, if Festus had any character; as it is, there is no result in the case. All along, indeed, Lucifer presents the strange absurdity of a devil pretending to act against God and for himself, yet doing what he knows will be for God and against himself. It is as if Satan had tempted Eve by telling her she *should* surely die; as if we should set examples of virtue before people to make them vicious, or put them under good instruction to keep them ignorant, or threaten them with punishment to involve them in crime. The representation thus violates all the principles of action known to us; we cannot conceive of a being’s acting thus on such grounds and with such aims; the thing not only contradicts reason, experience and Revelation, but contradicts and nullifies itself. Here, too, the author has manifestly adopted and repeated certain theories, without understanding them; theories that are mutually exclusive, irreconcilable; or, if they be reconcilable, he has not developed, nor, we will venture to say, conceived, any principle that will reconcile them. Perhaps he goes on the principle of freely saying whatever he thinks to be true, believing, of course, that all truth must be consistent with itself.

Lucifer, indeed, is just as much the author’s mouth-piece as Festus; and the author is so wrapped up in his own impressions, that he keeps substituting them for objective realities. The result is, that Lucifer, though the master of Festus, proves but a sort of occasion to him, and speaks and acts but to call him up and draw him out. For example, Lucifer denies to Festus a future life, that he may give Festus an opportunity to prove it; that is, the author denies a future life to himself, that he may give himself an opportunity to prove it. Again, Lucifer, that is, the author, advocates the doctrine of future punishment, that he may present an occasion for Festus, that is, for himself, to refute it; like a man playing chess with himself, and moving on one side that he may have a chance to move on the other. It is part of our author’s



creed, that every man makes his own hell; in other words, that there is no hell *for* a man, except the one *within* him. As Lucifer comes from hell, the author probably intends him merely as a *projection*, so to speak, of the hero's own mind; that is, an outward presentation to him of the evil passions and propensities within him. Of course, therefore, Lucifer is not the source of bad impulses to Festus, but the substance of those impulses themselves, realized to him objectively. Viewed dramatically, Lucifer appears as an agent without any will; a sort of conscious, self-determining instrument; moving, or, rather, moved, and knowing he is moved, by necessity and volition at the same time; doing things at once because he wills to do them, and because he cannot help doing them; using means which he knows will defeat, and means shall defeat, the ends for which he uses them; a deceiver and betrayer, yet scrupulous to keep all his promises, and realize all the hopes he awakens; a "good enemy," a "foe-friend." We speak of him in contradictions, because we know no other forms of speech at all applicable to him, or descriptive of him. This may, indeed, be a true account of the devil; but, if ever so true, it is one which the human mind is not constituted to understand. Of course we know not what spheres of existence a transcendentalist may have access to, but Lucifer reverses all the laws of existence known to us; he is not merely supernatural, but strictly *anti-natural*, according to all the ideas we have of nature; our thoughts will no more flow in such a channel, than water will burn, or fire freeze. All the details of the representation are so extremely and so equally absurd, that the reader scarcely thinks of any particular absurdity among them; he is so completely transported out of the regions of truth, that he forgets its absence; there is not enough of the true scattered in with the false, to remind him of the distinction between them.

Similar remarks might be made of other delineations in the book. They have no dramatic, no poetic, no objective reality to our minds. The three females, for example, whom Festus successively makes love to, do not affect us as characters at all; they have no distinctive traits, no individuality, but are mere repetitions of the same thing under different names. Though represented as deeply in love with Festus, they do not speak or act as if they were in love with

anything but the passion of love. Instead of being occupied with the object of their sentiments, as they would be if they had them, they are occupied with the sentiments themselves; are always trying how many and what fine things they can say, not of the man that moves them, but of the emotions he has awakened in them. The object that interests them provokes them, not, indeed, to *express*, but only to *glorify*, the interest they take in him. The result is, they everywhere display just that Vanity of sentiment which proves their hollowness; are always talking about their feelings precisely as no one would or could talk about them, who had them. Thus, in the passions attributed to them, they keep violating the first instincts and laws of passions. Besides, though represented as speaking from the occasion, their speeches seem all arranged beforehand for any or every occasion that may arise, and rehearsed from memory. There are no *personalities* in their talk; when under the deepest personal impressions, they converse in just that style of generalities which it is the sure effect of personal impressions to prevent; that is, there is no you and I in their conversation; it is all a human mind, and a human mind. In short, everything they say appears to come, not from them, but from the author, and from the author trying to represent passions which he cannot feel, but of which he has the most elegant and ecstatic fancies. Hence the disgusting transcendental rhapsodies they are perpetually falling into in praise of love; rhapsodies that are enough to sicken the heart of any one whose heart is not either buried up beneath the sensuous irritabilities, or just gone with a sort of sentimental consumption. Perhaps the author meant them as an example, not of what woman is, but of what he thought she should be. Heaven defend us from all imitators of the example! Too many, it must be confessed, have followed it, before it was given them; if, now that they have it, it do not shame them out of the imitation, they may as well be given up sure enough.

The truth is, this book is no embodiment of life and character at all, but merely a set of personified notions and theories. The author obviously has no dramatic, no representative power whatever; he cannot make the elements of life stand together, cannot make them coalesce into objective reality; nay, he



cannot, properly speaking, see anything but his own impressions; so that, instead of producing or representing *things*, setting them out for the mind to contemplate like a fact or work of nature, he does nothing but throw off, or let off, his impressions. Accordingly, the so-called persons of his so-called drama are in no wise characters, creations, but mere utterances, mere voices which have, and can have, no reality to our minds save while they are sounding. Festus and Lucifer, for example, do not affect us as persons, as objects; on the contrary they seem, nay, they *are* but two series of floating and, perhaps, self-generated impressions thrown off from the author's mind pretty much at random, (for he was "inspired" to throw them off,) like so many incoherent, inconsistent dreams. Of course, therefore, the two do not impress each other at all; for it requires an *object* to make or take an impression; and it is not to be expected that mere impressions should impress one another. And for the same reason they make no impression upon us; for the human mind is made to be impressed by things, not by impressions; a string or stream of impressions may flow through it till doomsday, and leave no result whatever, save a diseased craving for their continuance. Hence, though many people are loud in their praises of "Festus," no one, so far as we know, ever speaks or thinks of any such thing as character in connection with it. They come from the reading vastly pleased, indeed, but cannot for the life of them tell what it is that has pleased them; there is nothing in the book that abides in their minds, and cleaves to

their thoughts; nothing they can recur to, or give an account of; all they remember about it is, the delightful impressions they had while reading it; and when they cast about to produce some of these delightful impressions, they cannot find them, simply because they were not and could not be at all impressed by them.

The public mind has been fed, or rather, starved with such delightful impressions too long already. Authors, or people calling themselves authors, have thrown off their impressions, until we have a perfect glut of them; we consider them good for nothing; nay, worse than nothing; a nuisance: instead of paying for them, we would rather pay something to get rid of them; for their only effect is to fill the mind with unrest; to starve it into spasms and convulsions, which some people are foolish enough to miscall a hungering and thirsting after knowledge. Assuredly, the only way for an author to impress us is, not by blowing his impressions in our faces, but by setting before us the things that impress him. Such, indeed, is the very idea, the nature, the essence of art. In other words, art is essentially *objective*; the mind is objectively employed in producing it; objectively employed in studying it; and this intense subjectiveness, this constant employing of the mind about its own impressions, which is so characteristic of the times, and of which "Festus" is the crowning example, is the very reverse, the perfect negation of art, and is alike vitiating to the mind, the morals, and the manners of the people.

[To be continued in our next No.]

## TO IONIA.

YE Lands and immemorial Isles, that wear  
The name of Ion, who, with bosom made  
Of laurel boughs, the Sun-god's temple swept—  
Ye golden climes to poesy and love  
Forever dear amid the wastes of Eld,  
Where, in her lonely retrospective flight,  
Bright-haired Mnemosyne delights to pause,  
By matchless shapes of loveliness beguiled!  
Within your bounds, the plastic hand of Art  
First made the mountain's marble entrails teem  
With images of beauty, lining all  
Your sea-washed strand with fair columnar cities,  
Built high of glossiest, sun-enameled stone.  
Forever o'er your myrtle-shaded vales,  
Reclined on summer clouds, did Aphrodite

And golden Eros lean, kindling the air  
 With passion's rosy glow. In all the earth  
 Beside, did visible Nature never wear  
 Robes so resplendent. Through the luminous folds  
 Of your transparent atmosphere appeared  
 Unequaled prospects to enchant the eye ;  
 Marmorean cities rising o'er the verge  
 Of halcyon seas, and promontories crowned  
 With tombs heroical, or glistening shrines ;  
 And breczy mountains swathed with silver clouds,  
 The watch-towers blue of broad-eyed Jove, whence he  
 The limitless low-lying earth surveyed,  
 The towns of mortal men, their fights and toils.  
 Oft from your shores the fisherman descried,  
 The smoke of conflagration climbing slow,  
 In graceful spires, far up the summer air,  
 From some beleaguered city of the Isles ;  
 And white-robed argosies from wealthy Tyre,  
 Rising and falling on the sparkling waves,  
 Voyaging, with orient merchandise, to towns  
 Whose turrets glittered in the western beam.  
 Within your cities, villages, and fields,  
 Abode a graceful populace, with rites  
 And manners beautiful as e'er adorned  
 The imagined landscape of a poet's dream ;  
 The captive maid descending with her urn  
 To shady spring or cistern scooped from stone,  
 And flowing with cool water to the brim ;  
 The royal virgin seated still and far  
 Within a recess of the kingly dome  
 Plying, with busy hand, her dædal loom ;  
 The wandering minstrel slumbering fast at noon  
 By fountain-side or stream, or harping loud  
 In palace, hall, and crowded market-place ;  
 The frequent song of Hymen, saffron-robed,  
 Resounding through the torch-lit street, what time  
 The star of Love, thrice-welcome Hesper, rose  
 Above some immemorial mountain's brow ;  
 The youthful vintagers, by moonlight pale,  
 Bearing the grapes in osier talarisks,\*  
 While on his lute some beardless minstrel played  
 The lay of Linus, regal boy, of all  
 The sons of men most musical, whose bloom  
 Was scorched and withered by the solar beam ;  
 The rustic temple hidden deep in groves,  
 And pleasant solitudes, beneath whose dome  
 The village youth their glowing pæans sang ;  
 And over all the dark blue heavens sublime,  
 Where from their sky pavilions brightest shone  
 The ancient stars and constellations, hymned  
 By eldest bards, the sworded Titan named  
 Orion, with the starry sisterhoods,  
 Hyads and Pleiades, in clusters bright.  
 Cradled amid your kindly influences,  
 The soft Ionian fancy wantoned wild  
 In warm voluptuous dreams of loveliness,  
 Pouring its inspirations in a tongue  
 Inimitable—honied dialect—  
 Protean, flexible, all-various,

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\* The Greek word for baskets.

Whose voweled cadences could flow as smooth  
 As amber streams, or raise and modulate  
 Their intonations to the ocean's deep  
 Sonorous surges chafing with the strand.  
 Indelible and burning lines, its words  
 Upon the scroll of blind Meonides  
 Survive, and with their fluent numbers shame  
 The harsher languages of later days.  
 Nor in the Carian's\* golden chronicle,  
 Though not in metrical device set forth,  
 Sound they less sweet. Alas ! the glorious tribe,  
 Over whose chiseled lips they wont to roll  
 In honied song and fiery eloquence,  
 Has vanished. Hushed the lyres of Ibycus,  
 Bacchylides, and Sappho starry-eyed,  
 And that delicious lute the Teian played  
 Within the halls of king Polycrates,  
 While round him, bound with leafed and roseal wreaths,  
 'Mid fountain spray and snowy columns, danced  
 Ionia's raven-tressed voluptuous girls.  
 Minstrel of beauty, love and vinous joy,  
 Thy festal spirit yet survives on earth,  
 Clad in a garment of enduring verse,  
 The asbestine robe of all-immortal Song !

*Lowell, Mass.*

#### HON. RUFUS CHOATE.

To give a strict analysis of a mind so complex, various, and richly gifted, as that of Mr. Choate, we feel to be a difficult and delicate task ; and it is also one which we have little time and few materials to perform with advantage. What is peculiar in his genius and character is provokingly elusive ; and though an unmistakable individuality characterizes all his productions as a lawyer, orator, and statesman, it is an individuality so modified by the singular flexibility of his intellect, that it can be more easily felt than analyzed. We propose to give a few dates illustrating his biography ; to allude to some of his masterly expositions of national policy as a statesman ; and to touch slightly that rare combination in his character of the poet and the man of affairs, by which the graces of fancy and the energies of impassioned imagination lend beauty and power to the operations of his large and practical understanding.

Mr. Choate was born in Ipswich, Mass., on the first day of October, 1799. He entered Dartmouth College in 1815, and was distinguished there for that stern devotion to study, and that love of classi-

cal literature, which have accompanied him through all the distractions of political and professional life. Shortly after graduating he was chosen a tutor in college ; but, selecting law for his profession, he entered the Law School at Cambridge, and afterwards completed his studies in the office of Judge Cummins, of Salem. He also studied a year in the office of Mr. Wirt, Attorney General of the U. S. He commenced the practice of his profession in the town of Danvers, in 1824. But a considerable portion of the period between his first entry into his profession and his final removal to Boston, in 1834, was passed in Salem. He early distinguished himself as an advocate. His legal arguments, replete with knowledge ; conducted with admirable skill ; evincing uncommon felicity and power in the analysis and application of evidence ; blazing with the blended fires of imagination and sensibility ; and delivered with a rapidity and animation of manner which swept along the minds of his hearers on the torrent of his eloquence, made him one of the most successful advocates at the Essex bar. In 1825 he was elected a representative to

\* Herodotus, a native of Halicarnassus in Caria.

the Massachusetts Legislature; and in 1827 was in the Senate. He took a prominent part in the debates, and the energy and sagacity which he displayed gave him a wide reputation. In 1832 he was elected Member of Congress from the Essex district. He declined a re-election, and in 1834 removed to Boston, to devote himself to his profession. He soon took a position among the most eminent lawyers at the Suffolk Bar; and for seven years his legal services were in continual request. In 1841, on the retirement of Mr. Webster from the Senate, he was elected to fill his place by a large majority of the Massachusetts Legislature—an honor which Massachusetts bestows on none but men of signal ability and integrity. Since Mr. Choate resigned his seat in the Senate, he has been more exclusively devoted to his profession than at any previous period of his life. The only public office he now holds is that of Regent of the Smithsonian Institute. To his efforts the country is principally indebted for the promising form which that institution has now assumed.

Mr. Choate's powers as a statesman are to be estimated chiefly by his course while a member of the United States Senate, especially, by his speeches on the Tariff, the Oregon Question, and the Annexation of Texas. These we consider among the ablest which were delivered during the agitation of those inflammable questions. Beneath an occasional wildness of style, there can easily be discerned the movement of a sagacious and penetrating intellect, well trained in dialectical science; capable of handling the most intricate questions arising under the Law of Nations and Constitutional law, keen to perceive the practical workings of systems of national policy; possessed of all the knowledge relating to the topics under discussion; fertile in arguments and illustrations, and directing large stores of information and eloquence to practical objects. In his speech, March 14, 1842, on the power and duty of Congress to continue the policy of protecting American labor, he presents a lucid and admirable argument to prove that Congress has the Constitutional power, "so to provide for the collection of the necessary revenues of Government, as to afford reasonable and adequate protection to the whole labor of the coun-

try, agricultural, navigating, mechanical, and manufacturing, and ought to afford that protection;" and in the course of the argument he gives a review of the opinions current on the subject, about the period of the adoption of the Constitution. This displays an extensive acquaintance with the political history of the time, the result of original research. In this speech he declares the origin of the objection to the protective policy, based on the assumption of its unconstitutionality, to have arisen in "a subtle and sectional metaphysics;" and adds, in a short paragraph, well worthy to be pondered by all who are exposed to the fallacies springing up in the hot contests of party, that "it is one of the bad habits of politics, which grow up under written systems and limited systems of government, to denounce what we think impolitic and oppressive legislation as unconstitutional legislation. The language is at first rhetorically and metaphorically used; excited feeling, producing inaccurate thought, contributes to give it currency; classes of states and parties inweave it into their vocabulary, and it grows into an article of faith."

The best and most characteristic of his speeches on the Tariff, however, is that delivered in the Senate on the 12th and 15th of April, 1844. It shows a most intimate acquaintance with the history of our legislation on the question; the subject is taken up in its principles and details, and exhibited in new lights—it glows with enthusiasm for the honor, glory, and advancement of the nation; and its illustrations, allusions, and arguments, have the raciness of individual peculiarity. The philosophy of the manufacturing system is given with great clearness in respect to principles, and at the same time is presented to the eye and heart in a series of vivid pictures. The problem, he says, which the law-giver should propose to himself, is this—"How can I procure that amount of revenue which an economical administration of government demands, in such manner as most impartially and most completely to develop and foster the universal industrial capacities of the country, of whose vast material interests I am honored with the charge?" We should like to quote the whole of that passage, in which he enforces the importance of manufactures, on the ground that they give the laborer the choice between many occupations, and do not abso-

lutely confine him to one or two. "In a country," he says, "of few occupations, employments go down by an arbitrary, hereditary, coercive designation, without regard to peculiarities of individual character. But a diversified, advanced, and refined mechanical and manufacturing industry, co-operating with those other numerous employments of civilization which always surround it, offers the widest choice, detects the slightest shade of individuality; quickens into existence and trains to perfection the largest conceivable amount and utmost possible variety of national mind." He proceeds to illustrate this idea by supposing a family of five sons, who, in some communities, would all be compelled to follow one occupation, as fishermen, or farmers, or servants. He then sketches the history of four of these sons, in a community where the diversified employments of civilization give scope to the ruling passion of each. The allusion to the fifth boy is as honorable to the statesman as the poet. "In the flashing eye, beneath the pale and beaming brow of that other one, you detect the solitary first thoughts of genius. There are the sea-shore of storm or calm, the waning moon, the stripes of summer evening cloud, traditions, and all the food of the soul, for him. And so all the boys are provided for. Every fragment of mind is gathered up. The hazel rod, with unfailing potency, points out, separates, and gives to sight every grain of gold in the water and in the sand. Every taste, every faculty, every peculiarity of mental power, finds its task, does it, and is made the better for it."

We should like to refer, at some length, to Mr. Choate's speech on the bill to provide further remedial justice in the courts of the United States, delivered in the Senate, May, 1842. It is one of the most ingenious, learned and vehement of his speeches; is replete with logical passion—rapid, animated, high-toned—at one moment transfixing an objection with one of those radiant shafts which speed from the mind only in periods of excited reasoning, at another overthrowing an antagonist proposition by a series of quick, trampling interrogatories, by which argument is gifted almost with muscular power. There is one passage, illustrating the idea that the condition of national existence is to be under the obligations of the law of nations, from which we quote a characteristic sentence

or two: "You may cease to be a nation; you may break the golden unseen band of the constellation in which we move along, and shoot apart, separate, wandering stars, into the infinite abyss; you may throw down the radiant ensign, and descend from the everlasting and glittering summits of your freedom and your power; but while you exist as now you do, the only nation of our system known to the other nations, you are under, you must obey, and you may claim upon the common code of all civilized and Christian commonwealths."

The closing passage of the speech is even more passionately imaginative: "The aspect," he says, "which our United America turns upon foreign nations, the aspect which our Constitution designs she shall turn upon them, the guardian of our honor, the guardian of our peace, is, after all, her grandest and her fairest aspect. We have a right to be proud when we look on that. Happy and free empress mother of States themselves free! unagitated by the passions, unmoved by the dissensions, of any one of them, she watches the rights and fame of all; and reposing, secure and serene, among the mountain summits of her freedom, she holds in one hand the fair olive branch of peace, and in the other the thunderbolt of reluctant and rightful war. There may she sit forever; the stars of union upon her brow, the rock of independence beneath her feet!" This image has the splendor and energy of one of Burke's, with a slight touch, perhaps, of Mr. Jefferson Brick. The shock it may give to the finer filaments of taste, is owing to the ridicule which has been cast on the sentiment of national exaggeration, through the nonsense and bombast of fifth-rate declaimers. In this connection we may as well allude to Mr. Choate's sympathy with those general feelings of patriotism, as they are felt, not by tasteful students, but by great bodies of people. Though one of the first classical scholars in New England, and a diligent student of the great productions of English genius and taste, he is still exceedingly open to impressions from the common mind and heart, and has none of that daintiness, which, in the man of letters, contemptuously tosses aside all sentiment, expression, and imagery which Mr. Prettyman and Miss Betty may choose to consider vulgar and ungenteel. The greatest English statesmen have always addressed these com-



mon sentiments of large classes of the people—have often spoken in their speeches as Dibdin wrote in his songs—and have been indebted for a great deal of their influence to passages, which wrinkle with scorn the lips of elegant scholars and contributors to the Reviews.

The speech delivered by Mr. Choate on March 21, 1844, on the Oregon Question, in reply to Mr. Buchanan, is dotted all over with splendid sentences: the general course of the argument is well sustained and happily enforced; and there is a joyous spring in the style, even in its occasional inflation, which seems to indicate that most of it was produced extempore, without any more preparation than the facts and arguments demanded. It is an exceedingly spirited and brilliant speech, but has the inequalities of merit common to purely extemporaneous productions, in which argument is diversified by personal matters of reply and retort. The tone of most of the speech is that of excited conversation, with the customary exaggeration both of passion and wit, common in colloquial disputes. The invective, provoked by a remark that the American people cherish a feeling of deep-rooted hatred to Great Britain, is perhaps the intensest passage in the production. "No, sir," he indignantly observes, "we are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half naked, half civilized, half blinded by the peat-smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and precious hatred, set on fire of hell, alive if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son; by Heaven knows what symbols of alligators, and rattle-snakes, and war-clubs smeared with vermilion and entwined with scarlet; let such a country as Poland, cloven to the earth, the armed heel on the radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable to die—let her remember the wrongs of days long past; let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs—the manliness and the sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them: but shall America, young, free, and prosperous, just setting out on the highway of heaven, 'decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy'—shall she be supposed to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart, by moping over old stories of stamp-act, and tea-tax,

and the firing of the Leopard on the Chesapeake, in time of peace? No, sir; no, sir; a thousand times no! \* \* \* \* We are born to happier feelings. We look on England as we look on France. We look on them from our new world, not unrenowned, yet a new world still; and the blood mounts to our cheeks, our eyes swim, our voices are stifled with the consciousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep, but there is no hatred at all—no hatred; all for honor, nothing for hate! We have, we can have, no barbarian memory of wrongs, for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave."

We have not by us the great speech of Mr. Choate, on the annexation of Texas, but we remember being impressed at the time with its strength and felicity; and the position taken in it regarding the consequences of the measure, have been realized almost to the letter.

He was one of the most ardent opponents of annexation, and both in the Senate and in addresses to the people, made his resistance felt. In what we have said regarding his other speeches, we have not, of course, done justice to their merit as arguments, or stated the wide variety of topics and principles they discussed. We have merely, in our quotations, given prominence to a few sentences, which illustrate the essential solidity and correctness of his views of national policy, amid all the exaggeration and ornament of their expression. It is one of his peculiarities, and a very striking one, that he combines a conservative intellect, with a radical sensibility; and those irregular impulses of fancy and passion, which usually push men into the adoption of reckless, desperate and destructive principles of legislation, he employs in the service of the calmest, most comprehensive, and most practical political wisdom, rooted deep in reason and experience. His fire *seems* to be of that kind which sweeps, in a devouring flame, to blast and desolate what is established and accredited; but it really is that fierce heat, which infuses energy and breathing life into maxims and principles, which are in danger of becoming ineffective, from their usual disconnection with the sensibility and imagination. He is a kind of Mirabeau-Peele.

In what we have now to say in regard to Mr. Choate's mind and character, we shall have to consider him chiefly as a lawyer and advocate, and only incident-

ally as a statesman. His greatest triumphs have been at the bar; and to unfold from any central principle the character of that genius by which he often works such wonders—to give anything like the philosophy of his influence—is a task full of difficulty. We desire to present a portrait, which shall suggest to the reader the character and qualities of the man, but we feel able to do it but imperfectly.

Mr. Choate's mind is eminently large, acute, flexible, vigorous, versatile, enriched with the most various acquirements, and displaying in its exercise, a rare union of understanding and imagination, shrewdness and sensibility, tact and fire. He is one of the most sagacious, as well as one of the most brilliant and impassioned, of orators. An unwearied fire seems to burn in the very centre of his nature, penetrating every faculty, flaming out in almost every expression; yet his intellect preserves its clearness of view, amid his most fervid declamation, and he is never himself whirled along in that rush of passion, which hurries away the minds of all who come within its influence. With the keenest sensitiveness to impressions, he is distinguished as much for his power of self-control as his power of self-excitation; and his emotions, like well-trained troops, "are impetuous by rule." In this singular combination of qualities, the puzzle of his character seems to lie; and it brings us at once to the prominent characteristic of his mind—his swift sympathy with any given events and persons, by force of imagination; facts and principles are not with him abstract data for an abstract conclusion; but he instinctively grasps them in the concrete, and realizes them to his own mind as living things. The most careless glance at his productions, will reveal this tendency of his intellect to the most superficial reader. Whatever may be the subject or object of his speech, he endows it with personal life. Thus he speaks of the system of American manufactures, as a "refined, complicated, *sensitive* industry." He ever impersonates the country, and sections of the country, whenever he alludes to them. They appear always to rise up to his mind with a personal existence. Thus New York, with him, is not simply a city distinguished for commercial energy, but a city which, "with one hand grasps the golden harvests of the West, and with

the other, like Venice, espouses the everlasting sea." "Massachusetts," he says, "will ever be true to the Constitution. She sat among the most affectionate at its cradle; she will follow, the saddest of the procession of sorrow, its hearse." Again he observes, that after we came out of the war of 1812, "the baptism of fire and blood was on our brow, and its influence on our spirit and legislation."

The most inanimate things start into life beneath his touch. We recollect that he once objected to the reception of an illiterate constable's return of service, bristling all over with the word *having*, on the ground that it was bad. The judge remarked that though inelegant and ungrammatical in its structure, the paper still seemed to be good in a legal sense. "It may be so, your honor," replied Mr. Choate, "but it must be confessed, he has greatly *overworked* the participle"—a humorous imagination worthy of old Dr. Fuller. Again, in referring to the misgovernment and weakness of the Confederation, he remarks that, "when at last the Constitution was given to the longing sight of the people, they threw themselves upon it like a famished host on miraculous bread." But, perhaps, the finest specimens of his imaginative powers, are those little minor touches, which are occasionally inserted in the throng and impatient pressure of his fanciful illustrations, and to a critical eye, are more pleasing than his most splendid and flaring images. They evince that an acuteness and intense clearness of mind ever accompanies, if it be not the result of, his most vehement excitement. This is an important point of separation between the orator and the mere fanciful declaimer.

From this power of intense and vital conception, comes the force of Mr. Choate's eloquence, and also its seeming exaggeration. A vivid insight into one particular fact or truth, and a statement of it in corresponding warmth of language, practically draws it out of its natural relations, and converts the less into the greater reason. This is the advantage which the great advocate holds over the merely learned and logical lawyer. He can make the little have the effect of the great by his power of impressing it upon the mind; and it requires a corresponding intensity of conception on the part of his opponent, to restore the intrinsically more important fact to its rightful precedence. Force in the

orator often compensates for deficiencies in the evidence. When this force, this power of giving prominence to facts and principles which are really of secondary importance, is wielded by one who controls the restless faculties of imagination and sensibility, by which it is performed, the effect is proportionably increased. The dramatic poet is all the more powerful in delineating character, when he intensely sympathizes with the passions he creates, without being blinded and borne away on their impetuous flood. A prominent characteristic of genius, says John Foster, "is the power of lighting its own fire." Mr. Choate possesses this power to a remarkable degree.

The object of Mr. Choate; in the discussion of a question, and the object of every great orator, is not primarily to convince the intellect or please the fancy, but to influence the will. He attempts to storm the citadel of the mind. His arguments, consequently, do not address the understanding alone, nor his passion the sensibility alone, but fact, argument, fancy and passion, are fused together in one glowing mass, and boldly directed at the very springs of action and volition. Though, for the purposes of classification, we speak of the mind as a collection of sentiments and faculties, we should never forget that it is still not an aggregation but a unit, and that its unity is its leading and vital characteristic amidst all the variety of its manifestation. Though this fact is commonly overlooked by the logician, the great reasoner, no less than the great orator, keeps it constantly in view, when his object is to produce a practical effect upon the will of his audience. There is little force in abstract principles, but immense power in living ideas. It is the commonest of truisms that men do not necessarily act from the barren common-places to which their understandings may yield assent. Many of Queen Elizabeth's most peaceable subjects were Roman Catholics, who believed they would be justified in being her assassins. Many of the bishops who assisted in driving James the Second from his throne, were champions of the divine right of kings, and believers in the doctrine of non-resistance to their authority. The orator, therefore, instinctively appreciating the difference between notions which are civilly assented to by the intellect, and operative ideas which produce corresponding action, addresses the whole nature of his audience, and moves as

well as convinces. Mr. Choate possesses this power in a large measure; and it is especially seen in his legal arguments. His object is ever to produce effects.

This fiery and fusing imagination lies at the centre of Mr. Choate's large and flexible nature, and constitutes, in fact, the real characteristic of his eloquence, and is the chief source of his power. But the most obvious characteristic of his mind is fancy; and certainly it is one of exhaustless opulence and almost unbounded range. For every idea, event, or action, which comes into his mind, he has a fancy to suggest something which bears to it a seeming likeness. His analogical power, indeed, both of understanding and fancy, is immense, and it is difficult in the rush of his eloquence always to distinguish real from apparent analogies—analogies in the nature of things, from analogies in the appearances of things. The latter class are profusely scattered over his various speeches, and lend to his style a character of gorgeous, but often ungraceful ornament. His productions should be viewed with reference to the fact, that they were intended to be spoken, and spoken by the orator himself. To a cool taste, the printed orations, disconnected from the excitement under which they were delivered, and the purpose they were intended to serve, would seem occasionally turgid in style and meretricious in ornament. Even in this respect, his ornament is not of that kind which makes the speeches of Counselor Phillips a continual shock to taste, nor that style of elaborated frenzy and careful tawdriness which stiffens the diction of Sheridan's speeches; but there is behind all a force and fire hurrying the mind onwards, without allowing it to stop for criticism. His most exaggerated images seem forced from him in moments of excitement, and are all infused with the life of the occasion. His eloquence, fierce, rapid and bold, conscious of power, and feeling a kind of wild delight in its exercise, dares everything, forces the minds of the hearers into appropriate moods, and at times accomplishes its object by main strength. He fires the whole mass of his facts, arguments and images, until they blaze, and the grotesque flashes of flame which sometimes impatiently dart from the main body, are hardly noticed as incongruous. It would be easy to adduce specimens of his fierce and exaggerated fancies—comparisons clutched in moments of raised passion,

and made to harmonize with the thought or feeling of the moment. In an argument before a Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, on the petition for a new railroad from Salem to Boston, he drew a very vivid picture of the different towns the present road did *not* pass through, and referred especially to Danvers, which is only two or three miles from Salem. "Her people," he said, "were just near enough to hear the whistle of the locomotive, and gaze at the sparks of that flying giant; yet for all practical purposes, they might as well stand under the sky at midnight, gazing at a *firmament of falling meteors*."

Mr. Choate's fancy usually accompanies, and sometimes almost blends with, the exercise of his imagination, but it is still to be distinguished from its nobler companion. By imagination he apparently exaggerates a thing, through the intensity with which he conceives it; by fancy, he really magnifies it by comparison with larger objects. From the manner in which these two powers of his play into each other's hands, and also from his frequent practice of overtopping an imagination with a fanciful decoration, the charge of exaggeration against his eloquence has its foundation. The phrase "clothed upon," which is often applied to the operations of imagination, is more properly applicable to those of fancy; and in Mr. Choate's productions, the shining garment of comparison which he has placed upon his vital thought, may easily be disconnected from it, and leave the original idea, grasped and modified by imagination, in its own intense and living beauty. Even if the fancy, as is sometimes the case with him, grows out of the imagination, it can be severed from it without striking at the life of its parent—as we can lop the luxuriant foliage from a tree without injuring its vital root and trunk. The truth is, that, in respect to ornament, fancy is more effective than imagination, because it is more readily apprehended; and Mr. Choate's real poetic power has generally suffered most from the praises of such as have been captivated by his swollen comparisons and flaring illustrations.

Mr. Choate has a peculiar kind of mirth in his composition, and also that readiness which commonly accompanies ludicrous perception; but his wit is rather witty fancy, and his humor, humorous imagination. He has a kind of playful sympathy with the ludicrous side of

things, which is often exceedingly felicitous in its expression. Such is his grotesque image, in his speech on the Oregon Question, of the Legislature putting its head out of the window, and in a voice audible all over the world, speaking to the negotiators of the pending treaty, bidding them God-speed, but insinuating that if they did not give up the whole subject in dispute, it would be settled by main strength. But perhaps his best passage in this way, is his picture of a New England Summer, introduced in his second speech on the Tariff, to illustrate the idea that irregularity is not ruin.

"Take the New England climate, in summer; you would think the world was coming to an end. Certain recent heresies on that subject may have had a natural origin there. Cold to-day; hot to-morrow; mercury at 80° in the morning, with wind at south-west; and in three hours more a sea-turn, wind at east, a thick fog from the very bottom of the ocean, and a fall of forty degrees of Fahrenheit; now so dry as to kill all the beans in New Hampshire; then floods carrying off the bridges of the Penobscot and Connecticut; snow in Portsmouth, in July; and the next day a man and a yoke of oxen killed by lightning in Rhode Island. You would think the world was twenty times coming to an end! But I don't know how it is: we go along; the early and the latter rain falls, each in its season; seed-time and harvest do not fail; the sixty days of hot, corn weather, are pretty sure to be measured out to us. The Indian Summer, with its bland south-west, and mitigated sunshine, brings all up; and on the twenty-fifth of November, or thereabouts, being Thursday, three millions of grateful people, in meeting-houses, or around the family board, give thanks for a year of health, plenty, and happiness."

The reader of Mr. Choate's speeches, will readily call to mind many sentences, in which the serious and the ludicrous shake hands as cordially, and with as little detriment to each other, as in the preceding extract.

This peculiar sportiveness, which Mr. Choate can command at pleasure, is an element in the general impression conveyed by his genius, and it makes the character complete. Will, understanding, imagination, passion, fancy, humor, subtlety in the perception of distinctions, subtlety in the perception of resemblances, sympathy with the ideal, and sympathy with the familiar; these, both in their separate exercise, and their subtle interpenetration, are resources which



he commands and blends at will. In the play and interchange of imagination and humor, in an union of the high with the common, there is established in his mind a kind of fellowship with the things he describes, and the persons he addresses. Through this he contrives, in his legal arguments, to lift the familiar into the ideal, by the strength of his conception of both; and when his materials are at all tractable, he can achieve the task without suggesting the ludicrous. When they are not, he does it by pure force and determination. He discerns, instinctively, the unconscious poetry in characters and actions, which are prosaic to the common eye; and he does not, perhaps, so often superadd as evolve. His arguments have often the artistical effect of a romantic poem, even when they are most firmly based in law and evidence. His client is the hero of the narrative; and spectators, if not juries, always desire that the hero of Mr. Choate's epic argument may not come to an end "by edge of penny cord and vile reproach." The immense fertility of his mind, in possibilities and plausibilities, enables him to account for every action, on other principles than those which are obvious; and the warm blood never glows and rushes through his sentences with more intensity, than when he is giving to the secondary the prominence and life of the primitive. There is a constant appeal, in his arguments, to generous sentiment—an implied assumption that men will always act honestly and without prejudice—that a jury will as heartily pronounce in favor of his client, as the reader of a romance in favor of persecuted virtue. And, for the time, the orator himself is earnest and sincere. By force of sympathy, he has identified himself with his client, and realized everything to his own mind. He pleads as if his own character or life was at stake. Ideas, suppositions, possibilities, drawn into his own imagination, are vitalized into realities, and he sees them as living things—sees them as Dante saw *Farinata* rise from his glowing tomb—as Shakspeare saw *Cordelia* bending over *Lear*. And while thus giving breathing life to character and events, he does not overlook a single particle of evidence, or neglect to urge a single point of law, which bears upon the case. A legal argument, as conceived and delivered by Mr. Choate, has the merit of combining an influence upon the will and understanding, with an artistical effect upon the imagina-

tion. He makes no parade of logic; the skeleton is not always forcing itself through the flesh, as in the arguments of men of dryer brains and less skill; yet he ranges his case with consummate art around its great leading points, to which he binds, in the strictest sequence, and with a masterly power of concentration, every fact and every argument. His fancy leads him into few or no discursions, but plays like heat-lightning along the lines of his argument, while his imagination, interpenetrating and working with his logic, at once condenses and creates.

It is needless to say that his arguments cannot be reported. In a newspaper, they have the effect of "champagne in decanters, or Herodotus in Beloe's version."

It would be impossible to convey an idea of this power of Mr. Choate, by single passages, as it is something which animates, unites, and vivifies the whole argument. It is *imagination*, not a series of *imaginings*, which produces the result. Sentences cut apart from the main body of one of his productions, can only suggest his manner through the process of caricature. Thus, we recollect that an honest master-mason, in one of his arguments, rose to the dignity of "a builder and beautifier of cities." In another, he represented the skipper of a merchant vessel, who had been prosecuted by his crew for not giving them enough to eat, as being busily studying some law-book, while passing the island of St. Helena, to find out his duty in case the vessel was short of provisions. "Such," said Mr. Choate, "were his meditations, as the invisible currents of the ocean bore him by the grave of Napoleon." A witness once testified, in reference to one of his clients, that he had called upon him on Friday evening, found him crying, and on asking him what was the matter, received in answer, "I'm afraid I've run against a snag." This was rendered by Mr. Choate somewhat in this way: "Such were his feelings, and such his actions, down to that fatal Friday night, when, at ten o'clock, in that flood of tears, his hope went out like a candle."

These instances convey an idea of the process by which Mr. Choate makes "strange combinations out of common things," but a little more accurate than an intentional parody of his manner.

A pleasant friend of Mr. Choate, tells an ingenious fib of him, with regard to an action for damages, the turning point of which was the value of a harness, hired



at a livery-stable, and broken to pieces. Holding up in his hand a part of the harness, Mr. Choate said, "To be sure, gentlemen, this harness hasn't upon it all that gloss and glitter which takes the eye of the vulgar crowd; but I put it to you, as intelligent jurors, acquainted with the ordinary affairs of life, whether it isn't a good, safe, sound, substantial second-hand harness!"

We may as well add here, by the way, another little anecdote of a different kind. "A friend of mine, speaking to him of Macready's art in acting, said that a person once heard a man crying murder, for two hours in succession, in the room under his own, at a hotel. On inquiry, he found it was Mr. Macready practicing on the word, to get the right agonized tone. "If a man," said Choate, "should cry murder for two hours, under my window, I would commit it!"

The style of Mr. Choate is the style of an orator, not of an author. It will hardly bear a minute criticism, founded on general principles of taste, but must be judged with reference to the character of the speaker and the object of his speech. The tone of his diction is pitched on too high a key for written composition. The same splendid oration which thrilled a popular assembly, or influenced the verdict of a jury, would lose a very important portion of its charm when subjected to the calm, cold judgment of the reader. Besides, it must be admitted that Mr. Choate's immense wealth of language, and opulence of fancy, urges him into redundancy of expression, and sometimes overloads his style with shining words. This is principally seen in his use of adjectives. He will pour out in one breath five or six of them, sometimes because he has not time to choose the most expressive one, sometimes from the desire to point out all the qualities of the thing defined. It has been said of him, that he "drives a substantive and six." He is often exceedingly felicitous in this accumulation of epithets, and really condenses where he seems to expand. Thus he once spoke of the Greek mind, as "subtle, mysterious, plastic, apprehensive, comprehensive, available"—a page of disquisition in one short sentence. But commonly, we think, it tends to weaken his diction, especially when it is disconnected from his peculiar manner of speaking. It is the vice of a fertile intellect, always in haste, and trusting to its own wealth to supply at the moment the words which are wanted. Perhaps

this peculiarity has been unconsciously caught from a study of the later writings of Burke, especially those on the French Revolution. Burke often "drives a substantive and six," but he has his reins upon them all, and each performs a service to which the others would be inadequate. His epithets do not clog his style, however they may modify the rapidity of its movement. They are selected *by* his mind; Mr. Choate's seem to occur *to* his mind.

Mr. Choate's printed speeches are strewn all over with verbal felicities, and they well repay an attentive perusal. But, in point of style, they are imperfect, and give the reader a painful sense of great riches negligently used. They are not perfect exponents of his mind and capacity. But they still are all alive with the energy of his nature, and in some of the greater requisites of style exceed many productions which are more perfect in its minor excellences. If subjected to a rigid revision by the orator himself, they would deserve a proud place among the most brilliant forensic productions. As it is, they contain passages of great and peculiar beauty, and, as arguments on the questions to which they refer, are exceedingly able.

We cannot conclude these hurried observations on some of the characteristics of Mr. Choate, without expressing the hope that his large, fertile and available intellect, so rich in experience and scholarship, may be directed, at some period, to the production of a work, in which his genius and acquirements may be fairly expressed. Everything which he has performed, heretofore, has been done on the spur of the occasion, and to serve some particular object connected with his party or his profession. His printed speeches are indications rather than embodiments of his capacity. He is capable of producing a work which will give his name that literary prominence to which his great powers seem to point. In the prime of life, and in the vigor of his genius, having achieved early the highest political and professional objects of a manly ambition, we trust that his splendid intellect will not pass away, without leaving behind something which shall embody its energies, and reflect honor upon the literature of his country. The victories of his profession are only for the day and the occasion; but those which are won in the field of letters, may live long after

"Rome in Tiber melts, and the wide arch  
Of the ranged empire falls."

## SHORT CHAPTERS ON EXOTIC AND NOVEL METRES.

## CHAPTER II.\*

## CLASSICAL DRAMATIC METRES.

The metre most opposed in character to the Hexameter is the *Iambic Trimeter*. The one bounds and rushes along; the other steps a stately pace. Στσίχω, one of its favorite words, most aptly expresses its movement.

There are some curious points about this Trimeter, as contrasted with our ideas of versification and euphony. It must end, as every one knows, (every one in New York, that is; in New England they have a special dispensation for all matters connected with quantity,) with an Iambus. Now, such words as ἀκμή and σταθμός seem to us very queer Iambus. Yet these are perfectly legitimate, the combinations χμ, θμ, and many similar ones being, in Greek dramatic versification, “permissive,” as it is technically termed; i. e. they permit the vowel preceding them to be shortened. But ἐσμεν could not end a line. This seems odd to us who can hardly fancy a syllable beginning with *thm* or *cm*, while we have many words beginning with *sm*; and what increases the singularity is, that the Greeks themselves have words beginning with σμ, but none with θμ or χμ.†

Again, we have an Iambic Trimeter in English—just the same number of feet and syllables, but altogether a different metre from the Greek, owing to the difference on cæsura. In the Greek Trimeter the main cæsura must occur in the third or fourth foot:

“Χθονὸς μὲν εἰς τηλουρὸν | ἤχομεν πτόον  
Σκύθην ἐς οἶον | ἄβατον εἰς ἐρημίαν  
Ἥφαιστε σοί δε | χρεὶ μελεῖν ἐπιστολὰς  
Ἀς σοι πατηρ ἐφείτο,” |

In the English after the third foot:

“Up with the jocund lark: | too long we  
take our rest,  
While yet the cheerful morn | out from the  
blushing east  
Is ushering in the day | to light the muse  
along.”—*Drayton*.

Guest says that the most familiar one of this metre is the concluding line of the Spenserian stanza. This is not strictly correct. There is a difference, slight but sensible, between the measure of the Poly-olbion and the final Spenserian line. In the former, the accent is thrown on the long syllables of the first, third, fourth and sixth feet:

“Of ‘Albion’s famous isle the wonders  
whilst I write.”

And it makes no difference whether there is a cæsura between the second and third feet, or even whether the second syllable of the second foot is weak or strong. In the latter the tendency is to accent the fourth syllable of the line more than the second, and to make a cæsura after the second foot:

“If ancient tales be true, nor wrong these  
holy men.”

\* There were some queer misprints in the former chapter. On p. 483, 1st col., lines 29, 30, for *sauselude*, read *sauselnde*. (This is important, as the whole force of the passage depends on it.) P. 483, 1st col., l. 52, for *fact*, read *feet*. P. 484, 2d col., l. 18, after *look*, insert *far*. P. 484, 2d col., l. 32, for *perfectly*, read *properly*. P. 484, 2d col., for ζενιην, read ζενήιον. The gentleman who wrote Hydrotaphia was named *Broisne*, not *Broun*.

† These combinations occur even in the later Epic poets. Nothing seems more natural to us than that *Daphnis* should be a trochee: we should never think of pronouncing it *Dā-fnīs*. Yet in that *painfully* sweet piece of versification, the Lament which closes the first Idyll, we find

“Καὶ λέγεις, τὸν βῶταν νικῶ Δάφνιν, ἀλλὰ μάχευ μοι”

and

“Χαίρεθ’, ὁ βώκολος ὕμνιν ἐγὼ Δάφνις οὐκ ἔσ’ ἄν ὕλαν.”

There are indeed many exceptions, but I think this general difference of character will be found to prevail. English Iambic Trimeters may be written on the Greek principle: it has been done once or twice in "Punch." They read very like ordinary blank verse with two superfluous syllables—such lines as you would expect to find in Beaumont and Fletcher:

"And looking back upon our long existences,  
We only see a vista of dull tragedies."

The long line of the Aristophanic Parabasis, with a very little coaxing, makes two good lines of a not very uncommon English stanza. All that is requisite is, to expand the spondees into anapæsts, and even this is not invariably necessary.

"Οὐκ ὑπ' ἀνόιας τοῦτο πεπονθὼς διατρίβειν, ἀλλὰ νομίζων  
Κωμῶ διδασκαλίαν εἶναι χαλεπώτατον ἔργον ἀπάντων."

"It was not his pride that made him do this,

He says, but the consideration,  
That the Muse of Comedy certainly is  
The most whimsical thing in creation."

Several of the Comic and even some of the Tragic Greek metres are ordinary English song-rhythms. Thus

"Τὴν ἐλλα δῆτ' εἶπερ κρατεῖς γ' ὦ πρεσβυ, καλλίνικος,

and

"ἡκούσας ὀρθιασμάτων;  
ὀπταῖτε τὰ γχελεῖα,"

correspond exactly to "A captain bold of Halifax." But with us they are generally connected with vulgar associations. The case is very different with Trochaic Tetrameter. This is equally majestic in Greek, Latin\* and English. It was first used by Frere, "he that wrote half the Needy Knife-grinder," and gave Byron the hint of Don Juan in his Whistlecraft. Aytoun once translated a book of Homer into it. But it was first made familiar by Tennyson in his Locksley Hall, from which it is unnecessary to give any illustrations, as every lover of true poetry must be well acquainted with that poem. CARL BENSON.

## THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

If any person desires to know, upon taking up this memoir, what there may be in the name and fame of Philip Yorick, Esq., a person of whom the reading public are as yet ignorant, to justify, or even excuse, the publication of his autobiography, he will find the best answer in the work itself. If he meets with any the least entertainment there, he is answered; but if he be too busy, or too indolent, or too wise; or if the rapidity and variety of his lettered occupation restricts him to glancing over title-pages and heads of chapters, like any

Editor or Reviewer; this is to inform him in brief, that Mr. Yorick's motives to the composition of his own "Life and Opinions," were of so complicated and subtle a mixture, made up of so many little sag impulses and additional reasons; collected out of such a sink and tailor's hell of experiences; brought to a consistence by so many philanthropical leadings and transcendental conceits; that what with all the analytical power he is master of, added to a ten years' inquiry into the nature and operation of complex motives, he can no more easily

\* Yet singularly enough the Augustan poets did not use it. The best Latin specimen of long Trochaics is the *Pervigilium Veneris*, (erroneously attributed to Catullus,) which may be found among a choice medley of Erotics at the end of Burman's *Petronius Arbiter*.

tell why he wrote this memoir, than why he put his right foot into the stirrup yesterday, instead of the left; which every child knows should have gone first.

"Perhaps you did it for your own pleasure."

No, sir, for yours.

"You are very kind."

Not at all, good reader; and so we might go on bowing and complimenting. But hark ye, my man of motives, for whose pleasure did you put the antithetical flowers into that shining discourse of yours, so much applauded by the Misses A——, and the Messieurs B.

## CHAPTER II.

### ADDITIONAL PREFATORY.

"Your first chapter, which is also your last, was a ridiculously short one."

Say you so? What mean you by short or long? All things, my dear sir, are comparative; if a thing is ridiculously short, yet complete in itself, and able in its function, as I affirm my preface to be, who shall gainsay it? Did not my preface do what every respectable preface ought to do? Did it not make all the apology that can be made for what follows, namely, for the production of the work? Be the preface as short as it will, the work itself is like to be long enough if this fit holds. But to business.

The judicious reader pondering the name of this autobiographer, may suspect it for an assumed one, behind which some "person of consequence" chooses to veil himself. Mr. Yorick is perfectly willing he should think so, or the contrary, as it befalls. He feels himself to be, indeed, a person of very considerable consequence, like others of his friends; though he refrains from mentioning to whom. Of how much consequence he may become to the reader, is quite a different affair, to be judged in the event.

Not to be tedious, for a bad presage at the first, a word only of the plan and matter of work.

First as to the plan.

It is a matter of some moment to an author, that his reader be not too cunning for him, and penetrate his design. A dinner of unexpected courses, rising in degrees of luxury to the very acme of gustatory pleasure, is a dinner to be praised; for of all thieves of enjoyment, anticipation is the shrewdest. Now, the surest way not to be robbed, is, perhaps, to carry no money about you; and the surest way of hiding your plan is to have no plan. Whether that is not an artless kind of art which begins with rousing expectation, is a question for the critics. Nevertheless, I solemnly

declare, that all the secret scandals, and private histories of remarkable persons, mentioned in this memoir, are of a character not in the least injurious to public morals: nobody shall be abused, excepting such as truly *deserve it*!—did I say?—If the cap fits, put it on, and do what the lion tamer did with the lion.

Exercising that keenness and admirable sense, which is natural to him, the judicious reader, to whom I take this opportunity of making my best bow—observe; my cane, a little crook, emblematical of the clergy, is in my left hand, somewhat raised and trailed; my hat, emblematical of dignity, is in the right;—with a gentle curve of the back, and an inclination of the head, signifying reverence, a half subtle, half courteous smile, uniting benignity with deference. My cloth, a gray surtout, (Napoleon wore one of the same piece,) emblematising frugality and modesty; my shoes—I never wear boots—\* \* \* *hiatus*; *Mr. Yorick's reason against boots appeareth not*—\* \* \* my shoes, I say, signifying honesty and industry. My hairs few and gray, the hairs of experience; my complexion brown and sallow (an adust and fanciful complexion); my eyes, gray and uncertain (a subtle eye); my stature under the middle height; a spare and fragile body, but not without elasticity.

Where did I leave—O! at "that admirable good sense, which is natural to you, judicious reader."

"As that wise bird, the country cousin of the swan, doth enter a door, so doth a servile and timid writer pass over the threshold of his work"—with a bow, I suppose. It is the fashion now, and always will be, to act according to one's nature;—who can help it? You may know a knave by his cringing, a fool by his precipitation, and a narcissus by a thread of his self contemplations running through the tissue of his talk.

## CHAPTER III.

## FINAL PREFATORY.

Exercising his natural shrewdness, the same judicious reader who doubted the name, may suspect the events of this autobiography; that they have been twisted, distorted, diminished, exaggerated; whole members suppressed, nay parts even, invented or appropriated for the sake of disguise; as is usual in memoirs of great men. Mr. Yorick cannot but admire the penetration of the reader, who suspects all this; he only warns him against putting his finger on particular parts, as if to say, this is fact, or, that is fiction: here was matter suppressed, there something added: he wishes him, for the love he bears his own wisdom, not to go so deep.

"When I consider the pleasure I have received," saith an ingenious writer, "from the perusal of the lives of celebrated persons related by themselves, an agreeable emulation tingles in my veins, and warms me to the hope, that even I might achieve something as singular and authentic. Though I dared not venture against the veracious Sinbad, or the ingenuous Goethe, in the variety and elegance of my narration, I might at least approach them in the integrity and simplicity of my story. Not that I am able to adorn it with dreadful adventures, or subtle experiences; nor that I am equal to a history of my spiritual progresses. For that species of narration I am forced to entertain a distant respect. They awaken in me nothing of that itch of imitation which is the spur of the author's mind. I am contented to wonder at the spiritual conjuror, who can roll his eyes backward upon himself, and fix them there. I am delighted with the courage and skill of that man, who can exhibit his own viscera without detriment to his body, or affront to our nostrils. It is a pleasure to see all this, and study the physiology of it, as we inspect corpses, or pry into natural resultants, for science' sake; but for the practice on one's self, I lack courage. I am, besides, a poor feather-brain, and cannot fix my attention long enough on any particular folly or vanity of my own, to extract wisdom out of it. The offence overcomes me.

Nevertheless, I mean not to affront posterity with a deliberate chronicle of my life: how I was born; in such a

place; at such a planetary conjunction; of such parents; with a mole on my cheek; a crook in my foot; a wart in my hand; a strawberry on my shoulder; with or without this or that organ, member, limb; how I gradually grew fatter; suckled, eat, drank; did what younglings do, cried, kicked, scrambled, crawled, driveled, bemaused my clothes, curried the cat, scorched the dog, teased the cook, plagued the maids—in fine, how I gradually assumed the parts and functions of a man; and what with the dame-school, grammar-school, academy, college, acquiring, by example and inclinations, by impulse of nature and coinage of wit, those severalties which in the total we name education—a total, of which the half is vice and the half virtue.

Why should I pass on to relate what happened to me in the specialties of the fourth septenniad, when I hung midway betwixt evil and good, betwixt youth and manhood, joy and sorrow, ignorance and wisdom, through seven mad years?

Shall I declare to you the number of my dinners, breakfasts, suppers, lunches, snacks, drinks, glasses, cups—with a like enumeration of all that appertains to Man the Beast, and an utter forgetting of what is proper to Man the Angel? Wouldst have a list of my wardrobe; of the color, quality, make, condition, savor, fashion, durableness, place of origin, place of vendition, of my several shirts, hats, stockings, garters, coats, vests, cloaks, handkerchiefs, cravats, gloves, and galligaskins? How I rode a bay trotting-horse, with a silver gilt housing, at half-speed, to the D——l—with a lady of fashion on my left hand, and a puppy of evil quality on my right? how the puppy of quality's beast did play the fool, bolted, broke the puppy of quality's neck; as many a brute has done since, and as many will continue to do, lest the earth be overstocked with fools?

Why should a man dwell on such things?

"Because, sir, these are the universals, and every man, woman, and child, will understand them." A word, sir, if you please: will your authorship answer one question—to wit, what do all men, women, and children, at all times



desire? "To see a new thing." Wrong, by Apollo! Half the time, they would as lief see an old one. Are you answered? Curiosity is not the only

passion of the soul; there are some others in it, of at least an equal potency. What say you to sympathy, my gay romancer?

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### OCCUPATION.

"To be a dealer in plausibilities, is no part of my plan; therefore, am not I a politician." I lack instinct. My statesmanship is a thing of closet growth, merely hypochondriacal. What with a turbulent crowd of passions, follies, and impulses, over which reason holds but a feeble and usurped control, I have governing enough, in conscience, to do at home. I am none of Plato's natural-born sovereigns, with the regal Idea dominant in me; my desires will not be crushed by the refinedest theory of virtue.

"What is your occupation?"

At present, sir, it is the writing of this history. What it may be to-morrow, Heaven shall decide—physic and a fee, perhaps; who knows what may befall? "What say you to a place in the customs, or the care of a hospital?"—Good; let it come, I am ready for the worst.

Should any man, hearing me disclaim this and the other occupation, disposition, trade, opinion—as of a statesman, a *politician*; a scholar, a *pedant*; a divine, a *theologian*; a wit, a *joker*; a genius, an *enthusiast*; a poet, a *versifier*; a merchant, a *money-grub*; a bookseller, a *shark*; a painter, a *color-mux*; a teacher, a *pedagogue*; a philosopher, a *subtle speechifier*; a thinker, a *dreamer*; a lover of men, a *lover of misery on the grand scale*;"—by Heaven! I should go near to insult him for a meddler, or to pity him for an innocent. I will be driven into no such corners; the world is my heritage; and shall I set up my rest in any doghole thereof, to draw property-lines and snarl over them? No party shall lug me, by the ears, into their nest. I am neither of the old school, nor of the new. "Mayhap, then, you are of the psychoplastic many-sided, or, as we say, Teutonic model; inclining to the bottomless abyssmal-sceptical, of the all-too-far-seeing pyroscintillant, gnosticism; and therefore subcachinnatory, and not earnest. In short, you are transcendental." Twenty years ago, sir, in Europe, the remark might have been of some moment; but as things are, you

show not the bright side of discretion with hinting it. Know you not the folly is dead?

By Heaven! if you persecute me in this fashion, I shall go near to tell you I am a man, and descended of honest parents. Come now, my questioner, tell me truly, are you a gentleman?

"I am; you do me wrong to doubt it."

So do you me;—but if I know the meaning of the phrase, a gentleman is a person to whom is conceded the right of doing and being what he will, so it be honorable. In that bound do I set up my claim.

Tormented with this idle question, by such simpletons as cannot shape to themselves the possibility of existing without an occupation or opinion visible to the many, I refer my questioner to a dusty roll of parchment, the end whereof sticketh out from between my bookshelves and the wall. This parchment is to certify, by courtesy, that I am a man accomplished in all that is proper to the art-curative, and may take fees from a dead man's relations without danger of the law. This same courteous certification has served me these twenty years, for a foil against fools' questions—a fact which throws a new light over the institution of diplomas in general. That they are of modern invention, I make no doubt, from an anecdote which we have of Socrates, (to be found in Xenophon, or in Ficinus' folio Plato, if you will be at the pains to look for it there.) When questioned as to his occupation, the sage professed himself a midwife. Had diplomas been in use, he would have carried one about with him, certifying to this profession, for a saving of his valuable breath.

A very celebrated modern, when pressed upon this point of an occupation, used to profess himself a philosopher; but that was in his youth, and there is reason to think he repented of it in his wiser days; considering more particularly the nature of the question and the effects of the answer. "A fool measures his respect for you, by your wealth, your

place, and your occupation ; a wise man by your character," says uncommon sense ; for this same uncommon sense judges that *character* is the very spring and source of all kinds of wealth, places, and occupations, and that a man is to be respected rather for the power of getting than the fact of having. Therefore would I not profess myself a philosopher in any company ; for as philosophy embraceth, as it were, the germs of all occupations, but sheweth the fruit of none, the boast of it breedeth a suspicion of shallowness, and the reputation of unfruitfulness.

In a merely prudential aspect, the admission is to be avoided. If a stick is reputed strong, all comers will be trying it over the knee. If a horse enters a company of mules, every rascal brute will be testing his generosity by a kick at his aristocratical hide. If a philosopher comes among sturdy fools, he is in danger of calcitration and ejection ; saith Diogenes, who suffered severely in that cause a harsh and idle martyrdom. But for me, I am not so much as literally a "lover of wisdom," were you to judge me by the company I seek ; which is chiefly that of children and simpletons, on whom wisdom is most part wasted. Your high intellectual characters discompose my egoistical serenity. I have no pleasure in the conversation of learned men ; they talk for their own fame and not for sympathy. I have other reasons for the avoidance of a wise reputation. My patients would but the more fear my

skill, could I convince them of my theory. There is in most minds a natural love of empiricism and an honest hatred of science. A scientific physician is a terror to the ignorant. If he has knowledge let him conceal it, and consult with Hanneman and the old nurse dame of the village. Even on this present occasion, had I any hobby-horsical science of my own, I should beware (begging my reader's pardon) of exposing it, for the love I bear his company.

The occupation of a surgeon and physician came upon me by a kind of accident. I got it by being office-keeper to a city practitioner. This was in the nineteenth and twentieth years of my life ; when, being left very much alone among books, and having a quick understanding and a good memory, I soon acquired all that can be learned in that way. This accident brought the above-mentioned certificate, and should I choose, would even now yield me a comfortable living. To conclude this somewhat rambling account of myself ; I am a dry old gentleman, turned of sixty, with a lean, leathery aspect, but hilarious of temper ; sub-cynical, given to meditation ; careless of things indifferent and not yet too wise to learn. My fortune is neither great nor small, but leaves me liberty to mix more talk with my prescriptions than is altogether discreet, and in this pleasant country leisure to finish a chapter of my life and opinions when I am in the humor.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FIRST SEVEN YEARS.

I have nothing to be proud of in my birth ; for if I remember aright, my mother was an actress and a singer of Parma, in Italy ; and though I am willing enough to believe I have English blood in my veins, I put no implicit confidence in her assertion to that effect ; her way of life being such as to throw uncertainty over the whole matter. Howbeit she used me with what wisdom she had, and I was early reckoned a lad of promise ; but for one singularity, which was no virtue ; that I uttered my opinions of those about me with no regard of their quality, or ability to revenge my freedoms. This vice which wrought my mother much vexation and earned me several drubbings, I retain with its inconveniences even to this day.

In my eighth year we removed to London, where my mother acquired some reputation as a singer ; and believing that her means would keep pace with my ability, she resolved to have me educated for a gentleman, but nature and fortune conspired to defeat her intention. I say she would have made a genteel person of me ; for she intended, Heaven and the Virgin permitting, to have left me a princely income, out of the gains of her popularity ; beside endowing a hospital for distressed females of her own order, and founding a nunnery in America. I remember a violent controversy which sprang up between herself and her confessor, who was also my kind instructor, whether, when I came of age and set out upon my travels, I should go direct by sea

to Naples, and thence to Rome, to the feet of his Holiness ; or whether, entering France by Calais, I should go first to Paris, and after completing my education there, pursue the overland route to Rome. The priest with much zeal contended the danger of French principles, and would have me at Rome without delay ; my mother, on the contrary, urged the land route ; scouting the possibility of a detriment to my invincible virtue, and picturing to the good father the improvement of my manners by a year's residence in Paris ; that his Holiness might mingle a little worldly favor with his benediction. Arguments ran high on both sides ; for the priest was a choleric Irishman, and the lady a spirited Italian, with the addition of her son's virtue at stake. The affair ended in mutual disgust and perfect estrangement, giving an unlucky turn to my own fortunes ; for the priest had taken a liking to me, and was teaching me grammar and geometry, studies in which I had already made a promising advance.

My mother's transient popularity, which turned rather upon her personal charms than on the goodness of her voice, fell soon into a decline, and finding all her golden expectations vanished, she began to moderate her ambition, and soon put me in charge with an old bachelor surgeon, Mr. Yorick by name, from whom I take my English appellation.

My mother called me Philipppo, herself having the name Philippa. She was a Neri of the ancient house of that name ; descended from the Neri who fled from Florence to Parma in the time of the great Dante. My new master and guardian bade me call him papa, and adopted me under the name of Master Philip, adding that of Yorick, when he wished particularly to impress me with the fact of my new relation. My true history begins with the adoption of this name, in the seventh year of my age. My antecedent recollections are hardly to be distinguished from dreams.

After my induction to the home and favor of Mr. Yorick, I saw but little of my mother, till her death, which happened a few years after ; though I well remember our passionate grief at parting, and have by me a copy of verses, which I wrote soon after in memory of that occasion, very tender and fanciful, but over pathetic. Under my good patron's discipline the precocious moisture of my

brains dried up, and I wrote no more verses.

The mansion of this voluntary father of mine stood in a recess of a narrow street in London, in a quarter of long pipes and fat tankards, of cocked hats and fiery faces, where cockneyism and chiseled noses had not as yet thrust themselves in. It had an air of comfort and venerable age ; a stone front with tall windows ; a toppling roof, a huge door, and a knocker of brass, with metal and noise enough in it for a tocsin or a bell of St. Paul's. This ancient piece of architecture stood between an alehouse and a Tory club-room, toward both of which my master stood in the light of a patron and a presiding genius. Among the occasional visitants which the love of free companionship and wit had anciently drawn thither, my patron used to mention the names of Johnson of learned notoriety, and of the celebrated Burke, beside others of less note, any one of whom, in these days, would be esteemed a prodigy of wit and learning. As I remember it, the alehouse had sunk to the condition of a gin-shop, and the club-room to a stagnant society of old-school discontents. On the opposite street side stood a row of humble brick dwellings, teeming with decayed families of decent repute, and their single " friends," who stayed with them a little while, and made them a reciprocatory present of six shillings at the end of the week.

The rooms of the old mansion were high and gloomy, lined with soiled tapestry paper, after the fashion of Louis Quatorze. These represented hunting scenes, and though darkened with the smoke of a century, impressed the eye with a sense of elegance. On the mantelpieces of the parlors, were ranged a few pieces of rare India porcelain, and on the walls I remember dark pictures, in which the shadows triumphed over the lights, of strange unmentionable subjects, picked with learned curiosity out of some old picture mines of Florence, or handed through ten generations from the days of Hans Holbein, and the extinct art of Elizabethan times.

The rooms which I best remember, the witnesses of ten years of my life, were the two parlors in their antique trim ; a closet where I slept, from which a low latticed window looked out over a wilderness of tiled and leaded roofs : Mr. Yorick's bedroom, whither I went each morning with his coffee, to him in my

hand, and a lesson of Virgil in my head, to be recited to his nightcap, with the benefit of annotations from the learned auditor; and a library, by far the most remarkable, with which I shall conclude this enumeration. In this library Mr. Yorick passed the night, going to his chamber about the hour when the unthinking world arise. This room of reverie and dreams, owed its attraction for my master to the perpetual solitude and silence which reigned therein, (for it occupied the highest part of the house,) and to an aroma of musty learning diffused from the shelves of its gothic alcoves. The room was of great breadth and height, finished throughout with dark woods cast into the model of an antique chapel; and at night an iron lamp swung, or rather trembled, from the centre over the central table. The table itself might have moved the envy of a Della Cruscan; for its surface represented, in brown mosaic, a head of St. Bernard, full of tearful unction, looking up toward the sky. On this, supported by its three lion feet carved in oak, lay several illuminated missals, and a number of choice folios without title pages, the relicts of libraries of the fifteenth century. The alcoves concealed a variety of rare books of science, treatises of alchemy, and of horsemanship, memoirs of Burgundian dukes, romances and poems in the old tongues of France; beside all letters that might employ the leisure of a learned physician, and a scholar of most Horatian taste. Here the old bachelor sat smoking among his folios, in a cloud of his own creating, like a very *Hermes trismegistus*, *tristissimus*, pondering in his antique chair, from the high knobs of which, on either side, grim visnomies looked over his shoulders, seeming to whisper in his ears the still, removed voices of

antiquity. Company else he had but little, save myself, the faces of old prints and pictures that hung around upon the triunal columns that divided the alcoves, and a certain living original who shall presently be described.

The persons whom he admitted to his earlier hours were of that order which melancholy men delight in; pieces of oddity, marked always by some monomania, or egregious weakness—studies for the satirist and the humanitarian. He delighted not in misery on the great scale like a modern progress man, or a bloody jacobin; nor yet did he the more indulge in the particular offices of humanity, such as spring from the only true pity, the pity for individuals; his soul, conceiving all the possibilities of evils, yet indulging in none; internally a panorama of wretchedness, a purgatorio of crime, feasted itself on contradictions and casuistries. To talk with wiseacres and bird-witted people, or with such as drove on a limping intellect before violent passions—to involve a positive fool in an argument—to wind about and about it with a spider net of thin distinctions; this was to him the very race and pith of enjoyment.

A Sancho Panza in the shape of an oily, bald-pated barber, who had been a Romish priest; an old deaf housekeeper, crooked and curst, but tidy, and not unkind; a testy old gentleman of a Tory family fallen into decay; two or three theological maidens, delighting in argument, and forever, like quails in a cage, thrusting their skinny necks betwixt the will and the decree,—this was the circle which he frequently assembled about his tea table, presiding over their noise with his dull gray eye, and slow moving gray locks; but the oily barber was indulged with night interviews and the library.

## CHAPTER VI.

### DISCURSIVE.

I would have the reader forewarned that I mean not often to indulge in the romantic vein. 'Tis not my forte. Characters and things impress me powerfully, movements and actions faintly; and as we are impressed, so we describe. It is easier for me to see a passion with the soul's eye, than to image the act which showed it.

Touching this art of description, two things are, as I think, essential; first, that

the thing described shall be for the sake of some other thing;—I mean to say, that a nose shall not be for its own sake drawn and colored, but for the sake of the face; and the face for the sake of the head, and the head for the sake of the mind that is in it. All that is over and above this is mere foolery and stupor. Of what interest to me is the picture of a coin of an unknown king of an unknown era; a wretched, rusty idle

thing; but when the legend is deciphered, that is another matter. What artist, out of bedlam, ever exhibited a gallery of limbs and noses, signifying nothing? Excellent drawing, sir, the color admirable, the execution delicate, but what does it all mean? O, it is a child's gallery; children, where they see a nose, fancy the face that belongs to it—the dear innocents are well employed in these little fanciful gymnastics; when they grow older, they will have less leisure, perhaps.

The other point is, that no more of a thing should be described (I had these opinions from my patron) than is sufficient to picture it. When we look at a landscape or a face, we only see the lights in it; the shadows affect the eye but faintly. So, when a bold painter deals with his subject skillfully, he throws the whole expression into the light parts where the eye rests, and leaves his shadows dark, pure, and floating. But here we have a gentleman of the quill, carrying his reader microscopically into the interstices and dark parts of everything, invisible always to the slight seeing eye; and in conclusion the whole is heavy and void of relief, like Shakspeare's *Lucrece*, or Tom Hood's worser imitation thereof.

If any one fancies himself to have a certain knack at description, let him consider the matter, as it stands between dwellers in the mountains and dwellers in the plains. Perhaps he will decline such nice consideration, and seek to content us with Edmund Burke's opinion of the effect of words; to wit, that they operate, not singly, by calling up their ideas, or pictures, but by I know not what kind of noisy influence, crowding upon the soul through the portals of music and fancy, and making there an agreeable turmoil, vulgarly named eloquence and poetry.

My own (which was also Mr. Yorick's opinion) is different. To me, a word stands for a thing or an act; which makes me a slow reader, and an unready writer. I cannot digest more than one-fifth of an old English play at a sitting; the words, instead of soothing and charming, like the murmur of a brook, or the sleepy melodies of a harp played on by the wind, excite each its image of a thing, a thought, a passion, or an action; and the whole train of fancies, allusions, passions, things and persons, moves on with extreme slowness, in an orderly measure, as though transacted before mine eyes.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOBBIES.

An old-fashioned English bachelor of those times, lived on principles incomprehensible to us the moderns. His moderate property in the funds was a serviceable devil in a bottle to him, out of which he annually conjured fortune; it served his turn and left him at his ease. He believed in the Church and the Constitution; and while these should remain (which his good angel whispered they would do for the next half century), he accounted himself secure. His real torment was lack of occupation. He was too irritable for an office, too indolent for the army, too liberal for holy orders; his sole friend was his hobby-horse.

On hobby-horses and their properties, good treatises have been written, with which the reader is doubtless familiar, nor do I mean here to involve him in any threadbare matter; suffice it, that the subject is not exhausted; no, not by the folios of Slawkenbergius, or the whim-whams of my learned friend, the

Author of the great work of *National hobby-horses*; wherein he diluculently showeth their kinds, and appointeth them their species and times. Why should I quote the opening passage of his dissertation of *Utile*, the great hobby discovered by the first settlers of this continent; bigger by far than mastodon or Gargantua's mare, and stronger by much. "From the tail to the head of this monster," saith my learned friend, "is no less a distance than from Maine to Virginia. The breadth of her belly is as the breadth of the land between the Mississippi and the sea. Her tail is at least seventy and a half leagues in length; and where she goes it drags a road. She browseth on the forests, and drinketh up the rivers. Merrimac sinks through her jaws, Ohio is afraid before her, and Connecticut flies in terror to his reeds. Her breath is a sulphurous smoke, and she sounds on her path like a cloud scattering thunders. She is proud, vain, all-devouring, wasteful, God-scorning, in



league with hell. She throweth down the cities, and in a trice buildeth them up. She swalloweth the ground in her rage, and with her horn pierces through the rind of the earth. Her eyes are flames of fire; her step is over the mountains and over the seas. Though young, she is the terror of nations, and in the strength of her warlike age will bestride the world."

Private hobbies of less note, but of equal curiosity, have I seen in private museums. None more curious than the new one lately foaled at Oxford, in England, out of a heap of old books by the heat of a dull furor, engendered by negative Apollo, or the devil of antique ignorance.

Or that vulgar ass of a wooden Lie, called by I know not what name; born in a misty, cold country north of France, out of a heap of painted angels, pieces of mineral, offal of the dissecting-room, and the dead flies mentioned in Scripture; with not a few of the somnolent flowers of the dung-heaps of Germany; all mish-mashed, hashed, mixed, muddled, and quiddled, into a pseudo-theological compost, sweetened with a sort of unction-syrup, squeezed out of the herb, false humility. Out of this heap sprang a specious animal—to lick it into shape, there was a work for a subtilous tongue. By the side of this hopeful brute grew up a thing begotten of a cloud that hung over the south of France five centuries ago, (the same was seen by Democritus.) This cloud moved northward; spreading there into an invisible mist, and permeating the soil of all Europe, it came up in a thousand little Rosicrusian rills; as silent and sulphurous, as the limpid stream that flows from the tip of the nose of Diabolus ipse, when he sits in his particular ice parlor.

Once upon a time, a certain Botanist conjured all the rills into a single stream, and from his time the cloud again arising, his ghost played the part of Ixion to it, (as I have been told,) and thence sprang the animal you wot of—the proudest, most mettlesome, most refined, most dark, most delicate tit that ever flung his jockey into the dirt.

Of private hobbies, there is a plenty, but the above described are the principal of public use. O, reader, bestride them not, nor suffer them to bestride thee.

At present I am chiefly interested in the five varieties of *private* hobbies. I insist there are but five; and that, too, for certain mystical reasons which shall appear in a future treatise of mine, *de numeris sacris, et eorundem originibus*.\* Of the five kinds of private hobbies, to wit: the northern European, or of friendship; the southern European, or of suspicions; the English proper, or of cash; the Arabian, or of phantasies; and the scholastic, or of notions; of these five Mr. Yorick adopted two, namely the scholastic, and the southern European, riding them alternately during his waking hours, and I doubt not also in his sleep. His southern European beast steaded him chiefly in the morning. I remember it, a coal-black, cunning-faced pony, of the smallest and wickedest breed; as I learned, of a dam called Malice, by that fine pacing Arabian, Imagination; and though not consequently of a pure blood, yet with all the properties of the dam. The other, a slow-paced rattle-bone of a Rosinante, served at night among his folios, and though somewhat of a hard-bitted jade, was the milder animal by much. But my patron was equally at his ease on either; I never knew his like in the saddle.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### IRREGULAR.

I begin to perceive, by the character of my progress thus far, that this history is likely to turn out a very irregular piece. It is a fatality with me to write as I talk, and as the humorsits in this quarter or the other; be it a hot or a cold, a sweet, a sour, a bitter, a pungent, a testy, a snappish, a civil, a gross, a sentimental, a

rhetorical, or a pious humor—nay, be it merely as wise a fit as ever seized on Socrates or King Lear's fool; and in the concatenation of events, who knows what extraordinary moods may fall upon a man; especially if he be a bachelor turned of sixty, the very slave of whim, indeed a mere intellectual wanton in his

\* Forthcoming under the bibliopole auspices of the unexceptionable dull-pate, Sharp, and Sons; to whom, we take this happy occasion to remark, the community are indebted for the late great advances in morals and faith.

brains, as I am, the more's the pity. Be the humor, I say, what it will, I mean to indulge it; saving the respect I owe your Reverence, and yours most staid and lofty sir. Pray, sir, where did you buy that suit, it fits exceeding stiff. I would thrash my tailor dared he send me such a buckram affair; besides that the cut is foreign, the skirts narrow, the buttons brass, the thread coarse, and the stitching everywhere visible. Pray, sir, did not the tailor, with a plague, put off some second-hand German sack upon you? Send it back, as you love me, and buy a good old English broadcloth and make it up yourself, if you cannot find a better hand to do it for you than this same Frankfort fellow, with his double facings and wide stitches.

"Be the humor, I say, what it will, I mean to indulge it." Was not I born of an actress, an Italian, a piece of passionate prettiness, a woman utterly a woman? and was not my father a sullen English youth, on his travels, with his Oxford tutor, and his beer-guzzling groom? By what law shall I be judged, measured, or limited; in this or that pinfold, of this or that moralist, be he cleric or lay; I that came lawlessly and sourly into the world? Who shall twit me with the virtue of my father, or the discretion of my mother? Born a Catholic, educated a Protestant; indoctrinated by an irregular casuistry into the difficulties of all beliefs, and by no living mouth instructed in the holy mysteries of any; \* \* \* \* stuffed by heterogeneous reading in my youth with all manner of egotisms and philosophastric vanities; drawn now this way and now that by the idea strongest for the day; what Church can claim me? what priest can show title to my credence? None! To my Maker only and his truth am I accountable. The holy water sanctified not my birth; the State cast me out of her bosom; society disowned me; to none of these, then, am I answerable; to none am I bound! O miserable liberty! O wretched freedom! better had I never been born, than thus to hang about the door of favor, seizing upon a thankless fortune!

Liberty! did I say? With this am I brought again into the stream of my narrative, remembering, not without a pity for myself, that in Mr. Yorick's mansion, my liberty was indeed chiefly of the spiritual sort, by no means outwardly

apparent to others or to myself. By the effects of salutary hunger, solitude, and the whip, I began to conceive the possibility of a course of conduct strangely the reverse of what I had been indulged in; for as I had governed my mother by superior vehemence, my master now governed me by superior contempt; an inexplicable mystery to my childish pride. Why did I not resist? Why did I obey him with such a shameful alacrity? Why did I, who carried all points by flying into pretty little rages with mamma, striking my face, and tearing my glossy curls, upon the least thwarting or contradiction, endure now the harshest slavery without a murmur or a sigh?

My master was at that time beyond the middle age, and of an invincible settled temper. His constant intercourse with books, assisted by a good memory and a surprising talent of words, made him an inveterate though not a disagreeable talker; but no mortal ever remembered a word of what they heard him utter, in his diffuse and intricate way; though 'tis not extravagant to say, that a fair octavo would not contain his sayings for the week. Whatever he felt, or heard, or meditated, it was his pleasure copiously to express, without regard of persons, time or place. A dissertation on colic obstructions fell as happily, and as moderately, and in as measured a manner, from his lips, at a dinner as at an autopsy; among his clerical friends, he pretended doubts of the authenticity of scripture, venturing time-worn arguments against miracles and the real presence. To his housekeeper he unfolded the mystery of his law-suits, courteously overpassing her somnolent slips of attention. Me he stuffed with a kind of wisdom gathered out of such rakish holy books as go soon out of print; by way of hardening my soul against the evil nature, and farther to purge and purify me, he poured interminable streams of casuistry through my ears, such as might have kept a Jesuit awake a century. To fortify and solace my spirits, he saturated my tender fancy with visions of the place of the damned; unfolding the polity of Hades, and painting with a horrid calmness the terrors of condemned souls; for which good deeds, it may be, he is even now receiving his reward in kind.

## CHAPTER IX.

## TOUCHING EDUCATION.

I am of opinion that education is a bringing or leading out of whatever faculty may already be implanted in us by nature. I opine that all, and several, the kinds and degrees of ability are heaven-sent, or, as we say, given by nature. From my mother's nature, I received a taste, if not a genius, for the art-musical; from my father's, as I think, a natural independency and freedom of mind. My good master, entertaining views of the subject of education very nearly the reverse of mine, no sooner detected these traits in me, than he resolved to suppress them; and the more perfectly to accomplish this, set himself diligently to educating such of my parts as nature had left deficient. I was accordingly forbidden whatever I asked for, and kept from what I intended. I was forbidden to practice, or even to hear music; but because nature cursed me with a plantigrade walk, and a stammering elocution, I was put through a daily lesson of dancing and declamation, to my utter sorrow and confusion.

There happened to live in our vicinity a barber; a fat, pleasant little round man, Mr. Flusky, of Irish birth and French education. In Mr. Flusky's company my good master took an especial delight, both for his natural and acquired parts, which were many and remarkable. This good man, though short of stature, had a singularly smooth and reverential address. He professed himself a royalist and a high churchman. My patron, too, held the same opinions, but from what different principles!

To enter deeply into the real cause of the friendship between these persons, it is necessary to know or believe in a certain principle of human nature, which I hold universally valid, that all friendships rest upon a similarity of aims, with a difference of principles. Observe, sir, how you are secretly bound to your fellow-traveler, by the knowledge that he is going to the same distant land with yourself; though his purpose, in going thither, be a matter of which you make no inquiry. He is younger than you, of a different complexion, stature, condition; you never saw him before in your life—yet, I question not, a secret regard, though in its degree almost insensibly

small, is already sprung up between you. Or consider, my good madam, the unspeakable differences of nature and character, between yourself and your thrice-honored husband; yet so perfect your love for him—so exquisite the sentiment of your harmony! What is the reason of it? Plainly, your purposes, your aims, are alike—your treasures lie in the same heaven—or Paradise, wherever that may be—I know not where, for I was never married.

The friendship between my patron-father and the barber, began on the first day of my induction to Yorick mansion, and continued unabated while I remained under the discipline of that venerable roof. It rested altogether upon a similarity of opinion, and a difference of sentiment, in regard to my education. The barber would have me educated in one fashion; my patron, in another. Both agreed as to the end, but differed as to the means.

“It was a cold evening of November, when my mother, leading, or rather holding me by the hand, ascended the steps that led to the door of Mr. Yorick's house. While we stood shivering upon the platform, the wind howled dismally along the narrow street; the shutters of the opposite houses rattled and tugged at their fastenings, as if longing to join the general flight of light rubbish and city-dust, that swept invisible along upon the dry blast, felt only by the half-choked watchman turning on his round, or by us shivering supplicants, waiting the slow movements of the humorous old housekeeper, till it should please her to open the street-door.” Plainly, it was a windy November night when my mother took me to Mr. Yorick's, and being neither of us suitably clothed, we suffered some inconvenience from the cold and dust.

If the reader is curious to know why I spoiled that bit of a description, by stripping naked in such a rude fashion, he may know I did it for a pretence to let him into a secret of my literary history; which shall now appear. The great Racine used to write out his tragedies in plain prose before he versified them. When he had one fairly written out in this naked style, he would say,

Now my tragedy is finished. His judgment made sure of the subject, before his fancy painted it out; as nature shapes a female body before the milliner adorns it.

I, on the contrary, having a natural horror of imitation, do the direct contrary of that great example, for it first occurs to me to dress out a score of magnificent sentences to the due length of a chapter, and then, stripping away the ornaments, observe what there is left. These *capita mortua* make up the body

of my works; the ornamental parts I leave to appear posthumously, or be suppressed, at the discretion of my heirs.

Was not this, my dear madam, the method of your induction to the world? Were you not loaded with ornaments in your youth, with little regard to the substance? and are you not now a gross remainder, a mere residuum; your ornaments rubbed off, and nothing left but the stuff nature gave at the outset? Or have you totally vanished into froth, and nothing solid ever there?

[To be continued.]

## THE BRITISH HISTORY OF GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH.

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

THIS curious old book, long received as true history, and defended as such by some writers even as late as the time of Henry VIII., is among the many made accessible to the common reader by the late system of universal reprint. We are not sure that we have an altogether friendly feeling toward these reprints, stripping as they do the soft delusive veil from time-honored chronicles, and forcing into open day, and subjecting to critical line and plummet, things which look best in twilight—bidding

“The wild illusions fly  
Which fancy had conceived,  
Abetted by an anxious eye  
That longed to be deceived.  
It was a fond deception all,  
Such as in solitary hall  
Beguiles the musing eye,  
When, gazing on the sinking fire,  
Bulwark and battlement and spire  
In the red gulf we spy.”

But we love such illusions. We envy those who believed in the whole line of British kings, from king Brute down to Cadwallader, and doubted not that London was founded when Eli the priest governed in Judea, and the ark of the covenant fell into the hands of the Philistines.

But the reprint tells us that the whole series of British monarchs, from Brutus downward, is a tissue of fables. Not only are we forbidden to credit the pretty story of Diana's sending Brutus to Britain after he had offered sacrifices at her desolate altar, “holding before it a conse-

crated vessel filled with wine and the blood of a white hart,” but even the well-authenticated (for is not the city still there?) recital of the building of Bath by Bladud, (contemporary with the prophet Elias,) who attempted to fly to the upper air with wings which he had himself constructed by magical art, but unfortunately fell down upon the Temple of Apollo, in the city of Irinovantum, (now London,) and was dashed to pieces. The story of King *Leir*, too, though true beyond doubt, since we find it in Shakspeare, is among those on which a shade of discredit is thrown by these unpleasant meddlers with pleasant antiquity; and Merlin, honored as a magician by Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Tennyson—not to mention seers of lesser note—is thus set down for a vulgar conjurer,

“With his hair on end  
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.”

But not to find further fault with Messieurs the Translators, without whose help we, at least, could not have read with our bodily eyes the Chronicles, done into good Latin out of unintelligible ancient British, by Geoffrey of Monmouth, let us inquire something as to the identity of Geoffrey himself. He is said to have been “a man profoundly versed in the history and antiquities of Britain, excellently skilled in the British tongue, and withal (considering the time) an elegant writer both in verse and prose.” He lived in the time of Henry I., and dedicates his Latin ver-

sion to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, son of that monarch. The book was an ancient book, and a great curiosity, even at that day, and was brought by Walter Mapes from Armorica, where he found it, bearing marks of great antiquity. The fabulous stories said to abound in it are not to be ascribed to the first translator, who everywhere disclaims any attempt to do more than render the original in a homely style, never having made fine language his study, "by collecting florid expressions from other authors;" which disclaimer we take to be a touch of satire in the old gentleman. He was first, Archdeacon of Monmouth, and then Bishop of St. Asaph; and, by trying to hold, in addition to these two preferments, that of the Abbacy of Abingdon, he lost all. He is a very modest person, if we may judge by his prefatory letter to Robert of Gloucester, in which he says: "This work humbly sues for the favor of being so corrected by your advice, that it may not be thought to be the poor offspring of Geoffrey of Monmouth, but, when polished by your refined wit and judgment, the production of him who had Henry, the glorious King of England, for his father," &c.

This history, though much esteemed as such in more credulous days, is in our sceptical time prized chiefly as having been, says the last editor, "to our early dramatic poets what the ill-fated House of Œdipus was to the tragic writers of ancient Greece," viz., the source whence many of them drew their materials. In the very first chapter we find the prototype of a passage in Drayton's *Polyolbion*: "Britain, the best of islands, is situated in the western ocean, between France and Ireland. It produces everything that is useful to man, with a plenty that never fails. It abounds with all kinds of metals, and has plains of large extent, and hills fit for the finest tillage, the richness of whose soil affords variety of fruits, in their proper seasons. \* \* \* It is also well watered with lakes and rivers, abounding with fish," &c., &c.

A few pages further on we find the origin of one of Milton's allusions—

"Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death."

Geoffrey tells us that Guendolæna—a jealous wife—"commanded Estrildis and her daughter Sabren, to be thrown into the river now called the Severn, and

published an edict throughout all Britain, that the river should bear the damsel's name, hoping by this to perpetuate the infamy of her husband. So the river is called to this day, in the British tongue, *Sabren*, which is, in another language, *Sabrina*."

And thus Milton enshrines the story in words of pearl and dropping amber:

"There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,  
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream;  
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;  
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,  
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.  
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit  
Of her enraged step-dame, Guendolen,  
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.  
The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,  
Held up their pearléd wrists and took her in;  
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall," &c., &c.

In the eleventh and four following chapters, we have the story of Lear, though with considerable differences. Shakspeare is said, by Mr. Capell, to have taken his from a wretched play of his time, second-hand only from the chronicles; the essentials are, however, the same.

The sixteenth chapter gives the catastrophe of Ferrex and Porrex, used in Lord Buckhurst's tragedy of *Gorboduc*. Porrex having slain his brother, is killed by his mother—stabbed in bed, says the poet; but the chronicle has it, torn to pieces, with the assistance of the queen's women.

Then we come to *Cymbeline*, or "*Kymbelinus*," and his two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus; but no word of fairest Imogen or desperate Posthumus. Shakspeare is said to have got his story from a translation or imitation of Boccaccio.

Not to be tedious in particularizing, we will only mention one instance more of a name made famous in later years, which finds something like a prototype in Geoffrey's chronicle. The Lady Rowena, daughter of Hengist, comes out



of her chamber to salute King Vortigern,\* bearing a golden cup of wine—saying, “*Loverd king wacht heil !*” But far from possessing the purity of our Rowena, this proved a wicked one, poisoning her step-son Vortimer, without mercy; and resembling the fair dame of Ivanhoe in nothing but her name, her beauty, and her Saxon tongue.

We have not a syllable of the Druids, but a story of Stonehenge, which states that Aurelius Ambrosius, the successor of Vortigern, thinking something ought to be done to perpetuate the memory of the patriots who had been slain on Salisbury plain, (then Kaercaradoc,) applied to Merlin the prophet, who advised him to send to Ireland for the “Giants’ dance,” which was in Killaurus; saying, this dance was composed of immense stones, of a mystical value and medicinal virtues, brought from Africa by the giants of old. Merlin was employed to effect the transportation of this wonderful structure; an errand which he accomplished by the use of certain engines, (not described, but we may suppose them similar to those since used in the removal of the obelisk of Luxor by the French,) after a bloody battle with the natives, who cared more for their ancient monument than do the degenerate Orientals.

This same Aurelius is described as “magnificent in his presents, constant at his devotions, temperate in all respects, and above all things hating a lie.” A description which shows that the original author knew well what goes to the making of a hero. We are told accordingly, that “there was none that durst encounter with him.”

An odd instance of generosity is given, with a hint of the politics of the time. Arthgallo, coming to the throne, endeavored to depress the nobility, and *advance the baser sort of people*. But the nobility deposed him, and made his brother Elidure king in his stead, afterwards surnamed the *pious*, on account of his kindness to the exiled king. After five years’ reign, Elidure, watching his opportunity, secretly conveyed Arthgallo to his own bed-chamber, at the same time giving out that he himself was very ill. The first nobility coming to visit him on this account, he gave orders that they should come into his chamber one by

one, softly and without noise. In obedience to this command they entered his house singly. But Elidure had given charge to his servants, who were placed ready for the purpose, to take each of them as they entered, *and cut off their heads*, unless they would again submit themselves to Arthgallo. This (gentle) method having succeeded, Elidure recrowned his brother with his own hands, and for his extraordinary affection obtained the surname of the Pious. The story finishes appropriately with the assurance that Arthgallo made amends for his former maladministration, “by depressing men of the baser sort, and advancing *men of good birth*.”

King Arthur figures as a hero, but with only a warlike interest about him. We hear no word of his Round Table, or of his knights of high emprise. Queen Guenever seasons not the page with her jealousies, but merely plays the woman by marrying a nephew when Arthur is long absent; and she is called Queen Ganhumara, so does not seem like an old acquaintance. Arthur tells wonderful stories of some lakes or ponds in Britain, and in particular, we learn, that our well-beloved Loch Lomond, which we have always thought of as mirroring the blue heavens most unpretendingly, is, in fact, a phenomenon, containing sixty islands, and receiving into its bosom sixty rivers, which empty themselves into the sea by no more than one mouth. There is also an equal number of rocks in the islands, and of eagles’ nests in those rocks. And a neighboring pond (Katrine perhaps), is exactly twenty feet square, and five feet deep, having in the four corners four different kinds of fishes, none of which ever stray into any other part of the pond. And these two are only specimens of the wonderful lakes and ponds treated of in this history.

The speeches, whether of exhortation, defiance, complaint, or submission, are all given with Phitarchian accuracy, and the conclusion we draw from them is, that the eloquence of antiquity, though of a swelling and a flowery tone, was far less wordy than that of our own day. In Merlin’s prophecy we find many dark sayings, and among the rest, these: “Women shall become serpents in their gait, and all their motions shall be full

\* The same of whom a poet (not Irish) said—

A painted vest King Vortigern had on,  
Which from a *naked* Pict his grandsire won.

of pride. The frizzled shall put on various fleeces, and the outward habit denote the inward parts." Can this have any allusion to the swimming motion and the India shawls of the present time?

The fact that London was founded by King Lud, will account for our cockney

neighbors always saying "My Lud," to their nobility. Many pieces of explanatory history, equally valuable with this, may be picked out of this chronicle of old. We have only attempted the office of the Indicator.

## SKETCH OF THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND INFLUENCE OF THE USEFUL ARTS.

It would exceed our allotted space to attempt a full history of the origin and progress of the arts, as they gradually develope themselves in the remote ages of the world, or to trace in detail their progress from Egypt, the great mother of them all, their introduction into Phœnicia and Greece, and to show how Rome the great mistress of the world, carried many of them to a very high degree of perfection, and through her great conquests, engendered a taste for them, and spread them wherever her conquering eagle winged its flight, and her victorious legions gave laws to mankind.

No doubt exists that textile manufactures were in the earliest ages carried to great perfection. Homer tells us, that patterns of the most splendid figures and of the finest tissues, were woven by queens and courtly dames. In the sixth book of the Iliad, Hector thus deploras the future lot anticipated for his sovereign spouse:

"Thy woes, Andromache, thy grief I dread,  
I see thee trembling, weeping captive led,  
In Argive looms our battles to design,  
And woes of which so large a part was  
thine."

And again, when she received the fatal news of Hector's death, she was thus employed.

"Far in the close recesses of the dome,  
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom;  
A gloomy work employed her secret hours  
Confusedly gay, with intermingling flow-  
ers."

Theocritus, too, in his nineteenth Idyl, celebrates the skill of Helen thus:

"So Helen's beauties bright encomiums  
claim,  
And beam forth honor on the Spartan  
name;  
What nymph can rival Helen at the loom,  
And make fair art like living nature  
bloom?"

The blended tints in sweet proportion  
joined,  
Express the soft ideas of her mind."

Both Horace and Virgil have celebrated the fine woolen cloths of Miletus, which were held in high esteem by the Roman ladies. But, as we have said, both sacred and profane history bear ample testimony to the rise and progress of the arts.

The art of making woolen cloth was well known to the Romans, and many authors believe they were also acquainted with cotton, and manufactured it into many articles of clothing for their armies and people.

Pliny informs us that Niceas of Megara first discovered the art of fulling woolen cloth, which up to his time had been made by the process of felting, probably derived from the Arabs, whose tents to this day are covered with that material.

When the Romans first visited Gaul and Britain they found their inhabitants clothed with the skins of animals. The knowledge of the arts, such as then existed in Europe, was confined to the narrow limits of the Mediterranean. Within those limits civilization had greatly advanced, while all Europe, beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, remained in abject barbarism.

It is not certain that any textile manufactures were made in England before the sixth century, for though Cæsar mentions that the distant and less civilized Britons were clothed in the skins of animals, and thus leaves an inference that some of them were otherwise clad, he nowhere states such a fact.

We have no positive accounts of the manufacture of woolen cloths having taken place in Europe to any extent until the tenth century, when it commenced in Flanders; but it did not reach England

till the twelfth, where it was then carried by a number of Flemings, who were obliged to quit their own country from an encroachment of the sea in the year eleven hundred and eleven, and settled themselves in some of the northern counties of England.

But it was not until several centuries afterwards that the woolen manufactures reached any degree of perfection in England, and it is a well authenticated fact that up to the year 1667 all woolen cloth was made white in England and sent to Holland to be dyed.

We learn from Voltaire, in his general history of Europe, that in the fourteenth century, France was so exhausted she could not make payment of the first installment for the ransom of her king, John, which was six hundred thousand crowns, so that they were obliged to recall the banished Jews, and sell them the privileges of living and trading in France. The king himself was reduced to the alternative of paying for the necessities of his household in leather money, in which there was a little nail of silver. The "*Annales Flandres*" and many other histories give a melancholy account of France at this period. Much of its land lay uncultivated and overgrown with briars and thorns, infested by wild beasts, and its people reduced to poverty and desolation, while, by way of contrast, Flanders and Brabant, from their internal industry, and more particularly, from the great comparative extent of the woolen manufacture, of which they exported largely, abounded in riches and plenty, and all kinds of merchandise, under the liberal patronage of Philip, styled the good Duke of Burgundy. Their cities were magnificent, their towns and villages wealthy, their houses well supplied with good furniture, and, in short, their whole people enjoyed plenty and abundance.

History is replete with records of the truth that men remained sunk in ignorance, vice, and barbarism, just in the same proportion as the useful arts were neglected. As man began to be better clothed, and as the blessings of industry began to be disseminated, he became more civilized; and as the arts commenced to be extended and his labor became more valuable, his physical wants being better supplied, and his comforts secured, his attention was more and more turned to the bettering of his moral condition.

Gradually he began to inquire into his political rights, and though the advances

made in political science were very slow, no doubt exists that some of the most important movements made in that all-engrossing theme of modern times, commenced and kept pace with the advancement of the useful arts.

The prosecution of manufactures, even before the modern improvements in machinery, created a surplus beyond the consumption of the respective countries in which they were produced, and thus commerce first permanently commenced, flourished, and extended itself among those people, who had some one or more articles of manufacture to dispose of to other nations.

Simply for a moment reverting to the trade carried on by the ancients—the Egyptians and the Phœnicians—as arising from the dissemination throughout the Mediterranean of the treasures of Arabia, Ethiopia, and India, among which were the finest tissues of wool, we may recollect the account given in the sacred record that Solomon and David fitted out ships to Tarshish and Ophir, and brought gold and rich merchandise to add to their wealth and splendor.

The textile fabrics of the Sidonians, and the purple cloths of the Tyrians were celebrated from the earliest antiquity. We come now to more modern times. The commerce of the much celebrated republics of Venice and Genoa, and afterwards of the Hanse towns, consisted in a great degree of the manufacturers of that period. But in this rapid sketch let us pass on to that commerce of which we have the most authentic history—history, which does not admit of a doubt, and let us inquire where did that commerce take up its permanent abode, and how has it exerted its mighty influence for the civilization of man?

Great as was the wealth and power of those eastern countries of whose magnificence we have such splendid records—what and where are they now?

Where is imperial Rome? Where Venice, Pisa, Genoa? Where are Lubeck, Rostock, Wismar, and the rest of the one hundred Hanseatic cities; once the rulers of the destinies of mankind? Where are Spain and Portugal, the discoverers of the passage to India, by the Cape of Good Hope, and of the Western World? The answer is plain—their prosperity and glory have departed because they had no stable foundation in a domestic industry.

What was Great Britain; but a few cen-

turies since? Let her own historians answer. According to Anderson's history of commerce, in the year 1260, a society of English merchants had privileges granted to them in the Netherlands, by John, Duke of Brabant, whither they carried English wool, lead and tin, taking in return, woollen cloths, linen and other manufactures, and the amount of this commerce is stated to have been in the 28th year of the reign of Edward III., in exports, but £294,184 17 2; and in imports £38,970 3 6. Sir William Temple remarks upon this:—"That when England had but a very small commerce, she was rich in proportion to her neighbors by selling so much more than she bought." At this period, observes the historian, "the materials of commerce were increasing by the improvement of manufactures in various parts of Europe—the discoveries of the Portuguese on the coast of Africa, excited a more enterprising spirit, and led in 1497 to the passage of the Cape of Good Hope, thus accomplishing the first maritime voyage to India."

This discovery made a great sensation throughout the commercial world, and had been preceded by another destined to be of much greater importance, namely, the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492.

Great and important as was this last discovery, and destined, as it has since proved, to exercise a mighty influence upon the whole human race, a long time was suffered to elapse before any measures were taken to settle it by Europeans; for it was not until 1530, that the Spaniards landed in Peru, nor did the English attempt any settlement in America till 1607, when a colony was commenced in what was called Virginia, but which included a much greater extent of territory than the member of our Union bearing that name. From this period we must date the first entrance of the Anglo-Saxon race into the Western World. The seventeenth century had therefore commenced, before the slightest foundation was laid for the immense empire, which now contains twenty millions of souls, whose pride it is to boast that they are citizens of the United States.

We cannot afford space to go fully into the policy which governed England with regard to her colonies in America, which soon began to receive large additions, and to rise into considerable importance. A colony had been planted at

Plymouth, in Massachusetts, in 1620, and in a very few years the whole district of country, comprising the original thirteen States of this Union owed its colonial allegiance to Great Britain.

By this time the mother country had turned its attention to manufactures; and a determination was formed to monopolize them as much as possible, and to render the whole world tributary to building them up and sustaining them. The experience which England had acquired, she was determined to preserve to herself, and with this view, she had enacted the most prohibitory laws against all other European nations: statute after statute was passed to favor British manufactures, and to preserve her home-market to those of her own fabrication.

This system she was not content to limit to Europe, but was determined to extend it to her colonies, to keep also their market exclusively to herself, and to prevent them, under the heaviest penalties, from attempting even the manufacture of a "hob-nail" within her limits. Accordingly, in 1763 it was perceived there was a danger that the manufacture of hats might be supplied by one colony to another, and it was accordingly enacted by Parliament, that no hats or felts in any of the plantations should be exported from any one of them; nor should be laden on any horse, cart, or other carriage with that intent, under forfeiture thereof, and of five hundred pounds for any such offence. In 1711 it had been enacted that persons should not cut down any tree in any British province in America, of the growth of 24 inches diameter, without the Queen's license was first granted, under the penalty of one hundred pounds.

In 1721 an act was passed prohibiting the wearing of any printed Indian calicoes in Great Britain; and for the encouragement of buttons of silk and mohair, an act was passed prohibiting buttons or button-holes from being made of any other materials.

In 1722 it was also enacted, that no copper ore should be shipped from America to any other foreign port, without being first landed in Great Britain.

An account of the colonies, published in London in 1731, has the following summary. In writing of New-England the author says:

"From thence also, as from all other continental colonies, we receive all the gold they can spare, none of which ever



returns to them, for we give them in exchange all manner of wearing apparel, woolens, cast-iron, and linen manufactures ;” and the author’s conclusion is, that England gains one million of pounds sterling annually by this traffic, and that by the aid of the colonies alone she maintained at least eighteen thousand seamen in the fisheries.

In 1732 a company had been formed for the settlement of Georgia, and a report was made to Parliament by said company in which are found these characteristic sentences: “This report is intended to set forth any laws made, manufactures set up, or trade carried on in the colonies, detrimental to the trade, navigation, or manufactures of Great Britain;” and again, “It were to be wished that some expedient might be fallen upon to divert their thoughts from undertakings of this nature, so much the rather, because those manufactures in process of time may be carried on to a great degree unless an early stop be put to their progress;” and the report goes on to state “that it was thought right from time to time to send general questions to the several governors in America, that we may be more exactly informed of the condition of said plantations, among which were several that related to their trade and manufactures, that they might not interfere with those of the mother country.” Accordingly, they sent such questions to New-York, New-Jersey, New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, and the several answers from the governors are given.

In 1745 a law was passed that it should not be lawful for any person to wear any cambric or French lawn in England.

In 1759 an act was passed to prevent British subjects in the Levant from shipping any French woolen goods within the limits of the Turkey or Levant Company. Nor could any cloths be imported within these limits, except they were accompanied by a sworn certificate that they were of the manufacture of Great Britain.

Thus was the whole policy of England exclusively to foster and protect her own manufactures and trade, and more especially to restrict the colonies by every means in her power from attempting every species of manufacture.

But there is a point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and that point was at last reached by the passage of the stamp act and the tax upon tea.

We have thus seen in what a state of bondage were the energies of this people while they remained colonies of Great Britain. Their pursuits were limited, their inventive powers were smothered, their skill was undeveloped, their industry was paralyzed. They felt, nevertheless, that stirring within them which emboldened them to pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors, in a doubtful contest, that they might rid themselves of these shackles, and assume self-government. It was to exercise the right of thinking and acting for themselves that they had sought an asylum in the western world—they had known and felt that men, under the monarchical governments of Europe, were neither permitted to enjoy their civil nor their religious rights; the principle, therefore, that lay deepest in their minds, was to raise themselves in the rank of nations, to secure to them the right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, and to establish an equality of human rights.

They had proclaimed to the world the new and then startling doctrine that men were capable of self government, and had proved that the energies of a dauntless people, determined on the establishment of human rights, could place them on a broad and indestructible foundation. By a sad experience they had been taught that as colonies they were kept in a state of vassalage to their trans-Atlantic masters, restricted in their home pursuits, their commerce confined within narrow limits, and every vexatious system adopted to make their labor subservient to the growth and splendor of the mother country.

Had a liberal policy been pursued by Great Britain; had its skill and capital been at that time sent to this country to be employed freely in any and every way most advantageous to the colonies; had a common cause been then made, it was then the time, when living under the same laws, and acted upon by the same feelings, England should have adopted a liberal policy; and had she so acted, it may be well questioned what would have been our condition at this period—but upon that it is useless to speculate. In the mysterious wisdom of Providence it has been ordered otherwise, and these homes of a free nation were established.

Let us now take a short review of the occurrences which immediately followed the government which was first organized, and its entire failure—the adoption



of our present constitution, and the action under it.

Our ancestors having proved by their valor that they were worthy of a free government, and having for ever severed the political connection with England, the peace of 1783 acknowledged their rights, and established for the colonies, complete political independence of the mother country. Has a social and economical independence been equally established?

Let us revert for a moment to some of our experience, and see what always have been, and always will be, the effects of placing ourselves at the mercy of foreign legislation, by withdrawing the shield of protection from American labor.

We take the ground of protection to American labor of all and every kind. We assume that the low price of labor in Europe is one of its greatest social evils, and one against which our institutions were intended to guard the whole population of the country. We propose, therefore, to show in the sequel, that this attempt was a total failure under the confederation—that this failure created the necessity for the Constitution, and was the cause of its adoption. Nay, we propose to go much further, and to show, that until our labor was properly protected, the *permanent* prosperity of the country was not secured. The advantages of our neutral position during the wars incident to the French Revolution, however great they may have proved, grew out of that neutrality, and at the general peace in 1815 we were a second time plunged into great ruin, from which nothing extricated us but the protection from time to time given to the labor of the country.

But to our experience! At the close of the war of the Revolution, we were governed by the Articles of Confederation. We then had what is falsely called Free Trade in the fullest operation. Our ports were open, with scarcely any duties, to the vessels and merchandise of all nations. In Pennsylvania the duties were two and a half per cent.; but these were nugatory, for Burlington, New-Jersey, was a free port, and large portions of goods were there entered and clandestinely carried across the Delaware into Pennsylvania. From almost all nations of Europe large shipments were made to this country, and we were inundated with foreign goods. We made literally nothing for ourselves, and thus industry of every kind was paralyzed; every species

of goods could be purchased at a price much cheaper than they could be made here, and the system of our would-be wise political economists was in full operation.

Such of our citizens as had previously embarked in any kind of manufactures, were reduced to bankruptcy and ruin. Our workmen skilled in the arts were consigned to idleness and its long train of disastrous consequences. Real property ceased to be of much value. Rents fell to almost nothing. Nor did those who embarked in mercantile pursuits share a better fate; for the people being idle could not pay for the goods purchased, and consequently most of the merchants failed. Let us appeal to a few sketches of that eventful period, taken from the pages of some of our historians who have left it faithfully described, to prove to us a useful and instructive lesson. Dr. Hugh Wilkinson gives the following statement: "In every part of these States the scarcity of money has become a common subject of complaint. This does not seem to be an imaginary complaint, like that of hard times, of which men have complained in all ages of the world. The misfortune is general, and in many cases is severely felt. The scarcity of money has become so great, and the difficulty of paying debts has become so common, that riots and combinations have been formed in many places, and the operations of civil government have been suspended. Goods were imported to a much greater amount than could be paid for."

In Minot's history of the insurrection in Massachusetts, we have the following: "Thus, from the cessation of labor, was the usual means of remittance by articles the growth of the country cut off, and little else than specie remained to answer the demands incurred by importations. The scarcity of specie arising from this cause was attended with evident effects. It checked commercial intercourse throughout the community, and furnished reluctant debtors with an apology for withholding their dues, both from individuals and the public. On opening our ports, an immense quantity of foreign merchandise was introduced into the country, and people were tempted by the sudden cheapness of imported goods, and by their own wants, to purchase beyond their capacity to pay. Into this indiscretion they were in some measure beguiled by their own sanguine calculations

of the value which a "free trade" would bestow on the value of their soil, and by a reliance on those evidences of a public debt which were in the hands of most of them. So extravagantly did many estimate the temptation which equal liberty and vacant lands would hold out to emigrants from the Old World, as to entertain the opinion that Europe was about to empty itself into America.

"The bonds of men," (says Mr. Ramsay of South Carolina,) "whose competence to pay their debts was unquestionable, could not be negotiated at a less discount than thirty, forty, and even fifty per cent. Real property was scarcely vendible, and sales of any article for ready money could be made, only at a ruinous loss. The prospects of extricating the country from these embarrassments were by no means flattering; while everything else fluctuated, some of the causes which produced this calamitous state of things were permanent. The hope and fear still remained, that the debtor party would obtain the victory at the elections; and instead of making the effort to obtain relief by industry and economy, many rested all their hopes on legislative interference. The mass of national labor and national wealth was consequently diminished. Property, when brought to execution, sold at so low a price as frequently ruined the debtor, without paying the creditor.

"A disposition to resist the laws became common; assemblies were called oftener and earlier than the constitution and laws required. Laws were passed by which property of every kind was made a legal tender in the payment of debts, though payable according to contract in gold and silver. Other laws installed debts, so that of sums already due, only one-third, and afterwards one-fifth, was annually recoverable in the courts of law."

"Silver and gold," says Belknap, in his history of New-Hampshire, "which had circulated largely in the latter years of the war, were returning by the usual course of trade to those countries whence large quantities of necessary and unnecessary commodities had been imported."

Such was the state of things under the confederation, and while the people were thus writhing under so many complicated evils, it is not to be wondered at that every species of ill-advised remedy should be brought forward. Accordingly, we find that large emissions of paper money made legal tenders, and suspen-

sions of the operations of courts of justice for the collection of debts were all resorted to, but they only served to embarrass and create more and new difficulties. In Massachusetts the suffering and distress was greater than in any other State. Riotous assemblages of the people were common, and the proceedings of the courts of justice, according to Chief-Justice Marshall, were impeded, until it finally ended in open insurrection under Shays, a Revolutionary officer, which was crushed by the energy of Governor Bodouin and his council, and the decision of Generals Lincoln and Sheppard.

At this agonizing period, the minds of all thinking men felt the total inefficiency of the confederation, and with one accord hailed the Constitution as the only remedy. Accordingly, in 1789, that invaluable blessing was given to our distressed and distracted country, and its magical effects soon proved the consummate skill and wisdom of its framers; for no sooner was it adopted than confidence was restored, the industry of the whole people was soon put in requisition, and a new career was opened to our citizens. Scarcely, however, had time been given to shape any course arising from the renewed vigor imparted to the people, by the national character which had been given to the government, when the breaking out of the French Revolution at once gave it a new impulse.

Before proceeding rapidly to trace the course thus given to American capital and labor, there is one fact to record here, which is of the first importance, and that is, that no sooner had the first Congress assembled under the Constitution, than they commenced to execute the power given to them to legislate for the general welfare, by passing an act which has this decisive preamble:

"Whereas, it is necessary for the support of government and the encouragement and protection of manufactures, that duties be laid on foreign goods and merchandise," &c., &c. Filled as was this first Congress by the sages of the Revolution, the men who had planned the glorious Constitution, then first about to direct their action under it; men who had, in the cabinet and the field, evinced a high and holy devotion to the great cause of human liberty, of which but few of the would-be patriots of the present day can form a just estimate, this decisive and explicit avowal not only of their power, but of their solemn act, to protect American inter-

ests—this indubitably settles beyond all cavil or dispute, the great duty imposed upon members of Congress to sustain the Constitution in that provision of it which was here recognized and acted upon. But as if those great men were determined to show what was their view of the causes which led to consolidating the confederacy into one government with ample powers to secure the general welfare, very soon after the passing the revenue act above referred to, a law was enacted granting a bounty to vessels engaged in the fishing trade.

Let us now return to the effects of the breaking out of the French Revolution. That extraordinary event, and the wars to which it gave rise, embodied such immense armies, and took from the peaceful cultivation of the soil, all over continental Europe, such a vast proportion of those whose labor had been devoted to it, that the staff of life was soon so much diminished as to require a resort to its importation from abroad. A large portion of Europe could no longer feed its population; hence the cultivation of the fertile fields of the United States, and the transmission of the farinaceous productions to the great theatre of European warfare, became the most profitable employment in which the American people could be engaged. Nor was this the only result that followed the mighty struggle which for so many years deluged Europe in blood, and produced the most vindictive maritime warfare of which history bears any record. The great maritime supremacy of England soon annihilated the commercial marine of the continental nations embodied in these wars, and for a series of years the whole carrying trade of the world fell into our hands.

These new circumstances in the commercial world soon produced their effects, and turned the attention of our people rather to supply Europe with food than to furnish themselves with clothing. They were content to enrich themselves by agriculture and commerce, and to receive all articles of manufacture from Europe in return for the supplies furnished by them to the belligerents, and the freights they received in transmitting them across the Atlantic, as well as those received from delivering in the mother countries the rich treasures of their East and West India colonies.

But this was an unnatural state of things which could not always last, nor

while it continued could it fail to excite the jealousy of the belligerents; accordingly, two thousand two hundred American vessels were captured between the breaking out of the French Revolution and the year 1812. Fifteen hundred of these vessels were condemned, and thus were our citizens wrongfully deprived of one hundred millions of dollars at a moderate calculation.

The aggressions of the British in impressing our seamen and unlawfully seizing and condemning our vessels, for the breach of paper blockades, led to the declaration of the war of 1812.

A mighty and sudden change was now to take place in the objects to which American effort was to be directed—and necessity, that inevitable law to which all must submit, soon produced the most miraculous results. Deprived of the accustomed supplies of all articles for clothing and domestic use, shut out from a large portion of our own proper and legitimate commerce, the energies of the American people were soon turned to the spindle and the loom. Our mines became opened and explored, the sound of the hammer and the hum of industry, which for years had been silent, now imparted their cheerful stimulus in every direction, and marvelous was the progress that was made. The true spirit of 1776 had revived; our navy bore itself gallantly on the ocean, and on the great inland seas, dividing the hostile territories; and our armies proved, notwithstanding some early mismanagement, that our valor had not degenerated, and the plains of Chippewa, the battles of Plattsburg, Northpoint, and New-Orleans, taught the hardy veterans of Europe that it was no child's play to deal with the descendants of their former conquerors.

But alas! what were the lessons taught us by the second war for our independence, and how have they been regarded? What sufferings were not our brave soldiers called upon to experience, for the want of comfortable clothing?

Such was the situation of the commissariat department, that a state of suffering almost equivalent to that of our revolutionary armies, was often submitted to in the early part of the war. Indeed, all through the struggle there was a great deficiency of comfortable clothing for the troops, and as to the prices paid by the community, they imposed a heavier tax in amount to the consumer during

the three years of the war than has been paid in all the supposed taxation for the sustainment of American industry.

There had been some effort made in 1816, by the establishment of minimum duties, to protect the manufactures of cotton and wool, but that effort had proved wholly ineffectual. Still it elicited discussion and a warm debate; and it is a fact never *to be forgotten* that some of the most able advocates of the true protective policy at that time, were from the southern portion of the Union, and among the most distinguished was the Hon. John C. Calhoun, then a member of the House of Representatives.

We ask particular attention to this debate and a few of the remarks of Mr. Calhoun on that occasion, because they establish one very important fact, namely, that the question of protection, was not then mooted, but was considered as fixed and permanent.

Mr. Calhoun said, "The debate heretofore on this subject, had been on the degree of protection which ought to be afforded to our cotton and woollen manufactures, all professing to be friendly to the infant establishments, and to be willing to extend to them adequate encouragement. The present motion (to strike out the minimums) assumes a new aspect. It is introduced professedly on the ground, that manufactures ought not to receive any encouragement; and will in the end leave our cotton establishments exposed to the competition of the cotton goods of the East Indies, which it is acknowledged on all sides, they are not capable of meeting with success. Till the debate assumed this new form, he had determined to be silent, participating as he largely did in that general anxiety which is felt, after so long and laborious a session, to return to the bosom of our families; but on a subject of such vital importance, touching, as it does, the security and permanent prosperity of our country, he hoped the House would indulge him in a few observations." It is not for the mere purpose of quoting Mr. Calhoun, that these, his remarks, are introduced; but the whole minimum system is now abolished, and resort is had to the very vicious system of *ad valorem* duties. Mr. Calhoun's remarks are directed to that measure and its effects; and as they so thoroughly agree with our own views, we propose somewhat further to state them, and then by facts which have transpired since the speech was made, to prove it to

be incontrovertible. Mr. Calhoun goes on to state, that "neither agriculture, manufactures, nor commerce, taken separately, is the cause of national wealth; it flows from the three combined, and cannot exist without each. Without commerce, industry would have no stimulus; without manufactures, it would be without the means of production; and without agriculture, neither of the others can subsist—when separated entirely and permanently, they perish. When our manufactures are grown to a certain perfection, as they soon will under the fostering care of the government, they will no longer experience those evils, (the ruin of the finances and the currency.) The farmer will find a ready market for his surplus produce, and what is of almost equal consequence, a certain and cheap supply of all his wants. His prosperity will diffuse itself to every class of the community; and instead of that languor and individual distress, incident to a state of war and suspended commerce, the wealth and vigor of the community will not be materially impaired. The arm of government will be nerved, and the taxes in the hour of danger, when essential to the independence of the nation, may be greatly increased. Loans, so uncertain and hazardous, may be less relied on. Thus situate, the storm may beat without, but within, all will be quiet and safe. Where shall we now find full employment for our prodigious amount of tonnage? where, markets for the numerous and abundant products of our country? This great body of capital, which for the moment has found sufficient employment, exhausted by the war and the measures preceding it, must find a new direction; it will not be idle, what channel can it take but that of manufactures—this, if things continue as they are, will be its direction. It will introduce a new era in our affairs, in many respects highly advantageous. He (Mr. Calhoun) had often heard it said in and out of Congress, that this effect alone would indemnify the country for all its losses. So high was this tone of feeling when the want of these establishments was practically felt, that he remembered, during the war, when some question was agitated respecting the introduction of foreign goods, that many then opposed it on the grounds of injuring our manufactures; he (Mr. Calhoun) had then said that war alone furnished sufficient stimulus, and perhaps too much, as it would make their growth un-



naturally rapid; but that on the return of peace, it would then be time to show our affection for them. He, at that time, did not expect an apathy and aversion to the extent that is now seen; but it will no doubt be said, if they are so far established, and if the situation of the country is so favorable to their growth, where is the necessity of affording them protection? *It is to put them beyond the reach of contingency.* Should the present owners be ruined, and the workmen dispersed and turned to other pursuits, the country would sustain a great loss—such would no doubt be the fact to a considerable extent if they are not protected. For his part, he could see no such tendency, (a tendency to destroy the moral and physical power of the people,) but the exact contrary, as they furnished new stimulus, and the means of subsistence to the laboring classes of the people.”

So far as this able speech (in these extracts) states facts, it is invaluable, for it is of most undoubted authority. Now what facts does it state? Why, in the first place, that until Mr. Randolph made his motion to strike out the minimum, on which occasion the speech was made, *all professed to be friendly to the manufacturing establishments; and to be willing to extend to them adequate encouragement*—proving that at that time no idea had been started, that to protect manufactures by duties was unconstitutional. A further and another fact was stated, that they were highly popular during the war, when their want was practically felt. These are too very important facts. So far as the speech reasons, its arguments are unanswerable; and so far it was prophetic. It has been, and now is completely fulfilled. It is but thirty short years since it was made; and though a great part of that time, (say from '16 to '24, eight years, and from '35 to '42, seven years, making in all fifteen years, or one half of the elapsed period,) manufactures had little or no protection; yet did the capital take the direction foreseen by Mr. Calhoun, and they did greatly increase, did greatly add to the natural

wealth, and did greatly, by competition, lessen the price, until the farmer and the country are furnished with abundant and cheap supplies. They have greatly increased the market for agricultural productions of all kinds; and fully protected, they would go on still further to increase the national wealth, still further to increase the agricultural prosperity, and still further to verify the truth asserted by Mr. Calhoun, that neither agriculture, manufactures, nor commerce, taken separately, is the cause of national wealth; but, as he justly says, it flows from the three combined, and cannot exist without each. This article has extended to a greater length than was proposed; and must therefore be drawn to a conclusion—else might it be shown what was the sad experience of the country from 1816 to 1824, and from 1835 to 1842. Yet this is scarcely necessary, as it must be within the recollection of most readers, that, until the passage of the tariff of 1824, the general industry of the country was greatly paralyzed; that under the protective policy, it went on increasing in every industrial department, until the compromise act again reduced the duties, when the same injurious effects were produced, and continued until they were arrested in a most decided and satisfactory manner, by the tariff of 1842.

We need not advert to the fate of that wise and beneficent measure—it has been sacrificed to the Moloch of party—and we are again placed more or less at the mercy of our powerful rival. We have, it is true, acquired a strength which will enable us to fight bravely in the unequal contest, until the indignation of an insulted people, shall withdraw their power from the unfaithful stewards in whose hands it now rests; and we think recent events have fully shown, that this will be done, as soon as the constitutional period will permit.

Without the useful arts no nation can prosper; and the open and avowed policy of the present administration is, to abandon them to a destructive competition with the population of Europe.



## THOUGHTS, FEELINGS AND FANCIES.

THOSE long, awkward, and embarrassing pauses in conversation, which occur so frequently at evening parties composed of both sexes, are produced by causes as amusing as the effects they give rise to are painful. The greater portion of the company remain silent for the very good reason that they have nothing to say; others are vain enough to imagine they have some reputation for intelligence, and are afraid to speak lest it should be endangered; while a few shrewdly suspect themselves of being fools, and are afraid to open their lips for fear it should be discovered. The bashful reader will agree with me that these pauses are hard to be borne, particularly where they are continued through many minutes, and the stillness is so intense that he can hear himself breathe, distinguish the ticking of his watch, or catch through the closed shutters the confused hum of the many-toned noises of the street.

The persons who suffer most from *ennui* and mental disquietude, are those who are in possession of that so-considered panacea for all ills—opulence. The fault is in their making it their sole resource. The intellect has its cravings, and the heart has its cravings—cravings which cannot be satisfied with mere eating and drinking. A man is not all body. He is commonly supposed to have a soul or mind, which soul or mind demands to enjoy other luxuries than those furnished to the animal frame—the luxuries of thought, of exertion, of beneficial activity.

When an unfortunate finds himself descending the inclined plane of adverse fortune, he ought, with all practicable speed, to cut all his acquaintance—as he may thereby save himself the mortification of being cut by them.

I have observed that the approach of the nuptial day makes the principals thereto, whether maiden or swain, serious, sedate, and pensive; but whether it is caused by excess of happiness—by their joy being so great as to cause a trembling fear for its continuance—or

whether, with them, grave speculation peers with earnest face into the misty future, or their “frail thoughts” dally unceasingly with “faint surmise,” I am not experienced enough to determine.

In their domestic relations, women are most deceitful before marriage—men after it. Before wedlock women seek to fascinate by the display of fictitious charms and the assumption of false appearances; after it men endeavor to retain the affection of their wives by concealing the fact that they are unworthy of them.

Forgetfulness is the mind's sepulchre, wherein is entombed its dead emotions.

It is too great an effort of magnanimity for some men to acquiesce altogether in a sense of inferiority, and they avoid such a sacrifice of self-love by impugning the merit they cannot rival. To illustrate this remark, it may be observed that the purest love of country, and the most incessant exertion of his energies for the promotion of its interests, will not ensure for the patriot statesman an exemption from contemporary denunciation and invective. Let a dog in the stillest hour of the night open his throat and bark vociferously, and but a few moments will elapse before another, and another, and another canine voice will join to swell the clamor, until the whole neighborhood resounds with the din. So in the impeachment of men eminent for their public virtues and services, a single voice utters its cry, and immediately the welkin is made to ring with its allegations, caught up and echoed by the many, who love too well the sound of their own voices to inquire into their truth or falsity.

## BOOKS.

Well indeed may Wordsworth call books “a substantial world.” Without them the past would be as a blank, the present as a pageant that passes by and is forgotten. They chronicle the aggregate experience of the world—what it has done, and felt, and suffered. They connect one age with another, they establish a sympathy between the present and the

remote past. By them the voice of instruction comes down to us through the long lapse of time, the tongues of the ancient wise, stilled and palsied in death as they are, speak in them.

These are some of their results :—

They make the great of other days our present teachers ; through them we look, as through “ a glass darkly,” upon those vast multitudes whose bodies have resolved to dust, and form the earth we tread upon ; and through them we in our turn shall be made known to coming time, when our spirits have passed on their way to that bourne to which all are destined. To the care-worn they impart relief from their cares, to the stricken heart they give forgetfulness of its griefs, and for those whose “ paths are in pleasant places,” they make those paths more pleasant. Well, indeed, I repeat it again, may Wordsworth call books “ a substantial world.”

#### LATENT NATURE.

Our strongest qualities, like fire in steel, are concealed, and require the dash of opposition, or collisions with circumstance, to bring them out. Thus the French and our own revolution made a great many great men out of a great many ordinary men.

I never hear a man inveighing bitterly, with acrid tone and a scornful, unhappy curl of the lip, against the fair sex, without thinking there is room to suspect he has undergone the torture of disappointed affection, and that thought makes me pity his misfortune and pardon his opinions.

We forget the flowers and the verdure and the glories of the past Spring in gazing upon the pomp and garniture of the one before us.

Mutation is everywhere, in everything, in ourselves, in the world around us. Nothing is immutable but Truth, and we believe that it is God's will that Truth shall vindicate itself by the aid of its friend, Time.

For those who are not already aware of the strength of their prejudices, it would be well to observe the contempt with which they listen to those who reason against their opinions.

In literature, as in religion, there is a great deal of blind idolatry.

The injunction, “ Think twice before you speak once,” pre-supposes that those whom it addresses are either knaves or fools, and it is therefore moved to have it set aside. In speech, the free action of the mind is destroyed by habitually deliberating before utterance, and he always talks best who has the courage to give an instant expression to his sudden thoughts. An author, also, is most eloquent when he writes from feeling and from impulse, and he is most forcible when he commits his views to paper as they occur to him, without waiting to reconsider his thoughts, refine his language, or round his periods.

How our long cherished hopes of establishing a name among men—those indefinable longings that have accompanied us in so many noiseless hours, and goaded us on to exertion through so many nights of obscure toil, when the wearied frame and jaded spirit would gladly seek the oblivion of sleep—sicken within us, as we survey, in some hour given to listless reverie, the crowded shelves of a spacious library. We thought we had read much ; but how little of what is here ? And did all these writers strive for fame ? Yes, all of them. Most of them were read and admired in their early day, and pronounced immortal. Vain author ! lying critic ! If the world's distinction is postponed for some thousand years, what a long caravan of writers we shall have, journeying on, carrying their wares to the same market—oblivion. What prices are paid for them among the Shades, is not easily determined.

Habits influence the character pretty much as under-currents influence a vessel, and whether they speed us on the way of our wishes, or retard our progress, their power is not the less important because imperceptible.

Dullness is never immortal, Pope, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Women are more artificial than men. Led by education and interest to study the art of pleasing, if successful, they become the characters they before had only feigned ; if unsuccessful, they become what it was previously their chief aim to avoid.

Sensitiveness is a lash given to us in our youth that we may scourge our backs for the sins we may thereafter commit.

## WILLIAM HAZLITT.

## A SKETCH.

William Hazlitt is a name that will brighten with time. He has said too many new, and too many true things, for oblivion to reach. You may find fault with the setting, but rarely with the jewels; and in literature, as in fashion, the setting soon grows out of date, but the jewels never.—*Bulwer's England and the English.*

I should belie my own conscience, if I said less than that I think William Hazlitt to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing.—*Lamb's Letter to Southey.*

As in water, face answereth to face; so the heart of man to man.—*Proverbs*, xxvii. 19.

HAZLITT was undoubtedly the best prose writer of his day, and, withal, a shrewd observer of life, men, and manners. He was a man of fierce hatreds, and of deep, abiding loves; and with all his faults, he was worth a million of his little contemptible maligners. It is not wonderful that his temper became soured, and his faith in human nature impaired, when, after writing volume after volume, full of clear vigorous reasoning, and penetrative wisdom imbued with sensibility and refinement of thought, the people feared to look into them because they fell under the ban of the Tory reviewers. They could not make a tool of William Hazlitt. He began life with the French revolution, and his heart palpitated with glorious hopes for the regeneration of mankind. He lived to see those hopes blasted, and the friends of his youth become apostates, and subservient, glad instruments, to bolster up the rotten cause of legitimacy. They sold themselves, and verily they have their reward. They were poets; Hazlitt was a metaphysician. The abuse of the government-press was virulent and unceasing against Hazlitt; they coined lies, they slandered him in every shape, gave garbled extracts from his books, and asserted that his pale, eager, marble-like countenance, was pimpled and blotched by intemperance. His writings are full of his own personal feelings, and these give the greatest attraction to his writings. He is as entertaining as Montaigne. He lacked forbearance, and told many truths harshly, but the web of sophistry was indignantly torn asunder, with the utmost sincerity and zeal. He has the power to interest the reader, in whatever subject he chooses to write on, and gives it importance and prominence. People

buy Hazlitt's books; for his clear, familiar and sensible style, is grateful to every reader. He was not much of an egotist, but at times he would tell the reviewers his own opinion of himself, in good set terms. He took too much interest in books, and pictures, and human nature, to be always thinking of himself. To speak less of a man's self than what one really is, is folly, not modesty; and to take that for current pay which is under a man's value, is pusillanimity and cowardice, according to Aristotle. The mass of intellectual wealth scattered through Hazlitt's writings is immense. The springs of his mind never dried up; but year after year the clear, sparkling, gushing streams of eloquence and truth, were poured forth, to enrich and fertilize the world. His style varies: at one time he is all simplicity, at another rhetorical, and scatters about glowing sentences, linked together by felicitous quotations, like pearls, and then he becomes paradoxical, to attract that attention that would not otherwise have been bestowed on him. No one has written with more zest on Scott, Wordsworth, and others, whose political creed he loathed: this was a generosity and candor he never experienced from his opponents.

Hazlitt was born April 10th, 1778, at Maidstone, in Kent, and was the youngest son of the Rev. William Hazlitt, a Unitarian preacher, who was a man of great honesty of purpose, and firmness, and who inculcated in his son, his own love of truth, independence and fearlessness of character. Hazlitt somewhere observes, that his father mistook his talents after all, and was much dissatisfied that his son preferred his letters to his sermons. The last were forced and

dry, the first came naturally from him. For ease, half play on words, and a supine, monkish, indolent pleasantry, I have never seen them equaled. Hazlitt, in early youth, was educated by his father; and there is a miniature of him, painted when he was about six years of age, which, in the mild beauty and intelligence of the face, was said to give true indications of the spirit working within. He was intended, by his father, for the ministry, but a distaste for that profession, and a growing love for painting, bore down all barriers, and he soon gave up his studies. In 1798, he was introduced to Coleridge. He has glowingly described this interview in an essay entitled, "My first Acquaintance with Poets." This meeting made a lasting impression on Hazlitt, and he says that at that time he was dumb, inarticulate, helpless, like a worm by the way-side, crushed, bleeding, lifeless; and that although he afterwards found words wherewith to express himself, yet still he owed that power to Coleridge. Coleridge had come into the neighborhood to take charge of a Unitarian congregation, and Hazlitt says, that on a cold, raw, comfortless morning in January, he rose before daylight to walk ten miles through the mud to hear him. His sermon was upon peace and war, upon Church and State. He drew an affecting picture of a simple shepherd boy under the hawthorn, piping to his flock as though he should never be old, and the same lad turned into a drummer boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, tricked out in "the loathsome finery of the profession of blood." Hazlitt returned home well satisfied; and he thought the cold, dank drops of dew that hung half melted on the beard of the thistle, had something genial and refreshing in them. Coleridge comes to see the elder Hazlitt, and is attentive to young Hazlitt, who sat speechless, listening to the fairy words; and Coleridge afterwards said, that for those two hours he was conversing with William Hazlitt's forehead. Hazlitt's father could not have been more pleased if his visitor had worn wings, and as the silken sounds rustled round the little wainscoted parlor, he threw back his spectacles over his forehead, his white hair mingling with its sanguine hue, and a smile of delight beamed across his rugged, cordial face, to think that Truth had found a new ally in Fancy. Cole-

ridge invites Hazlitt to come and see him, and the anticipation of this visit was never absent from his thoughts, and mingles with all his feelings. "He was to visit Coleridge in the spring." The long wished-for time arrives, and he sets out on his journey with unworn heart, and untried feet. His way lay through Worcester and Gloucester and by Upton, where he thought of Tom Jones and the adventure of the muff. He gets completely wet through, and stops at an inn, and sits up all night to read Paul and Virginia. He remains two days at Bridgewater, and reads Fanny Burney's "Camilla." He arrives at Nether-Stowey, and is well received by Coleridge. At Stowey Coleridge wrote some of his most beautiful poetry, his "Ode to the Departing Year," "Fears in Solitude," "France, an Ode," "Frost at Midnight," the first part of "Christabel," "The Ancient Mariner," and his tragedy of "Remorse." The two or three years spent here, seem at once to have been the happiest and produced the richest fruits of Coleridge's genius. They go to see Wordsworth, and Hazlitt sleeps that night in an old room with blue hangings, and covered with the round-faced family portraits of the age of George I. and II., and at the dawn of day, from an adjoining park, he "hears the loud stag speak." Coleridge and Wordsworth recite some of their own compositions. Coleridge, Hazlitt, and one John Chester make a jaunt along the shore of the Bristol Channel.

This Chester was a native of "Nether-Stowey; one of those who were attracted to Coleridge's discourse as flies are to honey, or bees in swarming time to the sound of a brass pan. He followed in the chase like a dog who hunts, not like one who made up the cry. He had on a brown cloth coat, boots and corduroy breeches, was low in stature, bow-legged, and had a drag in his walk like a drover, which he assisted by a hazel switch, and kept on a sort of trot by the side of Coleridge, like a running footman by a state coach, that he might not lose a syllable or sound that fell from Coleridge's lips."

They reach Linton at midnight, and are regaled with some excellent rashers of fried bacon and eggs, and on the morning of the second day they breakfast luxuriously, in an old-fashioned parlor, on tea, toast, eggs, and honey, in the

very sight of the bee-hives from which it had been taken, and a garden full of thyme and wild flowers.

This entire essay is capitally written; the characters are drawn with boldness and spirit; health and happiness are borne along on every breeze; the clouds float gracefully over the clear heavens; and there is a perfume from the soil like that from newly turned up ground. The spirit of youth adds a zest and flavor to every word, and it was written when Hazlitt's powers were matured. In 1802 Hazlitt went to Paris to visit the Louvre, and during his stay in that city, he studied the art zealously, copying many of the master-pieces of Titian and Raphael. Titian was his favorite painter. It seems that he had no teacher in painting, but his ardent will bore him through all difficulty. He had a natural feeling for the beautiful and true in form and color. The misfortune was that he saw too far. He wished to be a great artist at one bound, to erect a glorious structure, without the trouble of foundations or scaffoldings:

“from the root  
Springs lighter the green stalk; from  
thence the leaves  
More airy; last the bright consummate  
flower.”

In 1803, he returned to England, and made a professional tour through some of the midland counties. He was successful in obtaining sitters, and his pictures pleased others but not himself. He became diffident of his powers, and a painful feeling arose in his mind that he would never become famous as a painter. He finally relinquished the art, but his love for it continued to the last, and as a critic on painting, he was unequalled. He then turned his thoughts to literature, and in 1803, he went to London. He had now completed a work, on which he had been busy for eight years; the only work on which he ever prided himself, an “*Essay on the Principles of Human Action*.” He sought to establish in this treatise the natural disinterestedness of the human mind; or, that we seek the welfare of others, in the same way, and with the same motives with which we seek our own. It is a noble production, and, to my mind, he worked out his theory successfully. If some think otherwise, still it was written to advance and dignify human nature; not to lessen and degrade it, as Hobbes, Mandeville, and Rochefoucauld had attempted to do. The

style of this book is as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage; it looks like a mathematical demonstration. I select, however, one passage, “full of bounty brave,” that sparkles like a diamond, and sheds a golden light over the work. This is the passage that Southey said was something between the manner of Milton's prose works and Jeremy Taylor. “There are moments in the life of a solitary thinker, which are to him what the evening of some great victory is to the conqueror and hero—though milder triumphs and long remembered with truer and deeper delight. And though the shouts of multitudes do not hail his success; though gay trophies, though the sounds of music, the glittering of armor, and the neighing of steeds do not mingle with his joy; yet shall he not want monuments and witnesses of his glory; the deep forest, the willowy brook, the gathering clouds of winter, or the silent gloom of his own chamber, faithful remembrances of his ‘high endeavor and his glad success,’ that as time passes by him with unreturning wing, still awaken the consciousness of a spirit patient and indefatigable in the search of truth, and a hope of surviving in the thoughts and minds of other men.”

He published, in 1806, a pamphlet with the title of “*Free Thoughts on Public Affairs*,” written in a style of great force and purity, with much eloquence of reasoning, and it evinces a warm love for freedom. In 1807, he prepared for Mr. Johnson, “*An Abridgement of Tucker's Light of Nature Pursued*,” and also, in the same year, he wrote a “*Reply to Malthus*.” The year 1808 was passed by Hazlitt in writing an *English Grammar*, “*Eloquence of the British Senate*,” (this work embraces the finest specimens of oratory, from the times of Charles I. down to those of Sheridan,) and “*Memoirs of Holcroft*.” In 1811, he resided in the house once occupied by Milton, the poet and patriot, which circumstance he commemorated by a small tablet placed at the back of the house. In 1813, he delivered a course of lectures upon the “*History and Progress of English Philosophy*.” He was also, for a time, parliamentary reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*; but he gave it up, finding it too arduous for his feeble health, and that he had insensibly formed the habit of a frequent recourse to spirits, as a stimulant to a constitution already much impaired by study and sickness. From



this period, to the day of his death, he never tasted spirits or wine. I mention this, as a proof of his great resolution; for he still frequented the same society, where the sparkling glass, the laugh, and repartee, went round. He endeavored to make himself amends for this loss, by quaffing large potations of tea, and

"Keeping the palace of the soul serene."  
Waller.

In 1817, he published the "Round Table." These volumes are, to the general reader, the most pleasing, perhaps, that Hazlitt ever wrote. They contain essays on various subjects; among the best, is that on the "Character of Rousseau," "On Pedantry," "On the Catalogue Raisonné of the British Institution," "On the Love of Life," "On the Love of the Country," "On John Bunclie"—all written in a style of great eloquence and strength, easy, flowing, and every page teeming with thought and beauty. In 1818, appeared a "View of the English Stage." The finest criticisms in this book, are on the acting of Kean, Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and on the singing of Miss Stephens. In the same year, he delivered, at the Surrey Institution, a series of lectures, "On the Comic Writers," "On the English Poets," and on the "Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth." These lectures were published in three separate volumes, and are choice reading. In 1819, his political essays were collected and published by Mr. Hone. There is in this work some of Hazlitt's best writing, full of force and sincerity; his heart was in what he wrote. The preface is glorious, and worthy of Milton—I know of nothing finer in all of Hazlitt's writings. In this same volume are to be found, "Illustrations of Vetus"—the best thing, according to Godwin, that Hazlitt ever wrote; some powerfully written and bitter attacks on the renegades, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth; "Essay on Owen's View of Society," "On Court Influence," "On the Clerical Character," "What is the People,"\* "On the Regal Character."

In this same year appeared the famous "Letter to William Gifford." This ultra-

crepidarian critic, and his malevolent remarks, fall before the unsparing attack of Hazlitt, like

"weeds before  
A vessel under sail."

His next work was the "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays." No one has written on Shakspeare with a keener insight into his writings, or a fonder appreciation of his genius. I need only refer to his remarks on Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, The Midsummer Night's Dream, As You Like It, and The Twelfth Night. It must have been about this time, that a little volume called "Characteristics" was first published. It contains the germs of many of Hazlitt's finest essays. In 1823, "Liber Amoris" was published. I have heard objections made to this work, but I can see nothing objectionable in it. It only shows the overpowering effects of love, even on the strongest intellect, when judgment deserts its post, and passion has "sole sovereign sway and masterdom." There is sunshine and storm in it,

"love and grief,  
Which commonly (the more the pity)  
dwell  
As inmates both together."—Daniel.

Besides, there are portions of it intensely affecting, which make their way to the heart, there to remain forever. The deep feeling, and retrospective glance to his childhood, in the following passage, will illustrate my meaning: "I had parted with her in anger, and each had spoken words of high disdain, not soon to be forgiven. Should I ever behold her again? Where go and die far from her? In her sight there was Elysium; her smile was heaven; her voice was enchantment; the air of love waved around her, breathing balm into my heart; for a little while I had sat with the gods at their golden tables, both living and loving. But now Paradise barred its doors against me; I was driven from her presence, where rosy blushes and delicious sighs, and all soft wishes dwelt, the outcast of nature and the scoff. I thought of the time when I was a little,

\* The reader will recollect General Foy's comprehensive answer to the interrogatory of an ultra: "Qu'est ce que c'est que l'aristocratie? Le vais vous le dire, said Foy, l'aristocratie au dix-neuvieme siecle c'est la ligue, c'est la coalition, de ceux, qui veulent consommer sans produire, vivre sans travailler, tout savoir sans rien avoir appris, envahir tous les honneurs sans les avoir merites, occuper toutes les places sans etre en etat de les remplir." Foy's sayings and speeches were as sharp as his sword.

happy, careless child ; of my father's house ; of my early lessons ; of my brother's picture of me when a boy ; of all that had since happened to me, and of the waste of years to come." *Liber Amoris* is an instructive comment on Mirabel's saying, that a man may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman with plain-dealing and sincerity.

In 1824, appeared "Sketches of the Principal Picture Galleries in England." Finer criticisms on paintings were never written ; we literally see

"The Titian stroke, the Guido air."

*Prior.*

There is a heartiness in Hazlitt's admiration for the great masters, and it seems as if their quiet and rich beauties had sunk deep into his heart, early in life, and that he mused on them through long, silent years, and at last in order to show his intense love, no course was left but to "bare his swelling heart." How beautiful are the opening remarks on the different galleries and collections, on that of Mr. Angerstein, on the Dulwich Gallery, on that of the Marquis of Stafford, and on the pictures at Burleigh House. The description of his visit to Burleigh is most affecting ; and the remarks on his youth and youthful feelings, "those skies and suns so pure," is one of the best passages in his writings.

In this year, also, was published by Mr. Colburn, "Table Talk ;" two volumes of "Essays on Men and Manners," and two years after, two more volumes were published, with the title of "The Plain Speaker." These four volumes contain an almost innumerable number of exquisite essays. Among those which I like best are, "On the Pleasure of Painting," "On Living to One's Self," "On a Landscape of Nicolas Poussin," "On Going a Journey," "Why Distant Objects Please." The prodigality of genius, richness of language, and aptness of illustration displayed in these essays are wonderful. In 1825, appeared "The Spirit of the Age," or "Contemporary Portraits." Among these are fine-drawn characters of Bentham, Godwin, Coleridge, Horn Tooke, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Mackintosh, Jeffrey and others, with remarks on their writings. In this same year, appeared his "Selections from the British Poets," which has since gone through several editions.

In 1826, was published "Notes of a Journey through France and Italy."

There are in this work some excellent remarks on the French and Italian character and manners, on pictures, and on French actors and acting. The best descriptions are of Ferrara and Venice. You walk "the wide and grass-grown streets" of the one, and the other rises in its glittering glory from the bosom of the deep. He remained some fifteen weeks in Switzerland, at the "Campagna Gelamont," near Vevay. He was delighted with the quiet, retired life he led there, and says, "days, weeks, months, and even years might have passed on with but the season's difference. We breakfasted at the same hour, and the tea-kettle was always boiling, an excellent thing in housewifery ; a lounge in the orchard for an hour or two, and twice a week we could see the steamboat creeping, like a spider, over the surface of the lake ; a volume of the Scotch novels, (to be had in every library on the continent, in English, French, German or Italian, as the reader pleases,) or M. Galignani's *Paris* and *London Observer*, amused us till dinner time ; then tea, and a walk till the moon unveiled itself "apparent queen of night," or the brook, swollen with the transient shower, was heard more distinctly in the darkness, mingling with the soft, rustling breeze ; and the next morning the song of peasants broke upon refreshing sleep, as the sun glancing among the clustering vine leaves, or the shadowy hills, as the mists retired from their summits, looked in at our windows." In 1830, his life of Napoleon appeared. This is a masterly production. It is the best life of that extraordinary man that has as yet been written, for it is the most impartial. It is a just and noble tribute of respect and admiration for one whose "fame folds in the orb of the earth." The "Life of Titian," and "Conversations with Northcote," were also published this year, and this brings me to his tomb.

"Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely  
ryde ;  
This is the port of rest from troublous  
toyle,  
The worlde's sweet inn from paine and  
wearisome turmoyle."—*Spenser.*

Keats beautifully says :

"Life is but a day ;  
A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way  
From a tree's summit ; a poor Indian's sleep,  
While his boat hastens to the monstrous  
steep

Of Montmorenci. \* \* \* \* \*  
 Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;  
 The reading of an ever changing tale;  
 The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;  
 A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;  
 A laughing school-boy, without grief or  
 care,  
 Riding the springy branches of an elm."

These sweet verses are not applicable either to the life of the young poet who wrote them, or to that of Hazlitt. From the beginning of his career to its close, "an arrowy shower" of unjust and malevolent criticism was poured upon his head by the government critics. His habits, manners, and character, were shamelessly vilified. "When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that all the dunces are in confederacy against him."\* Hazlitt dedicated his life and talents to the cause of the people, and he never swerved from them to the side of arbitrary power. He did not stand debating the question with himself, "like an old lawyer between two fees," but at once embraced the cause of justice and humanity, and remained true to them. He saw the friends of his youth fall from his side, and become the assertors of the divine right of kings: still he kept fearlessly and unflinchingly on his way, and died with the colors wrapped around him, beneath which he had so bravely fought.

"One doth not know  
 How much an ill word may empoison  
 liking."

The government critics had this passage in view, when they uttered their verdicts against Hazlitt; and he, at times annoyed by this injustice, would attach an undue importance to the success arising from a display of physical strength and skill, and wrote long and labored

essays to prove their superiority over the productions of the mind. His great ambition was to excel as a racket player. He would devote whole days to this amusement, and seldom took up his pen except from necessity. Still, he would often leave London, and retire to a place called Winterslow Hut, on the borders of Salisbury Plain. There, without books, and without company, he would dash off a volume in a short time, devoting the day to wandering about in the woods and fields, and the evening to composition. Hazlitt's political opinions rendered him obnoxious to the government, and hindered many from reading his writings and doing him justice. His fame is now ripening, and posterity will assuredly class him with those master spirits that have adorned the earth, and shed a light on human nature. "During an author's life, fame is often bestowed on him, in right of something connected with his personal character, and extraneous to the merit of his writings. But this effect ceases with his own personal existence; his literary productions will, after his death, be estimated correctly; favor will not exalt them, censure or prejudice will not be able to sink or depreciate them; they will be judged impartially by their intrinsic qualities alone."†

Allan Cunningham says, that Hazlitt had great powers of pleasing when he chose to exert them. His conversational powers were surpassingly fine; he was, in the best sense of the word, a converser, for "talking is not always to converse." The authors he most admired, were Shakspeare, Burke, and Rousseau. Leigh Hunt, in the Indicator, observes, "W. H., I believe, has no books except mine; but he has Shakspeare and Rousseau by heart."

G. F. D.

\* Swift.

† Sir Egerton Brydges.

## LATEST CURRENT PRICES OF METALS.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 27, 1845.

	£	s.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	£	s.	d.
IRON—Bar <i>a</i> ..Wales.. <i>ton</i>	8	15—	9	0	0	COPPER—Ordin. sheets, <i>lb.</i>	0	0—	0	0	10
“ ..London ..	0	0—	10	0	0	“ bottoms ..	0	0—	0	0	11
Nail rods “	0	0—	10	15	0	Chilian, in cakes	0	0—	—	—	—
Hoop (Staf.) “	11	5—	11	10	0	TIN—Com. blocks <i>g, cwt.</i>	0	0—	4	18	0
Sheet “ “ ..	0	0—	13	0	0	“ bars .....	0	0—	4	19	6
Bars “ “ ..	11	0—	11	10	0	Refined .....	0	0—	5	1	0
Welsh cold- } blast found- } ry pig .... }	5	5—	5	10	0	Straits <i>h</i> .....	0	0—	4	18	6
Scotch pig <i>b</i> , Clyde	3	10—	3	12	0	Banca .....	0	0—	5	3	0
Rails, average .....	0	0—	9	15	0	TIN-PLATES—Ch. <i>ICi, box</i>	1	9—	1	11	0
Russian, CCND <i>c</i> .	0	0—	—	—	—	“ IX .....	1	15—	1	17	0
“ PSI ....	0	0—	—	—	—	Coke, IC .....	0	0—	1	6	0
“ Gourieff	0	0—	—	—	—	“ IX .....	0	0—	1	12	0
“ Archangel	0	0—	13	10	0	LEAD—Sheet, <i>k</i> ..... <i>ton</i>	19	5—	19	10	0
Swedish <i>d</i> , on the spot	11	10—	12	0	0	Pig, refined .....	0	0—	21	0	0
“ Steel, fagt.	0	0—	16	0	0	“ common .....	18	5—	18	10	0
“ “ kegs <i>e</i>	14	15—	15	0	0	“ Spanish, in bd	17	10—	18	0	0
COPPER—Tile <i>f</i> .....	0	0—	87	10	0	“ American ....	0	0—	—	—	—
Tough cake .....	0	0—	88	10	0	SPELTER—(Cake) <i>l</i> .....	0	0—	19	5	0
Best selected .....	0	0—	91	10	0	ZINC—(Sheet) <i>m</i> export*	0	0—	28	0	0
						QUICKSILVER <i>n</i> .....	0	0—	0	4	6

*a* Discount 2½ per cent.      *b* Net cash.      *c* Discount 2½ per cent.      *d* Ditto.      *e* In  
 kegs ½ and ¾-inch.      *f* Discount 3 per cent.      *g* Ditto 2½ per cent.      *h* Net cash, in bond.  
*i* Discount 3 per cent.      *k* Ditto 2½ per cent.      *l* Net cash.      *m* Discount 1½ per cent.  
*n* Discount 1½ per cent.      \* For home use it is 32*l.* per ton.

## From our Correspondent.

IRON.—Welsh and Staffordshire are steady at quotations, with a fair demand; in Scotch pigs there has been very little done this week; the recent failure of a very large operator at Glasgow, has had an unfavorable effect upon the market; in Russian and Swedish nothing doing.

COPPER continues steady, as also LEAD and TIN-PLATES.

TIN remains very scarce, with buyers of English at quotations, for arrival—the transactions in Banca and Straits are very limited; but stocks are low, and holders firm.

In SPELTER nothing doing this week.

## From a Correspondent.

English Iron continues firm; but the transactions during the week have been few. Scotch pig iron is quite neglected, owing to the failure at Glasgow of the principal operator in the article; it is,

however, thought that it will be higher, as so few parcels are pressing on the market; 69*s.* to 70*s.* cash has been offered for mixed Nos., and 71*s.* cash for No. 1, and refused. Swedish iron and steel are firm. English copper without alteration. English block tin is nominally 98*s.* 6*d.* Smelters being very reluctant in making sales, Banca has been sold this week at 5*l.* 3*s.* Straits scarce. Tin-plates are in fair demand at quotations. In English lead there is little doing. Spelter has been sold in small parcels during the week at 19*l.* 5*s.*

## GLASGOW PIG-IRON TRADE.

Nov. 25.—This week the trade has been rather deressed, by reason of an extensive failure. Prices have declined, and may to-day be quoted at 68*s.* 6*d.* for No. 3; 69*s.* 6*d.* for mixed Nos., and 71*s.* for No. 1—cash in 14 days. For immediate cash, mixed numbers was sold to-day at 68*s.* 6*d.* and 69*s.*

The Foreign Miscellany, not being of great importance, has been left out of this number. That department will hereafter, beginning with next month, be enlarged and improved, and a chapter of Domestic Miscellany added.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Review of T. L. M'Kenney's Narrative of the Causes which, in 1814, led to Gen. Armstrong's resignation of the War Office.* By KOSCIUSKO ARMSTRONG. New York, 1846.

Probably many of our readers recollect M'Kenney's Memoirs, a work containing some interesting matter, and much valuable, "if true," information; but in many places unnecessarily diffuse, and in some obtrusively egotistical. Among other public characters freely commented on in these Memoirs, is the late General Armstrong, who is indeed handled without gloves. It is generally safer to attack the dead than the living; the rule, however, is subject to numerous exceptions, and in the present instance, Mr. M'Kenney has evidently "waked up the wrong passenger." Mr. Kosciusko Armstrong, a gentleman of considerable literary attainments, and holding the pen of a ready writer, has come to the rescue of his father's reputation, in the pamphlet whose title heads this notice. Whatever conclusion may be arrived at respecting the matter at issue, there can be but one opinion as to the succinct, lucid and *gentlemanly* manner in which it is here set forth. Caustic and indignant as Mr. A. is, he nowhere exceeds the bounds of good taste and propriety. We have not had time to study the controversy very thoroughly, but the two points in it that principally struck us are these:

1. Mr. M'Kenny taxes General A. with want of foresight, and ignorance of the enemy's plans, and says that "after Commodore Barney had been forced to blow up his flotilla in the Patuxent," he himself suggested to the General, in the course of a hurried conversation on horseback, (the President being of the party,) that "the enemy would be upon them before daylight next morning;" to which Gen. A. replied, "They can have no such intention; they are foraging, I suppose, and *if an attack is meditated by them on any place, it is Annapolis.*" To which Mr. Kosciusko Armstrong replies:

That as all the witnesses of the "conversation" are dead, it is impossible to prove or disprove Mr. M'K's. assertion directly; but as the highest indirect refutation, he cites passages from several letters written by the General immediately previous to the time specified, in which a very different opinion is expressed. That General A. *doubted* what the enemy's intentions were, he admits, but maintains that "nothing

short of omniscience" could have prevented this doubt, the British themselves having no settled plan of operations from the first, as he proves by references to their own account of the affair.

2. Mr. M'K. says: "While engaged in throwing up batteries at the foot of Windmill Hill, Gen. A. rode on the ground. The impression had become universal, that, as Secretary of War, he had neglected to prepare the necessary defences, and that, owing to this neglect, the capitol had been desecrated, and the glory of our arms tarnished. Charles Carroll, of Bellevue, the moment Gen. A. rode upon the ground, met him, and denounced him openly and vehemently, as the cause of all the disasters that had befallen the city; when with one impulse, the officers said to General Smith: "There, sir, are our swords; we will not employ them, if General Armstrong is to command us in his capacity of Secretary of War; but we will obey the orders of any other member of the Cabinet. At the same time the men at the batteries threw down their spades, avowing a like resolve. \* \* \* The message delivered to President Madison was in accordance with the above to the letter."

Answer. That there is no proof of Gen. A's. ever having been at Windmill Hill. That the story of Carroll's open denunciation is now heard for the first time, having never been promulgated by Wilkinson or any other of the General's opponents. That if the city was undefended, General A. could not be to blame for it, as he was prevented, by a special order, from having anything to do with the management of the troops in the field. That the refusal to obey him was the result of a movement concocted by some of Monroe's friends, including M'Kenney himself.

We have already adverted to the high tone and good temper of this pamphlet. It has another merit, equally rare among us—its brevity. All the points at issue are disposed of in twenty small pages, a terseness much to be commended at this time, when there is so very much of that "easy writing," which is not only "hard," but actually impossible, reading.

[Since the above notice was written, Mr. M'Kenney has published a letter asking a suspension of public opinion, till he can procure the requisite documents from Washington, and in the mean time denying, *in toto*, Mr. Armstrong's charges of conspiracy, &c. So the quarrel stands for the present.]



*The History of Civilization, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution.* By F. GUIZOT (the Prime Minister of France). Translated by WILLIAM HAZLITT. 4 vols. 8vo. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1846.

A History of Civilization will of course include that of the Church, of the State, and of the social manners. M. Guizot's work, dividing itself into two parts, the first of European civilization in general, the second of French civilization, is an arrangement of facts and illustrations from the old French chronicles, knit together by a line of argument in defence of that course of condensation and centralization, which ended in the production of *one* French nation, with their *one* city of Paris, under their *one* despot and their well-governed House of Deputies.

In this arrangement, beginning with the early Christian Church, with feudalism and feudal manners, M. Guizot traces the Third Estate, showing how the municipal towns arose; how they aided their then weak-handed monarch; and how, by a natural strengthening of each other the monarchy and the townspeople gradually overmastered the aristocracy; contending with them in all manner of ways through a course of ten centuries; until at length the townspeople, or Third Estate, suddenly found itself master, and after having crushed or exiled all its aristocracy, ended in a freak with killing its king.

M. Guizot does not indeed present the matter in so raw a phrase, but in a philosophical and elegant manner "*developes*" it.

In this long battle of the people and their king against the petty tyrants of feudalism, the church, or more properly the religion, of the French people, plays its part. First, as the patron and sustainer of letters and the teacher of the people—then as a mad enthusiast, darkening the counsel of reason by words without knowledge; now mediating between the people and their oppressors, now oppressing and robbing in its turn.

The manners too have their share;—hereditary opulence at first gives dignity and authority to the eldest son. In the privacy of the castle, elegance and liberal arts are cultivated, and polite learning takes its rise among the nobility, producing a Froissart, a Count de Foix, a Montaigne.

In the towns of Italy, of the Netherlands, and Southern France, ideas of liberty originate, and here and there a man of the people, a Philip Van Artevelde, appears. As the wealth of the towns increases, the merchants become rivals of the nobles: arts, sciences, manufactures, philosophy and moral criticism, are cultivated under the protection, now of the people and now of the monarch. The Third Estate, spite

of superstition and nobility, gradually strengthens and enlightens itself; by and by it becomes (what it now is) the NATION; and the church and better classes sink into comparative insignificance.

Monsieur Guizot's method is the philosophical French one, which begins with an idea, and rakes up facts to illustrate it. He begins with the idea of civilization, that it consists in the production of such a condition of society as will suffer a free development of all the powers of the man—be their direction religious, political, or social—an idea which few will gainsay. But M. Guizot, it must be remembered, is a despotic minister of the most despotic king in Europe; and accordingly the idea of centralization, or of bringing all powers, of whatever name, under one head, rides dominant in his book as in his mind.

He commits the error of making French civilization the type of civilization in general; a position against which the English historian may advance grave objections. Feudalism in England gave rise to the idea, not of *popular* liberty under despotism of any kind, but of individual liberty as we have it in America. Indeed, it is impossible to concede M. Guizot the position assumed in this his most admirable and delightful work. It cannot be admitted, on this side the water, that French civilization is the typical kind for these days. M. Guizot and his king are in too great a danger of the *emeute* and the assassin, to permit him to utter such a proposition. What with its one city, its one despot, its Jesuit intrigue, its persecuted Protestantism, its raging Atheism, and its "Literature of Despair" (as Goethe once named it); what with its antiseptic wars, its bastions (a Bastille drawn out around the city), its Chamber of Deputies, so well governed by the Ministry; the French cannot be admitted as the typical, or most freely developing nation.

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*Dr. Hooper's Vade Mecum: or, Manual of the Principles and Practice of Physic.* With additions by JAS. STEWART, A.M., M.D., Fellow of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, author of "A Practical Treatise on the Diseases of Children," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1846.

This is one of the few books of practical medicine which have attained a universal reputation. Though not free from the exploded errors of the older English school of medicine, as, for example, the use of bleeding and drastic purgatives in serious atonic apoplexy, a treatment which is pretty sure to fix the disease upon the patient; the use of purges for Melancholiæ; of antiphlogistics for delirium tremens; of local depletion for spinal irritation, &c., &c.,

with a hundred other irrational prescriptions of the old stamp. We may venture to recommend the book for its excellent descriptions of diseases, and the valuable physiological information contained in it. A reader who will discreetly pass over the heads of treatment and the prescriptions, may read the book with considerable benefit.

*The Water Cure in Chronic Diseases.* By J. B. GULLEY, M.D. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1846.

Medicine, like all the other sciences, is daily assuming more popular manifestations. Every new theory its professors advance, is discussed by the press and in social circles. Amid all the evils consequent upon a superficial knowledge of subjects of vital importance—like the philosophy of health—we believe that the ultimate result is favorable, inasmuch as all controversy elicits, in its progress, more or less of truth—and truth gradually supersedes error—so that correct ideas of physical well-being obtain to far greater extent now than at any former period. This subject of water-cure is attracting at present a large share of attention. We believe that between the extremes of fanaticism and prejudice, there lies a region of important facts which books, like the one before us, will tend to disseminate. Bulwer's eloquence has been lavished upon this theme; but the most judicious and pleasant account of the matter we have seen is that of our own countryman, Mr. Calvert, in his "Scenes and Thoughts in Europe." We recommend Dr. Gully's book to the profession and all interested in the subject. He stands high as a physician, and writes in a learned and philosophical strain.

*The Modern Standard Drama.* Volume III. New York: William Taylor & Co., No. 2 Astor House. 1846.

This is a collection of the most popular acting plays; and will prove a desirable addition to the library of every lover of dramatic literature. They are not arranged in chronological order. "The Poor Gentleman" precedes Hamlet, and "Lend me Five Shillings" follows Othello. This very blending of the existent popular drama, is, however, an interesting illustration of the prevalent taste. It gives us what has survived the lapse of time and the changes of fashion, side by side with the successful novelty of the hour. The usefulness of the work for reference is enhanced by the intelligent criticisms and remarks of the editor, EPES SARGENT, and each of the volumes is prefaced by a memoir of some distinguished performer, accompanied by a portrait.

*Memoirs of American Governors.* By JACOB BAILEY MOORE. Vol. 1. N. Y. Gates & Stedman, 136 Nassau st. 1846.

This volume is the first of a series, designed to give, what has long been wanted, consecutive biographies of the American Governors. It embraces the six Governors of the "Old Colony" of Plymouth, from the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620, to the union of the colony with that of the Massachusetts Bay, in 1692, and the ten governors of the latter colony, from 1630, the date of its settlement, to the expulsion of Andros in 1689.

So far as regards New England, the lives of the old governors furnish for the most part the history of the colonies. The stern old Puritans, who there administered the will of the people, whether expressed by the vote of the freeholders at large as in Plymouth, by that of the "Great and General Court," as in Massachusetts, or by the General Assembly of Representatives, as in the other colonies; those fierce compounds of priest, of soldier, and of statesman, were not only the rulers, but the fathers of their people. Bound up in spirit and in estate with the well-being of their communities, they identified themselves with their very existence. Their duties were as various as the exigencies of their colonies. They by turns negotiated with the savage tribes around them, or carried fire and the sword into their territories; they palavered the court of the mother country with most commendable assiduity, and exhibited, in the procurement of some chartered privilege, the settlement of some disputed boundary, talents for diplomacy which a Wesselrode or a Metternich might have applauded; they settled the foundations of the faith by dicta as infallible as a bull of Gregory, or of Pius; they adjudged the fate of criminals, and settled the doom of heretics. In times of danger they shared the common peril; in times of famine and distress, the common misery. Had they fortunes, they devoted them with a liberality worthy the first ages of the Christian world; had they spiritual gifts, they exercised them as freely for the glory of God and the building up of his Church. Parties there were, and factions from time to time, civil and religious; periods of popularity and distrust, but the old magistrates of Puritandom, trod on their course, fearless and unmoved, wrapped up in the fulfillment of their mission, the patriarchs of the tribes of our modern Israel.

The lives of many of them furnish materials of historical romance, which, in the hands of one worthy of the task, are destined yet to body forth in that due mixture of truth and fiction with which Scott invested the tales of his own land, treasures not less abundant or attractive. To us

there is, even now, no reading more enticing than the simple narratives of trial and of triumph, with their quaint details, their earnest devotion, their stern bigotry, their self-denial, their patience in suffering, their trustful hope, in which the old chroniclers have recorded the infancy of New England, and the administrations of New England's chiefs.

The present volume does not add much to what already has been in some other form pursued, of mere historical matter, though the author has evidently searched well, and collated with judgment, all the existing authorities on the subject. But as regards the biographical sketches, the real object of the work, particularly of some individuals less generally known, it does give much that, to us at least, is new and interesting. The characters are drawn with fidelity and impartiality, and where facts are attainable, with detail enough to give all the individuality possible to men among whom there exists an almost family likeness. The next volume, we understand, will comprise the governors of the remaining New England Colonies until the termination of the Colonial Independence and their formation into provinces. The third will enter upon a field almost entirely new, the lives of the early governors of Virginia, and so on in succession through the rest.

Mr. Moore, the author of this work, is extensively and favorably known as, for many years, the editor of one of the best conducted papers in New England. He has since occupied a confidential place in the Post Office department at Washington. Possessing unwearied industry, a devoted attachment to historical investigation, with a style easy and natural, he is admirably qualified for the successful completion of the laborious, but interesting task he has now commenced. The volume is well printed, on good paper, and is embellished with a steel engraving of Governor Winslow, and excellent lithographs of Sir Henry Vane, John Endicott and the Elder Winthrop.

*Letters on Astronomy, addressed to a Lady, in which the elements of the Science are familiarly explained, in connection with its literary history, with Engravings.* By DENISON OLMSTEAD, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

These are a very clear and excellent series of observations on all the more popular topics of astronomical knowledge. The style, as was to be expected in letters to a lady, is more easy and familiar than is usual in this author's scientific writings. The book is full of apt illustrations, and presents, with suitable perspicuity, nearly everything that need be known by the

general reader. On the whole, the only fault we have to find is the eternal use of the word "hence." We remember it of old. In this book, among other instances, "Hence, from this cause," is a trifle tautological.

*Sailor's Life and Sailor's Yarns.* By CAPTAIN RINGBOLT.

This is a neat little book, published by Francis. It rests one's eyes and one's heart to read it, but not one's risibles. There is much humor and humanity, and some pathos in this little work. The first story is the best. It made our heart run over at our eyes. The practical observations, and the plea for the improvement of sailors, should recommend the book to all who would do good to a large and neglected class of men. Captain Ringbolt is a wit, (we have heard him tell a better story than any in his book,) but he is something better. He has a sailor's heart in a captain's bosom—a very desirable thing for sailors. If we ever go Capt. R's. way at sea, we shall certainly take passage with him.

*The Italian Reader.* Edited by Signor FORESTI. New York: Appleton & Co.

Instead of meaningless phrases and thrice-repeated extracts, appended to unintelligible rules, we have in this volume a beautiful selection from the choicest prose of the Italian language. The work is prepared by Signor Foresti, the Professor of Italian Literature in Columbia College—a well known exile, of character and attainments, who has been for many years resident in this country. He has chosen for the purpose the writings of standard modern authors—many of which are inaccessible to the general reader. Difficult passages are elicited in notes, and a running commentary unites the extracts into an intelligible whole. The passages from Botta, Foscolo, Verri, Bini, &c., are selected with rare taste and judgment, and are not only beautiful examples of style, but possess intrinsic interest. Indeed, although intended as a reader to initiate students of the language, it is an attractive volume for the adepts in Italian to revive their most pleasant associations with that musical tongue. We wish, by the way, that more attention were paid among us to a language and literature, from which so much of the fine fancy and mellowness and richness of style, of our own early English writers was drawn. We say "our own," for we hold that the literature of England, previous to the reign of Charles II., belongs as much to us as to the modern inhabitants of Great Britain, who speak but the same inherited language, and are but the descendants of the same stern, imaginative generations.



*Winfield Scott.*

Mr. Polk, who succeeded not unworthily Mr. Tyler, fell at once into his footsteps in this matter; and, disregarding the solemn protest of the Mexican minister against annexation as offensive to Mexico, and entailing upon her the necessity of looking upon it as a measure of war, he went forward in the work in a spirit apparently of premeditated and deliberate outrage.

At the moment when the measure was consummated by the act of our Congress, the army and the navy of the U. States were in their ordinary force and inactivity, and at their ordinary peace stations, little dreaming of any near occasion for change; for no assurance had been more confident, on the part of the friends of annexation, than that it would be a "bloodless achievement;" and no ridicule more loud or scornful than that heaped upon those "prophets of disaster," as they were called, who foresaw and foretold that, only at the cost of countless lives and countless treasure, could this iniquity be perpetrated.

Even as late as December, 1845, in his first annual message to Congress, the President used this emphatic and exulting language respecting annexation, then all complete, except the formal act, soon after passed by Congress, for admitting the new State into the Union.

"This accession to our territory has been a bloodless achievement. No arm of force has been raised to produce the result, the sword has had no part in the victory. We have not sought to extend our territorial possessions by conquest, or our republican institutions over a reluctant people. It was the deliberate homage of that people to the great principles of our federative Union."

When it shall be seen in the sequel what "bloody instructions" had, previously to this date, been given by the President to our commanders, the readers of this Review will agree with us, probably, in thinking the language of this extract most extraordinary indeed. And this brings us to our immediate subject.

In the very same message of 2d Dec., 1845, from which we have just quoted, occurs this passage, so apparently contradictory, in spirit and import at least, if not in terms, of the self-gratulation about peaceful annexation:

"When orders were given, during the past summer, for concentrating a military force on the western frontier of Texas, our

troops were widely dispersed, and in small detachments, occupying posts remote from each other. The prompt and expeditious manner in which an army, embracing more than half of our peace establishment, was drawn together, on an emergency so sudden, reflects great credit on the officers who were intrusted with the execution of these orders, as well as upon the discipline of the army itself. To be in strength to defend the people of Texas, in the event Mexico should commence hostilities with a large army, *as she threatened*, I authorized the general commanding," &c., &c.

"No arm of force," says the President, in the opening of this message, "has been raised to produce this result!" Yet, a few pages further on, he tells us that "an army, embracing near the half of our peace establishment," was suddenly drawn together from all points of the Union, and dispatched to the Western frontier of Texas, which Mexico "threatened" to invade.

Nay more—the navy, too, was sent to prevent this land invasion! Hear the same message:

"Both the Congress and Convention of the people of Texas invited this government to send an army into their territory to protect and defend them against a menaced attack. The moment the terms of annexation, offered by the United States, were accepted by Texas, the latter became so far a part of our country as to make it our duty to afford such protection and defence. I, therefore, deemed it proper, as a precautionary measure, to order a strong squadron to the coasts of Mexico, and to concentrate an efficient military force on the western frontier of Texas. Our army was ordered to take positions in the country between the Nueces and the del Norte, and to repel any invasion of the Texan territory which might be attempted by the Mexican forces. Our squadron in the Gulf was ordered to co-operate with the army. But though our army and navy were placed in a position to defend our own and the rights of Texas, they were ordered to commit no act of hostility against Mexico, unless she declared war, or was herself the aggressor by striking the first blow."

The resolution of annexation having been passed on 3d March, 1845—in eighteen days thereafter—although a total change in the *personel* of the administration had intervened—a new President and new Secretaries—orders were dispatched on 21st March, to General Taylor, at Fort Jessup, in Louisiana, to prepare his command, and hold it in readi-



ness to be moved into Texas as soon as ordered.

On 28th May, and we beg the dates may be attended to, a confidential letter from Mr. Secretary Marcy to General Taylor, directed him by "order of the President to cause the forces now under your command, and those which may be assigned to it, to be put into a position where they may, most promptly and efficiently, act in defence of Texas, in the event it shall become necessary or proper to employ them for that purpose."

As yet Texas had not, in any manner, acceded to annexation: neither by her Congress nor her convention.

In the same confidential letter, founding himself on an article in the treaty between the United States and Mexico, whereby each party bound himself to restrain the Indian nations inhabiting the lands on their borders from attacking, in any manner, the citizens of the other; or the Indians residing upon the territories of the other, Mr. Secretary Marcy declares that "the obligations which are due in this respect to Mexico by this treaty, are due, also, to Texas!" How so, unless Texas were a part of Mexico? and if a part of Mexico, how could we annex it in defiance of Mexico? If rightfully a part of the United States, it needed no authority from a treaty with Mexico to authorize an American commander to prevent or punish Indian hostilities. This application, therefore, of a treaty with Mexico, to the case of Texas, seems, at least, unfortunate. But it is in truth only introduced to furnish an excuse—which was not lost—for pushing some of the American troops across the upper Red river into Texas, before that country was ours by *any sort* of title.

Events, however, did not seem to march fast enough for the ambitious longings of the Washington cabinet, and on the 15th June, Mr. Bancroft, in the absence of Mr. Marcy, *ad interim* Secretary of War, writes another *confidential*, but most extraordinary, dispatch to General Taylor. We give extracts from it:

(CONFIDENTIAL.)

War Department, June 15, 1845.

"SIR,—On the 4th day of July, or very soon thereafter, the convention of the people of Texas will probably accept the proposition of annexation under the joint resolution of the late Congress of the United States. That acceptance will constitute Texas an integral portion of our country.

"*In anticipation of that event, you will forthwith make a forward movement with the troops under your command, and advance to the mouth of the Sabine, or to such other point on the Gulf of Mexico, or its navigable waters, as in your judgment may be most convenient for an embarkation, at the proper time, for the western frontier of Texas.* \* \* \* \* \* The point of your ultimate destination is the western frontier of Texas, where you will select and occupy, in or near the Rio Grande del Norte, such a site as will consist with the health of your troops, and will be best adapted to repel invasion, and to protect what, in the event of annexation, will be our western border. You will limit yourself to the defence of the territory of Texas, unless Mexico should declare war against the United States.

"Your movement to the Gulf of Mexico, and your preparations to embark for the western frontier of Texas, are to be made without delay; but you will not effect a landing on that frontier until you have yourself ascertained the due acceptance, by Texas, of the proffered terms of annexation."

The italics in the above extract are ours—but what "hot haste" is here evinced, to anticipate difficulties! What disregard of the special malediction pronounced by the revealed Word of God upon those "whose feet are swift to shed blood!" Yet the writer of this confidential, stimulating missive, was an expriest!—but who, like so many of his prototypes in the French revolution, seemed, in the intoxication of political power, to delight in violating the holy precepts they were trained to inculcate and exemplify.

The real Secretary—returned to his post—appears to have had some apprehension lest the fiery zeal of his *locum-tenens* should lead the commanding officer into indiscretion and, therefore, by a letter, not marked confidential, of 8th July, he thus cautions him—"this department is informed that Mexico has some military establishments on the east side of the Rio Grande, which are, and, for some time have been, in the actual occupancy of her troops. In carrying out the instructions, heretofore received, you will be careful to avoid any acts of aggression, unless an actual war shall exist. The Mexican forces, at the posts in their possession, and which have been so, will not be disturbed, as long as the relations of peace between the United States and Mexico continue."

From New Orleans, on 20th July, Gen. Taylor acknowledges the receipt of this last letter from Secretary Marcy: expresses his gratification at receiving such instructions, "as they confirm," says he, "my views, previously communicated, in regard to the proper line to be occupied, at present, by our troops; those instructions will be closely followed, and the department may rest assured that I will take no step to interrupt the friendly relations between the United States and Mexico."

It no where appears, from any information communicated by the Executive to Congress—nor to the public—what these "views previously communicated" by General Taylor, as to "the proper line to be occupied," were, but it is quite fair to infer that if they had been in unison with those of the President, he could not have failed to strengthen himself before the country, by showing that in taking up a position in the disputed territory, he was fortified by the military opinion of the commanding general.

That such, however, was not the line indicated by General Taylor, we have evidence, both direct and indirect. Of the latter a specimen is furnished in the very next letter from Secretary Marcy, of 30th July, wherein—acknowledging the receipt of General Taylor's dispatch, as above, from New Orleans, of 20th July—he thus seeks to coax General Taylor to advance, against his own better judgment, to the Rio Grande; and at any rate, after affecting to leave the whole discretion with him, peremptorily orders him to occupy a position, with a part of his forces at least, west of the Nueces:

(EXTRACT.)

"War Department, }  
Washington, 30th July. }

He (the President) has not the requisite information in regard to the country, to enable him to give any positive directions as to the position you ought to take, or the movements which it may be expedient to make: these must be governed by circumstances. While avoiding, as you have been instructed to do, all aggressive measures towards Mexico, as long as the relations of peace exist between that republic and the United States, you are expected to occupy, protect, and defend the territory of Texas, to the extent that it has been occupied by the people of Texas. The Rio Grande is claimed to be the boundary between the two countries, and up to this boundary you are to extend your protection, only except-

ing any posts on the eastern side thereof which are in the actual occupancy of Mexican forces, or Mexican settlements, over which the republic of Texas did not exercise jurisdiction at the time of annexation, or shortly before that event. It is expected that in selecting the establishment for your troops, you will approach as near the boundary line, the Rio Grande, as prudence will dictate. With this view the President desires that your position, for part of your forces at least, should be west of the Nueces."

Two things appear to us obvious from this crafty letter. *First*, that Taylor's views, as to the line to be occupied, did not suit the President; and, *Second*, that if his line was not to be adopted, Taylor had asked positive and specific instructions as to the line he should occupy. The President, under the plea of insufficient information, shrinks from giving positive instructions, but his cunning scribe of the war department tells the frank General that he is expected to defend all Texas, and that Texas extends to the Rio Grande, save and except the Mexican armed stations, and the Mexican settlements east of it, over which Texas never had even claimed jurisdiction; and, finally, after trying to coax Taylor to assume the responsibility of marching to the Rio Grande, ventures, at last, the positive order that he must cross and encamp, with a part of his force, west of the Nueces. This much must suffice for the indirect proof that Taylor's own judgment was against advancing into the disputed territory. The following extract, from a letter of General Taylor, from the camp at Corpus Christi, on the 30th Oct., is a direct proof in point: "*Before* the President's instructions of 30th July reached me, (the cunning letter of Sec. Marcy), I would have preferred a position on the left bank of the river." He, indeed, adds, that the position whence he writes, on the right bank, has more advantages than any on the other, and suggests, in addition—falling in, apparently, with the spirit which he found to be prevailing with the cabinet—that "one or two suitable points, on or near the Rio Grande" should be taken possession of, as soon as the entire force under him is concentrated, as "greatly facilitating" the settlement of the boundary, if the line of the Rio Grande is determined on as the "ultimatum" of our government.

But to resume the regular order of events:

On the 6th August, the Adjutant-General notifies General Taylor that the 7th infantry, and three companies of dragoons, are ordered to join him in Texas, for, says the letter, "although a state of war with Mexico, or an invasion of Texas by her forces, may not take place, it is, nevertheless, deemed proper and necessary that your forces should be fully equal to meet, with certainty of success, any crisis which may arise in Texas, and which would require you, by force of arms, to carry out the instructions of the government."

The letter further calls upon General Taylor to report what auxiliary troops, in case of an emergency, he could rely upon from Texas, and "what additional troops, designating the arms, and what supply and description of ordnance, ordnance stores, and small arms, &c., *judging from any information you may possess as to the future exigencies of the public service,*" he, General Taylor, might deem necessary to be sent into Texas; informing him, at the same time, that 10,000 muskets and 1,000 rifles had already been issued for Texas.

Here is another of the cunning devices of politicians to shift the responsibility for all consequences upon the commanding general; and, although it occurs in a dispatch from the office of the adjutant-general, yet he writes, as he expressly says, "pursuant to the instructions of the Secretary at War," and we hazard the conjecture with some confidence, that the very paragraph we have printed above in *italics*, was interlined by the Secretary himself. How could a general in the field, in a region like that of Texas, judge of "future exigencies of the public service," when those exigencies—whatever they might be—would be wholly dependent on measures adopted at Washington, over which the general could exercise no control, nor form any judgment as to what they were likely to be. The whole purport of this insidious inquiry strikes us as preparing, in advance, a justification of the administration for any deficiency in adequate supplies of men or munitions, in case of the worst; while all the benefit and all the credit of diminished expenditure, arising from not forwarding such supplies—as, knowing their own views, they were bound to do—were to inure to the administration.

On the 23d August, Secretary 'Marcy writes to the General that the administration has no information, respecting the

purposes of Mexico, that could enable them to give him more explicit instructions than heretofore; that, nevertheless, "there is reason to believe Mexico is making efforts to assemble a large army on the frontier of Texas, for the purpose of entering its territory and holding forcible possession of it," and that it is trusted he will "take prompt and efficient steps to meet and repel any such hostile invasion. If Mexico cross the Rio Grande with any considerable force, such a movement must be regarded as an invasion of the United States, and a commencement of hostilities," which, "to the utmost extent of all the means you possess, or can command," must be repelled.

The sequel of this letter, written three months and a half before the delivery of the President's Message, in which he boasts of the annexation of Texas, as a "bloodless achievement," which "no arm of force was raised" to accomplish, is too significant—both of the expectation, and, we cannot but think, wish of the administration, that some pretext would, or might be found, for drawing the sword, and thus commencing a war of aggrandizement—not to be given entire:

"An order has been this day issued for sending one thousand more men into Texas to join those under your command. When the existing orders are carried into effect, you will have with you a force of four thousand men of the regular army. We are not enabled to judge what auxiliary force can, upon an emergency, be brought together from Texas, and, as a precautionary measure, you are authorized to accept volunteers from the States of Louisiana and Alabama, and even from Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky. Should Mexico declare war, or commence hostilities by crossing the Rio Grande with a considerable force, you are instructed to lose no time in giving information to the authorities of each of any of the abovementioned States as to the number of volunteers you may want from them respectively. Should you require troops from any of these States, it would be important to have them with the least possible delay. It is not doubted that at least two regiments from New Orleans and one from Mobile could be obtained and expeditiously brought into the field. You will cause it to be known at these places what number and description of troops you desire to receive from them in the contemplated emergency. The authorities of these States will be apprized that you are authorized to receive volunteers from them, and you may calculate that they will promptly join you when

it is made known that their services are required. Arms, ammunition, and camp equipage for the auxiliary troops that you may require, will be sent forward subject to your orders. You will so dispose of them as to be most available in case they should be needed, at the same time with a due regard to their safety and preservation. Orders have been issued to the naval force in the gulf of Mexico to co-operate with you. You will, as far as practicable, hold communication with the commanders of our national vessels in your vicinity, and avail yourself of any assistance that can be derived from their co-operation. The *Lexington* is ordered into service as a transport ship, and will sail in a few days from New York with a detachment of United States troops for Corpus Christi. She will be employed as the exigency of the public service may require. In order to keep up a proper communication between the army in Texas and the United States, the *On-ka-hy-e*, the *Harney*, and the *Dolphin* will be put into service as soon as they can be made ready as despatch vessels to convey intelligence, supplies, &c. You will avail yourself of these vessels and all other proper means to keep the government here advised of your operations, and of the state of things in Texas and Mexico."

Accompanying this letter was a copy of a letter from the War Department to the Governors of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Kentucky, apprizing them that General Taylor was authorized to call for such detachments of volunteers from each of them as he might require, and that it was not doubted the contingent asked from each would be cheerfully and promptly forwarded. A like letter had previously been written to the Governor of Texas.

On the 26th August, is a letter from the adjutant-general, apprizing General Taylor that more troops were ordered to him, and urging him to frequent communications with the Department, as most alarming and exaggerated rumors fill the country, which, for want of official tidings from the army, the Department cannot correct.

On 30th August follows a letter from the Secretary to the General, repeating the injunction of frequent communication, and saying that only one letter had been received from him since he entered Texas. Referring to previous letters in which instructions had been given to repel any invasion of Texas, and to draw for that purpose whatever troops he should need, this letter—written appa-

rently under the *apprehension* (the word is deliberately used) that after all the talk about the Mexican army on the Rio Grande, nothing deserving of that name existed there, and therefore that the desired occasion of striking a blow and commencing hostilities, might not under previous instructions occur—holds this extraordinary language: "You have been advised that the assembling of a large Mexican army on the borders of Texas, and crossing the Rio Grande, with a considerable force, will be regarded by the executive here as an invasion of the United States, and the commencement of hostilities. An *attempt* to cross that river with such force will also be considered in the same light!" Here is plainly seen the spirit in which the whole matter was conducted. First of all the *deed* was to be the cause of war; but as the possibility of its being accomplished, lessened, the *attempt* was to be considered a sufficient cause; and for the purposes of the administration, it is not to be doubted, that an *attempt* by a few hundred *rancheros* or other lawless and irregular partisans, to cross the Rio Grande, by swimming their horses into it with an appearance of earnest, would have been gladly seized upon and considered by our war-desiring cabinet as a "considerable force." It is further evidence of this, that the despatch in question thus concludes: "In case of war either declared, or made manifest by hostile acts, your main object will be the protection of Texas; *but the pursuit of this object will not necessarily confine your action within the territory of Texas.*" In the passage here italicised by us, peeps out the first distinct avowal of the dearly cherished purpose of conquest and territorial aggrandizement. An *attempt* being made, or imagined to be preparing, the General is told he may consider defence to mean offence, and that instead of protecting Texas to her extreme western limits, he may invade Mexico. Look to the sequel of this letter. "Mexico having *then* commenced hostilities, that is by an attempt real, or feigned or feared," you may in your discretion, should you have sufficient force, and be in a condition to do so, cross the Rio Grande, disperse or capture the forces assembling to invade Texas, defeat the junction of troops assembling for that purpose, drive them from their position on either side of that river, and, if deemed practicable and expedient take and hold pos-



session of Matamoras and other places in the country. "I scarcely need say," adds our moral Secretary, "that enterprises of this kind are only to be ventured upon *under circumstances, presenting a fair prospect of success!*" Success, not right, is thus to be the chief consideration, and so that he can make sure of the plunder, the General is not to stand about the guilt, and blood and outrage, through which alone it can be obtained.

Still peace remained undisturbed—the Mexicans would not cross nor attempt to cross the Rio Grande, and General Taylor would not do anything in the way of provoking them, by advancing at his own discretion, into the vicinity of that river. Another month and a half past, and the prospect of an invasion by Mexico becomes fainter and fainter, so that on the 16th October, the Secretary is obliged to inform Gen. Taylor that "the information we possess renders it probable that no serious attempt will be at present made by Mexico to invade Texas, although she continues to threaten incursions." Something then must be done to stir up the flagging zeal of Mexico. Here is the expedient *thus* communicated to the General in the same letter of 16th Oct. "On the supposition that no active operations on your part, will be required during the approaching winter, an important question to be decided is the position or positions to be occupied by your forces; *this must be determined mainly with reference to the objects for which the army under your command was sent to Texas.* You will approach as near the western boundary of Texas (the Rio Grande) as circumstances will permit, having reference to reasonable security, &c., &c." Farther on in examining whether the present position occupied by General Taylor ought to be changed, and whether his whole force should be kept together, or divided, the Secretary concludes that "these are questions which must be in a measure left to your judgment, or at least the decision upon them here—if there be time—will be influenced in no inconsiderable degree by the information and views which you may furnish the department. *You need not therefore wait for the directions from Washington, to carry out what you deem proper to be done.*"

The italics in the above extract are ours, and are introduced in order to mark the true character of this correspondence—designed, and artfully calculated, from

beginning to end, to stimulate Taylor, without incurring the responsibility of a positive order, to advance to the *Rio Grande*, in the hope, as we cannot but believe, of provoking Mexico to some overt act of resistance, which should be the signal of immediate invasion and war.

The wary General was not to be so entangled, for although in a letter of 4th October, from Corpus Christi, he had expressed a belief that if Mr. Bancroft's instructions of 15th June, directing him to occupy a site on, or near, the Rio Grande, were to be carried into effect, *Point Isabel*, at the mouth, and *Laredo*, higher up on the left bank of the river, and holding in observation the main route from the interior of Mexico passing from Monterey to Matamoras, should be the points selected; and that by the occupation of those points, the ultimate settlement of the boundary question would be facilitated; he yet added: "Mexico as yet having made no positive declaration of war, or committed any overt act of hostilities, I do not feel at liberty, under my instructions, particularly those of July 8th, (the cautionary ones to which we have already called attention, as issued by Mr. Secretary Marcy, on returning to his post, and finding what a fire-brand had occupied it during his temporary absence,) to make a forward movement to the Rio Grande without authority from the War Department."

On the 7th November, General Taylor refers, specifically, to Mr. Secretary Marcy's letter of 16th October, of which he had previously acknowledged the reception in letters of 1st and 2d November, which letters are not given. In this letter of the 7th he says, in reference to the views expressed in his letter of the 4th, which, so far as they designated Point Isabel, and Laredo, on the Rio Grande, as advantageous points to occupy, coincided with the wishes of the cabinet; that the intelligence since received from Mexico had tended to modify those views. The General evidently supposed negotiations were in progress, and in that persuasion he adds: "The position now occupied by the troops may, perhaps, be the best, while negotiations are pending, or, at any rate, until a disposition shall be manifested by Mexico to protract them unreasonably. Under the supposition that such may be the views of the Department, I shall make no movements from this point, until further instructions are received." General Taylor had just



received from Commodore Conner, a letter of the 24th October, from off Vera Cruz, in which he informed him "that the Mexican government had just acceded to the proposal to arrange the existing difficulties by negotiation." From this time forth to the end of the year, all General Taylor's dispatches seemed to anticipate a peaceful and successful negotiation. Hence, as the General *would* not see any occasion for moving from Corpus Christi to the Rio Grande; nor take upon himself the responsibility of hazarding the success of the negotiation he supposed pending, by advancing to the Rio Grande, and menacing Matamoras, the war-seekers at Washington were obliged to take the responsibility, so long and anxiously shunned; and accordingly on the 13th January, 1846, Congress then being in session, the Secretary of War thus writes, "I am directed by the President to instruct you to advance and occupy, with the troops under your command, positions on, or near the east bank of the Rio del Norte, as soon as it can conveniently be done, with reference to the season and the routes by which your movements must be made. From the views heretofore presented to this department, it is presumed Point Isabel will be considered by you an eligible position; this point, or some one near it, and points opposite Matamoras, and Mier, and in the vicinity of Laredo, are suggested to your consideration. \* \* \*

Should you attempt to exercise the right which the United States have in common with Mexico to a free navigation of the Del Norte, it is probable that Mexico would interpose resistance. You will not attempt to enforce this right without further instructions."

Nothing can be plainer than that the administration foresaw, that by advancing Gen. Taylor to the river overlooking Mexican towns, and claiming to exercise as of right the free navigation of a river, heretofore wholly Mexican, and where Texas had never had a custom-house, nor shown a flag, resistance would necessarily follow on the part of Mexico. But though ordered to provoke, General Taylor was not as yet to be at liberty to overcome this resistance, while confined merely to the question of navigation; but his old instructions still remained in full force: to consider any attempt by a considerable body of Mexicans to cross the Rio Grande as an act of war, and to repel it accordingly.

These specific instructions to advance, General Taylor acknowledges on 4th February; and says he shall lose no time in carrying them out: urging anew, as, in the event of such an advance, he had previously done, that a small vessel of war should cover the movement to Point Isabel.

It is not out of place here to remark that when these orders were given to General Taylor to advance, it was not known, and could not be known, in Washington, whether Mr. Slidell, the minister appointed to negotiate with Mexico, and who was then in that capital, would be received or not. He reached Vera Cruz on 30th of November, proceeded soon after to the city of Mexico, was courteously received there; and but for the overthrow of *Herrera's* administration by a military revolt, headed by General Paredes, would, as the President says, in his message of 11th May, 1846, "there is great reason to believe, have been received by Herrera." But, on the 30th December, that functionary resigned the presidency, and the supreme power of Mexico passed into the hands of a military leader. But Mr. Slidell still remained in the country. Yet, while there was a probability, acknowledged by the President himself, that our negotiator might be received, the peremptory order is given from Washington to the commander of the army on the Nueces, to advance to the Rio Grande; and this order is thus, in the face of the facts here specified, justified by the President in his message:—

"This force (that under Gen. Taylor) was concentrated at Corpus Christi, and remained there until after I had received such information from Mexico, as rendered it probable, if not certain, that the Mexican government would refuse to receive our envoy." Yet it was not till 21st December, that President Herrera did refuse to receive him, and that, as President Polk acknowledges, under duress and against his own inclinations, and at the moment of a revolutionary explosion. The minister himself did not think this final, for he remained in the country. President Polk did not think it final, for he instructed Mr. Slidell to present himself anew to the successful rival of Herrera, Paredes, and ask to be accredited by him; and Mr. S. actually remained in the country till late in March, before asking for his passports, and abandoning all hope of negotiation. Notwithstanding all which Mr. Polk, who, on the 13th

January, had ordered the army to march to the Rio Grande, tells Congress, in his message of 11th May, 1846, that this army was not moved from Corpus Christi until he had received information from Mexico, that an envoy could not be received.

General Taylor marched from Corpus Christi on 10th March, and encamped opposite Matamoras on the 28th March, having effected his march without firing a shot or experiencing any resistance. In crossing the *Arroyo Colorado*, however, a Salt Lagoon about thirty miles east of the Rio Grande, he was warned by a picquet of Mexican Cavalry, that if he persisted in crossing that stream, it would be taken as an act of war; and in like manner, before reaching Point Isabel, a formal protest by the Prefect of Tamaulipas, was put into his hands against his right to occupy, under the name of Texas, any portion of the department under his, the Prefect's, charge. Disregarding these notices, but not molesting or detaining the Mexican officials; disseminating on all hands assurances that the rights, person, property and religion of all persons peacefully pursuing their avocations, would be scrupulously respected; and that all provisions and forage furnished for the army would be paid for at the highest prices, the American troops moved onward to the river—the fatal river, as now it was to be too soon and truly designated.

Before the march, the inhabitants along the river were represented to be well-disposed to the Americans. Traders from Matamoras were constantly in the camp at Corpus Christi. In the letter of 26th February, Gen. Taylor alludes to some influential citizens of that town, as then in his camp, with a large number of mules for sale. But no sooner arrived and encamped in hostile array, opposite Matamoras, than all seemed changed. "Our approach," says Gen. Taylor, in a dispatch of 29th March, the day after he had established himself opposite Matamoras, "seems to have created unusual excitement at that place, and a great deal of activity has been displayed since our arrival, in the preparation of batteries. \* \* \* The attitude of the Mexicans is so far decidedly hostile. An interview has been held, by my direction, with the military authorities of Matamoras, but with no satisfactory result."

In his next dispatch, of 6th April, Gen. Taylor says: "On our side, a battery for

four 18 pounders will be completed, and the guns placed in battery to-day. *These guns bear directly upon the public square of Matamoras, and within good range for demolishing the town.* THEIR OBJECT CANNOT BE MISTAKEN BY THE ENEMY!" In point of law and of fact, however, the two peoples were at peace—there was no "enemy." Congress was in session, which alone has the power to declare or authorize war; and yet, under the bidding of the Executive, a general officer of the U. S. army erects a battery of 18 pounders, within range to demolish the peaceful town of a neighboring nation; tells us the object of the battery cannot be mistaken by the *enemy*! meaning the aforesaid peaceful inhabitants; and, in the face of all this, the President reports, and the Congress of the U. S. votes, that we are the injured party—that we are not the assailants but the assailed; and that Mexico, stung to desperation by the aggravated insult of thus having one of her chief cities placed under the fire of our batteries, and maddened by the morning and the evening drum beat of a stranger army, which, without a declaration of war, was then domineering over the soil always before ruled by Mexico—that Mexico causelessly, unjustly, rushed into hostilities with us.

It is an insult to the sense of right, and to the spirit of manhood of every American, thus to argue. We feel, we all feel, that under like circumstances, not a day, not an hour, would elapse before we should rush, sword in hand, to exterminate the foe that should thus insult us, nor suspect that in thus doing we were the aggressors, but solely acting upon that instinct which God has implanted in the breast of every man fit for life and freedom, to defend both—at all hazards—against all who menaced the one or would degrade the other.

When any body of reputable American citizens can persuade themselves that the responsibility of really commencing the war, belongs, under such circumstances, to Mexico, they may be ready to accept Mr. Polk's version of this whole matter, but most assuredly *they* would not be accepted by the American people at large as the true exponents of national feeling. The Mexicans, who, as General Taylor says, could not mistake the object of his batteries, were expected to resist. It was, as we verily believe, a deliberate calculation that, under such provocation, they could not but commit some overt

act, which would be immediately availed of as an apology to "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war," and thus consummate in blood and in tears, as the unsuccessful but prophetic opponents of annexation had foreseen, the unrighteous schemes of aggression and conquest.

Unless we have failed in the preceding pages to make ourselves understood, it follows that in the whole operation, first of ordering the army into Texas, and then of marching it to the Rio Grande, the Cabinet have acted without the concurrence of judgment, but rather in opposition to the judgment of the commanding general, whom they have, at the same time, sought by every sort of device, to put forward in such position, as, in the event of defeat and disaster, would make him the scape-goat.

It has been an ungracious and humiliating task, thus to track the devious windings of selfish partisans, incapable apparently of appreciating the elevation in which circumstances have placed them, and wholly strangers to that noble ambition which puts country before all personal calculation, and if war is to be made, makes it with a full consciousness of its evils, but with a lofty conviction that the honor of the republic and the interests of humanity alike command, that it be no little peddling parsimonious war. From the beginning it has been a party war, for party purposes, and selfish and sectional interests, so fashioned and stamped by those who plunged us into it, and so conducted wherever their influence could confine its operation within party limits.

Happily—and this brings us to the consideration of the second head in our chapter—the army of the U. S. knows no party, but, looking to the flag of the Union, and deeply imbued with love of country, it has won laurels, beneath the lustre of which we all are proud to repose, and to feel that humanity, courtesy and discipline, not less than daring valor, have been exemplified and honored by their conduct.

The length to which this paper has already extended, will compel us to abridge, more than we desire, the summary it was proposed to make of the feats of arms of our soldiers, but it will be a welcome relief to turn to it from the less noble and exhilarating spectacle of the selfish schemings of the Cabinet at Washington.

We have already stated that on the 11th March Gen. Taylor broke up his

encampment at Corpus Christi, and marched to the Rio Grande. From the difficulty of subsistence, and scarceness of water and of forage, he was obliged to put intervals of days between the detachments of even his small army, which did not number 4000, nor, in spite of repeated and urgent requisitions, for a small armed vessel, of light draft of water, to cover the left flank of the force, and facilitate and strengthen the occupation of Point Isabel, was Gen. Taylor able to obtain this succor. The whole force which thus commenced the active campaign, was of the regular army, consisting of part of the 2d regt. of dragoons, under Col. Twiggs; detachments from the four regiments of artillery, constituting one battalion under the command of Bt. Lieut.-Colonel Childs; and portions of the 3d, 4th, 5th, 7th and 8th regiments of infantry, with Ringgold's and Duncan's batteries of light artillery, and a few engineer and ordnance officers.

The discipline acquired in the camp at Corpus Christi, where large portions of the troops had, for the first time, the opportunity of seeing and learning the evolutions of the line, having mostly before been stationed in small detachments at widely separated posts, told with good effect upon the long march to the Rio Grande, of about 180 miles. At the crossing of the Arroyo Colorado, a deep ford, where resistance was denounced if they should attempt to pass, the passage was effected with a degree of order, regularity and despatch eminently creditable. The field pieces being placed in battery on the bank, so as to cover the crossing, the advance was led by Capt. C. F. Smith, of the 2d art., with the light companies of the 2d brigade, (Worth's,) and a more spirited movement, or one more steady withal, is, it is conceded, rarely witnessed.

It was sufficient to satisfy the Mexican cavalry corps of observation, on the opposite bank, which withdrew without any offer or show of resistance, and the whole *personel* and *materiel* of the army, men, ammunition, artillery and wagon train were safely crossed.

Point Isabel was thus the first place permanently occupied and garrisoned. As our troops approached it, they perceived that the buildings were in flames. They hastened their march and arrived, still unresisted, in time to aid in extinguishing the conflagration, and rescuing the town from destruction.

Leaving, at this point, his train and stores, with a garrison sufficient—with the aid of some vessels of war, opportunely arrived off the Brazos, to co-operate with him—to hold it against attack, Gen. Taylor followed up the left bank of the Rio Grande till he came opposite Matamoras, and then made his stand.

Before he began his march, and during its whole course, the General took great pains to impress upon the people and the authorities, that he was not advancing as an enemy, nor to make war upon Mexico, but solely to assert the right of the U. S. to Texas up to the Rio Grande, including the free navigation of that river, free alike to the Mexicans and the Americans. The protest of the Prefect of Tamaulipas, and the warning at the Arroyo Colorado, had led to no ill words or ill conduct, and thus far all was bloodless. Two dragoons, who, on the approach of Gen. Taylor towards Matamoras, had fallen into the hands of the Mexicans, were, upon the requisition of Gen. Taylor, returned to him, and, notwithstanding the commotion which his encampment over against Matamoras naturally excited there, no overt acts of hostility were perpetrated.

Gen. Taylor at once proceeded to fortify his position, and there he lay; bugle answering to bugle; and all the fierce and dread array of war, exhibited on either side of the river, and yet war was there none.

The first untoward incident, was the disappearance of Col. Cross, the Quartermaster in chief of the army, who, having ridden out from the camp unattended, was no more heard of. Gen. Ampudia, in command at Matamoras, to the inquiry addressed to him by Gen. Taylor, disclaimed all knowledge of the fate of Col. Cross: and it was only after several days that the body was found, mutilated in death at the hands, as seemed to be understood, of some straggling *rancheros*, a sort of predatory mounted peasantry, who had fallen in with, murdered, and robbed him. About the same time, Lieut. Porter, sent out with a scout of men, was attacked by a party of these *rancheros*, superior to his own in number, and the fire-arms of his men being rendered useless by rain, they could make no resistance, and by the order of their officer dispersed and saved themselves. The Lieutenant and one of his men were killed; these, however, were not avowed acts of war, nor acknowledged as such by the

Mexican commander, who treated them as robberies and murders. Soon, however, a more serious face was put upon matters. Desertion was thinning the ranks of the American army; desertions, it must be added, mostly confined to foreign born soldiers; while that of the Mexicans was daily increasing. Arista having succeeded to the command in chief, immediately notified Gen. Taylor of the fact, and summoned him to retire behind the Nueces, and to commence his march within 24 hours; failing whereof he, Arista, would consider it an act of war. The Mexican commander was courteously, but firmly answered by Gen. Taylor, that, being where he was by order of his government, he could only retire from that position by like order, and that meantime he was prepared and resolved to hold it.

Having ascertained at the same time, that the Mexican force at Matamoras was mainly provisioned from the sea, and looking upon the summons of Gen. Arista as decisive of hostile purposes, Gen. Taylor immediately ordered the blockade of the Rio Grande, and thus cut off the supplies of the Mexican camp. He was himself, at that time, distant some 30 miles from the bulk of his own supplies, at Point Isabel; having at Fort Brown only what was needful for a few days. Rumors were soon spread of the purpose of Arista to cross the river and throw himself between Fort Brown and Point Isabel, and frequent *alerts* in the American camp were occasioned by these rumors. One in an authentic shape having reached the American commander, he on the 24th of April sent forth a detachment of dragoons some 50 or 60 strong, under the command of Capt. Thornton, to reconnoitre; this detachment coming suddenly upon a small body of Mexicans, without waiting to ascertain their number, or choose favorable ground for operating, at once charged upon the enemy—as Mexicans in arms on the east side of the river were considered. Engaged beyond retreat in an unfavorable position, surrounded, as was soon evident by a greatly superior force, the gallant efforts of the detachment to disengage itself were in vain; the officers were shot down or disabled, and some sixteen officers and men, altogether, being killed or wounded, the remainder were compelled to surrender.

This was war, and Gen. Taylor accepting it as such, immediately made a call upon the Governors of Texas and



Louisiana, for four regiments of volunteers from each State, to be sent forward with the least possible delay. Apprehensive, moreover, now that blood had been shed, that active operations might be undertaken by the Mexican forces, to cut him off from his supplies at Point Isabel, the General, leaving a small guard at Fort Brown, marched with his main force, on the evening of the 3d May, to Point Isabel, for the purpose of escorting thence his trains of munitions and provisions. He accomplished the march without encountering any obstacle; and after resting his forces for a day, and organizing a very large train, he commenced his returning march on the 7th of May, and after advancing about 12 miles, and ascertaining that a considerable enemy's force was before him, bivouacked for the night; the next morning the army moved again, in hourly expectation, and with an ardent desire to meet the enemy, without much concerning themselves about any disparity of numbers. At two o'clock in the afternoon, at a place until then obscure, but which the events of that day have consecrated to history, they found their enemy posted on ground of their choice at *Palo Alto*; the battle was immediately joined, and for more than five hours it was fought with gallantry unsurpassed, and with decisive success by an American army of 2,200 men, against a Mexican force of 6,000 regulars composed in great part, of regiments inured to war, and led by skillful chiefs; there was too, a considerable irregular or guerilla force. Our gallant soldiers slept upon the field of victory; and the next morning, 9th May, sought the enemy, who, it was ascertained, had been reinforced from the opposite side of the river, and still stood betwixt Gen. Taylor and his camp at Fort Brown.

Fierce and bloody as had been the contest of the 8th, that of the morrow was yet more obstinate and bloody; for the position in which the Mexicans had posted themselves—on the edge of a thick *chapporal*, of which they held all the roads, and which, off the roads, was impassable to man or horse—was, of itself, most difficult of approach and uneven; defeat, then, might be the destruction of the whole army: for Fort Brown was in the rear of the Mexicans, and the Rio Grande on their right and rear. With strength of position, therefore, superior numbers, and under the eye almost of one of their capital cities, Matamoras,

the Mexicans had every motive to impart courage and confidence.

The small American force—"few and faint, but fearless still," reduced but exasperated by the loss of precious lives on the 8th, encumbered with an immense provision train in the rear, which must be protected against sudden and separate attacks, while the real battle should be raging in front—suffering for want of food, and especially of water—aware too that defeat was ruin, not to themselves alone, but to the gallant and devoted band left in Fort Brown, the incessant cannonading of which post, from the opposite side, was heard by Taylor's force—boldly advanced, and in reliance upon their own hearts and arms for all that men could do, they promptly accepted the battle offered them by the Mexicans—and by a display, alike decisive and admirable, of skill and high daring, in all the arms, artillery, infantry and horse, they swept the enemy with slaughter and in confusion from the field. We do not repeat here the brilliant incidents of these battles, nor reproduce the official dispatches of the commander; dispatches hardly less admirable for modesty and precision, than the acts they commemorate were for courage and conduct, because both the events and the record of them are fresh in every mind. The overthrow of the Mexican army was complete—it was a rout—and the Rio Grande, which was crossed in haste and terror, while swallowing up many a victim who had escaped the sword of battle, interposed an impassable barrier to the pursuit of our army. Properly equipped and provided, that army would then and there have annihilated, or made prisoners the whole Mexican force, and at once taken possession of Matamoras. But arrived at the bank of the river, neither boats nor pontoon train were there to enable the troops to cross, and the victors were obliged to look on with unavailing chagrin, while their prey, almost within their grasp, escaped them; because the authorities at home, in spite of repeated calls and remonstrances, from Gen. Taylor, had not provided the army with any means of crossing rivers.

It was, from the very moment when General Taylor was first ordered to Texas, the favorite project of the administration, that he should occupy the left bank of the *Rio Grande*; and that he should be prepared, at need, to carry the war across that river; yet sent they to him



neither flat and shallow boats, which, after he had occupied Point Isabel and blockaded the Rio Grande, might so readily have been transported up the river, nor the yet more convenient and portable *ponton* trains. Bitterly did the gallant general lament his inability to avail himself of all the consequences of the victories of the 8th and 9th. In a dispatch from Matamoras, (which city he entered without resistance on the 18th May,) he thus writes to the Secretary of War, under date of 18th May :

“I have the honor to report that my very limited means for crossing rivers, prevented a complete prosecution of the victory of the 9th. A ponton train, *the necessity of which I exhibited to the department last year*, would have enabled the army to cross, on the evening of the battle, take the city, with all the artillery and stores of the enemy, and a great number of prisoners—in short to destroy the Mexican army. But I am compelled to await the arrival of heavy mortars, with which to menace the town from the left bank, and also the accumulation of small boats. In the mean time the enemy had somewhat recovered from the confusion of the fight, and ought still, with the 3,000 men left him, to have made a respectable defence.”

The town was occupied by Gen. Taylor on the morning of the 18th ; General Arista, after a vain attempt to negotiate an armistice during which both forces should remain separated by the river—having abandoned the place with all his available force, leaving his sick and wounded to our mercy.

Thus was consummated the first act in the great national drama of war, and it must not be forgotten that the glorious actors were of the regular army. The regiments and companies were all skeleton regiments and companies, with a number of officers and non-commissioned officers equal to full war complements of privates, while, in fact, the effective rank and file of each company was about one-third of the war complement. This excess of officers will explain at once, in a great measure, the success of the troops, and the unusual proportion of casualties among officers. The gallant youths whom the nation had educated at West Point, and *five-sixths* of all the officers engaged on the Rio Grande were graduates of the Military Academy—had many of them never seen an enemy before—yet no veterans could have evinced more valor, more steady-

ness, and more resource. From the nature of the ground and of the contests, the results depended very much—much more than in battles of considerable numbers is usual—upon the individual judgment and prowess of each officer and separate squad, or detachment. Foreseeing this, after arranging the order of battle, almost the only order given by General Taylor was, that his troops “should feel the enemy with their bayonets,” holding the cavalry in reserve to act as occasion should require. Well indeed was the order carried out at Resaca de la Palma, and when Duncan’s dreadful artillery had turned the tide of battle, and Ridgely seeing his comrade May, of the dragoons, darting forward to storm a Mexican battery with horse, drew by his opportune fire, the fire of the Mexicans, the day was ours—for the steady bayonet of the infantry following up the slaughtering fire of the light artillery, and the impetuous charge of the dragoons, put an end to all resistance, and converted retreat into tumultuous flight.

The victors sternly marched on to Fort Brown which, during seven mortal days and nights, had been constantly bombarded and cannonaded from the opposite shore. Without a single heavy mortar, with few heavy pieces of artillery, with an insufficient supply of ammunition, and a garrison of about 400 men, Major Brown, of the 7th infantry, to whose fidelity and skill this fort was intrusted, had maintained, without flinching, the unequal fight, until on the 4th day, by the explosion of a shell he was dangerously wounded, and died on the very day, and within hearing, of the victorious battle, of the 9th. But the garrison never dreamed of surrender, though often and again summoned ; and sorely as they were tried, for in the occasional lull of the fire upon them, from very weariness sometimes—they heard with beating hearts the cannonading of the battle field of the 8th—a contest almost wholly of artillery—and when the sun went down that night, and no tidings came of the result, these beleaguered few still abated naught of heart or of hope—still had faith in the fortunes of their country, and in the valor of their comrades ; and the next day when the cannonading was renewed, and the sound and rush of men came nearer and nearer, they felt then that ours was the conquering cause, and finally from their ramparts they saw, and by some distant

but well-directed shots, increased the confusion and the danger of the Mexican rout and flight across the river; and then soon opened their arms and hearts to receive and welcome back their own victorious brethren, exulting in their success, and mourning, as men and soldiers only mourn, the precious comrades who were to return no more.

From this period the war assumed a new aspect. Thus far the regulars alone had done the work. Now large bodies of volunteers were poured forth, and soon an army of some 20,000 men was under the command of Taylor. The various towns on the Rio Grande were in succession occupied, and finally the march to Monterey was undertaken, and that strong city, strong by position and by art, and garrisoned by a regular force, numerically superior to the whole of that volunteer and regular displayed against it, was, after several days' bloody fighting, captured. The conduct of the volunteers in these trying scenes was remarkable for steadiness under fire, and impetuosity in attack. They showed themselves worthy rivals and competitors with the regulars. The gallant Watson, of the Baltimore battalion, laid down his life while leading a charge in the streets of the city, and other brave men of the Ohio and other regiments sealed their devotion to country with their blood.

It has been made a matter, if not of reproach, at least of that sort of comment which wounds as much as decided censure, against Gen. Taylor, that he should have permitted this city to capitulate upon what are called such easy terms; and we find, by a private letter from the General himself, which, while these sheets are passing through the press, has (most indiscreetly, and, in our judgment, unjustifiably) been thrust before the public by a very ill-judging friend, that the war department and the Executive joined in the *quasi* condemnation. The General's answer is complete, alike, we should apprehend, to military judgment and to that of humanity and duty. Here it is:

"Although the terms of capitulation may be considered as too liberal on our part, by the President and his advisers, as well as by many others at a distance, particularly by those who do not understand the position which we occupied, (otherwise they might come to a different conclusion in regard to the matter,) yet, on due reflection, I see nothing to induce me to regret the

course I pursued. The proposition on the part of General Ampudia, which had much to do in determining my course in the matter, was based on the ground that our government had proposed to him to settle the existing difficulties by negotiation, (which I knew was the case without knowing the result,) which was then under consideration by the proper authorities, and which he (Gen. Ampudia) had no doubt would result favorably, as the whole of his people were in favor of peace. If so, I considered the effusion of blood not only unnecessary, but improper. Their force was also considerably larger than ours; and from the size and position of the place, we could not completely invest it; so that the greater portion of their troops, if not the whole, had they been disposed to do so, could, any night, have abandoned the city, at once entered the mountain passes, and effected their retreat,—do what we would! Had we been put to the alternative of taking the place by storm, (which there is no doubt we should have succeeded in doing,) we should, in all probability, have lost fifty or a hundred men in killed, besides the wounded; which I wished to avoid, as there appeared to be a prospect of peace, even if a distant one. I also wished to avoid the destruction of women and children, which must have been very great had the storming process been resorted to. Besides, they had a very large and strong fortification, a short distance from the city, which, if carried with the bayonet, must have been taken at a great sacrifice of life; and, with our limited train of heavy or battering artillery, it would have required twenty or twenty-five days to take it by regular approaches."

This is the language of a commander who knows how to despise the clap-trap of his profession—and no profession is without it—who, amid the wildest scenes of war, and the excitement of victory, preserves the serene balance of his mind, and is neither afraid nor ashamed to listen to the voice of humanity, in thus consummating a triumph, which could not be more complete, though it might have been more doubtful, and would certainly have been more bloody, if extorted from the resistance of resolute despair.

We are prevented, by want of space, from following up the progress of these victorious troops, in their advance upon, and occupation of, Saltillo, and cannot even glance, as we designed to do, at the movements of the columns under Generals Wool and Kearney: the last having performed a march and accomplished results of the greatest moment and diffi-

\* FESTUS.\*

OUR author, we have said, has no dramatic power ; he cannot pass out of himself into other minds, so as to express their thoughts and feelings ; but merely practises a sort of ventriloquism ; expresses his own thoughts and feelings under other names ; and if he cannot mould, cannot *organize* the elements of character into individual unity, much less can he organize several characters into dramatic unity. But there is a further question, namely, whether and how far he evinces any truly poetic power. Milton, for example, has little dramatic power, and Wordsworth still less ; nevertheless, both are true poets ; though always expressing their own thoughts and feelings, they express them poetically ; that is, they express them in images, not in propositions. Shakspeare, as everybody knows, keeps himself entirely out of his representations ; sets objects and characters before us, as nature does, and lets us see them with our own eyes. Milton and Wordsworth transfuse themselves into whatever they represent, so that, to see the objects they set before us, we have to look through their eyes ; nevertheless, they do give us objects, not mere impressions ; their thoughts and feelings are *imaged* forth, not merely uttered ; are organized into sensuous forms, which stand out before the mind objectively and independently, like the living, organic forms of nature. Here is obviously involved a process of creation ; thought and image are moulded, are *created* into organic unity. This, then, is to make, to create, as nature creates ; and this is what we mean by poetry.

One of our author's eulogists says, "nature is as rife with *symbols* to this poet as she is with *facts* to a common observer." We are at a loss to conceive what this writer means by symbols, when he instances "Festus," as an example of symbolic writing. The remark, however, involves a very correct idea of poetry, though a very gross misstatement, in regard to the book. "Festus," it seems to us, is in no wise replete with symbols, but with mere analogies, which this writer has probably mistaken for symbols. A symbol, we take it, is an in-

carnation of something ; that is, a significant form, involving a consubstantiation of the thing signified with the form signifying, as man is a consubstantiation of soul and body. To the true poet, undoubtedly, the facts and forms of nature do become symbolic ; he incarnates his life in them ; informs them with his passion ; makes them embody and express his meanings ; in a word, he creates the spiritual elements of thought and the material elements of nature into organic unity, and thus speaks in symbols, instead of propositions. When, for example, Ben Jonson says,

"Slaughter bestrid the streets and stretched  
himself  
To seem more huge ;"

and when Coleridge says,

"The scorpion, falsehood,  
Coils round in its perplexity, and fixes  
Its sting in its own head ;"

here, we see, the thought is incorporated, consubstantiated with the image ; and if we undertake to disembody the thought into a proposition, we shall inevitably lose it.

If this be a just account of symbolic writing, we shall find very little of it in "Festus." For symbols, he gives us mere similes ; uses the facts and forms of nature, not to embody, but only to illustrate his meaning ; nay, he often seems to use the illustration rather for its own sake, than for the sake of the thing illustrated ; he has a morbid hunting after analogies, and is perpetually tormenting truth and nature to get them. Accordingly, we have never seen a book so stuffed with figures, and rarely seen one so barren of imagination. He gives us thoughts and images, not in concrecence, but in collation ; instead of containing and expressing the thought, the image, if image it can be called, merely lies alongside the thought, as a kind of analogical illustration. His power is not synthetic, creative, but merely aggregative ; the elements are not fused, or even welded, but only tied together. He has, indeed, a good degree of subtlety in detecting analogies, and an unheeding

vanity or fondness for using them, which often startles the reader on a first perusal, but is pretty sure to weary him on a second, and disgust him on a third. This is shown in his constant use of the word *like*, as though he saw a resemblance between the thought and the figure, but could not identify them; so that, instead of having the one *in* the other, we have the one *and* the other. Take, for illustration, this passage from Wordsworth:

"The most alluring clouds which mount  
the sky  
Owe to a troubled element their forms;  
Their hues, to sunset;"

Or this, from Ben Johnson:

"Morn riseth slowly, as her sullen ear  
Had all the weights of sleep and death  
hung at it:  
She is not rosy-fingered, but swol'n black;  
And her sick head is bound about with  
clouds  
As if she threatened night ere noon."

Or this, from Shakspeare:

"Come, seeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;  
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,  
Cancel, and tear to pieces the great bond  
Which keeps me pale!"

In these passages, the thought is given in the image, as the soul in the body; the two are perfectly organized together, so that in grasping one we get them both. Now, compare with these the following passages from Festus:

"And thy love ever hangs about my heart,  
Like the pure pearl-wreath which enrings  
thy brow."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Truth and falsehood meet in seeming,  
like  
The leaf and shadow on the pool's face."

\* \* \* \* \*

"This same sweet world,  
Which thou would'st deem eternal, I shall  
see  
Destruction suck back, as the tide a shell."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The wild-flower's tendril, proof of feebleness,  
Proves strength; and so we fling our feelings out,  
The tendrils of the heart to bear us up."

It will be seen at once that, in the former passages, the image is used to express, in the latter to illustrate the thought; in those, the two are grown together; in

these, they are merely laid together; there we have a coalescence, here a mere analogy, between them. We will subjoin two more passages from "Festus," to illustrate our meaning still further.

"Sometimes the thought (of God) comes  
swiftening over us,  
Like a small bird winging the still blue  
air;  
And then again, at other times, it rises  
Slow, like a cloud which scales the sky, all  
breathless,  
And just over head lets itself down on us.  
Sometimes we feel the wish across the  
mind  
Rush, like a rocket tearing up the sky,  
That we should join with God, and give  
the world  
The slip."

The next is from the hero's reply to the Muse, whom he encounters on the planet Venus, where the author is manifestly "in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his passion," and therefore would naturally be as poetical as he possibly could. Speaking of "the great bands of Greece and Rome and his own motherland," the hero goes on to describe them as men,

"In whose words, to be read with many  
a heaving  
Of the heart, is a power like wind to  
rain;—  
Who, like a rainbow clasping the sweet  
earth,  
And melting in a covenant of love,  
Left here a bright precipitate of soul,  
Which lives forever through the lives of  
men,  
Flashing by fits like fire from an enemy's  
front—  
Whose thoughts, like bars of sunbeams in  
shut rooms,  
'Mid gloom all glory, win the world to  
light—  
Who make their very follies like their  
souls,  
And, like the young moon with a ragged  
edge,  
Still in their imperfection beautiful—  
Whose weaknesses are lovely as their  
strengths,  
Like the white nebulous matter between  
stars,  
Which, if not light, at least is likeliest light:  
Men whom we build our love round like  
an arch  
Of triumph, as they pass us on their way  
To glory and to immortality—  
Men whose great thoughts possess us, like  
a passion  
Through every limb and the whole heart;  
whose words

Haunt us, as eagles haunt the mountain  
air ;  
Thoughts which command all coming  
times and minds,  
As from a tower, a warden—fix themselves  
Deep in the heart, as meteor-stones in  
earth,  
Dropped from some higher sphere.”

Thus the author frequently tumbles out a huge rabblement of thoughts and figures, in such a way, that, while grasping the one, we lose the other ; the body becomes a mere corpse and the soul a mere ghost in our embrace. He often stimulates the mind, indeed, but seldom feeds it ; is always provoking the desire of something, but withholding the performance ; rarely brings the mind anything to lay hold of and rest upon, as an external, objective support, but keeps it in a paroxysm of effort to balance and stay itself on its own shadow. In a word, it is not things, but his perceptions, that he delights in showing us ; and objects seem of no value to him but for the analogies he can find or fancy between them.

What we have been saying of particular passages, holds equally true of the work as a whole. It has no vitality, no organic unity ; is at best but a string of beads, the thing that connects being no part of the things connected : nothing grows out of what has gone before, or grows into what comes after ; the parts do not vitally cohere at all, do not come along in living continuity, but only in a sort of mechanical juxtaposition. Though the work abounds in changes and shiftings beyond almost any other, it has no real progress ; is always gyrating, never advancing : and, so far as we see, it makes little difference whether we begin at one end and read towards the other, or begin in the middle and read towards both ends, or begin at both ends and read towards the middle. The book, in short, is in no sense an organization of elements, but simply an aggregation of fragments ; of fragments, too, not drawn together by any mutual affinity, but held together from without ; the parts containing within themselves no reason why they are there, and not elsewhere, or why they are so, and not otherwise ; but bundled up without order, or method, or consistency, and differing from a work of art, as a chaos differs from a world. Though after reading it we have a vague recollection of many things, we have no impression of the work as a whole. It has no more unity of interest or of effect,

than of time and place ; the only unity it can boast is in the paper and binding. We cannot make the parts stand together in our thoughts, cannot make them blend into one result. As the work is but a succession of disjointed members, without any living power to harmonize and unite them, so, of course, it seems to the retrospect unusually crowded with matter, as “things scattered seem more numerous than composed ;” we remember many parts, because there is nothing but parts, no whole, to be remembered. A genuine work of art might contain much more matter, and yet seem, in the recollection, to contain less, because we should think of it as one and entire ;—forget all the parts, and retain the whole.

And the parts are often no better in themselves than in their relations to others. As the whole is but a collection of incoherent passages, so particular passages are often but collections of incoherent thoughts. When he would, apparently, make us believe him absorbed in some single passion or purpose,—a condition which would be apt to bring all his movements into sympathy and unanimity,—he cannot, or will not, keep true to our state of mind through the same speech, or even the same sentence. There is a heterogeneousness in consecutive thoughts—a mutual repulsion between them—so that they will not lie together in the mind ; lest the effect should not be startling and original enough, he heaps together incongruities. We will give a few specimens, though the book is so full of them that we hardly know what ones to select. The first is from the hero :

“ Oh ! I was glad when something in me  
said,  
Come, let us worship beauty ! and I  
bowed,  
And went about to find a shrine, but found  
None that my soul, when seeing, said  
enough to.  
Many I met with where I put up prayers,  
And had them more than answered ; and  
at such  
I worshipped, partly because others did,  
Partly because I could not help myself ;  
But none of these were for me, and away  
I went, champing and choking in proud  
pain ;  
In a burning wrath that not a sea could  
slake.”

Truly, “there is no composition” in these statements. If he wanted to worship beauty so much, and found plenty of shrines where his prayers were more



than answered, and where he could never worship enough, why did he conclude none of them were for him; why worship so reluctantly, and finally tear himself away, brimful of wrath and vengeance? In another place, the hero begins one of his most brilliant speeches by saying:

“Merit or demerit none I see  
In nature, human as material;  
In passions or affections, good or bad.”

A little further on, however, he declares:

“Why, Conscience is  
The basest thing of all; its life is passed  
In justifying and condemning sin;  
Accomplice, traitor, judge and headsman,  
too.”

And shortly afterwards, he breaks out:

“Oh! everything  
To me seems good, and lovely, and immortal;  
The whole is beautiful; and I can see  
Nought wrong in man or nature.”

Here we learn, that, though there be good and bad passions and affections, yet there is no merit or demerit in them; that, though all things are morally indifferent, conscience is the worst thing of all; that, though there be no such thing as right or wrong, everything is good and beautiful; and that, though conscience is the worst of all things, yet there is nothing wrong in man or nature. The next specimen is from the same person, describing to one of his lady-loves the beings and objects he has encountered on some of his excursions with Lucifer:

“There is no keeping back the power we have;  
He hath no power, who hath not power to use.  
Some of these bodies whom I speak of are  
Pure spirits; others, bodies soulical,  
For spirit is to soul as wind to air.”

We confess ourselves unable to interpret this passage; as nearly, however, as we can judge, the logic of it is this: He hath no power, who cannot use it; therefore, he who hath power, cannot help using it. But perhaps the meaning is: He who hath power, cannot keep from using it; therefore he who can keep from using his power, hath none. So much for the *logic* of this profound remark; its *truth*, we presume, can be made apparent

in this way: If we have power to walk, then we cannot help walking; or, if we can help walking, then we have no power to walk. The logic of the second remark we take to be this: spirit is to soul as wind to air; *therefore*, some of these bodies are pure spirits, others “soulical” bodies. Such, we say, appears to be its *logic*; its *meaning*, we presume, will be obvious enough to every one at a glance.

Now, what shall be said of an author that produces, or of a public that praises, such stuff as the above, under the name of poetry? But does any one say there is much in the book “that has no merit but its truth, and no excuse but nature?” Then we answer, these things are utterly false and unnatural; they are not true to anything whatever, unless to the author’s “divine insanity of dreams:” and even if they were ever so natural, it is not the business of art to dish us up the offal and dregs of nature. Nothing but a diseased craving for the notoriety of fools or madmen; nothing but a restless desire to attract attention by provoking ridicule and contempt, could ever induce men or boys to talk like the dramatis personæ of this book: and we do not see how any one could give such a representation of them, unless he had forsaken truth and nature, or been forsaken by them; that is, unless he had become a liar or a lunatic.

The book is, if possible, still more replete with rhetorical than with logical incongruities. His exquisite perception of analogies often leads him to see them where there are none to be seen. Thus, Lucifer, speaking in heaven, says:

“What is the dark abyss of fire, and what  
The ravenous heights of air o’er which I reign,  
In agony of glory, to these seats?”

What does he mean by ravenous heights of air? We cannot make the words hang together into an image at all. Does he mean that the heights of air are greedy, or that they are black?—that they have the stomach or the plumage of the raven? Again, in the same speech, addressing the Almighty, he says:

“Father of spirits, as the sun of air!”

We cannot perceive any resemblance between the relation of the sun to air, and that of God to his creatures. In another place, Festus, after relating several things that have happened to him, goes on:

"At last came love, not whence I sought  
nor thought it,  
As on a ruined and bewildered wight  
Rises the roof he meant to have lost for-  
ever."

Now, is not that a queer explanation of the coming of love? That love often steals upon us when and where we neither expect nor desire it, we know very well from experience; and we can easily understand how a bewildered man might stray under the roof he meant to shun; but we cannot conceive how "on a bewildered wight rises the roof he meant to have lost." Again, the hero, speaking of himself and his lady-love, says:

"And we  
Grew like each other, for we loved each  
other;  
She, mild and generous as the sun in spring,  
And I, like earth, all budding out with  
love."

So then, it seems she grew like the sun in spring, and he like the earth in spring, and yet they grew like each other. What a difference there must have been between them! In the description of "the evil spirit of the universe impersonate," it is said:

"Perdition and destruction dwelt in him,  
Like to a pair of eagles in one nest."

Why, this is like setting a grand object before us, and then throwing a mote into the eye to aid our vision of it. The description goes on:

"Hollow and wasteful as a whirlwind was  
His soul; his heart as earthquake, and en-  
gulfed  
World upon world."

How was his heart like an earthquake, if it swallowed world upon world? Festus somewhere expresses his dread of old age thus:

"I hate the thought of wrinkling up to  
rest;  
The toothlike aching ruin of the body,  
With the heart all out, and nothing left but  
edge."

Is toothlike aching ruin but another expression for wrinkling up to rest? Or, are they two distinct things, which meet together in old age? What can he mean by saying that when a man's heart is all out, there is nothing left but edge? Is a man made up altogether of heart and

edge? But perhaps edge is some one of the intestines which we are not acquainted with. Elsewhere, the hero assigns, as his reasons for calling upon God,—

"That the feeling of the boundless bounds  
All feeling, as the welkin doth the world."

This we cannot understand enough to criticise it. It seems to us, like many other parts of the book, to contain a great deal of expression where nothing is expressed. We will add a few more specimens, without attempting to analyze them. The first is from a lady, calling attention to his piano:

"Hush! its tones;  
They melt the soul within one, *like a  
sword,*  
*Albeit sheathed by lightning.*"

In the next, the voice of one singing is described as

"A soft rich tone, a rainbow of sweet  
sounds,  
Just spanning the soothed sense."

Is not this somewhat like setting Niagara to music, and playing it on a fiddle? Here is a description of patience under grief:

"She never murmured at the doom which  
made

*The sorrow that contained her,* as the air  
Infolds the orb whereon we dwell."

The following is from the hero's account of the author, or rather, the author's account of himself:

"All things talked thoughts into him. The  
sea went mad,  
And the wind whined, as 'twere in pain,  
to show  
Each one his meaning; and the awful sun  
Thundered his thoughts into him; and at  
night  
The stars would whisper theirs, the moon  
sigh hers."

This is the first time we recollect to have heard of the sun, moon, and stars addressing, or seeming to address, themselves to the ear. But especially, as the sun does not ordinarily appear at all in a thunder-shower, we do not see how he could appear to do the thundering.

The author frequently runs an idea through several successive figures, until the reader's thoughts, dandled about from figure to figure, lose both the idea and themselves in a sort of poetical bag:

"This is a *snakelike world*,  
And always hath its tail within its mouth,  
As if it ate itself, and moraled time ;  
*The world is like a children's merry-go-round ;*  
What men admire, is carriages and hobbies."

Here is another :

"Thus saith the bard to his work : *I am Thy god, and bid thee live, as my God me :*  
I live or die with thee, soul of my soul !  
*Thou camest and wentst, sunlike, from morn to eve ;*  
And smiledst fire upon my heaving heart,  
Like the sun in the sea, till it arose  
And dashed about its house, all night and mirth,  
Like Ocean's tongue in Staffa's stormy cave.  
*Thou art a weakly reed to lean upon ;*  
But, like that reed the false one filched from heaven,  
Full of immortal fire."

Lest there should not be enough, we will add one more, still finer :

"The bard's aim is to give us thoughts ;  
his art  
Lieth in giving them as bright as may be.  
And even when their looks are earthy,  
still,  
If opened, like geodes, they may be found  
Full of all sparkling, sparry loveliness.  
They should be wrought, not cast ; like  
tempered steel,  
Burned and cooled, burned again, and  
cooled again.  
A thought is like a ray of light—complex  
In nature, simple only in effect ;  
Words are the motes of thought, and nothing more ;  
Words are like sea-shells on the shore ;  
they show  
Where the mind ends, not how far it has  
been.  
Let every thought, too, soldier-like, be  
stripped,  
And roughly looked over. The dress of  
words,  
Like to the Roman girl's enticing garb,  
Should let the play of limb be seen through  
it,  
And the round rising form. A mist of  
words,  
Like halos round the moon, though they  
enlarge  
The seeming size of thoughts, make the  
light less."

This rather beats the passage in the play :

"*E* . . . . . Do you . . . . . cloud, that's  
in . . . . . and ?  
*Polonius* . . . . . and 'tis like a

*Hamlet*. Methinks it is like a weasel.

*Polonius*. It is backed like a weasel.

*Hamlet*. Or, like a whale ?

*Polonius*. Very like a whale."

In this way the author frequently goes on comparing, and comparing, and comparing a thing, until there is nothing but comparisons to be seen. Reading such stuff is like looking into a broken mirror, which so breaks, and scatters, and multiplies the image, that the eye gets bewildered, and takes no impression at all ; one piece of the mirror, by itself, might be good for something, but all of them together are worse than none. In the examples we have given, the author seems to have thrown in figure after figure, not because they suited his purpose, but because he had them in his mind, and wanted to dispose of them. Often his thoughts and illustrations darken and perplex each other, because his mind gets so captivated by some slight analogy between them, as to lose sight of the many differences, in which another mind can hardly help losing the analogy. It is this thing, among others, that makes the book so difficult to read. Though one of the shallowest books we have ever seen, it is one of the hardest to understand. We cannot follow the meaning, superficial as it is, because the author keeps diverting us from it ; throws in so many inaptitudes and impertinences, that, before we reach the end of a thing, we have totally forgot the beginning. The imagery is in no wise taken up, and assimilated and incorporated with the idea, but glued, or nailed, or plastered on ; and thus overlays and hides what it should have been made to express.

Perhaps we shall not have a better place than this to point out certain passages in the book which we are utterly at loss how to class, or how to characterize. The first is from the hero's speech at the centre of the earth, expressing his desire to return to the surface :

"Thee, agy world, thee, universal heaven,  
And heavenly universe ! thee, sacred seat  
Of intellective Time, the throned stars,  
And old oracular Night, by night as day  
To me thou canst not but be beautiful !  
Whether the sun all-light thee, or the  
moon,

Embayed in clouds, mid starry islands  
 round,  
 With mighty beauty inundate the air ;—  
 Or when one star, *like a great drop of  
 light,*  
*From her full, flaming urn hangs tremu-  
 lous,—*  
*Yea, like a tear from her the eye of night,*  
*Let fall o'er nature's volume as she  
 reads ;—*  
 Or when, *in radiant thousands, each star  
 reigns*  
*In imparticipable royalty,*  
 Leaderless, uncontrasted with the light  
 Wherein their light is lost, the sons of fire,  
 Arch element of heavens; when storm  
 and cloud  
 Debar *the mortal vision of the eye*  
 From wandering o'er thy threshold—more  
 and more  
 I love thee, thinking on the splendid calm  
 Which bounds the deadly fever of these  
 days."

The next is from the same person, allud-  
 ing, obviously, to his early doings in the  
 way of poetry :

"Oh! to create within the mind is bliss;  
 And, shaping forth the lofty thought, or  
 lovely,  
 We seek not, need not heaven: and when  
 the thought,  
*Cloudy and shapeless, first forms on the  
 mind,*  
*Slow darkening into some gigantic make,*  
 How the heart shakes with pride and fear,  
*as heaven*  
*Quakes under its own thunder ;! or as*  
 might,  
 Of old, the mortal mother of a god,  
 When first she saw him lessening up the  
 skies.  
 And I began the toil divine of verse,  
*Which, like a burning bush, doth guest a  
 god."*

One more passage, we presume, will suf-  
 fice. It is from the Muse, giving Festus  
 an account of a sunbeam she seems to  
 have spent a day with :

"And but this morn, with the first wink  
 of light,  
 A sunbeam left the sun, and, as it sped,  
 I followed, watched, and listened what it  
 said."

Here follows the sunbeam's speech, which  
 we omit on account of its length. Well,  
 the Muse kept eaves-dropping about the  
 sunbeam, until it came where "a boyish  
 bard sate suing night and stars for his  
 reward," when, lo !

"The sunbeam swerved and grew, a breath-  
 ing, dim,  
 For the first time, as it lit and looked on  
 him ;  
 His forehead faded—pale his lip, and dry—  
 Hollow his cheek, and fever fed his eye.  
 Clouds lay about his brain, as on a hill,  
 Quick with the thunder thought and light-  
 ning will.  
 His clenched hand shook from its more  
 than midnight clasp,  
 Till his pen fluttered like a winged asp,  
 Save that no deadly poison blacked its  
 lips :  
 'Twas his to life enlighten, not eclipse.  
 The young moon laid her down as one who  
 dies,  
 Knowing that death can be no sacrifice,  
 For that the sun, her god, through nature's  
 night,  
 Shall make her bosom to grow great with  
 light.  
 Still he sate, though his lamp sunk, and he  
 strained  
 His eyes to work the nightness which re-  
 mained.  
 Vain pain! he could not make the light he  
 wanted,  
 And soon thought's wizard ring gets dis-  
 enchanted.  
 When earth was dayed, was marrowed, the  
 first ray  
 Perched on his pen and diamonded its  
 way ;—  
 The sunray that I watched ; which, proud  
 to mark  
 The line it loved as deathless, there died  
 dark—  
 Died in the only path it would have trod,  
 Were there as many ways as worlds to God ;  
 There in the eye of God again to burn,  
 As all men's glory into God's must turn."

Now, will any one have the goodness to  
 tell us what all this means ? "The lines  
 have under meanings ?" But have they  
 any upper meanings ? On the whole, we  
 reckon there is no meaning in them ;  
 that the whole thing is mere nonsense or  
 mere glory, done up in a wrappage of  
 transcendental mud. One article of our  
 author's creed is, "believe thou art in-  
 spired, and thou art ;" and surely nothing  
 but the most invincible faith in his own  
 inspiration could ever have induced him  
 to perpetrate such passages as the above.  
 Being, and believing himself to be, in-  
 spired, he was of course bound to utter  
 whatever came into his mind, or into the  
 place where his mind ought to be, pre-  
 suming it to be very true and very deep,  
 even though he could not himself under-  
 stand it. Well, we are rather inclined

to think he was inspired, but with such a conceit, and affectation, and lust of originality, that he spontaneously rejected truth and sense, and took to falsehood and nonsense, as offering him a wider field, and less competition.

But our author is armed at all points; and we know very well that whatever censure we may aim at him on this score must inevitably rebound upon ourselves. Hear him :

"All rests with those who read. A work  
or thought  
Is what each makes it to himself, and may  
Be full of great dark meanings, like the  
sea  
With shoals of life rushing; or like the  
air,  
Benighted with the wing of the wild dove,  
Sweeping miles broad o'er the far western  
woods,  
With mighty glimpses of the central light—  
Or may be nothing—bodiless, spiritless."

According to this principle, unintelligible jargon is just as good as anything—nay, better, because it sets no limit or restraint to the reader's perceptions. Where there is nothing to be seen, of course one is at liberty to see whatever one chooses. There is this great advantage in total darkness, that one "finds in it nothing but what he brings to it;" and such is the plan upon which much of this book seems to have been written. Other authors seem to have thought that the mind was to feed, not on itself, but on something out of itself; that it was to grow and thrive by assimilation, not by introspection; and that it was to rise by laying hold of something without and above itself—not by pulling away at its own ears. They therefore regarded truth, beauty, nature, as something objective and external to the mind; something that the mind was to go out after, and submit to, and learn from. Accordingly they aimed at giving the reader something to grasp and understand; objects to see, and light to see them by; in a word, to teach him, and feed him, as they had been taught and fed—instead of surrounding him with darkness and vacuity, where all things should be just what he made them to himself; and where his mind might snuff back its own exhalations, and project, and realize, and enjoy its own figments, and fancies, and dreams, and passions, with no objects to check its freedom, or tame its self-will, or humble its pride, or rebuke its vanity. Of course,

therefore, their writings are not full of "great dark meanings," as of "nothing," according to the state of mind the reader happens to be in; the very objects they bring before him cut off his vision of transcendental infinitudes; and they do not give him the satisfaction of feeling that "he finds nothing in them but what he brings to them." But men are liable to err; that is, unless they be "inspired,"—at least with confidence in their own inspiration.

But our author has other ways to attract attention besides wading in the mud, and one of the chief is—walking on stilts.

We have never seen a book so filled with all sorts of extravagances and exaggerations. He does not merely stop, but strides from the sublime into the ridiculous; rushes over the line in a perfect gallop. From his representations, one would think he considered works of nature, like works of art, to be just what each one made them to himself. As he finds nothing in natural objects but what he brings to them, so, of course, he finds the same things in them all; that is, sees the same great dark meanings everywhere. This extreme subjectiveness, this perpetual substituting of his own feelings, and fancies, and sensations, and conceptions, for external objects, is incompatible with everything in the shape of truth and nature. To say that a man perceives the same things everywhere, is, to say he has no perceptions whatever; at least, no true ones. He who sees all things to be of the same shape, and size, and color, and quality, of course sees nothing as it is. This is not seeing things, but only dreaming them—making a world for ourselves, instead of accepting the one God has made for us; and things dreamed, of course are of no consequence, save to him who dreams them, nor even to him, save while he is dreaming them; and he who goes about dreaming awake, and substituting his dreams for things, is what we call a lunatic, not a poet. To be sure, we ought not, and we mean not, to blame the lunatic for uttering his lunacy; but we do mean to blame sane people (if, indeed, they be sane) for calling his utterings poetry. We digress.

To return to the work before us. There is no calmness, no repose, no equanimity about it. Scorning the modesties of nature, the author is perpetually working himself into a spasm, a very paroxysm of poetry. Free, natural, spon-



taneous movements are not original and surprising enough ; so he goes into convulsions, and writhings, and distortions, and feats of "ground and lofty tumbling." To outsing all others, he strains his voice into a monotonous squall ; lest his work should not throw all others into the shade, he colors everything till it glares ; that he may overtop all competition, he runs everything up as high as he possibly can, and so of course runs them all up into a dead level. Thus his work is chiefly made up of the pinnacles of things ; taking its start where nature leaves off, and ending in a wearisome flat of superlatives. Diamonds, double-refined stars, and unfading rainbows, heavenly harmonies, and paradisaical fragrances, agonies, ecstasies, suns risen on midday, darkness organized, seventh heavens, and central hells, creatures girded with lightning and shod with sunbeams, eyes revolving lightning, and words revolving death and fire ;—these, and such like rarities, form the staple of the book. We will subjoin a few examples in this kind. Here is the hero's account of a scene between himself, and one of his lady-loves :

"I came and knelt beside her.  
The electric touch solved both our souls  
together.  
Then comes the feeling which unmakes,  
undoes,  
Which tears the *sea-like soul* up by the  
*roots*,  
And lashes it in scorn against the skies.  
Twice did I madly swear to God, hand  
clenched,  
That not even He nor death should tear  
her from me.  
Then first we wept ; then closed and clung  
together ;  
And my heart shook this building of my  
breast,  
Like a live engine booming up and down.  
She fell upon me like a snow-wreath  
thawing ;  
Never were bliss and beauty, love and woe,  
Raveled and twined together into madness,  
As in that one wild hour."

In the next, the same person is describing his feelings towards another of his fair friends, speaking of himself in the "third person singular."

"She did but look upon him, and his blood  
Blushed deeper, even from his inmost heart ;  
For at each glance of those sweet eyes a  
soul  
Looked forth as from the azure gates of  
heaven ;

She laid her finger on him, and he felt,  
As might a formless mass of marble feel  
While feature after feature of a god  
Were being wrought from out of it.  
She spake, and his love-wildered and  
idolatrous soul  
Clung to the airy music of her words,  
Like a bird on a bough, high-swaying with  
the wind.  
He looked upon her beauty, and forgot,  
As in a sense of dreaming, all things else ;  
And right and wrong seemed one, seemed  
nothing ;  
She was beauty, and that beauty every-  
thing.  
He looked upon her as the sun on earth,  
Until, like him, he gazed himself away  
From heaven, so doing ; till he wept,—  
Wept on her bosom, as a storm-charged  
cloud  
Weeps itself out upon a hill."

Here is something from the hero about himself :

"God hath endowed me with a soul that  
scorns life—  
An element over and above the world's :  
But the price one pays for peril is moun-  
tains high.  
There is a sense beyond the rock of death—  
A woe wherein God hath put out his  
strength—  
A pain past all the mad wretchedness we  
feel,  
When the sacred secret hath flown out  
of us,  
And the heart broken open by deep care—  
The curse of a high famishing spirit,  
Because all earth but sickens it."

Here is something more about himself :

"Enough shall not fool me. I fling the soil  
Away. Let me but look on aught which  
casts  
The shadow of a pleasure, and here I bare  
A heart which would embrace a bride of  
fire.  
Pleasure, we part not. No. It were easier  
To wring God's lightning from the grasp of  
God."

"What are years to me ?  
Traitors ! that vice-like fang the hand ye  
lick :

Ye fall like small birds beaten by a storm  
Against a dead wall, dead. I pity ye.  
Oh ! that such mean things should raise  
hope or fear ;  
Those Titans of the heart, that fight at  
Heaven  
And sleep by fits on fire ; whose slightest  
stir 's  
An earthquake."

Here is something rather grand about his  
own poetry :

"His words  
Felt like the things that fall in thunders,  
which  
The mind, when in a dark, hot, cloudful  
state,  
Doth make metallic, meteoric, ball-like.  
He spake to spirits with a spirit's tongue,  
Who came compelled by wizard word of  
truth,  
And ranged them round him from the ends  
of heaven."

And here is something about old age :

"Yet some will last to die out thought by  
thought,  
And power by power, and limb of mind  
by limb,  
Like lamps upon a gay device of glass,  
Till all of soul that's left by day and dark ;  
Till even the burden of some ninety years  
Hath crashed into them like a rock ; shattered  
Their system, as if ninety suns had rushed  
To ruin earth,—or heaven had rained its  
stars."

We could fill pages with just such passages, but we presume these are enough. Even if he begins with a good thought, well expressed, he is pretty sure to run it—into the ground—before he gets through. Here is an instance :

"Who can mistake great thoughts ?  
They seize upon the mind, arrest and  
search,  
And shake it—bow the tall soul as by  
wind—  
Rush over it, like rivers over reeds,  
Which quiver in the current—turn us cold,  
And pale, and voiceless, leaving in the  
brain  
A rocking and a ringing—glorious,  
But momentary—madness, might it last,  
And close the soul with heaven as with a  
seal."

Assuredly nothing is less poetical than this lust of exaggeration—this fanaticism of effect. There is no poetry in it, because there is no truth. It is utterly false ; false to nature and to the human mind ; false to all that is within, and all that is around us. It results, at best, in mere tumidities, which may, indeed, look very plump and solid at first, but which, under a little scarifying, at once collapse into the merest platitudes. The truth is, there are real differences in things ; differences of color, of size, and of quality ; to make them all of the same color, is to discolor them all ; to represent them all alike, is to misrepresent them all ; and

a universe of superlatives is but a universe of nothings. Besides, by always attempting thus to force a grand effect, our author, as might be expected, strikes so hard and so often as to stun the very sensibilities on which the effect depends. Our minds are susceptible in proportion as they are delicate ; and in proportion as they are delicate, are they disabled for going by all attempts to force them along. Accordingly, true poetry is modest and reserved ; implies more than is expressed ; "means more than meets the ear ;" especially avoids making what is inexpressible ridiculous, by attempting to express it : and, by shunning all extremes ; by keeping back much that is thought and felt ; by shadings, softenings, and concealings, so that "part is seen, imagined part ;" in a word, by observing the harmonies and proportions of things, it sends our thoughts beyond itself to that nature of which it is the offspring and the representative. Nature seems to work very much on the principle of offering as little as possible to the eye, and leaving as much as possible to the thoughts. Accordingly, in most of her productions, and in all of her best productions, there is a manifest inclination to roundness, as though she knew this to be the form which unites most matters with least show. Where this modesty of nature is violated, and everything exposed to the eye—flattened out, so to speak, into visibility—of course there is nothing left for the mind and the feelings to do.

Probably no poet has been praised so much by the judicious as Shakspeare ; and all, who have praised him understandingly, have praised him, because he was true to nature and to life—true to facts and things as they appear to the common sense and feeling of mankind. Doubtless much of his excellence as a poet was due to his singular purity of heart ; his freedom from everything like vanity and selfishness ; his willingness to make his character everything, himself nothing ; to keep behind his subject, instead of getting upon it. Had he been less humble and receptive, he would have been less productive ; had he turned his thoughts inward upon themselves, rather than outward upon nature, and preferred his own consciousness of truth and right to all external embodiments of them, his works would, no doubt, have seemed as important to himself as they do to us, and as insignificant to us as they did to himself. On the other hand,

many of our author's literary vices probably spring from the bad moral state of his mind. He has, we should say, got up so high in his self-esteem, as to become vertiginous; and his vertigo of course prevents all just visions of the objects around him. His mind seems to have fed on itself, on its own feelings, and fancies, and conceptions, until it has become inflated into a want of docility and deference; a contempt for all rule, and precedent, and example, and authority. Claiming to oversee everything, to be above it, or on an equality with it, he of course has no reverence, nothing to shame his personal peculiarities into the back-ground of his works; and he sinks into littleness, because he finds no objects to awe down his passions, while they call up his powers. We know not whether this be more the author's fault or his misfortune. It is the fault of the age; and we intend these remarks not so much for him as for the class he represents; the radicals and ultraists of the time; men who seem to regard everything as folly but their own inventions; who, though they have the law before them, sanctioned by much time and interpreted by long experience, prefer to be, or to make, a law unto themselves; and who seem bent on substituting their own theories, which are of no consequence to us, for facts, which are of no consequence to them. We know not how to account for our author's constant, unparalleled extravagances, except by supposing his vanity so intense, that, the moment he has drawn attention to a thing, he cannot choose but step between, and enjoy the gaze. He seems unwilling to see or show anything as it, or as others see and show it. He cannot endure to share the credit of his work with nature. He must have a truth altogether his own, else he will none of it; lest, as in Shakespeare, we should forget the giver in the gift. So inordinate is his passion for originality, that he will even embrace absurdity and falsehood to compass it. He therefore suffers no object in nature to pass him, until he has discolored and disfigured it with the marks of his own ingenuity; cannot bear to part with the gift until he has spoilt it by writing it all over with the giver's name.

We must say a few words in regard to our author's versification, if, indeed, he can be said to have any versification. Poetry is justly regarded as the most comprehensive and catholic form of com-

position. It combines the greatest number of elements, and therefore addresses the greatest number of susceptibilities; and what addresses the greatest number of susceptibilities in the individual mind, of course addresses the greatest number of minds. In this respect poetry approaches, more nearly than any other species of writing, to nature, none of whose works are addressed to the reason alone, or the feelings alone, or the senses alone, but to them all alike, and at once. She everywhere speaks to us in a synthesis and concrescence of many elements, and therefore speaks to all our faculties of sense, and thought, and feeling, at the same time. It seems, indeed, to be a general law of things, that all truth, all life shall come to us in forms and combinations addressed equally and simultaneously to all the elements of our being. Hence Christianity entered into nature, so to speak, clothed itself in natural forms, in order to reveal itself to us; nay, perhaps it *had* to be thus embodied in order to reach us; and of course it had to reach us in order to raise us; had to become like us in order to assimilate us to itself. It thus comes to us in the most complex, catholic expression—an expression as comprehensive as humanity itself, and covering all the sensuous, intellectual, social, moral, and religious susceptibilities of our nature. In like manner, poetry, as the word itself implies, is a synthesis and concrescence of many elements; and among these elements, not the least important is that of verbal harmony. Thought, image, feeling and music enter alike into the structure and substance of poetry; and if either element be in excess or deficiency, the work is proportionably imperfect. Thus the whole structure is homogeneous, accordant, consentaneous; and the head, the heart, the eye, the ear, all our susceptibilities of sensuous and spiritual communication, are moved and satisfied together; and perhaps none of them will move to much purpose, save in a concert of them all. Accordingly, Milton speaks of a poetical frame of mind, as "thoughts which *voluntary* move harmonious numbers;" that is, a state of mind in which the thoughts spontaneously flow into "numerous verse," as the only audible expression of that *rhythmical tendency* which seems to pervade and govern all the higher movements of our nature. Thus the true poet is at once a painter and a musi-

cian; expressing thought and feeling both pictorially and musically at the same time; blending, *creating* the elements and functions of light and sound, of imagery and melody, of vision and hearing, into one movement and one result. In poetry, however, imagery and melody bear much the same relation to thought and feeling, as body does to soul; the former, though essential to the true, full expression of the latter, are subordinate to the latter. Thought and feeling, to be effectively expressed, have to be embodied to the senses; and imagery and melody are their fittest embodiment. But the test of a good body is, that there be neither so much nor so little of it as to attract particular attention; that there be enough of it to hold, and yet not so much as to hide, the spirit which it enshrines; that, in a word, the soul be neither lost out of it, nor buried up in it. In like manner, the test of good expression in poetry is, that there be neither so much nor so little as to divert the mind from what is expressed; that there be enough of it to keep the thought *for* us, and yet not so much as to keep the thought *from* us. "Something too much of this."

Pope's verse has been justly censured for its "creamy smoothness," its monotonous regularity. Though perfectly loaded down with thought, and not particularly deficient in imagery, it has an excess of sweetness which operates to the reader's annoyance. We cannot call the versification harmonious, for the melody is pushed into disproportions, and therefore into disharmony with the other elements, so as to hinder rather than help a just appreciation of them. It is as if one part in a musical concert should be played so loud as to drown rather than complete the harmony of the other parts, and thus prevent that abandonment of mind to the whole, which forms its appropriate effect. Still worse, however, is it with a species of so-called poetry—the work of certain melodists or musical grammarians—which it is now very much the fashion to admire and rehearse, especially among those who have got so spiritual as to see all paradise in mere vibrations of air;—poetry in which the true order of the poetic elements is reversed—thought made subordinate to music, instead of music to thought—sense the vehicle of sound, instead of sound the vehicle of sense—and which, being designed altogether for the ear, has little imagery and less thought, and con-

sists merely of articulate wind, ingeniously done into verse. However, it is very popular, especially with the female and juvenile public; so, Heaven defend that we should speak disrespectfully of it. We will only add, that, being but lip-deep in its origin, it is of course but ear-deep in its effects; so that all it can do is, to tickle the hearing awhile, and then die.

Such is not the fault with our author; no one can charge him with excess of melody. His versification is monotonously irregular—it is as ragged and jagged as a cross-cut saw. With all other great poets, harmony has been the rule and discord the exception; with him, this order seems reversed: as others indulge in discords to keep their harmony from tiring, so he seems to indulge in harmonies to keep his discord from tiring. He had resolved, we should think, that his manner should be as original as his matter; and knew not how to carry out his resolution, save by choosing what everybody else had rejected. We trust he will be safe from the annoyances of imitation. His style has neither the rhythm of verse nor of prose; nay, it has not the *rhythm* of anything, unless of chaos or bedlam. We should suppose he had cultivated his musical ear in filing and rasping cast-iron plates. We had not imagined that such a crude, awkward, bungling, uncouth, grotesque piece of versification could be wrought out of the English language. How his Pegasus could have traveled such a long, rough, rugged journey, without jarring its teeth all out, is beyond our comprehension. He even seems to affect what is ugly and offensive in language; goes out of his way to get it; sacrifices grammar and perspicuity to compass it; as though he were under a fascination of deformity, and supposed that ugliness, if pushed far enough, would become beautiful and attractive. But, seriously, his versification is altogether the worst we have ever seen; it is madness, without any method; impertinency, without any reason mixed with it. His irregularities are so far from relieving the otherwise monotonous movement, that, as we said before, they form a monotony by themselves: discords are the most prominent element in the work; are constantly grating on the reader's ear, distracting his attention, diverting his thoughts. The mind is neither allowed to trot, nor amble, nor pace, nor gallop; all movements are

jumbled in together; and no sooner does the mind get started in any one of them, than it is jerked off into another. The verse is thus a perpetual tantalization of the ear, a constant succession of expectations and disappointments; no sooner does the ear set itself to enjoy music, than the music is snatched away from it; no sooner does the ear set itself to do without music, than the music is thrust upon it. Thus continually plucked on and off, with too much music to let it sleep, and not enough to keep it awake, the ear is held in just that state which is most vexatious and distressing. Such a versification would have been fatal to the best of thinkers; Shakspeare would have sunk beneath it, Milton could never have stood up under it: in short, there never was an author whose matter was good enough to redeem such a style; nor, we may add, was there ever an author whose style was good enough to redeem such matter.

Judging merely from the specimens we have given, our readers may be surprised to hear that there is some genuine poetry in the book. It seems hardly credible that any one, capable of true poetry, should ever indulge in such absurd stuff as we have been quoting. But as no man is wise at all hours, so, perhaps, few men are foolish at all hours. The truth is, no book can be accurately judged from mere specimens; for the viewing of a thing by poets of course brings us at once into the regions of inequalities. Without attempting to explain how such different waters could flow from the same spring, we will simply assure the reader, that there are good passages in the book; several that would do honor to a second or third-rate poet, and some even that might not disgrace a first-rate poet. We will produce a few of the passages which strike us as most worthy of honorable mention. The first is from the hero's reflections at midnight:

"All things are calm, and fair, and passive.  
Earth  
Looks as if lulled upon an angel's lap  
Into a breathless, dewy sleep; *so still,*  
*That we can only say of things, they be.*  
The lakelet now, no longer vexed with  
gusts,  
Replaces in her breast the pictured moon,  
Pearled round with stars; sweet imaged  
scene of time  
To come, perchance, when, this vain life  
o'erspent,  
Earth may some purer being's presence  
bear;

Mayhap even God may walk among His  
saints,  
In eminence and brightness like yon moon,  
Mildly outbeaming all the beads of light  
Strung o'er night's proud, dark brow.  
How strangely fair  
Yon round, still star, *which looks half*  
*suffering from,*  
*And half rejoicing in, its own strong fire,*  
*Making itself a loneliness of light.*  
How can the beauty of material things  
So win upon the heart and work upon the  
mind,  
Unless like-natured with them? Are  
great things  
And thoughts of the same blood?"

The next is from the hero's account of his interview with the Angel of Earth, of whom he says,

"The shadow of a cloud upon a lake,  
*O'er which the wind hath all day held his*  
*breath,*  
*Is not more calm and fair than her dear*  
*face."*

"'Twas on a lovely summer afternoon,  
Close by the grassy maze of a deep tarn,  
Nigh half-way up a mountain, that we  
stood,  
I and the angel, when she told me this.  
Above us rose the gray rocks; by our side  
Forests of pines, and the bright breaking  
wavelets  
Came crowding, dancing to the brink, like  
thoughts  
Unto our lips. Before us shone the sun.  
*The angel waved her hand ere she begun,*  
*As bidding earth be still. The birds*  
*ceased singing,*  
*The trees from breathing, and the lake*  
*smoothed down*  
*Each shining wrinkle, and the wind*  
*drew off.*  
Time leant him o'er his scythe, and,  
listening, wept;  
The circling world reined in her lightning  
pace  
A moment; Ocean hushed his snow-maned  
steeds,  
*And a cloud hid the sun, as does the hand*  
*A meditative face."*

Here is another passage of the descriptive kind from Lucifer, which strikes us as very clever:

"Layer on layer  
God made earth, fashioned it, and hard-  
ened it  
Into the great, bright, useful thing it is.  
Its seas life-crowded, and soul-hallowed  
lands  
He girded with the girdle of the sun;  
Veined it with gold and dusted it with  
gems,  
Lined it with fire, and round its heart-fire  
bowed



Rock-ribs unbreakable ; until at last  
Earth took her shining station as a star,  
In heaven's dark hall, high up the crowd  
of worlds."

And here is one still better, from the  
Parson :

" I now, an early riser, love to hail  
The dreamy struggles of the stars with light,  
And the recovering breath of earth, sleep-  
drowned,  
Awakening to the wisdom of the sun,  
And life of light within the tent of hea-  
ven ;—  
To kiss the feet of morning as she walks  
In dewy light along the hills, while they  
Unveil to her their loveliness."

Besides occasional passages like these,  
the book contains a goodly number of  
detached thoughts and images, not un-  
worthy to be remembered, and some of  
which, if properly read, will be apt to  
make themselves remembered. We will  
add such of these as most readily occur  
to us.

" When we have truth, she is so cold  
And proud we know not what to do with  
her ;  
We cannot understand her, cannot touch ;  
She makes us love her, but she loves not us,  
And quits us as she came, and looks not  
back :  
Wherefore we fly to fiction's warm em-  
brace,  
With her relax and bask ourselves at ease ;  
And in her loving and unhindering lap  
Voluptuously lulled, we dream at most  
On truth."

" I loved her for she was beautiful ;  
And that she seemed to be all nature  
And all varieties of things in one :  
Would sit at night in clouds of tears, and  
rise  
All light and laughter in the morning ; yea,  
And that she never schooled within her  
breast  
One thought or feeling, but gave holiday  
To all."

" Millions never think a noble thought ;  
But, with brute hate of brightness, bay a  
mind  
Which drives the darkness out of them,  
like hounds ;  
Throw but a false glare round them, and  
in shoals  
They rush upon perdition."

" To learn  
How to detect, distrust, despise mankind ;  
To ken a false, factitious glare 'mid much  
That shines with seeming saint-like purity;

To gloss misdeeds ; to trifle with great  
truths ;  
To pit the brain against the heart, and  
plead  
Wit before wisdom ;—these are the world's  
ways :  
It teaches us to lose in crowds what we  
Must after seek alone—our innocence."

" What is't to die ?  
I cannot hold the meaning more than can  
An oak's arms clasp the blast that blows  
on it."

" We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts,  
not breaths,  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

" Great thoughts are still as stars ; and  
truths, like suns,  
Stir not though many systems tend round  
them."

" I have studied my own life,  
And know 'tis like to a tear-blistered letter,  
Which holdeth fruit and proof of deeper  
feeling  
Than the poor pen can utter, or the eye  
discover."

" The poet's pen 's the true divining rod  
Which trembles towards the inner founts  
of feeling,  
Bringing to light and use, else hid from all,  
The many sweet, clear sources which we  
have  
Of good and beauty in our own deep  
bosoms."

" We live not to ourselves ; our work is  
life ;  
In bright and ceaseless labor as a star  
Which shineth unto all worlds but itself."

" There 's a something in  
The shape of harps, as though they had  
been made  
By music."

There are several songs in the book,  
some of which, though marred by the  
author's usual extravagance, are very  
touching and beautiful. We have room  
to extract but one :

" Oh ! if we e'er have loved, lady,  
We must forego it now :  
Though sore the heart be moved, lady,  
When bound to break its vow.  
I'll alway think on thee,  
And thou sometimes—on whom, lady ?  
And yet those thoughts must be  
Like flowers flung on the tomb, lady.  
Then think that I am blest, lady,  
Though aye for thee I sigh ;  
In peace and beauty rest, lady,  
Nor mourn and mourn as I.

From one we love to part, lady,  
 Is harder than to die ;  
 I see it by thy heart, lady,  
 I feel it by thine eye.  
 Thy lightest look can tell  
 Thy heaviest thought to me, lady ;  
 Oh ! I have loved thee well,  
 But well seems ill with thee, lady.  
 Though sore the heart be moved, lady,  
 When bound to break its vow ;  
 Yet if we ever loved, lady,  
 We must forego it now."

With this and another equally fine, perhaps finer, beginning,

" Oh, the wee green neuk, the sly green neuk,  
 The wee sly neuk for me,"

of course we have not a word of fault to find.

For this strange medley, where we thus have a little divinity and a great deal of dirt, a few sunbeams scattered in amidst heaps of rubbish and mud, we know not how to account, except that the author, though capable of good things and beautiful things, has no sense or perception of fitness, or order, or propriety. He seems to have poured out whatever came into his mind; to have uttered everything he could, however unfitly; as though he thought it all inspired, sure enough, so that he could use no judgment or election in the matter. Perhaps we cannot do better than apply to him some remarks of Ben Jonson's touching certain of his contemporaries: "I deny not," says he, "but that these men, who always seek to do more than enough, may sometimes happen on something good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes, it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. It sticks out, perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about it; as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness than a faint shadow." Had Jonson written with a special eye to our author, he could not have given a better description of him.

So much for the pretensions of this work as a poem. Though containing some poetry, it has not the least title, nor the least shadow of a title, to be called a poem. Viewed, indeed, as a literary production of any sort, it is altogether raw and crude; crude alike in the conception and the execution; crude as a whole, and crude in the details; at least, the exceptions, like Gratiano's reasons, "are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of

chaff; you shall seek them all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search." Because he had a few good thoughts, the author seems to have taken for granted that he could have no poor ones; that, to quote his own words, "his soul was like the wind-harp, and sounded only when the spirit blew." Acting on this principle, he obviously mistook certain agreeable sensations, arising, probably, from a healthy state of the digestive, or nervous, or venous system, for supernatural visitings. It is well known that authors of his class are greatly addicted to inspirations of this kind. They are constantly putting forth their "glad animal movements" as divine imbreathings; and the result is, any quantity of revelations, or utterances fresh from the limbo of sensual emotion, that is, from the fool's paradise. To hear such people talk about inspiration, reminds us of a certain philanthropist we have read of, who, feeling the buttons of his pantaloons give way during one of his preachments, fancied that the chains were falling from the hands of oppressed millions. However, if any of the wise ones insist on calling "Festus" a poem, we will not quarrel with them; we will only say, it seems to us a monstrous mass of crudities, or rather, one monstrous crudity.

A few remarks, touching the morality and religion of "Festus," will close this article. Theologically speaking, the book is in no wise a development of an idea or principle into a coherent, original system, but an eclecticism of whatever is most absurd and offensive in several systems: Calvinism, Fatalism, Universalism, Swedenborgianism, Pantheism, and Rationalism. Our author, as he informs us in the person of Festus, is "an ominist and believer in all religions." And he believes in them all, not merely as essays or approximations towards "the absolutely true religion," but as fragments thereof, yet to be reunited into their original whole; and he probably designed his work as an effort towards this reunion. In justice to him, however, we ought to state, that he regards Christianity as, on the whole, the largest and best of those fragments. Nevertheless, he attributes no essential, objective truth to any of them, but thinks that

"All are relatively true and false,  
 As evidence and earnest of the heart  
 To those who practice or have faith in them."

Accordingly he does not hold steadily to any one of them, but goes about culling and collecting whatever he finds true in them all, or as many as he thinks he has mastered. As might be expected, therefore, the book is a tissue of theological contradictions, which it is utterly impossible to follow; the reader seems, indeed, to understand them for a while, but presently finds himself involved in perplexities which he can get over only by not trying to understand them. Under this surface, however, of contradictions, there runs a tolerably uniform spirit which may be best defined, perhaps, as subjective transcendentalism. It is to this spirit that our remarks will be directed. The doctrines of the book, if, indeed, it can be said to have any, are altogether beneath criticism; they are so exceedingly absurd, that no mind accessible to reason will be likely to understand them, or, if it understands them, will be in any danger from them. Even in respect of its spirit, the work, as it concentrates and utters the filth of the time, so it derives its chief importance from the tendencies of the time.

We called the spirit of "Festus" subjective transcendentalism, to distinguish it from a kind of objective transcendentalism which is generally thought involved more or less in all morality, and religion, and even science. Doubtless there is something, both in nature and revelation, that transcends experience; that is, transcends the powers and perceptions of sense. The things we see force upon us a knowledge of things that cannot be seen. Nobody, we presume, believes there is nothing in a dog or an oak but the visible structure; on the contrary, one can hardly help regarding the visible structure as the residence of something invisible. Thus, in the objects of sense the mind recognizes something akin to itself, yet perfectly distinct from itself; and nature seems replete with vital powers and principles suspended and developed in material forms. Indeed, we can hardly think of truth, life, law, otherwise than as things spiritual and invisible, underlying and informing visible, material things. The mind recognizes these things, because like-natured, congenerate, with them; perceives truth and life, because itself is veriform and viviform—as the eye receives light in virtue of its luciformity. Nay, the objects that we see contain something that transcends not only the senses but the understanding; something mysterious, inexplicable, inex-

haustible: for, in nature, everything is related by some inherent virtue to every other thing; and science has never yet exhausted the contents of a single fact.

This, then, is what we mean by objective transcendentalism. It is the transcendentalism taught by Plato and Coleridge; and is the opposite of that barren, lifeless materialism, which not merely conditions our knowledge on the perceptions of sense, but limits it to them; and according to which nature is not a system of things pervaded and informed by living, creative powers and principles, but only a succession and juxtaposition of phenomena. Here the mind is obviously taken out of the regions of truth, and life, and law, and shut up in a prison of matter and mechanism. On this ground there can be no such thing as morality or religion at all; right, duty, justice, are words without meaning; law means necessity; and government is but a set of municipal regulations, where no man can possibly do wrong, because might is the very thing that constitutes right. Nay, on this ground, there cannot, properly speaking, be any such thing as science; for science aims, not so much at facts, as at the laws that determine them, and uses the former as exponents of the latter.

But according to certain old-fashioned ideas, truth, life, law, though transcending the perceptions of sense, are nevertheless truly and essentially objective, and must be known objectively or not at all. Embodied in the visible facts and forms of nature and Scripture, "they steal access through our senses to our minds;" but we know and can know nothing of them, save as they are thus embodied. To learn them, in short, the mind has to resort and submit to the visible facts and forms in which they are objectively presented; that is, the mind has to receive them from without, and can in no wise produce them from itself. Deferring and submitting to those facts and forms, the mind continually learns more and more of their contents, as it becomes more and more capable of them; has something solid and permanent to rest upon, and is thus saved from the captivity and thralldom of theories and abstractions. Hence we may often hear a man of sense and experience, who has learnt enough of things to know he has not exhausted them, saying to a conceited, glib-tongued theorist: "My dear sir, please give me some facts; a handful of these will outweigh a cart-load of your theories." And he is right in speaking

thus; for facts are many-sided; present the elements of truth in their harmony and co-existence; and so express a *multitudinous* meaning which it is not in the power of theories and abstractions to convey. Indeed, it is by recognizing truth, beauty, good, as existing without, that the mind unfolds something within corresponding to them; it is by receiving and obeying law as an objective reality, that the mind develops it as a subjective principle: and if the mind presumes to reject the external embodiments of truth and law, to dispense with the facts in which they are objectively disclosed, and goes into itself in quest of them, it will only substitute its own notions and feelings for them. Here, then, the mind is obviously directed to external sources, and dependent on external objects; has its centre out of itself; finds peace and strength by moving in harmony with the order it is placed amidst; is concerned to reform itself, rather than its whereabouts; to shape itself to truth and right, instead of misshaping truth and right unto itself; is the creature and pupil of God, and nature, and society, not the author or censor of them; has something to aspire to and learn from, an opportunity to erect itself above itself: and the natural result is, reverence, docility, obedience, self-renunciation.

At present, however, the world is favored with a set of teachers who have discovered that the things we have been speaking of have only a subjective origin and existence. The scope of their instructions is, that if we would find truth, beauty, good, we must introvert our thoughts, go into ourselves, and prosecute voyages of discovery among our own sentiments and conceptions. For facts, they substitute consciousness; for external objects, states of mind: and as, according to the old system, truth, life, law, underlie visible facts and forms, and so transcend perception, so, according to this, they underlie thought and feeling, and so transcend introversion. Instead of facts, therefore, we are to take consciousness as the exponent of them; the proper guide to a knowledge of them. We are to admit, indeed, the outward existence of what is seen and temporal, but the things that are unseen and eternal have no reality but within us. Thus, in respect of external objects, this system differs from the materialism alluded to above, only in making us substitute ourselves for what the other teaches us to

deny. The old materialism, therefore, is not nearly so bad as this; for the one is lifeless and barren, produces nothing; the other produces what is far worse than nothing, is prolific of whatever is loathsome and diabolical, of unspeakable pride, and conceit, and vain-glory, and self-sufficiency.

According to this system, God is revealed to us, not in what He has made and said, but in what we chance to think and feel; and as no two minds have the same thoughts and feelings, and even those of the same mind are constantly changing, of course no two individuals have the same God, nor any one individual the same God two consecutive days. In other words, God is but a creation of the mind; heaven but a state of the mind; the passage to heaven lies through ourselves; our own spirits are the Door; and the Way, the Truth, and the Life is to be found in our own hearts. Or rather, on this ground, we have and can have no God at all, but are under the sweet necessity of deifying our own passions and conceptions; all our worship, reverence, obedience are due to the divine, ineffable, transcendental "Me;" and when we are weary and heavy laden, we need but come to this same "Me," and it will give us rest. In short, every man is to be, or to make a truth, a law, a religion, a God, a Saviour, a heaven, for himself; is to fence himself, if possible, entirely within himself, and fence everything else entirely out of himself; must refuse to stand on the earth, and hang self-balanced on his own centre; must scorn to be upheld by any external support, and assert the inalienable right to hold himself up by his own breeches.

Therefore it is, that the leading transcendentalists among us have become so stale, and sapless, and barren. Claiming to be sufficient for themselves, despising facts, renouncing all objective trusts, cutting themselves off from external resources, and isolating themselves altogether within themselves; without sympathy, and without docility; ambitious to produce, but scorning to be replenished from without; carrying their head so high, in short, that no streams can flow into them, they of course run themselves dry, and wither up in the solitude of their own self-sufficiency. As they began by refusing to be taught and influenced by the past, so they have lost their power to teach and influence the present. Lest their light should owe something to the

surrounding atmosphere, they enclose it in an exhausted receiver. They fail of originality, because they date everything from themselves, and, in their overweening self-confidence, put forth as original such impressions as most men have, though few are so conceited as to publish them; for, after concluding there is no divinity but within us, the next step is, to conclude that whatever comes from within us must be very divine. They give out as truth whatever seems true to them, though science or experience may have a thousand times proved it false. Ignorant of other men's knowledge, they fancy themselves to have made discoveries, because they have not docility enough to learn what was known before. Most of what they glory in as original is as old as sin; and about the only thing to be learnt from them is their own indocility.

Such, then, is the moral and religious spirit in which nearly the whole of "Festus" is written. This subjective transcendentalism runs through the work as a sort of undercurrent, occasionally emerging to the surface in expressions like the following:

"Oh! there is naught on earth worth being known,  
But God and our own souls, the God we have  
Within our hearts."

"'Tis but the sense and soul  
We have of God within us, that can serve us."

"'Tis man aye makes  
His own God and his hell."

"Heaven is no place,  
Unless it be a place with God, all-where.  
It is the being good—the knowing God—  
The consciousness of happiness and power."

"In all of us God hath his agony;  
We are the cross and death of God, and grave."

But this spirit forms the support, not the surface of the book; is rather everywhere tacitly assumed than anywhere openly expressed. All the characters agree in presupposing it as the root and basis of their thoughts; it is the common substratum of all their notions and sentiments; appears not so much in their words as in the breath their words are made of; in short, it is the soul of the work, which, though itself unseen, gives cast and complexion to what is seen. It

is involved in the author's avowed preference of thoughts to things, of feelings to facts; in his manifest inclination to speak as one having authority, in the very things where he has least right to speak at all; in his attributing a divine origin and sanction to his own instincts and impulses, putting forth his amatory motions and carnal appetites for such virtues and affections as came only by grace, the slow, silent growth of religious doctrine and discipline; in his regarding external objects and announcements as but *occasions* to develop the innate wisdom of the heart, and so freely substituting his own sentiments and conceptions for the objects and announcements that occasioned them; in his elevating the spontaneous promptings of nature to the rank of objective truth, presuming everything to be good which gives him pleasure, everything bad which his inclination rejects; framing a religion for himself out of his own desires and inventions; making Revelation derive its authority from the heart to which it is addressed; subjecting whatever comes as duty to his own judgment, thus making himself a law unto it, instead of receiving it as a law unto himself.

Thus, as might be expected, our author's moral and religious creed is all of a piece with his literary creed; the spirit of the work, in these respects, is inseparably part and parcel with the same intense subjectiveness which we charged upon it as a work of art; and is equally fatal to the author's claims as an artist and as a moralist. As in books he finds no meaning, so in nature and Revelation he finds no truth, no law, no God, but what he brings to them. He has discovered that "the thoughts we think subsist the same in God, as stars in heaven." As, with him, external facts and objects derive all their significance from the mind that contemplates them, so of course there is nothing in them for him to learn. If, therefore, a Revelation comes to him, instead of receiving it *in order that* he may study and know its contents, he receives it only *because* and *so far as* he already understands and approves them; instead of submitting his mind to the Written Word in faith, to be regenerated and sanctified thereby into a knowledge of the truth, he subjects the Written Word to his "Me," and makes it say whatever the "Me" thinks it ought to say, or else has nothing to do with it: that is, his faith is in no wise in the Author of the



gift, but only in his own judgment of what is given; and he values it, not as a fountain of doctrine, but as a support to his own inventions; marvelously delighted of course to find Heaven proclaiming his own thoughts, and disclosing to him his own wisdom, and presuming that, as he had anticipated the matter of Revelation, so he could supersede the form in which it was revealed. Thus he just reverses the old order of things; makes his perceptions the test and measure of truth, instead of making truth the test and measure of his perceptions.

Hence the peculiarly vicious and vitiating tendency of his book; the sensuality of its love, the irreverence of its religion, the licentiousness of its morals, the vulgarity of its manners. From the principle that every man is a revealer unto himself, that external objects are but mirrors for self-contemplation, and that his own heart is to him the only source of truth and good, he very naturally infers that everything is true and good which comes from his heart. Accordingly, his attitude towards Revelation is rather one of patronage than of dependence; and its effect is, not so much to correct him as to persuade him he needs no correction: from the example of its authors, he only infers the right to speak as they did, and so undertakes to rival them in their own mission. As he sees no meaning but his own in external objects, he of course sees in them any meaning he happens to choose, and thus holds them responsible for whatever thoughts and feelings he chances to have in their presence. Studying things not to learn from them, but to find in them what he already knows, or thinks he knows, he of course perverts and falsifies everything he studies; if he anywhere gets an element of truth, he at once turns it into a lie, by detaching it from its harmony and co-existence with other elements. Going to Scripture, for example, brimful of something which he chooses to call love, and there finding the Creator set forth as a God of love, he concludes that love, and especially his love, is a very divine thing, sure enough, fresh from heaven; abstracts this attribute from the others, deifies his own abstractions, and then, for the God of love, substitutes and worships his miserable deification of love. This pestilent stuff was first spawned from Tophet upon Germany, then transferred from Germany to England, and finally from England to America.

Having thus gone the rounds, it is to be hoped it will now return to its own place.

And our author everywhere attributes to his characters, from the highest to the lowest, the same subjectiveness which he practices himself. Thus, he speaks of God as "loving only his own spirit," and as "worshiping himself eternally in the great glass of things." In the self-same spirit are all his love-scenes written. His lovers everywhere appear occupied, not with the object of their passion, but with the passion itself; in each other's beauty they seem to see only the beauty of their own emotions; are always admiring and talking about their heavenly sentiments; do not so much love each other, indeed, as love the exquisite feelings they have of each other; at once conceiving the objects very divine, to give them so much pleasure, and themselves very divine, to take so much pleasure in them. Hence we have any quantity of such stuff, as would far better become the regions of prostitution than the bowers of chaste affection, dignified with the name of love, and set forth as a social religion. Such a representation of love is really but an apotheosis of lust, and ought to be so regarded. Let it be once settled, indeed, that our own hearts are paramount objects of trust, our proper guides to truth and wisdom, and there is no end to the delusions and deviltries that will have possession of us; reason itself will be bribed to support the wrongs of passion; the light we have from nature will be turned into darkness; and "the candle of the Lord within us," instead of being lighted by truth, will melt away in the enthusiasm of self-conceit. Assuredly, if we wish to find truth, beauty, good, we had better look out of ourselves, nay, almost anywhere rather than in ourselves; seeking them within our own hearts, we shall only be drawn to love their opposites; indeed, our very seeking them there implies a secret preference of their opposites; and the very wish to find *them* would prompt us to look far elsewhere.

Undoubtedly, in some sense, though it might puzzle anybody to tell what, there is truth in the maxim, that in our age we ought to remember and reverence the dreams of youth; but in such sense as it is implied throughout "Festus," and generally used by transcendentalists, it is one of the falsest and worst maxims ever given. For, if the human heart contains the

germs of the noblest plants, it also contains the germs of the vilest weeds; the plants require patient, skillful culture, the weeds grow fast enough of themselves; and who knows not that the cultivation of the former involves the careful uprooting and extinguishing of the latter? The ignorance of childhood is indeed beautiful, because coupled with innocence; and to be innocent, is a kind of wisdom: but it is hardly in our nature to pass directly from innocence to virtue; and to recover us from the depravity we fall into, requires a far higher wisdom than we fall from.

It is from a feigned or fancied reverence for what they call the dreams of their youth, that divers people have come to prefer the unrectified, undisciplined promptings of nature to the wisdom which comes only by experience, which is inculcated upon us and conveyed into us from without, the last and best fruit of a meek, patient, teachable, obedient spirit. Hence the exquisite doctrine, that "nature does never wrong, it is society which sins;" and the equally exquisite practice of arraigning and condemning the State and the Church for the crimes men commit against them, or in spite of them; of setting aside whatever human wisdom, instructed by Revelation, by Providence and by time, has established for the better ordering and edifying of our lives, to make room for the vain theories and paradoxes of beardless transcendental preachers and lecturers, whose only sanction for what they say, is the positiveness, the effrontery, and the contempt of authority with which they speak. Society, in all its forms, of course involves government, authority, subordination, as its organic law; and an external jurisdiction of any sort is better than being left to what are sometimes called our divine instincts and intuitions. Assuredly, truth and law, if they be anything at all, are something objective and permanent—a standard which we may all recognize, and whereby we are all to be tried—are above us all, bind us all, are the common school-masters of us all; we are theirs, not they ours, and it is by consenting to be theirs that we are to make them ours; they exist for us, not by us, come to us, not from us, to exact our allegiance, not to crave our allowance; they are embodied and revealed to us in the institutions into which we are born, from which we draw the aliment of our higher being, which are the very atmosphere and

breath of our spiritual life, and through which the awful spirit of human reason—a thing that is rather over us than in us—by a well-ordered doctrine and discipline gradually passes and grows into an individual possession. It is by loyalty to those institutions that our manhood truly unfolds itself, that we become partakers and inheritors of the Divine Wisdom, which, working through nature and Providence, founded and fashioned them; it is by revering and obeying the forms in which truth and law are thus embodied, that they become assimilated and incorporated into the substance of our minds, building us up into the strength, and beauty and majesty of their own being: and of our transcendental prophets who go about appealing from those institutions to the dreams of their youth and the innate wisdom of their own hearts, what shall we say, but that, in the words of an old writer, describing certain fanatics of his time, "they clothe their own fancy with the Spirit of God, and their own invention with the gift of revelation." On the whole, we suspect the dreams of our youth and the innate wisdom of our own hearts are but fond conceits, under which such people caress and try to accredit the instigations of Satan, conceiving them to be the dreams of their youth, because they have forgotten all the dreams their youth ever had, and presuming them to be from heaven, because they know not, and will not be taught, whence they are. At all events, if we are to consult the wisdom of childhood, let us go where the ignorance of childhood is united with the docility of childhood; "let us have babes and sucklings for our oracles;" instead of going to those who, with the ignorance of childhood, unite the arrogance and audacity of depraved manhood; and whose reverence for the dreams of their youth only prompts them to carry foreheads of brass, where it is alike the instinct of childhood and the wisdom of manhood to be gentle, reverent and submissive.

It is this spirit which, married to philanthropy and theology, has produced and is producing such interesting fruits among us. Scarce a day passes without some additional proof of its malignant energy. Hence the detestable sentimentalism which eats the soul out of men, and replaces it with boundless conceit; and which inspires them with such a marvelous affection for all mankind, that they make it a matter of conscience

to lynch or assassinate the character of whoever questions their theories and rejects their reasonings. Hence, divers people, smitten with the beauty of their own sentiments, and calling their passion benevolence, go about parading and exhibiting their fine feelings,—the very thing, by the way, which, if they had them, they would be sure *not* to do,—and compound for their neglect of private, particular duties, with professions of universal philanthropy. To discharge one's private duties, costs much labor and makes no noise; to spout universal benevolence, brings great notoriety and costs nothing. People commissioned to reform the whole world, of course have to deny themselves the pleasure of minding their own business. To stay at home, and take care of their families, would defraud Providence of their patronage. No law or gospel, hitherto promulgated, is good enough for them; their consciences are so enormously big, as to transform all that has hitherto been called virtue into crime; their own reason and humanity are so loud, that they cannot be made to hear anything else. Christianity aims to regenerate and rectify the inner man; but no religion comes up to their ideal, unless it goes to disorganize society, and regenerate the social relations. How often have we heard them say, that if the Bible tolerates slavery or capital punishment, the Bible itself cannot be tolerated. Thus they appeal from everything to themselves; will not allow Heaven to reveal anything out what their reason can endorse; the voice of nature, as expressed in laws and institutions, which have survived all the innovations of time, is drowned in the thunders with which they proclaim the truth from their own minds.

To attain their ends, they seem willing to sacrifice everything but their malignant passions. The innate wisdom of their own hearts instigates them to preach sedition, treason, and sacrilege, against all that is sacred and venerable in society; even the hallowed ashes of the dead are not exempt from their infuriated desecration; pushing their theories into personalities, they have found that even Washington, a name synonymous with whatever is best and noblest in human character, was a thief, a liar, and a murderer. Their philanthropy has got so intense that it has to vent itself in the dialect of hell; in their excess of love, they have scraped together, for benevolent

uses, a vocabulary that would disgrace the lowest fish-women of Billingsgate; some of them have fed on the milk of humanity, until they have come to unite in their characters all the meanness of a puppy with all the ferocity of a tiger. They seem to value their theories, in proportion as they contradict the oldest and deepest sentiments of mankind; since, on this principle, the wisdom of all past time can the more easily be convicted of folly in their presence. To establish the supremacy of their own reason and conscience, they must discredit all other tribunals; to discredit them they must of course differ from them; and the more they differ from them, the more they seem to have risen above them; for difference, with them, always argues a superiority in their favor: and the only discipline they submit to is one that teaches every man to esteem himself wiser than all other men. Hence their morbid preference for whatever is most eccentric, outlandish, and bizarre in morals. To be original, they clothe their philanthropy in the most extravagant, unnatural, and monstrous forms; their sympathies are expended on condemned criminals and despised prostitutes; what has hitherto been revered as justice, they decry as murder; what has hitherto been, abhorred as crime, they pity as misfortune; the greatest crime, with them, is, to reverence the laws and magistrates that are set over us; instead of obeying the powers that be for conscience' sake, they hold it a matter of conscience to scoff, and blaspheme, and defy them. That any way of doing good has been long tried and found successful, as far as human depravity will permit anything good to succeed, is their strongest reason for opposing it; the better it is, the more furious they are against it, because, forsooth, it leaves the less work for them to do, and the less need of their counsels. The same principle which leads them to array their own judgment against the combined wisdom of all past time, of course makes them intolerant of everything that obstructs the realization of their schemes. They have such a lust of reform, that they cannot endure to let anything go unreformed; must revolutionize all things, lest the world should not be sufficiently indebted to their beneficence; must destroy everything that exists to make room for the monuments of their genius, and that they may have "ample room and verge enough" to —

establish their own righteousness. Their redundancy of conscience only operates to make them fearless of doing evil ; and yet this is the very thing which a truly conscientious man is most fearful of doing ; for it is characteristic of good men to refrain even from meddling with what they know to be bad, presuming it to be the best the circumstances will admit, and fearing lest, in their short-sighted innovations, they may make it worse. Having experienced the infirmity and insufficiency of their reason, such men naturally distrust their own wisdom, and accept a higher in its stead. It is by such experience and such distrust that men become truly wise ; for in this state of mind they can recognize, in what they have inherited, sources out of which to reinforce their feeble powers, and thus become strong to do good by receiving the good that has been done for them.

But our philanthropists are obviously incapable of any such experience ; and if they were ever so capable of it, they would not stoop to learn from so vulgar a teacher as experience. Scorning to trade on any but their own individual stock of wisdom, they of course become bankrupt in everything but self-confidence. Their affections are so engrossed with their theories, that they cannot stop for so trifling a consideration as persons ; they are laboring for the greatest happiness of the greatest number ; this happiness depends on the adoption of their systems ; and there are no arts too mean or too wicked to be employed in furtherance of this cause : to promote the good of all mankind, they invade the sacredest rights, and outrage the holiest ties of life ; convert their tongues into daggers, their words into venom ; go about butchering reputation ; and glory in stabbing and murdering the best feelings of our nature. There are certainly evils enough in the world ; but all of them put together are not so bad as the spirit with which these men go about to remedy them ; the self-worship, the moral and religious subjectiveness, which all their proceedings tend to encourage, would blast all the virtues that adorn, and foster all the vices that degrade human nature ; and many of them are known to exemplify in their own characters the worst tendencies of their system. All that is best and purest in human character comes out in the exercise of the private affections ; and nothing is so desolating

to these affections as universal philanthropy.

It is vain to say such men act from conscience, for conscience is a self-annulling principle ; implies a conviction of our own frailty, and a recognition of a wisdom superior to ours ; spontaneously looks to an external law, stays itself upon authority, and prefers to walk by the light of prescription ; shuns original, and seeks approved methods of doing good ; and is so far from proclaiming its charities to others, that it even hides them from itself. As conscience begins with a conviction of our own guilt, and a reference of moral evil to individual depravity, so it prompts us to correct the inward sources, rather than the outward occasions, of wrong ; to seek the reformation of individuals, rather than of institutions ; to convince men of their misdeeds, rather than of their misfortunes ; to inspire them with sorrow for their transgressions, rather than with anger at the law for punishing them ; in a word, to make them better and happier where they are, instead of encouraging them to wait for better circumstances, and saddle their crimes upon society. The conscience which inculcates upon men an oblivion rather than a confession of their own guilt, and to criminate the occasions rather than rectify the sources of their evil-doings, may be of a great quantity, but is of a most wretched quality. It is this conscience which, charging men's crimes upon their circumstances, is seeking to prevent vice by taking away the freedom without which virtue cannot exist. The truth is, the people in question are actuated by the worst form of selfishness, the offspring of that old depravity whose "darling sin is pride that apes humility ;" a selfishness which is all the worse for proceeding upon an inordinate love, not of our interest, but of our own opinions ; which makes men envious of all the virtue and happiness but what they can take to themselves the credit of producing—thus causing them to look with an evil eye upon all the blessings they have not had a hand in bestowing, and upon all the lights they have not been the means of kindling ; which prompts them to call the evil of their own doing, good, and the good that others do, evil ; and, if they cannot have things their own way, to make them as bad as they can,—a selfishness which, under the name of moral courage, casts



off. all reverence; spurns at all authority, and, glorying in non-resistance to everything but law, sanctimoniously abjures carnal weapons, and supplies their place with moral violence, and so puts all its valor into the tongue, and reinforces itself out of the worst passions of our nature. So much for the philanthropists. We cannot stop to give them their deservings now. Perhaps they will hear from us again.

Married to theology, the spirit in question has been prolific of results still more worthy of attention,—results which, though less apparent, strike deeper, and therefore are more malignant. Casting off prejudice and prescription, looking up only to their own judgment, and drawing all their authority from within, certain men have become wise and good altogether beyond what is written; have come to prefer God as revealed in their reason, to God as revealed in the Scriptures. Hence the execrable custom which these men have, of sitting in judgment on Revelation, and of subjecting it to their arrogant and impious eclecticism, gravely endorsing such parts as accord with their notions, and rejecting such as they do not happen to approve. Respecting certain portions of Scripture, the *Rev. Mr.* — virtually says, and from the pulpit, too: This is none of God's word; my reason tells me better; God would not, could not speak thus; these are the sentiments of a barbarous age concerning Him. Respecting certain other portions, his virtual position is: This is undoubtedly true; my reason assures me it is divine; I know it came from God, because it has the approval of my conscience, the voice of God within me. Such is the style in which the savans of the time habitually speak and write. The Bible, as it is, has something to say about the stern, awful beauty of justice, sets forth the fearful as well as adorable majesty of law; but these men will know no religion but humanity. By judicious analysis, and selection, and recomposition, —leaving out old errors and absurdities, as the offspring of a fierce judicial spirit,—they extract from the Bible a religion which must supersede the one hitherto taught, and which is to live and move and have its being in a sea of unadulterated love. Thus we are taught to seek religion within ourselves; to erect our reason into a sovereign tribunal, a last appeal; to adjust and reform Revelation

into accordance with our own judgment; to receive its contents, not because they come attested and authenticated by miracles and works which no man could do, but simply because they seem to us good and true; wherein our only difficulty is, we have to assume that we are competent to judge what is good and true, which is the very thing we are *not* competent to do, and which it is everywhere the office and aim of Revelation to teach us we are not competent to do. There is obviously no occasion for God to speak to those who already know what He ought to say; and His speaking to them tends, not to humble them in view of His wisdom, but to elate them in view of their own.

Claiming to have seized the spiritual sense of Scripture, these sapient philosophers are marvelously fond of dissecting the form, of taking the life out of the organization in which it is given, and putting it into a form better suited to their enlightened notions. In this way they think to dispense with the body, and to retain the pure soul of divine truth; and all who prefer to keep the soul in the body they denounce as formalists; as altogether behind the age; and as opposed to all progress. Of course they never trouble themselves with the question, whether, in thus divorcing the spirit and the form, they may not lose them both; indeed, it is quite possible they do this on purpose to get rid of them both, and that there may be no permanent, stubborn facts to contradict their doctrines or hinder the reception of their ideas. But for this fixed, objective embodiment of truth, their own inventions could obviously have free course. It seems not to have occurred to them, and yet perhaps it *has* occurred to them, that though they may keep the body *awhile* without the soul, they cannot keep the soul without the body; nay, their very efforts to get rid of the body seem to argue that it has already lost its soul to them, and is beginning to stink in their refined nostrils. However, under the name of the disembodied spirit of Christianity, they can easily smuggle in their own notions and feelings. When a man's father is dead and gone, of course he can only see him in his mind's eye, where it is not so easy for another to test his perceptions. Where there are no *objects* to be seen, a man can locate his own conceptions with all imaginable facility; and if others see



nothing but vacancy there, he can accredit his visions on the ground of his superior insight; he

“Has lights where other eyes are blind,  
As pigs are said to see the wind.”

But really all this is not submitting ourselves to the written word, but substituting ourselves for it; not so much consenting to receive, as claiming to originate a religion. When people thus erect themselves above Revelation, we may be assured that they are so far from being elevated, that they have not risen high enough to see what is above them; that instead of having attained to superior light, they are altogether below the region of light. Equally ignorant of all, such men of course think themselves equally masters of all; conceive that they know the whole, for the simple reason that they know nothing. He who presumes to oversee Revelation, shows that he has not seen, and cannot, or will not, see anything of it whatever; that he has not even the eye to see it with, or if he has, will not use it. In thus perpetually deferring to the god within them, and declaring themselves independent of external guides and sources, these men simply publish their own arrogance and insolence. We care not what appearance of modesty and humility they may put on, at heart they are as proud, selfish, conceited, and impudent, as Satan himself; or, if there be none of the devil, then there is much of the donkey in them; for the stupidest brutes and the most enlightened demons agree in equally lacking docility and reverence. Their appealing from all acknowledged and accredited standards of truth and good, to their own reason and conscience, only proves that the voice of reason and conscience is utterly stifled within them; that they are but clearing up the ground to let loose their own will and pleasure; and that the freedom they preach is but for a license to riot in the luxuries of self-assertion. Assuredly, if men cannot find anything this side of heaven to reverence, they will find nothing to reverence there; if they have any docility, they can learn from the powers that be; if they have no docility, they will not learn from the Power that ordained them, but will only use His name to accredit their own abominable conceits. To seditious, refractory spirits all authority of course seems tyranny; and the only condition upon

which they will consent to be governed, even by the Almighty, is, that He will be their humble servant, and let them do precisely as they have a mind to. Thus, the same principle which instructs men to appeal from all earthly tribunals to God, will instruct them to appeal from God to their own reason.

We know of nothing more offensive, not only to religion, but even to good taste, than the habit these men have of eulogizing the Scriptures. This habit they seem to have caught from Rousseau, that great high-priest of the synagogue of Antichrist. With them, as with him, it springs, not from reverence, but from the intensest vanity; not because they regard the Scriptures, but because they wish for the votes of such as do regard them; for no one who properly regards them will dare to eulogize them. Men seldom pronounce funeral orations until they have buried the subjects of them. In like manner, the worst husbands, for example, are generally loudest in praising their wives; their praises are but the fig-leaves to their infidelity; and of course their fig-leaves only serve to betray them. Why, the greatest ruffians and murderers that ever polluted the earth have sought impunity for their butcheries in sounding the praises of their victims! Eulogy implies some equality between the author and the object; and the author is generally understood to share the honor he confers. Where the eulogy is volunteered, we take for granted the author is but seeking to distinguish himself—making capital out of the virtues he celebrates. It is not so much an acknowledgment as an appropriation of merit. The truth is, the puffs which these men inflict on the Scriptures are but the offspring of a supercilious patronage; eulogy is the price they pay for impunity in sacrilege; they glorify the Bible merely to compound for their desecration of it. By gratuitous endorsement and laudation of the Scriptures, they seem to acquire a right to nullify as much of them as they please; by adding their sanction to what God has revealed, they seek to purchase the prerogative of adding God's sanction to their own inventions. Their aim is, not so much to exalt as to partake the supremacy of Revelation. In this way they can keep up the show of modesty while indulging their impudence and audacity, and thus gratify their vanity both ways at once. The self-same spirit which prompts them

to eulogize, also prompts them to criticise, since each of these serves alike, in its place, to approve their keenness of appreciation ; indeed, the right to eulogize involves, in some sort, the right to criticise. In short, their raptures and rhapsodies over the Scriptures are designed merely to co-ordinate their own inspiration ; they spring not from love of what is revealed, but from lust of the authority that revealed it ; they extol its wisdom but to establish their own ; laud the Apostles, not so much to confirm, as to usurp, their commission ; commend the Prophets, merely to accredit their own prophesyings. Having mastered Revelation, having climbed to where they can overlook, and endorse, and patronize it, they are of course qualified to discriminate, and select, and winnow, and bolt, and improve, and complete it, or even to supersede it, and substitute revelations of their own in its stead. They would not depreciate the authors of the Bible ;—by no means. They only aspire to an equality with them. From the example of Him who spoke as never man spake, they merely infer their own right and duty to enter into competition with Him ;—that's all.

This intense subjectiveness in religion of course involves an equally intense individualism. Christianity has always been accounted a religion of means and media ; it supposes that man has strayed away from his Maker, and that some mediation is required to bring him back ; that he is somewhat fallen from his first estate, and has to climb up over many steps, in order to recover it ; that, in short, it needs a ladder with several rounds to aid his ascent. That it might come to us in the form of a practical discipline, Christianity organized itself into a Church, on the ground that many men have to grow up together in order for any one to grow ; as law and order are brought home to us, and incorporated with the substance of our minds, by being embodied in the state. This social organization evidently supposes that each individual is to be subordinate to the whole, and that in and through this subordination he is to find the life which the whole is appointed to preserve and impart. Whatever now passes for Holy Scripture, has been transmitted to us by and through the organs of this consecrated body : has been adjudged to the place it holds by human, or rather, by ecclesiastical authority. Here we have a somewhat complex

mediatorial system, such as seems adapted to the state of fallen man. But to men who have not fallen, this scheme of religious polity is obviously useless. No such means are required to purify those who are already pure ; and the pure in heart can see divine truth better perhaps without any media than with them ; men who are already in heaven need no ladder to help them thither. Accordingly, unfallen men—and they are becoming rather plenty just now—manifest their perfection by revolting from this organization and setting up for themselves, and professing allegiance only to God and their own reason. What other men gladly accept as media, these men justly reject as obstructions to the wisdom that cometh from above. This, then, is what we mean by religious individualism. Such is the ground virtually assumed by that saint and apostle, the Rev. Mr. — alluded to above. The scope of his theology is : God and I are enough ; there is no occasion for anything to mediate between us ; I will offer all my worship immediately to Him, and receive whatever blessings I want immediately from Him ; I need no Church, no Bible, no Saviour, and I declare myself independent of them ; to be sure, they may have been necessary once, before the dawn of modern illumination, and may be so still to some whom the day-spring from on high hath not visited : but I have reached a point of view where they may profitably be dispensed with ; God and I are enough ; and in my case the rays of heavenly light would only be intercepted by all such channels of communication. Well, the Rev. Mr. —, after all, is but the representative of a class ; he is just like many others, only “ rather more so ;” and perhaps the astonishing beauty of his conclusions will throw them back upon a reconsideration of the principles which they hold in common with him.

These subjective, transcendental philanthropists and theologians seem to have been commissioned expressly to prepare the way for “ Festus.” We confess we like not the style of denunciation which we have adopted towards them. In using it we have but followed their example ; but their example, in whatever aspect viewed, is one which no sane man can desire to emulate. We have done it merely to show them that they are as vulnerable as they are violent ; that they are as open to denunciation as they are given to denouncing. It is for their sake,

not for the book's, that this article is written; that the work concentrates and embodies all the wisdom diffused among them, is our sole reason for noticing it; but for them the book never would have troubled us, and we never should have troubled our readers with this review. Well, the book, as was to have been expected, has had a great run; the author has got his notoriety, the publishers have got their money, the public have got what they have paid for, and we have got our article written. Incorrigible transcendentalists and hopeful young men and maidens, literary freshmen and coxcombs and dotards, those who are too hard to

admit, and those who are too soft to exclude anything that offers itself, those who have transcendental eyes and those who have no eyes at all, those who can see everything where there is nothing to be seen, and those who can see nothing where there is everything to be seen,—in short, all who are above and all who are below appreciating what is sober, and solid, and judicious, and spontaneously take to whatever is grotesque, and mawkish, and monstrous, and extravagant, have devoured the book with all imaginable greediness, and have doubtless become the emptier for what they have swallowed.

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### GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.\*

THE recent departure of this gallant soldier for new scenes of war, lends additional interest to the narrative of his past life and services, and we shall be doing good service to those—and they are almost the whole people—who are looking with anxious yet not apprehensive interest to his reappearance on the field of battle, heretofore so signally fields of triumph for his country and himself.

The volume in which this biography is embodied was published several months ago, and has already attained a large circulation; this is as it should be, for it is a modest, well-digested narrative, in a vivid, yet not ambitious style, of some of the most interesting chapters in our past history — chapters in which *Winfield Scott* is *facile princeps*, for he it was who gave their direction and fortunate issue to most of the great events commemorated in these chapters.

General Scott was born in Petersburg, Virginia, in June, 1786, and is coeval, therefore, so to speak, with the Constitution of the United States, which has ever been with him an object of such reverence, that no exigencies of war, or other extremities, have tempted, or could, we firmly believe, tempt him to any act in violation of its letter or spirit. Educated with a mother's vigilant and affectionate care—for his father died when he was only four years old—his mind and disposition were early trained to gentleness

and truth, in the fear and the love of God his Heavenly Father, who had no longer a father upon earth. Scott was designed for the profession of the law, and in 1806, having completed his course of study, he was admitted to the bar of Virginia, and rode the circuit during two terms. He then determined to pursue his profession in Charleston, S. C.—for now he was wholly an orphan, his mother, too, being dead—but finding that a year's previous residence in the State was required, Scott returned to Virginia, but not to the pursuits of the law. The aggressions of the European powers upon our rich and defenceless commerce, and especially the attack upon the U. S. frigate *Chesapeake*, had roused the ardent spirits of the land and turned their hopes and aspirations to the career of arms. A bill to increase the army was passed by Congress in the winter of 1807-8, and Scott was appointed a captain of light artillery. But the rumor of war passed off—albeit Scott, who was warmly in feeling with that party headed by Jefferson and Madison, believed and openly maintained that the dignity and honor, not less than the true interests, of the nation, required resistance by arms to the aggressions of England. Such, however, was not the decision of the country or the government, and Scott was, in 1809, ordered to Louisiana, where Gen. Wilkinson then held command. For this commander—of whose

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\* THE LIFE OF GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT, by Edw. R. Mansfield, Esq. New York: R. Barnes & Co.

connection with Burr in what was deemed a traitorous enterprise, Scott had the opportunity, during Burr's trial in Richmond, to form a distinct opinion—the young captain of artillery entertained little respect. Wilkinson, who needed support, at first tried to conciliate the young officer, who could write, speak and fight well, but failing therein, he resolved to ruin him. Scott's indiscretion soon furnished a pretext, and he was arrested and tried by a court martial, mainly for words spoken disrespectfully of his superior officer, in violation of the rules and articles of war. On this charge he was found guilty, and sentenced to one year's suspension: then came another charge, imputing a fraudulent withholding of a small sum of money paid to him on account of clothing, &c., for his company; but of the allegation of fraud the court, without hesitation, acquitted him. This year of suspension was to him a year of benefit, for he passed it in Richmond with his early friend *Benj. Wilkins Leigh*, in close and assiduous study of military works and all others connected with his new career. Not a stain, nor shadow of stain, was left upon his name by the result of this trial; for his offence was one of patriotism, however indiscreet, when he denounced his commander as unworthy of public confidence, as he believed him to be—and the opinion of the nation, it may, we think, now be added, ratified the distrust expressed by Captain Scott.

After rejoining his command, Scott went through the ordinary routine of a soldier's duty in time of peace, till 1812, when war was declared against Great Britain. In a few weeks after the declaration, Scott was appointed Lt. Colonel of the 2d regiment of artillery, and marched immediately to the Niagara frontier, so soon to become the theatre of his fame, though not without first tasting of adversity. At the battle of Queenston, at which he was a volunteer, and which, but for the backwardness of the militia to stand by and succor their companions, his skill and gallantry would have converted into glorious victory, Scott, after displaying great resources as a soldier, was finally compelled to surrender to greatly superior numbers, and, with the whole of his small force, become prisoner of war. He, with his fellow-captives, was sent to Quebec, whence, upon being exchanged, he soon after embarked for Boston. But before this occurred, one of

character of Scott, and his impartial love for the soldiers who, with him, were serving their country, was strikingly displayed. When the prisoners were embarked on board the transport to be conveyed to Boston, they were mustered on the deck by British officers, acting under the express commands of Sir George Prevost, and every man whose tongue, in answering to his name, betrayed his British birth, was set apart to be sent to England as a traitor, there to be tried and executed. As soon as Scott, who was in the cabin, became aware of what was going on, he sprang to the deck; and, finding his men ranged in ranks, and answering to the roll called by the British officer, he forbade his soldiers to make further answer. Already twenty-three had been selected and set apart for a shameful death. Silence followed Col. Scott's command, and no threats of the British officer could induce the men again to speak. Scott, amidst constant interruptions from the British officer, then addressed the twenty-three selected men—encouraged them to be of good cheer, and solemnly pledged himself to them, that if a hair of the head of one of them was touched because of their having served in the American army, retaliation should be made upon British prisoners in the hands of the Americans. These twenty-three men, all Irish, were, nevertheless, put in irons, and sent to England; but they bore with them the pledge of a gallant soldier, who, they knew, would not fail them; and accordingly, his first care, on landing at Boston, was to repeat all the circumstances to the Secretary at War, and the effect of this report, immediately communicated to Congress, was, that a law was passed vesting the President of the United States with the power of retaliation, (March 3d, 1813,) and two months after, at the capture of Fort George, Scott having made many prisoners—true to his pledge to the Irish soldiers sent in irons to Great Britain—selected twenty-three of his prisoners, and confined them to abide the fate of the twenty-three naturalized Americans. In making this selection Scott was careful not to include a single Irishman. This step led to the confinement on both sides, as hostages, of many men and officers, the lives of all of whom were of course dependent upon the fate of the original twenty-three.

The British authorities saw the peril, and, it may be presumed, the injustice of



the step they had taken, and not one of these prisoners was tried or harmed. There is a poetical justice, rare in real life, in the sequel of this story, which is thus told by his biographer :

“In July, 1815, when peace had been some months concluded, and Scott (then a Major General) was passing along on the East River side of the city of New York, he was attracted by loud cheers and bustle on one of the piers. He approached, and great was his delight to find that it was the cheers of his Irish soldiers, in whose behalf he had interfered at Quebec, and who had that moment landed in triumph, after a confinement of two years in British prisons! He was quickly recognized by them, hailed as their deliverer, and nearly crushed by their warm-hearted embraces! Twenty-one were present, two having died natural deaths.”

Scott, although then on the point of embarking for Europe, and suffering still from the effects of the wound received at the bloody battle of the Niagara, immediately wrote to the War Department, recalled the case of these men to notice, and claimed for them their arrears of pay and the bounty of land to which they were entitled. The claims in both respects were admitted and satisfied.

As soon as exchanged, Scott again sought active service, and appeared as adjutant-general of the army under General Dearborne, on the Niagara frontier, in the spring of 1813. His first act was in leading the advanced column of the attack, which so completely succeeded, on the 27th May, on Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara river. The enemy was driven from the work and the field; and but for repeated and peremptory orders of recall from his superior, Scott would probably have captured the whole British force. The fort, the colors of which had been taken down by Col. Scott himself, became the head-quarters of the American troops, and in command of it Col. Scott was left when the main body of the army went down the St. Lawrence, in the summer of that year, to attack Montreal. The whole summer passed without any attack from the British, and, burning for active operations, Scott was permitted by General Wilkinson to turn Fort George over to General McLure of the N. Y. militia, and to join the main army at Sacket's Harbor; marching to the mouth of the Genesee river, where the commander-in-chief pro-

mised that transports should meet him. In this, however, Scott was disappointed, and he was compelled to march over roads almost impassable along the whole distance from Niagara to the St. Lawrence. Leaving his column near Utica, under the command of Major Hindman, Scott hastened forward himself, reached the St. Lawrence at Ogdensburg on the 6th Nov. in time to take part in the descent, and was appointed to command the advance guard; and owing to his being in advance, had no part in the indecisive battle of Chrystler's field, or the events which took place in the rear. He did, however, encounter and overcome severe resistance at the Hoophole-creek, near Cornwall, where he routed a nearly equal British force under Colonel Dennis—making many prisoners and pursuing the fugitives till night; and also at Fort Matilda, erected to guard the narrowest part of the river. He took the fort, its commander and many of his men. But with victory within his grasp—for there was no force between Scott and Montreal which could have arrested his march six hours, and no garrison in Montreal that could have obstructed his entry—he was doomed, and the nation was doomed, to disappointment by the incompetency and the quarrels of two of its Generals—Wilkinson and Wade Hampton: Wilkinson ordering a retreat because Hampton would not join him with his detachment, and Hampton refusing to join, because, as he alleged, provisions were insufficient; the campaign closed in disaster. But it was brilliantly redeemed by that of the following year. On the 9th March, 1814, Col. Scott was promoted to the rank of brigadier, and immediately joined Gen. Brown, then in full march from French Mills to the Niagara frontier. Brown, who was an able but self-taught commander, perceiving the need of instruction and discipline, left the camp expressly for the purpose of giving the command to Gen. Scott, and enabling him to carry out a system of instruction and discipline with the troops as they assembled at Buffalo. For more than three months this duty was assiduously and most successfully discharged by Gen. Scott.

Now it was that the knowledge of the art of war, which he had so sedulously acquired during his year of suspension, came into play. He personally drilled and instructed all the officers, and then in turn superintended them as they in-



structed the soldiers. By assiduous labor, he succeeded, at the end of three months, in presenting in the field an army skillful in manœuvres, and confident alike in their officers and in themselves. When all was ready for action, General Brown resumed the command. The army was crossed over to Canada in two brigades, Scott's and Ripley's, the former below, the latter above Fort Erie, which almost immediately surrendered, and then marched to attack the main British army, lying behind the Chippewa river, under the command of General Riall. On the morning of the 4th July—auspicious day!—Scott's brigade, several hours in advance, fell in with the 100th regiment, British, commanded by the Marquis of Tweeddale, and kept up a running fight with it till it was driven across the Chippewa. Scott encamped for the night behind Street's creek, about two miles from the British camp, behind the Chippewa; with a level plain extending between,—skirted on the east by the Niagara river, on the west by woods. On the 5th,—a bright, hot day,—the morning began with skirmishing in the woods, between the N. Y. Volunteers, under General Porter, and the British irregulars; and it was not till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and just as Scott, despairing of bringing on an action that day, was drawing out his brigade on the plain for drill, that General Brown, who had been reconnoitering on the left flank, and perceived that the main body of the British army was moving forward, rode up to General Scott, and said, "The enemy is advancing: you will have a fight;" and without giving any order, such was his reliance upon Scott, proceeded to the rear to bring up Ripley's brigade. Scott immediately prepared for action; and there, on the plain of Chippewa, with his own brigade only, consisting of the 9th, 11th, and 25th regts. of infantry, with a detachment of the 22d, Towson's company of artillery, and Porter's volunteers,—in all 1900 men,—encountered, routed, and pursued a superior force of some of the best regiments of the British service—the Royal Scots, the 8th and 100th regiments, a detachment of the 19th dragoons, another of the Royal Artillery, and some Canadian Militia,—in all 2100 men. Here it was that the discipline so laboriously taught by Scott, in the camp of instruction, told; and this it was that enabled him, as at a turning point of the battle he did, in a voice rising above the roar of ar-

tillery, to say to McNeil's battalion of the 11th infantry:—"The enemy say we are good at long shot, but cannot stand the cold iron. I call upon the Eleventh instantly to give the lie to the slander. Charge!" And they did charge; and, aided by Leavenworth's battalion, they quickly put the enemy to rout, before the 21st of Ripley's brigade, which was hastening to take part in the battle, or any portion of that brigade, could get up.

Justly, indeed, did General Brown, in his official report of the battle, say: "Brigadier-General Scott is entitled to the highest praise our country can bestow: to him, more than to any other man, am I indebted for the victory of the 5th July." The fight was fierce and bloody in an unwonted degree, the killed on both sides amounting to 830, out of about 4,000 engaged—more than one in five. This action—which was chiefly valuable for the good effect it produced upon the feelings of the nation, by proving that in the open field, and hand to hand, our troops were equal at least, and in this instance had proved themselves superior, to the best troops of England—was followed in just three weeks by another, yet more decisive of the courage and discipline of the American army—that at Lundy's Lane. Gen. Riall, unknown to General Brown, had been largely reinforced by Gen. Drummond from below; and when, on the morning of the 26th July, Gen. Scott, in advance, as usual, was on a march to attack Gen. Riall's forces, he suddenly came upon the British troops, which, reinforced that very day by Drummond, were themselves bent on attack. Scott had with him but four small battalions, commanded, respectively, by Brady, Jessup, Leavenworth, and McNeil; and Towson's artillery, with Capt. Harris' detachment of regular and irregular cavalry,—the whole column not exceeding 1,300 men. With this small force, Scott found himself in presence of a superior body. His position was critical, but it was precisely one of those where promptness and decision of action must supply the want of battalions. Dispatching officers to the rear to apprise Gen. Brown that the whole British army were before him, Gen. Scott at once engaged the enemy, who all the while believed they had to do with the whole of Gen. Brown's army, not at all expecting that a mere detachment of it would venture upon the apparently desperate course of encountering such

greatly superior numbers as the British knew they had in the field. The battle began about half an hour before sunset, within the spray, almost, of the everlasting Falls of Niagara, and beneath the halo of its irradiated bow of promise and of hope. It is recorded as a fact, that the head of our advancing column was actually encircled by this beautiful bow, and all took courage from the omen. The battle raged with unequal fortune and desperate valor, till far into the night. When Miller made his famous and decisive charge upon the battery of the British, which was the key of their position, darkness covered the earth; and Scott, who knew the localities, piloted Miller on his way, till the fire from the battery revealed its position completely. Scott then resumed the attack in front, while Miller gallantly stormed and carried the battery, and held it against repeated charges from the oft-rallied, but as oft-dispersed, British troops. Twice, meantime, had Scott charged through the British lines—two horses had been killed under him—he was wounded in the side—and about 11 o'clock at night, on foot and yet fighting, he was finally disabled by a shot which shattered the left shoulder, and he was borne away about midnight from the battle,—his commander, General Brown, having been previously, in like manner, carried away wounded from the field.

The honors of the field belonged to the American arms, although, from the want of horses, they could not carry off the British cannon, captured with so much gallantry by Miller. But the American troops retired to Chippewa, and thence to Fort Erie, where they were soon besieged by Gen. Drummond. Scott was absent, suffering under his wounds; but the spirit and the discipline with which his efforts and his example had inspired the army, failed not, though he was no longer with them, and after being beleaguered near 50 days, Gen. Brown, who had sufficiently recovered to resume the command, made a sortie, on 17th Sept., in which he defeated the troops in the trenches, captured and destroyed their works, and so effectually overthrew all that it had cost long weeks to accomplish, that the British commander, Gen. Drummond, withdrew his troops, and soon after the American army went into winter-quarters at Buffalo. This was virtually, in this region, the end of the war; for peace was negotiated at Ghent

at the close of 1814, and was ratified early the ensuing Spring.

Scott, who had been carried to Buffalo, where he was most kindly and cordially received and watched over, as soon as he could bear the motion, was borne in a litter from place to place by the citizens themselves, who would not commit to mercenary hands the care and comfort of a gallant soldier, still disabled by his wounds, until he reached the house of his old friend Nicholas, at Geneva. But his great desire was to reach Philadelphia, in order to avail himself of the eminent skill of Drs. Physick and Chapman; for the possibility of being so crippled, for life, as to be incapable of further service to his country, was to Scott an intolerable thought, and hence he sought the best surgical aid. He therefore, by slow progress, reached Philadelphia,—everywhere welcomed and honored on his route as the suffering representative of the army on the Niagara, which had won imperishable laurels for the country and itself. At Princeton, where he happened to arrive on the day of the annual Commencement, the Faculty, students and citizens all insisted on his taking part in the ceremonial; and, pale, emaciated, and weak as he was, that he should be present during a part, at least, of the public performances. He was fain to comply; and when, in the close of an oration "on the public duties of a good citizen, in peace and in war," the youthful and graceful orator turned to Scott, and made him the personification of the civic and heroic virtues which had just been inculcated, the edifice rang with applause, woman's gentle voice mingling in with the harsher tones of the other sex. The Faculty conferred on him the degree of A. M., which his early training and literary pursuits, not less than his public services, rendered wholly appropriate. On approaching Philadelphia, he found the Governor of the State, Snyder, at the head of a division of militia, with which he had marched out to receive him.

Baltimore being still menaced by the British, Gen. Scott, at the earnest request of the citizens, consented, all wounded as he was, and incapable of exertion, to assume the command of the district, and in such command the tidings of peace found him. After declining the post of Secretary at War, proffered to him by President Madison, and aiding in the painful and delicate task of reducing the

army to a peace establishment, he was sent by the government to Europe, both for the restoration of his health and professional improvement. He was moreover commissioned to ascertain the views and designs of different courts and prominent public men respecting the revolutionary struggle then commenced in the Spanish American colonies, and especially those of England respecting the island of Cuba,—all at that time subjects of solicitude at Washington. How he acquitted himself of these commissions, may be inferred from the fact, that, by order of President Madison, a special letter of thanks was written to him by the Secretary of State. After two years spent in Europe, where he associated with the most distinguished men in all the walks of life, attended courses of public lectures, and visited and inspected the great fortresses and naval establishments, Scott returned to the United States, and was assigned to the command of the seaboard, making New York his headquarters; and there, for twenty years, except with occasional absences on duty in the West, he remained. The gratitude of the country for his war services was testified in various shapes. Congress voted him a gold medal, and passed resolutions of thanks, in which he was not only complimented for his skill and gallantry at Chippewa and Niagara, but *for his uniform good conduct throughout the war*—a compliment paid by Congress to no other officer. The gold medal was presented by President Monroe. Virginia and New York each voted a sword to him; which, for Virginia, was presented by Governor Pleasants, for New York, by Governor Tompkins. He was also elected an honorary member of the Cincinnati, and numberless States named new counties after him.

In the long interval of comparative inaction which followed the close of the war, Scott's services were availed of by the general government—first, in that most painful task of reducing the army to a peace establishment, which necessarily imposed upon the General the responsibility of deciding between the merits and fitness of many gallant men, who had stood with him unflinching on the red fields of battle. But in the discharge of this, as of every other duty to his country, Scott acted with a single eye to its honor and welfare. Neither the relations of general friendship, nor the influences of various sorts, brought to bear from without,

were suffered to warp his firm mind. He was there for his country, and in consonance with what he thought its clear interests, was his course throughout. The next important benefit rendered, and which, perhaps, was not the least of all the many he was capable of rendering, was to translate from the French; prepare, digest, and adapt to our service, a complete system of military tactics. In the execution of this trust, his previous military studies gave him great facilities and advantages; and the system thus introduced, carried into effect by those jewels of the nation, the West-Point Cadets, has recently proved itself at Palo Alto and Fort Brown, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey.

The frankness of his nature, and his high sense of subordination, and ever-present and active respect for the spirit as well as letter of the Constitution of his country, involved him, about the year 1817, in an unpleasant controversy, first with General Jackson, and second, as a consequence of the first, with De Witt Clinton. The particulars of the controversy have passed from memory, and it is not our purpose to revive them. In the lifetime before the presidency of Gen. Jackson, a very complete and soldierly reconciliation took place between Gen. Scott and himself. But we may add, in the way of caution and reprobation, that the whole difficulty arose from the unjustifiable and ungentlemanly repetition of some observations, made at a private dinner table by Gen. Scott.

Another controversy arose between Gen. Scott and Gen. Gaines, on the subject of *brevet* rank, on occasion of the appointment of Gen. Macomb to the command of the army, after the death of Gen. Brown. The government did not sustain the views taken by Gen. Scott of the rights of brevet rank, and this officer, in consequence, tendered the resignation of his commission, not from any mere personal feelings, but because he thought that in his person a great military principle was violated. Happily, Gen. Jackson (then become President) would not act upon the proffered resignation; and in order to allow time for reflection, and at the same time to prevent any damage to the service from an open collision on points of duty between Gen. Scott and his official superior, a furlough of one year was sent to him. Scott took advantage of the furlough to revisit Europe, and on his return, under the earnest ad-

vice of his friends, and, as is believed, with the unanimous approval of his brother-officers, Scott withdrew his resignation, and reported himself for duty. The Secretary of War, Major Eaton, in acknowledging Gen. Scott's letter, frankly and honorably says: "It affords the department much satisfaction to perceive the conclusion at which you have arrived as to your *breret* rights. None will do you the injustice to suppose that the opinions declared by you on the subject are not the result of reflection and conviction: but since the constituted authorities of the government have, with the best feelings entertained, come to conclusions adverse to your own, no other opinions were cherished, or were hoped for, but that on your return to the United States you would adopt the course your letter indicates, and with good feelings resume those duties of which your country has so long had the benefit."

The General was ordered in conclusion to report himself at once for duty to Gen. Macomb. He was assigned anew to the Eastern Department, and there remained till called by the Black Hawk war in 1832 to take command of that.

It was in this command that Scott had the opportunity of showing himself a "hero of humanity," as he had before shown himself a "hero in the battle-field." The Asiatic cholera in this year first reached this continent, and, sweeping with rapid but irregular strides from point to point, it manifested itself most fatally on board the fleet of steamboats on Lake Erie, in which Gen. Scott, with a corps of about 1,000 regulars, embarked for Chicago. They left Buffalo in the beginning of July. On the 8th, the cholera declared itself on board the steamboat *Sheldon Thompson*, in which Gen. Scott and staff, and 220 men were embarked, and in less than six days one officer and fifty-one men died, and eighty were put on shore sick at Chicago. It was amid the gloom and the terror of this attack from an unknown disease, or only known by its fatal approaches, that Gen. Scott displayed those attributes of moral courage, of genuine philanthropy, which should weigh so much more in the scale of national gratitude, than the exercise of physical courage—that quality common to our race in the battle-field. From cot to cot of the sick soldiers, their General daily went, soothing the last moments of the dying, sustaining and cheering those who hoped to survive, and for

all, disarming the pestilence of that formidable character of contagion which seemed to render its attack inevitable, and almost synonymous with, death, by showing in his own person that he feared it not. Of the numbers whom his heroic self-confidence and generous example, in such circumstances, saved from death, by dissipating their apprehensions, no human estimate can be made; but such deeds and such devotion are not unmarked by the eye of Providence, and cannot be without their reward. Of the 950 men that left Buffalo, not more than 400 survived for active service. On leaving Chicago, with this diminished command, Scott proceeded as rapidly as possible to the Mississippi, and there joined Gen. Atkinson at *Prairie du Chien*, who, in the battle of the Badaxe, had already scattered the forces of Black Hawk. In spite of all the precaution adopted by Scott and Atkinson, the cholera was communicated anew to the army assembled at Rock Island, and great were its ravages. Here again, as on board the steamboats, when the malady first appeared, Scott's self-sacrificing care and solicitude for his men were unceasing. A brother-officer, an eye-witness of what he relates, thus describes the General's course of conduct:

"It exhibited him not only as a warrior, but as a man; not only as the hero of battles, but as the hero of humanity. . . . The general's duty, under the circumstances, clearly was to give the best direction he could for proper attendance on the sick, and for preventing the spread of the disease. When he had done this, his duty was performed, and he might have left the rest to his medical officers. But such was not his course. He thought he had other duties to perform; that his personal safety must be disregarded to visit the sick, to cheer the well, to encourage the attendants, to set an example to all, to prevent a panic—in a word, to save the lives of others, at the risk of his own. All this he did faithfully, and when he could have no other motive than that of doing good. Here was no glory to be acquired; here were none of the excitements of the battle-field; here was no shame to be avoided, or disgrace to be feared, because his arrangements and directions to those whose part it was to battle with disease, had satisfied duty."

It was far into September before the dread disease was extirpated from the camp, and then commenced the negotiations with the Sacs and Foxes; this was



concluded by Scott with consummate skill, and resulted in the cession, for a valuable consideration, of the fine region which now constitutes the State of Iowa. Another treaty was made on the same terms by him with the Winnebagoes, by which they ceded some five million acres of land east of the Mississippi and between the Illinois and Wisconsin, now constituting a valuable portion of the Territory of Wisconsin. In reference as well to his successful negotiations as to his humane conduct under the calamity of pestilence, the then Secretary of War, Gen. Cass, wrote thus to Gen. Scott :

“ Allow me to congratulate you upon the fortunate consummation of your arduous duties, and to express my entire approbation of the whole course of your proceedings, during a series of difficulties requiring higher moral courage than the operations of an active campaign under ordinary circumstances.”

Scarcely had Scott reached home and his family in New York, when he was detailed by President Jackson to a new, important and most delicate duty, that of maintaining at home the supremacy of the United States against South Carolina nullification. He immediately proceeded to Washington, and there, in personal interviews with the President and the cabinet, becoming fully possessed of their views, and having fully expressed to them his own, he was invested with very ample discretionary power to meet the perilous crisis. In no scene of his life, perhaps, has Gen. Scott exhibited more thorough patriotism—more entire devotion to the laws and Constitution of his country—more anxious, and skillfully-conducted efforts to arrest that direct of calamities, civil war—more self-command—more tact and talent—than while stationed at Fort Moultrie, in Charleston Harbor, and face to face, as it were, with nullification in arms. A single drop of blood shed at that moment might have deluged the nation in blood—and yet the laws of the United States, made in conformity with the Constitution; Scott was sworn and commissioned to uphold, defend and enforce : the point of difficulty was to avert the bloodshed, and yet maintain the laws ; and he came off entirely successful in both—under circumstances, that history will do justice to, as those who remember the fearful apprehensions of that day, did at the time, and still do.

His next field of public service was in Florida, where the Seminoles—in possession of the everglades, and having taken our troops at unawares—owing to the want of adequate preparation by the administration, although timely warned of the danger by the gallant Clinch—seemed for a time to set the whole efforts of our country at defiance. On the 20th January, 1836, General Scott was ordered to the command of the troops in Florida, and he displayed his habitual promptitude in obeying the order. He was apprised of the will of the President at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and asked when he could set forth ; “ this night,” was the reply. But a day's delay was required to draw up the requisite instructions and he left Washington on the 21st. We enter not here into an examination of the steps taken and plans devised by General Scott, to bring to a rapid and sure termination these disastrous and discreditable hostilities, nor into the manner or the motives of his unmilitary recall and of the subsequent investigation of his conduct by a Court of Inquiry ; these are among the historic archives of the nation. Our only concern here with them is to say, that this court unanimously approved his conduct—pronounced the plan of his Seminole campaign “ well devised,” and added that it “ was prosecuted” with energy, steadiness, and ability ; and so in regard to the Creek war, which at the same time fell upon his hands, the court found “ that the plan of campaign adopted by Major-General Scott, was well calculated to lead to successful results ; and that it was prosecuted by him, as far as practicable, with zeal and ability, until he was recalled from the command.”

Mr. Van Buren, who had now become President, approved the finding of the court, and the nation at large ratified the verdict. Public dinners were tendered to General Scott by the citizens of New York, of Richmond, and of other places, all of which however he declined ; and was in the discharge of the ordinary duties of his station, when the patriot troubles broke out in 1837 on the Canada frontier. For two years these troubles agitated this country and seriously menaced its peace. To no man in so great a degree as to General Scott is it indebted for the preservation of that peace. His honor and patriotism, his approved military service, his reputation and his bearing as a soldier, gave great effect to



his frank and friendly expostulations with the deluded American citizens, who supposed they were acting patriotically in taking part with the Canadian revolters; and by kindness and reason, combined with much skill and assiduity, in discovering and tracing the ramifications of the patriot lodges, he was enabled to prevent any outbreak that might compromise our country with Great Britain. His return from the Niagara frontier was greeted with compliments at Albany and elsewhere, and all felt that a great national good had been accomplished by this gallant soldier. In 1838, another difficult and painful service was confided to General Scott, that of removing the Cherokees from the homes of their fathers, beyond the Mississippi. Here, he was as successful as in all previous public service: tempering humanity with power, and operating more by moral influence than force, he effected this most trying object in a manner that secured the gratitude of those whom he was, acting for his country, obliged to wrong. It was this service, connected with his subsequent pacific arrangement of the north-eastern boundary difficulties, that drew from the lamented Channing—that apostle of human rights—this fine tribute:

“To this distinguished man belongs the rare honor of uniting with military energy and daring the spirit of a philanthropist. His exploits in the field, which placed him in the first rank of our soldiers, have been obscured by the purer and more lasting glory of a pacificator, and of a friend of mankind. In the whole history of the intercourse of civilized with barbarous or half-civilized communities, we doubt whether a brighter page can be found than that which records his agency in the removal of the Cherokees. As far as the wrongs done to this race can be atoned for, General Scott has made the expiation.

“In his recent mission to the disturbed borders of our country, he has succeeded, not so much by policy as by the nobleness and generosity of his character, by moral influences, by the earnest conviction with which he has enforced upon all with whom he has had to do, the obligations of patriotism, justice, humanity and religion. It would not be easy to find among us a man who has won a purer fame; and I am happy to offer this tribute, because I would do something—no matter how little—to hasten the time when the spirit of Christian humanity shall be accounted an essential attribute and the brightest ornament to a public man.”

This is justly said and most justly applied.

In 1839, Scott was again deputed by the government to keep the peace, and, soldier as he is, to use all his great influence to prevent the occurrence of war. The dispute respecting the contested boundary on the north-eastern frontier had become exasperated—Massachusetts and Maine on one side, and New Brunswick on the other, had in some degree taken the matter into their own hands, and hostile bands stood facing each other; a single indiscretion among them might have precipitated war beyond the possibility of its being averted. Happily a friendship formed on the field of battle, in years long past, between Gen. Scott and Gen. Sir John Harvey, the Governor of New Brunswick, contributed to smooth the difficulties between the two nations. Gen. Scott having overcome the first great obstacles in soothing the irritated feelings of the American borderers, made overtures to Sir John Harvey for the mutual withdrawal of troops from the disputed territory; and Sir John frankly acceded to them, saying in his letter of the 23d March, 1839, to Gen. Scott, “My reliance upon *you*, my dear General, has led me to give my willing assent to the proposition which you have made yourself the very acceptable means of conveying to me.” The menacing position of affairs was now effectually changed into feelings of reciprocal forbearance, and *Daniel Webster* finally accomplished, by the treaty at Washington, the good work so satisfactorily commenced by the Pacificator, Scott.

Subsequently, the gratitude and admiration of large portions of the country designated Gen. Scott as a candidate for the Presidency, and many States, in the preliminary convention of nomination, voted for him, but another obtained the vote. In all this matter Gen. Scott was passive—not seeking and not declining the high office—but holding himself, as he always does, liable to the call of his countrymen, to serve them in whatever capacity they may think his services needed.

He is now once again on the field of war—mature in mind, rich in knowledge and experience, robust in health, and patriotic, considerate, and law-abiding as in the past. The circumstances under which this command was conferred upon him, honorable alike to him and to the Executive, of themselves dissipate

the poor jests in which, in the thoughtlessness of security, some inconsiderate people have indulged, because of an overfrank, literal and common-place expression. The glorious fact of Scott's heroic life, his brilliant deeds of arms, his more ennobling acts as a statesman and pacificator in peace, cry aloud against such wanton injustice to a great name; and the future will yet vindicate that name which, it may be affirmed with entire confidence, will never be allied with dishonor, oppression, or defeat. Mortal, indeed, he is, and he may die by the for-

tune of war, but, living or dying, his life will be consistent to the last; and as it has been in the past, so will it continue to the end—self-sacrificing, devoted first and always for his country; and striving everywhere, and at all times, for the supremacy and preservation of its laws and its Constitution.

Such is WINFIELD SCOTT, to whom all eyes are now turned, as the head of our armies in Mexico; and whose career, thus far, is honestly, impartially, and eloquently set forth in the volume here referred to.

## THE SEA AND THE SHIPWRECKED.

BY EARLDEN.

The Jack-tar, with his hat in his hand, delivereth a speech in behalf of his shipwrecked comrades :

GRANT us your hearts, kind people; and withal  
Grant us your open hands. For who will spare  
To give his small and individual mite  
To the poor sailor? Are there any, think ye,  
Of all that fill, in hard and daily use,  
The occupations of this common life,  
That can in toil and peril aught compare  
With wanderers of the ocean? Do but think,  
And let imagination aid your thoughts,  
How many and what fearful shapes of death  
We still must meet whose life is *never* sure.  
Look on us, cribbed and cabined with disease,  
In hot unwholesome closeness couching us,  
Or in rude hammocks swinging to the gale,  
And coldly sprinkled with the salt-sea foam.  
O, do but see us in a fragile bark,  
A plank—no more—'twixt life and wild destruction,  
Tossed like an acorn in the midnight storm,  
While the loud wind sweeps through the whistling shrouds,  
Strain the high masts, and on the spongy dark  
Streams the torn canvas, and th' unruly billows  
In rage and fear above each other rise  
To look upon our ruin. Or, behold  
Beneath the steep and equatorial sun  
Our ship becalmed upon the rotting deep,  
Our bodies baked, and black with fevered thirst,  
While weltering creatures in the waveless slime  
Batten around us. Then, present, again,  
To your quick minds a vessel's lonely crew,  
Careering round the dim and frozen pole,  
Where no sun rises. O, with freezing ears,  
Long months beneath the light of the cold stars,  
Hear the harsh grating of the dull green ice,  
And see around the huge bergs slowly move  
Their jagged edges 'gainst the pale, gray sky.

All this, good sirs, fair maidens, have we borne,  
 Myself and these ;—and now at last we're wrecked  
 On this our native shore, which should have been  
 More kindly to her children. O, be moved  
 With touch of pity, gentles, and bestow  
 Some meed of charity ; nor evermore  
 Forget the storm-worn mariner. So may God,  
 Who saved us from the tempest and the sea,  
 Reward your mercy !

*[Money flung into the old sailor's hat.]*

I thank you, now, for my comrades ; ay, in the name of all the poor sailors in the world. Won't you have a song ? They made me spokesman, you see ; but it's a hard thing to make a reg'lar speech, though it's all fixed aforehand. But I think may be we can all sing a catch to suit ye ; though the salt water's hardly out of our mouths yet. Come, boys, stand by for the chorus !

### SONG.

#### I.

Ho ! heave the anchor !—high, my boys !  
 Yo heave ! O heave ! Ye ho !  
 The morning breaks, our canvas shakes,  
 The sea-born breezes blow !  
 For we will leave the lazy land,  
 And scorn the pillowed sleep,  
 Fling wide our sail to sun and gale  
 And ride the rocking deep !

#### CHORUS.

O, who so brave as they that dare  
 With the sailor's bold devotion !  
 For we court the battle and the storm,  
 And our home is the rolling ocean ;  
 O ! our life is peril, toil and want,  
 And our grave is the rolling ocean !

#### II.

The land is fading—let it fade !  
 Though there our sweethearts be,  
 We'll woo the deep where wild winds  
 sweep—  
 More constant is the sea !  
 And if there's one will weep and sigh,  
 It shall not be in vain ;—  
 For she will prove of sweeter love  
 When we come back again.  
 O, who so brave, &c.

#### III.

Lo ! land is lost—the sky's above,  
 The sea is all around ;  
 And now are we, as the billow free,  
 Or the breeze that's never bound !  
 Then stretch, my boys, another sail ;  
 Ye winds, blow swift and strong !  
 Ho ! Ho ! the wave shall be our slave  
 To bear our flight along !  
 O, who so brave, &c.

#### IV.

Behold the heavens are still and lone,  
 And water is the world ;  
 But we've no fear, for God is here,  
 And our country's flag unfurled !—  
 Then, strife or storm, we'll die beneath  
 The starry streamer brave ;  
 And own at last, where we are cast,  
 The sailor's boundless grave !

#### CHORUS.

O, who so brave as they that dare  
 With the sailor's bold devotion !  
 For we court the battle and the storm,  
 And our home is the rolling ocean ;  
 O ! our life is peril, toil and want,  
 And our grave is the rolling ocean !

## THE HACK-HORSE WOT WOULDN'T GO;

OR, HOW THE YANKEE DID THE YORKSHIREMAN.

Rap! rap!! rap!!!

No answer.

Three more raps and two kicks.

"Hullo! who's there? What's the row?"

"Toomble oop, Benson, toomble oop!"

And Fred Peters tumbled in.

"Eeeee—yow! 'Tisn't church time yet," and I yawned awfully.

"Nóa, but we're goaing to York, you know."

"Oh! Ah! Ye-es." And it began to dawn upon my somewhat obfuscated intellect that we were to be at York in time for the Cathedral service, which begins at 10 A. M. It was now half-past 6, and we were in Leeds, twenty-one miles distant. Under this pressure I did "toomble oop," and set about my toilet vigorously.

Fred Peters was a right good fellow, half Yankee, half Yorkshire. I believe he was born in the good city of Gotham, but his dialect was precisely that of the Ridings. Adopted at first partly out of fun, partly as an aid in business, (at that time we New Yorkers were suffering for the sins of the Pennsylvania defaulters and Mississippi repudiators, and John Bull was very shy of us,) this peculiar modification of the vernacular had be-

come his natural mode of speech, and he seldom used any other. We were sworn cronies, though in very different lines, he being learned in all mysteries of broadcloth, I a moderately learned and decidedly equestrian Cantab. Business had brought him, and pleasure me, to the north of England: our temporary headquarters were, as above hinted, at Leeds.

And now breakfast and other matutinal operations being successfully completed at half-past 7, we were ready to start. Our vehicle was one of the "Shem, Ham and Japhet Buggies," by Sidney Smith commemorated. The horse was a wiry dark bay, with a hammer head, never-resting ears, and no tail to signify. There were good points about him, but he had an aspect of unmitigated rowdiness that strongly reminded me of the "bhoys" on the 3d Avenue. And this *souvenir* of my beloved city moved me—no, kept me from moving; for I stood contemplating the fiery (and fired) steed in ecstasy of admiration.

"Handsome horse, that!" said Peters.

"Never mind, we're not proud." (A Cantab never is, if you will take his word for it.) In we jumped; I took the ribbons, of course, and off went rowdy at a good round pace.

### FYTTE THE SECOND—(*Being Fight the First.*)

"One mile to Tadcaster. How far is that from York?"

"Two moiles further."

"Not so bad that. Eighteen miles in—how much, Fred?"

"One hour and twenty-nine minutes. Plenty o' toime; you'd better pull up a little."

Singularly enough the horse had come to the same conclusion just at that moment, for he began shaking his head with great rapidity, and decreasing the velocity of his legs in a corresponding ratio until he came to a walk. To this we had no objection; indeed, it was the very thing we intended. But after about fifty yards he came to a positive standstill. Even in this we were willing to acquiesce for a reasonable time, and al-

lowed him sixty full seconds for repose, after which I intimated the propriety of advancing. But the usual suggestions were quite lost upon our animal. Whip, reins and voice, equally failed to educe any symptoms of locomotion.

"Oi'll lead him," quoth Peters, the best natured of men, and out he leaped. For some twenty yards the horse condescended to proceed; then he stood stock-stiller than ever.

"Coom along, old horse! Coom wi' ye! (Here the horse backed a trifle.) Coo-om! poor fel-low! Ah! Benson, he'll nayther be driven nor coaxen," and Fred, for once in his life, looked like giving it up. For my part I essayed alternately every term of endearment and objur-gation, all to no purpose. The brute re-

remained obstinately statue-like. As my friend, Dr. Whistle of Trinity, might have said, "no fortuitous concurrence of itinerants was ever more deaf to the authoritative mandate of a policeman" than the Yorkshire Roostants to our persuasions. He could not be induced to "move on" at any price.

"Confound you to all eternity!" I exclaimed at last; and springing up, I began to flagellate the refractory one in every part reachable. "Clear the track, Fred!" And he did, in good time for himself, for just as I had completed my circuit of investigation, the subject of it made a hunter-like bolt, tearing away tags and traces as if they were paper, and leaving the buggy to its destiny. As I make it a principle always to stick to the reins, I found myself flying through the air in a very erratic curve, the locus of which it would require a better analyst than myself to determine. Even in this emergency, however, I retained sufficient presence of mind to draw one rein hard, by which means the horse was landed in a road-side gully, before he could drag me more than three or four leaps, and I escaped without further injury than a slight rent in my tweeds. As for Peters, he sat down on a big stone and laughed inextinguishably.

It does not take long to get a horse out of a ditch. I had had hunting experience enough to understand those sort of things. The next step was to head him towards our vehicle, which was no sooner done than he started off at a rate that bade fair to carry him back to Leeds in less time than he had come from it. And now I should have been compelled to let go the reins in self-defence, but lo! in his headlong career he caught sight of the buggy, whereat he brought up all standing, shied right round and resumed his immobility. Once more I exhausted all my powers of persuasion to induce an advance, but as to making him move one step buggy-ward, you might as well try to make a French novelist believe in virtue and honor, or a Loco-Foco listen to reason. Vainly did I "remonstrate" with him more *Hibernico*, first with the butt-end of my whip and afterwards with my boots: it was an utterly fruitless expenditure of leather.

"Well," said I at last, "if Mahomet won't go to the mountain the mountain must come to Mahomet;" so we laid hands on the buggy and dragged it bodily up to the horse; then, having tied up the

may have been those not "old-fashioned" is heard and, by a great triumph of art, snatched him over the remaining mile. And thus we made our entry into Tatham at 10 A. M., Sunday morning.

Almost every one was at church, and we led along our goodly stand nearly five miles, through a not very promising "without discerning, as I said, a Christian, not given a pig, sheep." At the end of that time we beheld a mass of a large bundle of pots coming down us at the rate of six miles an hour, and as the ambulatory mass of power drew nigher we distinguished a small boy in the centre of it.

"I say, boy!"

"Zurr!" and the pot-boy pulled up in about as much time as it would have taken a locomotive to perform the same feat.

"Where does this road go?"

"It goes both ways, zur, it da."

"And that one?"

"That doesn't go nowhere, zur."

"H—m—m. Any inn here?"

"Yes, zur, there be the Roisin Zun, and the Zwan wi' one neck, you know, and the Zwan wi' two necks."

"And which is the best?"

"Whoy, zur, seyther be loikes the Zwan wi' two necks: Oi belongs to the Roisin Zun myself! Vem good tap da Zun, zur."

"Well, which is the way to the Sun?"

Memory and imagination are equally incompetent to convey an adumbration of the bewildering answer we received, compared with which the celebrated Dutch direction, "First you must go up a high hill, and then down a low hill," &c., was a very model of lucidity. We looked dubiously at the boy, the horse, and each other.

"What's to be done, Peters?"

Fred replied by warbling a stave of "the Pilot:"

"Fear not, but trust in Pre-o-o-vidence, Where'er thou chawces to be."

"Here's a penny for you, my lad. Be a good boy, and go to church. Come up, Bucephalus!"

*Fortes fortuna.* After ten minutes' eccentric perambulation we brought up opposite the door of the Rising Sun.

"Hillo, house! hillo!"

But the house didn't feel itself called on to answer.



"Hillo-o! Anybody in?"

"Neigh!" quoth a horse somewhere, (not our horse; he wouldn't deign to do anything of the sort.)

"Troy 'em again, Benson! Giv 'em an Indian whoop, now!"

So I gave them a pretty good imitation of one, which had the desired effect, for there emerged from the stable a ponderous hostler, with a red waistcoat, red cravat, red hair and unutterably red face. I thought it must be the rising sun himself put into knee-breeches for the occasion.

"Can we have a horse and chaise here to go on to York?"

"(), ye be goaing further zur, be ye?"

"Yes! Put up that horse and take care of him—he's thorough-bred."

"Aw! indeed! Oi should na ha' thought it from the look of him." And the canny Yorkshireman scanned at a rapid glance the points of our impracticable.

"Well, he is. A valuable animal that. Take good care of him, and mind! Don't you get behind him. He kicks."

This was said quite at random, but it proved too true in the end.

### FYTTE THE THIRD.

"What a glorious cathedral, Fred! and what chaunting! It's a pity we were so late."

"Oi'm thinking we wur in toime for the best of it."

"I wish we could import such a building our way. Strikes me it would benefit our utilitarians a trifle."

"Ye may say that, mon."

"Tall half-and-half that was at the Queen's Head!"

"And the cheese not small nayther."

"What a nice little horse this is! (we were inspired by John Barlycorn, and in very good humor with everything.) If we only had him to take us all the way to Leeds!"

"Moy heart quails just to think o' droiving that other one."

"Well, you must summon up your fiftytude, as Pat says, for here's Tadcaster; (ke-ip! pay along pony!) and here's the Rising Sun, as large as life and twice as natural. How's the thorough-bred, hostler?"

"He's doin' vera well, zur."

"He must be turning over a new leaf then (*sotto voce*.) And the buggy?"

"All roight, zur."

We paid our shot, and bestowed a munificent largess on our rubicund friend. "Now, Peters, we must have a division of labor. Do you take the whip and I'll see to the reins."

Fred looked as if he thought the division hardly a fair one to himself. Never was man more mistaken. Hardly had I gathered up the ribbons when our horse, always in extremes, like a modern reformer, dashed off at four minute pace, pulling in a way that threatened to haul me straight over the dash-board. For eighteen miles we scarcely spoke a

word. The state of things seemed too good to be true. I twisted the reins round my hand and held well on, giving vent to an occasional yell as the pace exhilarated me; Peters smoked a Principe in satisfied silence. At the eighteenth milestone I began to tremble, fearing that this might be the precise amount of which our animal was capable. But again we were agreeably disappointed. On he flew with undiminished speed, and merrily we dashed into Leeds, just as they were lighting the lamps.

"Through many a startled *suburb*

Thundered his flying feet;

He rushed into the goodly town,

He rushed up the long white"——

no, not "white," but particularly black and dirty street in which the York road terminated; and we auspicated our entry by pulverizing a donkey-cart which wouldn't clear the track. *Both* donkeys, so far as our comet-like velocity permitted us to observe, escaped unhurt, but the cart must have been past carpentry. "Coom out o' way, Tammy, or thee'll be run over!" I felt a slight jar; it was caused by our off hind hub knocking over a small child, who continued a rotary motion for some seconds, and finally disappeared down a yawning cellar. Humanity prompted us to stop, but you might as well have tried to pull up the black horse that carried off Lenore. Nor indeed, if feasible, would such a proceeding have been safe, for when the unmanageable *was* once stopped, not Horace Greely himself could set him going again.

The long narrow street down which we had been locomoting, crossed at right angles a long wide one—the main street

of Leeds. On the right, lay the Albion Hotel, our quarters; I had a shrewd suspicion that our steed's lay on the left. Anticipating a fearful struggle, I gradually eased out the nigh rein as we approached the critical corner and tightened my pull on the off one correspondingly. Peters, who saw what was passing in my mind, just at the decisive moment, seized my wrist with one of his hands and the rein with the other; so that our combined energies were directing the vehicle eastward. "All this, it is hardly necessary," &c., "passed in a less time," &c., &c., as Mr. James would say.

"A body acted upon by two forces will proceed in a line between them," (*vide* Whistle's Mechanical Algebra, some page or other.) Agreeably to this fundamental law, horse and buggy continued a straight-forward course, which there was nothing to prevent their doing indefinitely except a few houses. One half-second more, and we should have been in a linen-draper's shop — when as if restored to partial sanity rowdy brought up with miraculous suddenness. The velocity which had been regularly distributed through his limbs, was instantly transferred, as by magic, to his hind quarters. Elevating his heels to an extent that was more amusing to those around, than comfortable to those

behind him, he broke one trace and both shafts, and entirely dissipated the dashboard. "*Factoque hâc fine quievat*," like Pious Æneas.

I shied the reins right and left over the horse's neck, and jumped out on the causeway (*Americanice* side-walk.)

"Where ye goaing?" quo' Peters.

"I'm going up to the Albion; you may do as you like."

"And leave the horse standing here?"

In reply, I expressed a wish that the animal might stand there as long as was convenient to him, and undergo a much more unpleasant operation afterwards. Having thus relieved my injured feelings, I was proceeding to crowd all sail for the Albion, when a stout lad came to the rescue.

"Pleaze, zur, Oi knows t' auld horse."

"Oh, you do know him? well, I wish you joy of your acquaintance."

"B'longs t' auld Measter Stoiles, zur. Shall Oi tawk him whoam?"

"Yes, take him away, and tell Mr. Styles to send in his bill and ———." It is unnecessary to repeat the conclusion of the sentence. Persons who are much excited sometimes talk inconsiderately.

"Aw, never fear, zur, t' auld gentleman 'll zend 'um in fast enough."

#### FYTTE THE FOURTH.

Next morning between the first egg and the second cup of tea, a small document was handed to me. I glanced at it, and handed it over to Peters, who read as follows:

Leeds, July 2, 1843.

—— Benson, Esq., to Ralph Styles, Dr.,  
To horse and chaise to York, £1 0 0  
To breakage and damage of  
horse, - - - £1 10 0  
£2 10 0

Received payment."

"Dear droive, rayther!"

"Wait a minute, Fred, my boy, till you see the other side of the ledger. Waiter! Pen, ink and paper!"

The stationary was brought. "What be that you're wroitin', Carl?"

"Read it, Fred;" and Peters read.

"Leeds, July 2, 1843.

Ralph Styles, to Carl Benson, Dr.  
to Surgeon's bill for damages  
inflicted by his horse, £3 3 0

Per Contra,

By bill delivered, 2 10 0

Balance due Mr. Benson. £0 13 0

Rec'd payment."

My Pylades looked half a dozen notes of interrogation. I rose and limped across the room.

"What is the matter wi' you?"

"Am I very lame, Fred?"

"Awful!"

"That'll do then." I inquired of the porter Mr. Styles' locality, and having ascertained that it was not farther off than a cripple might manage to hobble gradually worked my way thither. In a small office sat a large man of the ordinary Yorkshire type. "Zurvant, zur," said he, as I entered with an emphatic limp, and a ferocious aspect.

"Are you Mr. Ralph Styles? Because, if you are, here's your bill——and here's mine."

"Aw! you be the chap that had my horse yesterday, be you?"

"I am that unfortunate man. (O-oh! my leg!)"

"Noice job you made of it. T' horse has the heaves."

"Has the heaves, has he? I'm glad of it, (*crescendo*,) I hope he'll get the bots and a few more nice little complaints. I wish that horse was dead!" And down came my fist on the desk, nearly knocking the inkstand up into Mr. Style's nose. "O-oh! my leg, again!" and I stooped down to rub the member in question.

"Zure, zur, I hope ye be na vera mooch hoort." Styles looked rather alarmed.

"I am very much hurt; shan't be able to attend to business properly for three months. However, I won't say anything about that, but if you don't pay my doctor's bill, I'll have satisfaction of you—if there's any law in the land, that is. I'll teach you to give two quiet young gentlemen such a horse as that." And very quiet this young gentleman looked.

"Now, zur, Oi wants to do what's faier mysel, I does, but you can't expect me in faierness to pay your doctor's bill. But Oi'll tell you what Oi *will* do. Pay me hauf o' moy bill and we'll be quits."

"Ah, you mean to say that you'll take off half of your bill, if I take off half of mine, which leaves"—

"Na, Oi did na zay that, zur, Oi'll tawk off hauf o' moine and zay nothink about yourn, ye know."

"H—em—em!" I leaned on the desk a

few seconds in a thoughtful attitude. "I don't want to go to law about a trifle. You mean to say that you'll take off half of your bill and receipt it in full, if I say nothing about mine?"

"Zactly zo, zur."

"Here it is then!" and I planked a sovereign and two half crowns, while Mr. S. on his part made his original performance complete by adding to it the magic words "Ralph Styles." And never had two words a more magic effect, for no sooner was the exchange made, and the important scrap of paper safely pocketed, than I cut an exuberant pigeon-wing, and followed it up by shooting across the little room at one *glisade*.

"It's astonishing how much better my leg feels," and I let off a few more capers. Styles looked on with a very puzzled expression. "Oi doan't understand this," said he at length, "pray, zur, be ye hurt, or be ye not?"

"I'm *not* hurt," said I, "thank Providence, and no thanks to your horse. But let this be a warning to you how you put that brute before a Christian again, or there'll be manslaughter some day."

The Yorkshireman was utterly dumbfounded. My coolness had stumped him completely. For at least three minutes he gazed at me, open-eyed and open-mouthed. Then broke forth, spite of himself, this most unwilling and mortifying confession, "Well, I be done!"

And so is

CARL BENSON.

## MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

SINCE the arrival of OLE BULL, three seasons ago, our city has been favored with a continuous succession of distinguished solo players, and their concerts have become one of the chief sources of entertainment, and topics of conversation, with the most respectable portion of our public. Though the fortunate Norseman has returned, laden with spoil, like a Viking from a successful expedition, to his land of mist and snow, the Tabernacle still resounds with the thunders of the "Lion Pianist," or echoes to the arpeggios of SIVORI, or the neat cantabile of BURKE; its stage, guiltless of carpet, knows yet the fragrance of rich bouquets, and its dingy ceiling trembles nightly with the roar of enthusiastic approbation. Our newspapers, too, discuss the merits

of these players, and extol their skill with an earnestness displayed on no other subject connected with art; and our tea-tables and parlors are fertile in opinions and criticisms respecting them, of the most learned, profound, and at the same time brilliant, character imaginable.

Partly, perhaps, from the contagion of so much critical conversation, but chiefly because the subject seemed one of so general an interest, we have for some time anticipated that it would fall within our province to notice it; and, at length, after the last concert of SIVORI, we sat down intending to write a *critique* which should convey, at large, our views of the merits of these musical miracle workers. But, on consideration, this appeared a less easy matter than we had supposed.

The first principles of the musical art are as yet so imperfectly understood among us that we could only speak *ex cathedra* in questions arising from it, or with reference to truths unknown, and, to most persons, incomprehensible. We have, therefore, concluded to take advantage of the interest excited by the performances of OLE BULL, VIEUXTEMPS, SIVORI, DE MEYER, and the rest, and present our readers with an essay on music generally, by way of preface to a few observations upon these soloists. Our mode of treating the subject will be seen to be somewhat novel; we are not so sanguine as to write in the hope of *popularizing music*: we simply wish to clarify the minds of those, already, to some extent, musicians, by bringing out into strong relief, those principles which they frequently apply without being conscious of their existence, and thus adding a reason to their faith. In short, to those who will follow us patiently through, we have the temerity to promise to develop to their apprehension, as we go on, a new and clear view of our subject; to lead them up, as it were, by a very easy, though narrow and overgrown pathway, to the summit of a height, whence they may survey the whole domain of this beautiful art at their leisure.

1. We begin by announcing this not very startling proposition, viz.: There is no music in a single sound, whatever may be its quality or character, whether it be high or low, soft or loud, pleasing or unpleasing to the ear. That is to say, there is no one sound in all the infinite variety of nature, which, taken apart and by itself, makes music. It follows, or rather is included in this, that there is no sound used in music, which, heard quite separate, and out of all connection with others, would produce music; it might be clear, rich, and of good substance—a firm, full, beautiful sound; we might trace a resemblance in it to some one heard before, and so be affected by it, (of which anon); but, otherwise, it could convey to the mind nothing but the idea or image of itself—that pure, sensuous impression, by which we should recognize it if repeated. For instance, let one go into a large orchestra where the instruments, all tuned, are lying around, like sleeping spirits, and let him sound first a note of a violin, then of a clarinet, then of a horn, then of a contrabass; or let him sit before a large organ, pull out one stop after another, and sound it

“from its lowest note to the top of its compass,”—so long as he confines himself to producing one single, continuous note at a time, he makes no music. Each separate note, when they are thus taken one by one, is musical, it is true; but certainly is not what we could call, except in the loosest conversational sense of the word, “music.” Some of them have a very marked and peculiar character—for instance, the notes of the trumpet and piccolo; yet they are no more music than those highly poetic compound words, “air-shattering” and “ear-piercing,” created in the glow of the imagination, are poetry; indeed, they bear much the same relation to a passage in a symphony, that those compounds do to passages in which they occur; there being this difference, that the words mean something—they express qualities; whereas the sounds only paint images of themselves on the brain.

2. The same observations will apply to any combinations of single sounds. There is no chord or harmony that is music where it is neither preceded nor followed by other sounds or harmonies, and is not itself reiterated. Not itself reiterated, we say, as we might have observed with respect to single sounds in the last paragraph; for the reiteration of either a single sound, or chord, introduces the element of rhythm, which, being, as it were, the substratum, or frame-work, of music, shapes the sound or chord into a musical, though monotonous figure. But, taken quite alone, chords and harmonies, like single sounds, are only qualities, adjectives, abstract things—*meanings*, we were about to add—to prolong the analogy with words, but they mean nothing; they only make *ideas*. Thus, let any one picture to himself a common chord: there it is—an idea, indescribable, of fullness and completeness, existing in the memory, isolated from all expression; fancy a seventh added: that is another idea, also indescribable, distinct from the former, an idea of incompleteness, a suspense tending to a resolution, upwards or downwards, according to the kind of seventh we fancy. Each of these chords exists in the mind of any musician, and of most hearers, as well defined as if it were a visible body;—the difference between them is as perceivable as that between the tones of two voices or instruments, yet it is totally unlike that, being a difference arising from combination, and not affected by quality. They may

be conceived of apart from pitch: thus we say—a chord of the seventh, a common chord, etc., using the names in a general sense, as we say—a walk, a house. What we intend (to be more particular), is, that they are *things*, of which, though we never *saw* one, and cannot *touch* one, we have *heard* so many, that we can distinguish them without an effort, and have given them generic titles. The vibrations of air which make them being material, they, the relations of combined sounds, as well as sounds themselves, are as much objects as waves of water; and have as many varieties, from the long swell of organ diapasons, to the swift and turbulent sea of the full orchestra.

3. As neither single sounds nor harmonies are, by themselves, music, so, also, are not, and for the same reason, accidental successions of such sounds and harmonies; i. e., successions regulated by no purpose, and governed by no laws—mere solfaing, or sounding whatever notes come first. To take the best instance of such succession that we can think of, the *Æolian Harp*: the tones are of the sweetest quality, and there is an unending flow of perpetually changing harmonies, according as the varying force of the current of air, in which the instrument is placed, divides the strings into double, triple, or more, vibrating portions; or, at intervals, blows the sound quite out, and then lets it steal in from some remote quarter, with those perfect crescendos and “dying falls,” which art can only rudely imitate. Yet there is no music, in the strict sense of the word: all is confused, wild, indistinct, having neither beginning nor ending, the mere sport of the airy element, playing among strings that answer to its invisible pressure, and give back unconscious sighings. Occasionally, as we listen, we hear scraps of broken melodies,—so our fancy beguiles us,—little, streaming adagios, that seem like dirges for fairy funerals; but, as we strive to catch them, the imperfect speakers will not stay:—all is mere delightful incoherence. So, in looking at the clouds in a summer afternoon, we see lofty mountains change to palaces and castles, and cold ice-fields suddenly become warm and ruddy, as if they were lakes of molten gold; and, as in those *Æolic* breathings, we hear sounds, in quality and shading, more perfect than art can make them, so, then, we see colors which the pencil of Claude could never copy.

It is a little remarkable that when so much is said respecting “the Music of Nature,” we should hear so little of “the Painting of Nature.” For she is just as much a painter as she is a musician. Under her “sovereign vital lamp,

Day, and the sweet approach of even, and morn,

the human face divine,” and all the changing glories of the seasons, return to us with the returning year, and with them also return all their innumerable voices; the whole earth is at the same time, in one sense, a great picture gallery and concert chamber, wherein the eye is never tired with seeing, or the ear with hearing, and, in another sense, it is neither, for it furnishes us with no ideal picture or musical piece. True, the water is a mirror, we find sometimes impressions of fern leaves on rocks, the dry branches of forest trees, as they creak in the wind, not seldom give out notes that, like those of the *Eolian harp*, might be phrases in tunes; but we have no landscapes, cartoons, symphonies, or oratorios.

It would be thought a curious notion if some writer on painting were to set to work to collect specimens of all the fossil impressions, all the rare devices that iron paints the minerals with, all the frost pictures on windows, and every such work of Nature’s pencil, not forgetting the stone in the British Museum which shows in its fracture a perfect likeness of Chaucer, and have them all engraved in a book, with resemblant leaves, trees, colors, portraits, and the like, selected from the works of the great masters of painting, for the purpose of showing how they copied nature, and in what way the art of painting might be said to be founded in nature; yet this has been attempted in music, in the book entitled, “*The Music of Nature* ;” and such is the general indistinctness of the prevailing ideas of music, in this country at least, that though the book has been more popular than almost any other relating to music that we can think of, being very readable, notwithstanding its manifest inferiority in every respect, no one has ever thought of laughing at the absurdity of its design.

It is in the hope of substituting some more clear views in the place of this indistinctness, which we should perhaps err in attributing more to Mr. Gardiner’s book than to the natural aversion of the human mind to reflection, that we have



undertaken the present discussion. As we read the lives of the great composers and study their immortal works, we find in their notions of their art no misapprehension nor any such indistinctness, and we cannot but think that the first purpose of one who writes, ever so little upon music, now, should be to spread a knowledge of the true philosophy of it, and to clarify the minds of that large portion of our public who take pleasure in musical studies, so that they shall know what is the true office of music, and what to admire in it, without being blinded by that easily heaving sin, in all matters of taste, of affectation. But this is digressing.

4. We must be careful to distinguish also the impressions we receive from music *per se*, from those which are the effect of association of ideas. Not only single sounds, chords, and incoherent or accidental successions of them become linked, in our memories, with other impressions, but true musical forms also, and these last the more frequently, since they are more striking than other sounds, and less easily forgotten. And these ideas of sounds and forms are commingled with other ideas in all sorts of incongruous ways, so that by such associations they lose entirely their original character, and become merely mediums, through which we may be reminded of almost anything.

If a bird that had been taught to sing a piece of an air should happily get free, and afterwards hear the air whistled by some boy, rambling through the woods, we at once conceive, knowing how we ourselves should be affected, that though the air might be one of the gayest horn-pipes ever heard, it would not sound very pleasant to him; whereas, if he should by chance hear, through his cage-wires, any of the wild or melancholy cries of the forest, where he once flew about in freedom, we can easily fancy they would seem to him delightful music, and the contrast of his former situation, in which he minded only his own amusement, with his present one, he being now kept imprisoned to amuse other people, would render him exceedingly downcast in his mind, and quite unhappy.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,  
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased  
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;

Some chord, in unison with what we hear,  
Is touched within us, and the heart re-  
plies.

How soft the music of those village bells,  
Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,  
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,  
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!  
With easy force it opens all the cells  
Where memory slept. Wherever I have  
heard

A kindred melody, the scene recurs,  
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.  
Such comprehensive views the spirit  
takes.

That in a few short moments I retrace  
(As in a map the voyager his course)  
The windings of my way through many  
years."—*The Task*.

A good instance of the power of association where musical ideas are concerned, occurs to us, all the circumstances of which happen to lie within our own knowledge. Our friend Q., while at college in a neighboring city, one summer caught a cold in swimming, which brought on an abscess in his ear. He applied leeches, warm water, &c., to no purpose; the pain increased, drove away sleep in spite of laudanum, which only makes him more wakeful; finally, after a week the most anguishing he ever experienced, and when he had begun to have suicidal suggestions, the imposthume reached its culminating point, and he was relieved. While the crisis was approaching, and he was suffering such intolerable agony, the pitch of the afflicted ear gradually rose nearly half a note above that of its fellow, producing at every noise, the most horrible jar and discord in his head. Just at this time a military company from Boston came to the city, with the Brass Band, then newly formed, in full numbers; our friend would hear it spite of the pain and the discord, and the consequence was, such an uproar as has given him a prejudice against all brass bands ever since. He remembers distinctly the tune they played, an air from the opening chorus in *La Sonnambula*; even to this day he hears it in two senses; if he thinks of the band, it disgusts him, if he forces himself to consider it as of itself, it is pretty and lively, and he likes it, but not so much as he does many others. This tune is also connected in his memory with the novel of Sir Andrew Wyllie, which he tried to read at that time, as an opiate; they reciprocally remind him of each other; the novel he can never see

the back of without a shudder, and has never been able to read any of the writings of Galt from that hour—but this inability he does not attribute wholly to the effect of that one disagreeable association.

In this instance the cause of the intertwining of the ideas was too painful an incident to be forgotten; but in a hundred thousand instances in every one's experience, the direct cause was, perhaps, never observed, perhaps not remembered; at all events, nothing remains but vague impressions of states of feeling which we must, at some time, have passed through, and which have tinged the images of sounds with their color. Educated as most of us have been, with only the lowest and most trivial forms of music, such as psalm tunes, dances, old-fashioned songs, associated in our minds with all the experiences of life, nothing but a long study of better models can so disenchant us that we shall attain to a relish of the art in its simple purity. And this study we must undertake in a child-like spirit, not perversely persisting, as many do, in following our own taste, but striving to understand and love what the world has acknowledged to be best in music, in order that we may by and by feel it to be so of ourselves. How often do we hear persons, susceptible to the sweet influences of the art, resolutely determining to know no more of it than they happen to know already. "We do not want your scientific music," they say, "but give us a simple, natural air, and we like it." And then, in most cases, they instance some Scottish air, that is neither simple nor natural, but rude, uncouth, and hence striking; and, therefore, and from having been heard from childhood, or under agreeable circumstances, in the parlor or concert-room, remembered with pleasure. With these infallible critics, all attempt to enlarge their sphere of enjoyment is vain; the pearls of instruction are not to be wasted on them; they know what they know, and are content to know no more. But there may be many, who, having heard enough of good music to begin to understand it, are almost ashamed to find themselves still liking so many old familiar tunes, which they know to be without merit, and are exposed to the temptation of affecting not to like them—which is dangerous. These, our remarks respecting the effect of association may assist; they may see that it is no re-

proach to their good taste to have pet airs which they may sometimes be pleased to hear, and yet know to be, as music, poor stuff; that they may enjoy Handel in an oratorio or Beethoven in a symphony, and at the same time be pleased with Araby's or the Wrecker's Daughter, or "I dreamt that I dwelt," or any trifles the reader's memory will suggest.

5. Whether we were created with innate ideas respecting music, brought with us from some other sphere, so that we understand it at once, and can, from the earliest moment that the soul perceives, distinguish lively from sad, gentle from bold, and the like; or whether our power to understand it is born of association and experience, it is not worth our while to inquire. The latter is the most convenient hypothesis, though there are some minds like Mozart's, for example, which seem gifted with intuitive perceptions, and, on the other hand, if there be any innate ideas they must certainly be very much modified by association, for the Chinese ear is pleased with what to ours is intolerable dissonance, and there are differences, less marked, but still very plain, between the national musics of almost any two countries, where one is not, as in this case, semi-barbarous. All the different varieties of national melody, it may be observed, are so many tributaries, some torrent-like, gushing from mountains, others of a gentler motion, springing up in plains, but all flowing towards the main channel of the musical art. So in painting, each nation almost, has its school, and in poetry, each has its peculiar national style, but each of these arts forms, or in a certain wider sense, all arts combined, form one broad river down which flow the rich thoughts of the great universal geniuses of all ages—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton; Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, Rembrandt; Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven—and a thousand other illustrious names. It is these who direct the current, and make each art what it is.

"And what is the direction of the musical current?" the reader will be ready to ask. "What is the true office and purport of the art which the great composers have thus directed? In brief, *what is music?*"

We answer, it is that art by which the soul is lifted above its ordinary life into an ideal world, where it can express fancies, passions, and emotions, peculiar to

that world, through beautiful figures, symmetrical combinations and successions, perceivable only by the ear. Some have derived this art from cries of passion, the instructive utterance of joy, grief, and the like; of man and his co-animals; but for our own part, though we are not able to solve the mystery of its origin, we cannot think it was so narrow. We prefer to consider it as having its origin simply in the perception of the beautiful and sublime in sound. Resemblances may be traced in musical phrases to cries of passion, but they do not affect the hearer as such, when the whole of the music is listened to; they are on another plane—in the ideal world of sound—a world whose first law is order, and where no natural sounds can be admitted without being translated—“suffering a *sound* change”—by which their substance becomes totally different, like the body of Ferdinand’s father:

“Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes;  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.”

Or to make another comparison: Fancy we are looking (the reader and ourselves) over a wide plain, covered with an innumerable undisciplined rabble, moving to and fro in all directions, and clad in all sorts of gaudy colors. Presently there comes a man in a wig, who makes certain magical motions with his fingers, and out of the midst of this confusion and disorder there starts up a grave majestic dance, which is taken up by set after set, till it seems as if the whole plain were crystalizing into beautiful moving figures—cycles and epicycles—of harmoniously-colored dresses, in which the form of the first dance is always predominant, and of such peculiar regularity and resoluteness in its motion, that we cannot help admiring and being stirred by it. This, now, is somewhat the way in which natural sounds are used in music, and the scene may serve to represent Handel composing a fugue. The individual sounds become, under his touch, of no consequence but as units in his combinations; it is these combinations alone that affect us—the creations of the composer’s mind. The man in the red coat there, who was before so conspicuous for his color and height, (we will call him C on the fourth string of the violin—he was a tall fellow in Handel’s day, though there are in ours

many above him,) is now merely a member of a set, and quite another being; but if we fix our eye on him or any other one, we shall lose the main purpose of the whole, which is *to carry through and make us feel the grandeur of the dance.*

In fine, music is the natural song of man. All the voices of nature are but so many manifestations of the Infinite Presence. It is “the voice of the Lord which is upon the waters,” “the voice of the Lord which shaketh the wilderness;” man alone may praise Him “with the psaltery and harp, with the timbrel and dance, with stringed instruments and organs.” For as all living things, of whatsoever sort, utter each their separate songs, so may we conceive that the immortal soul, by its creative power, and in virtue of its authority to “subdue the earth,” fashioning to itself anew, and remoulding, as if it were clay, the quality of *sound*, creates an utterance for the motions of its Diviner nature. This it does, not by imitating nature in her particular manifestations, not by copying cries of passion, or the notes of birds, but by penetrating into her *arcana*, and using her general laws; finding out how sounds are made, and all their various relations and effects, and availing itself of all such discoveries to transport itself to a region where it may expatiate, free from “this muddy vesture of decay.”

6. The question how far, and in what way, music may imitate natural sounds and objects, is one of the nicest the art presents; and is a point respecting which the unlearned are almost certain to hold erroneous opinions. The author of the Life of Haydn observes that, “in music the best physical imitation is, perhaps, that which only just indicates its object; which shows it to us through a veil, and abstains from scrupulously representing nature as she is.” This is very true; but it may be questioned whether we should give the name of imitation to that which is at best but a remote reminding of nature. Perhaps it would be a clearer way of stating the matter to say, that the imitation of natural sounds and objects is admissible in music, on the same principle that admits the introduction of emblematical or allegorical figures into painting; for as that is making painting approach the line between it and poetry, so this copying sounds—which are, as we observed, things—is putting upon music an office like that of painting.

In the sense generally understood by superficial writers on the subject, there is not, and cannot be, such a thing as descriptive music. That is to say, music can never describe objects, motions causing sound, or certainly never sounds themselves, so that we shall see them. The contrabass, in the Creation, may flourish as much as it pleases, but it will never make us behold the tail of a leviathan lashing "the foaming wave," nor even convey to our apprehension an abstract impression of leviathans' tails lashing water; and critics, of Mr. Gardiner's calibre, may flourish in books and newspapers, on this side of the water or the other, and they never can make us see such things through music. When we hear the Creation we see no leviathans, no "tawny lions," nor "flexible tygers;" we listen to beautiful, graceful, ever fresh and sparkling melody, and simple yet rich and various instrumentation; we observe all those descriptive passages, the "gently sloping hills," the rain, the generous steed, the sheep, etc., and admire the great master's ingenuity—and that is all. The Baron who suggested the subject wished Haydn to give the croaking of the frogs; we wish he had, that we might have seen one more resource of his inexhaustible invention; they would have croaked very sweetly, no doubt, and in such a way that it would have been pleasant to hear them, but very little like their living prototypes.

In Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony we have this sort of ingenuity displayed in conjunction with a far deeper and more suggestive music than Haydn's. This piece is an example of what is styled another kind of description, viz: that which describes—not sounds or objects—but particular hues of feeling. The first movement is inscribed, "this movement expresses the pleasure felt on going into the country." And in truth, it is almost as good as going into the country, to hear it, for it is at once melting and invigorating; joyful, yet also full of "the memory of joys that are past;" it harmonizes with the inscription admirably, or indeed goes beyond it, being rather "Pellico going out of prison" than merely an excursion to the country; yet is it not accurate to call it descriptive, since it describes nothing. It would still be all that it is, (as pure music,) would still take the imagination and carry it through that phase of affecting beauty, as well without a title as it does with. So of the

second movement, which, however, contains direct imitation, or emblems, the songs of the nightingale, cuckoo, and quail. The first part of the third movement, or scherzo, is truly descriptive, in the common sense of the word, it being evident what it means, (or rather, which is the only way music can describe in, being itself its own meaning.) It is inscribed, "the gaiety of the country people," and contains the essence of all the old contradances and jigs that ever were heard, compressed into a few symphonic forms; a display of downright vigorous hilarity that is quite irresistible as well as unmistakable. We feel positive respecting this, for not knowing which symphony it was when we first heard it at a rehearsal given one evening several years ago, we supposed it to be the one which describes a battle; the inhabitants of a city were enjoying themselves in dancing and revelry, we thought, in fancied security, as on the night of Belshazzar's Feast; suddenly the tempest approaches—this we took to be the hostile army breaking down the walls, and so on—not hitting the author's explanation anywhere but in this scherzo, which is, indeed, the best subject for descriptive music we can conceive of.

Upon the whole, we are disposed to regard this, to give it its most appropriate name, *emblematic* quality in music, as one of those decorations of the art which help to make it universal. Like ingenious rhymes or making the sound echo the sense, in poetry, it is a thing which is only a true beauty where it introduces itself unstudiedly; otherwise it is an ornament that may afford pleasure to capacities in which the intellectual predominates, but will never be a favorite with the imaginative. The descriptive overtures of Mendelsohn are novel and wonderful productions in their way—full of dreaminess and rich and deep thoughts, but for pure music, we had rather have the third fugue of Bach, in the list of five which Mozart most admired, (see his recently published life, page 204,) than either of them. We listen with pleasure to all those turtle and nightingale songs of Handel, but there is one song in Theodora, "Angels ever bright and fair," which is more full of poetry than any can be with imitative effects added. We like those songs of Schubert, the "Erl König" and "Gretchen Spinrade," not because the accompaniments stand for the galloping of a horse, and the noise of

a spinning-wheel, but because the songs are good enough in other respects to sustain such accompaniments. The Battle of Prague and the Storm Rondo we dislike, not because they are not well enough, for aught we can see, as imitations, but because—we are tired of them.

Such pieces as the Pastoral Symphony, and the Fingal's Cave, and Midsummer Night's Dream, of Mendelsohn, seem designed to occupy a middle ground between pure music and vocal music. They attempt to describe certain concrete states of feeling, (not abstract musical phases of the mind,) assisted by their titles, which direct the fancy like words in songs. We confess we are not, as yet, able to satisfy ourselves how far the idea, upon which they are written, is compatible with the true philosophy of the art. We distrust our ability to judge rightly of such pieces; our fancy is too impressible, too willing to follow the slightest hint; yet if we were to hear a Rossini overture, or a florid violin solo, such as the public are best pleased with; or a piano solo in the modern German and French style, full of pampered affectation—musical Werterism—though its title might be ever so fanciful, we think we should not be liable to be led astray by it. In painting, if an artist makes a picture and writes under it "this is a bear," every one can see whether it is a bear or not; but if a composer writes a piece and entitles it, "feelings on seeing a bear," most people will pronounce that it does express those feelings, because while they listen they will be constantly on the look-out and fancying how they should feel if they saw a bear, and thus will connect the music with their fancies. Another thing which helps to show how easy it is to be deceived as to the merit of music as descriptive, is the great difference between hearing vocal music without the words and with them. We have piano arrangements of Figaro entire, and the principal pieces in Don Juan and Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, all of them without words. Many of the airs, concerted pieces, finales, etc., we know were intended, originally, with the words, to have a comic effect; but in the dress, or rather undress, in which we possess them, they are only pure, beautiful music; "Non piu" is a spirited march,

"Voi che," and "Deh Signore," exquisite andantes. We admire them as they are; but if we could hear them in language that we could readily understand, on the stage, we should, we are sure, experience a new pleasure, from perceiving them in a chemical combination with wit and poetry, and stage situation. We should then hear them as the composers intended them to be heard, not as pure, abstract music, but as music harmonizing with the meaning of words, which direct the fancy either by simple descriptions, or the indication of certain hues of feeling into particular channels; that is to say, we should hear them as music united with poetry, in what we think we have very justly compared to a chemical combination, only here the elements unite in all proportions, (from *parlando recitativo*, to those pieces where the words cease to be of any consequence) and form a new compound—vocal music. Now, whether music ought to be combined with the fancy when the latter is, to follow our comparison, in a gaseous state—not condensed into words, but only awakened by a brief inscription—as we observed above, we are not able to satisfy ourselves. If it had been felt to be legitimate by the great instrumental composers, we think they would have used it oftener; and on the other hand, the very compositions we have instanced do, we confess, seem so admirably fitted to their inscriptions as almost to set the question at rest. But, considering what a common artifice of quackery this inscribing music has become—in this country, at least—and that it is so liable, as to seem almost designed, to lead hearers into affectation; and moreover, considering how few have succeeded in it, we cannot but think it should be attempted by only the very greatest composers. And, for the same reasons, we are, on the whole, rather of opinion that the best interests of the art require the line between vocal and instrumental music to be kept quite distinct.\* Let the former be the fruit of the marriage of music to immortal verse, and become the language of high aspirations, tender passions, and delicate or strong emotions—the loveliest art in the world; but let the latter remain, under the old forms and titles, in the abstract and ideal regions of sound,

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\* In those pieces where the words are of no consequence, as in bravura or Italian singing, the vocal goes too far into the territory of the instrumental.



incapable of describing anything translatable into speech—the art of all others the most abstruse, the most refined—PURE RAPTURE.

7. The necessity of time and rhythm in music is so obvious that we need remark upon it but briefly. We cannot conceive of sounds flowing without some sort of rhythm, and if the rhythmical figures have not some harmonious relation to each other, we are unable to hold the succession and it soon loses all coherence. If a musical composition were a mere imitation of natural noises, (like a theatrical thunder-storm, with cries of passion behind the scenes,) neither regular rhythm nor time would be necessary, but as it is an imagined passing of the mind through sound, it needs these qualities to give it body and symmetry.

The classic writings of the great masters are as remarkable for the perfection of their forms as for the purity and power of their expressions. Take any slow air of Handel's, "But thou didst not leave," for instance, abounding in imitations, (using the word this time in its technical sense,) and how perfectly regular is its chain—how deep beneath and immovable its time! The figures revolve as if, to make a hazardous comparison, they were embossed on the rim of some great wheel, one after another coming up and going down, with a fixedness of rate which it seems as though nothing could hasten or retard.

But to pursue this interesting branch of our subject, even if we had space, would interfere with the main purpose of our article, and we therefore leave it, with but one observation, which is this: As music is written in sentences, or rather in symmetrical figures, and this, whether its current of melody, or expression, flows in one part or many, and as each of these figures, besides having a meaning of its own, helps, or should help, carry along the action, it is impossible to understand thoroughly a piece of music until we are able to distinguish these minute subdivisions as they pass over in their order, though we may obtain a dim outline of a very striking composition, the overture to the *Zauberflöte*, for example, (a rather "striking composition," without; indeed, the process of comprehending such a piece as that, seems to be analytic, proceeding from the vast to the minute, from the whole to its several parts.

But in the most fashionable solos of

those heard at our concerts, the figures are too studiously *outré*, to pass easily across the auricular speculum; and generally, it would seem that no such thing as unity or entireness is attempted, such pieces being for the most part merely loose, disorderly *stringings together* of extremely weak melodies, and the most showy difficulties. The whole object and aim of such compositions is to surprise the ear by effective contrasts, and afford the performer an opportunity for displaying novel feats of skill.

This remark will apply, and none too generally or too severely, to the whole range of modern solo music, but especially to the compositions of those performers who have visited our cities in the last few years, such as, (to take the most eminent of them) *Vieuxtemps*, *Ole Bull*, *De Meyer*, and *Sivori*. And here we propose to step aside from the current of the general discussion, to which we have thus far confined ourselves, and conclude our article by some observations upon the merits of these players. We do so rather that our article may have an immediate and practical bearing, than because the path of thought we have been walking in, leads naturally in that direction. Hitherto we have been endeavoring to define music, by following out some of the most necessary distinctions which surround it, and clearing up some of its most obvious principles; thus we began by showing that it consists not in irregular successions of sounds; then we endeavored to show that it had an expression of its own, independent of association, though often modified by it; thirdly, that it does not admit of direct imitations of natural sounds, and in what sense only it may be styled descriptive; and lastly, that it must of necessity possess a regular structure. It was our intention to have remarked upon various other points—the use of instruments, and others—but we fear that our readers are already wearied by our abstractions, and we therefore leave them and descend to the common road of the particular and actual.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER we consider decidedly the greatest performer on any instrument whom we have ever heard. He seems to us to have conquered all the difficulties of performance, so that he can use them by mere effort of the will, with instinctive ease, as if he had been created with absolute dominion over all that part of creation. The piano under his

touch is all obedience ; whenever he drops his fingers, whether in rapid and delicate runs, or in full chords at both ends of the key-board, they never miss their aim, and they are always completely under his control. In temperament he is a miracle of boyish health and spirits, and they shine out in all his playing ; his expression is not much exaggerated—not fantastically so, we mean ; he lays on the colors pretty thickly, it is true, but still in a downright fashion, that is, he plays loud or soft, and retards or accelerates, where the melody naturally requires it, and does not reverse everything for effect, as Ole Bull would. His music exhibits the same qualities ; it is effective, showy, difficult, and all that, *in a natural way* ; it is never deep or affecting, but always clear, free, novel, daring, regular enough in structure, and just fit to be played on a piano at an evening party.

VIEUXTEMPS we should rank next to De Meyer, and considering the greater difficulties of the violin, perhaps we ought to place him first. But he did not succeed well here, either because he came at a wrong time, or did not judiciously direct his puffing ; or because our public could not appreciate him ; or most probably from all these reasons combined. As we remember his playing, it seems to us to have had most of the excellencies of violin performance in higher perfection than any other artist's we have ever heard ; his intonation and bowing, were not merely perfect, but considerably beyond the point where we had before supposed perfection to have resided ; and his ease, his artist-like style, so pure and gentlemanly ; we shall not soon hear their like again. His compositions, too, though in the modern style, and in this least poetical sort of music, concertos, and brilliant fantasies, yet showed the well-educated musician ; his themes had some food in them, and they were wrought into an intelligible consecution. His capriccio, so beautifully played by MR. BURKE, at the Tabernacle, last October, was in reality a more regular piece than one of Sivori's, dignified by the name of concerto, which that performer played, a few evenings after, at the same place. If he had a defect, it was one in a quality in which he excelled all our other solo violinists, and therefore we ought not to look upon it as a defect, but merely as the point wherein he failed of absolute perfection. His tone, though fuller and richer by far than

either Ole Bull's or Sivori's, was yet a modern tone. Now, to our apprehension, all that could be added to his perfect execution and intonation, would be the tone of some of the players of the last age, (judging by what we have read of them of course,) or that of the solid Spohr school. But tone and execution antagonize each other ; it is hard to excel in both ; the German violinists, while they acquire a great tone, become stiff in execution, and the modern French players, in practicing their harmonics and their other *bijouterie*, become thready and wanting in strength towards the point of the bow. Vieuxtemps had a splendid tone, *per se*, yet if his tone could have borne the same relation to his execution that the tone of the old players did to theirs, what a master he would be ! As it is, he is the greatest violinist we ever heard.

SIVORI and OLE BULL are both great violinists ; but the first is the best, because he has the best tone, is less vulgar, and can do more tricks that the other cannot do, than the other can do that he cannot. Ole Bull's harmonics are purer, but his intonation was never so precise ; Sivori is too refined, and too little of a genius, ever to please the unmusical public, though he can astonish them. Ole Bull never could rise above the vulgar ; all his playing was full of that *carratere* which hits the popular taste in the white. As regards composition—which of the two could put together the worst *trash*, it is not easy to decide ; but allow the author of "Niagara," the "Solitude of the Prairie," and the "Memory of Washington," to prefix titles to his pieces, and we should be willing to venture odds on him against all comers. Sivori, at the date of this writing, has not appeared as a great original descriptive composer ; we hope he will not : but there is no prophesying what he may do before this reaches our readers.

But, if the compositions of these players are so trashy as we represent them—so wanting in clear, deep, affecting, musical thoughts—and so wholly constructed for mere show, why is it that these players are so successful with the public ? We answer—in the first place, because that which is merely showy, pleases uneducated hearers best. There is a general disposition, with such, to look for something else in music (and the same is true in other arts) than what legitimately belongs to it. The only pieces that a large portion of those who crowd

our concert rooms really *understand*, are simple couplets, marches, dances, Scotch airs, psalm tunes, &c.; they cannot follow even an overture through, and take it in as a whole;—much less a florid solo, where the rapidity of the execution, or the novelty of strange effects, is perpetually bewildering them. They only desire to be kept on the alert, and have their wonder continually gratified by new exhibitions of skill—a harmless desire, certainly, but one which must not be supposed to be identical with a true relish and affection for music.

Secondly—these show players have it all in their own way before an audience. The sympathies, direct and reflex, are all in their favor. How many tender hearts were vanquished by the tall and handsome Norwegian, with his tight-waisted coat and innocent smile, at every concert, before he drew his bow? What a fascinating little hero is Sivori? And the boy-faced “Lion,”—how many conquests are the trophies of the shaggy mane that adorns his upper lip? Even with the less susceptible sex, these sympathies operate to an extent sufficient to account for all the enthusiasm that ever effervesced within the walls of the Tabernacle. It is but natural. LEON JAVELLI has the benefit of the same amiable weakness of humanity: many a heart beats quicker when he prances out upon his dangerous “funambulatory track.” If there was even one in all the thousands of spectators that have witnessed his exploits, who would have wished to see him fail in one of them, it must have been some envious rival. Just so it is with these musical dancers upon one string; and so it is with all who stand out alone before large audiences. Wherever there is difficulty to be overcome, we cannot help sympathizing with him who is to be the overcomer; aiding him with our interest, and sharing in his pride of success. We are not quarreling with this natural feeling; on the contrary, we regard it as one of the most happy dispositions of our nature—a development of the social kindliness that binds man to man, and holds the world together. We only would that its operation should not be mistaken for the effect of good music; and so the most delightful art vouchsafed to man—that art ordained to refresh his mind

‘After his studies or his usual pain’—

be covered up and concealed from the view of many, who might, if rightly directed, come to understand and love it. We are content that show players, of all sorts, should be successful, and make money; the path of success, in music, is not so easy a one to travel, as to lead us to fear it will ever be crowded. How many long years of his boyhood must the scales have been before the eyes of a De Meyer? And with how much more patience must a great master of the violin devote his days and nights to practice those nerve-tearing octaves, and those thousand varieties and combinations of bowing? To play the violin like such a master, we conceive to be the highest achievement of mechanical skill to which man can attain, and we are sure we are not disposed to find fault with any man for having attained it—only, let *skill* be always distinguished from *music*, the great *player* from the great *artist*, and we shall be quite content.

8. FINALLY, we would heartily recommend the study of this divine art to all who have hitherto neglected it: to the young, as singers or performers; to the old, as hearers; for, though there is such a thing as being too old to acquire skill in music, it is never too late, if one so desires, to begin to understand it. And we would recommend every one who would at all perfect himself in musical study, not at first to follow his own taste, but to accustom himself to the best models; they will form his taste anew, and constantly enlarge his sphere of apprehension, so that his knowledge and love of the art will grow with his growth, will create for his imagination, as it were, a spacious country residence, like the pleasure dome in Xanadu, with lofty halls, libraries, gardens, noble prospects, and shady retreats, whither this vital essence of the soul may steal away at whiles from the cares of life, and gather fresh strength to carry him through all his necessary labors and undertakings. For it is most certain that the proper study of music does especially strengthen that *vis occulta* of the mind, that ability of abstracting and concentrating the faculties, which is essential to prolonged and successful endeavor, in any kind of employment. It trains the intellectual powers, also, to habits of order and obedience; and, moreover—which is its peculiar and most excellent effect—it keeps the door of the heart open to all that is refreshing

and tender in life, rendering it apt to receive all delicate emotions, and all refining affections—softening it but not enervating. We advise the student, also, to come to his delightful task, laying aside the old-fashioned, narrow notions of music which so prevail among us; let him resolve not to look for singularities or wonders in the art, nor for any sort of resemblances or descriptions, but only for genuine original ideas, new developments of beauty in the invisible and impalpable element, forms of matchless elegance and exquisite proportion, which yet the eye cannot see, and which have no expression, save in that empyreal or fiery circle of the soul where language cannot penetrate.

If he cultivates his voice, or an instrument, let him do it so as to gain a personal accomplishment (studying *music* besides), as he would learn to read well, or to fence, or dance :—practicing not in a half-determined way, yielding a little from the first to every difficulty, till he reaches his ultimatum (when he may find that he has acquired a habit merely, instead of an accomplishment); but with a resolution to do all that he is able, though

it be ever so little, in an artist-like manner; that is, a manner which leaves room for after improvement—not such an one as he will be likely to fall into, if he studies only to master a few show pieces. Let him also beware of studying any one instrument so exclusively as to have its effects color his whole idea of the art. The instrument, he should remember, was made for the art, not the art for the instrument. There is now a great deal too much music written for the piano, an innumerable number of pieces, the chief characteristics of which are mathematical dryness, brilliance and superficiality. We recommend the student, who would not have his mind *Gallicized* by them, to go back, at least as far as Mozart, and use himself to wholesome food, before venturing on this unsubstantial diet. With these few hints, and our best wishes for his success, we leave him; only reminding him, in conclusion, that it does not follow, because he would know music, that he must needs let himself be ignorant of any other matter, whether of business or study, which it is fit he should learn.

NOTE.—At the time when the foregoing article was written, HERZ had not given his first Concert here, which will account for the omission to include his name in the notices of the great solo-players. We take the following from the *Courier and Enquirer* of Jan. 9th, as expressing our judgment respecting his music and performance as briefly and fully as anything we could write on the subject at present :—

“Of HERZ’s music we have room to say but little. It is music of the *salon*; it has not the irresistible passion of the greatest masters, but, in its construction and style, it approaches nearer to them than the music of more recent pianists, which is frequently only a careless reproduction and spreading of old ideas over the key-board. It is original, and its characteristics are, fertility of mechanical invention, grace, delicacy and life; it is rich in curious contrivance and in mathematical combination, full of novel figures that please the ear, as those of the Viennoises children do the eye, and all so managed that we have, in hearing, a sense of order, neatness and propriety. It has far less passion than De Meyer’s music, yet is more finished, regular, studied and exact; the union of the temperaments of these two, DE MEYER and HERZ, would be the best for a musical performer that we can conceive of; the intense quiet of the one and the fiery impetuosity of the other, representing two extremes, so wide apart, that to unite them, would be to contain everything.

“HERZ’s playing is like his music—as the playing of great soloists usually is—refined, delicate, exact and beautiful, rather than ardent and overwhelming. It seems a delightful art, acquired by natural facility and long study, and not an inspiration, or immediate effort of the will, like De Meyer’s. We cannot yet decide which school or style to admire most.”

## SHORT CHAPTERS ON RARE AND EXOTIC METRES.

### CHAPTER III.—CLASSICAL LYRIC METRES.

“Needy knife-grinder, whither art thou going?  
Rough is the road; your wheel is out of order;  
Cold blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in ’t;  
So have your breeches!”

That is what every one thinks of at the first mention of English Sapphics.

Yet it is very doubtful how far these

verses represent the rhythm of the ancient Sapphic, or have a right to be called Sapphics at all. The sixth syllable of a Sapphic is short; here it is one of the most emphatic in the line; and the next strongest syllable is the fourth, also short in the Greek Sapphic though not in the Horatian. Indeed, to preserve the quantities of the Horatian Sapphic, and read it into anything that sounds like regular

metre, is almost impossible; with the Sapphic proper, like

“*Pauca nuntiate meæ puellæ;*”

or,

“*Ποικιλόφρον Ἀθάνατ' Ἀφροδίτα*”

is quite so. Of course there are plenty of learned men who think they have found the way, and it is amusing to compare some of their attempts and opinions. Thus, Professor Blackie says, (Classical Museum, No. 3,) that “the Sapphic verse recited with the true metrical quantity and natural spoken accent, will read thus,” and then comes the old school-boy jingle,

*Jam sātis terris nivis atque diræ*

confusing the quantities in two feet; whereupon Donaldson (a very clever and ingenious, but utterly unscrupulous, philologist, who steals from everybody and slangs them in part payment) starts up in defence of his own rather more impracticable scheme for reading the Sapphic, and blandly hints to the Scotchman that “it is not to be borne that ignorance should exalt itself into dogmatism.”

Not only, however, does what we call the English Sapphic vary from its classical model in, at least, one foot; but it has a tendency to pass into a very different measure—pure Iambic with a catalectic syllable. (The favorite tendency of English versification is Iambic, as we have already hinted.) This is the case even with lines that are pure Sapphics in quantity, e. g.

“*Whēn thē fiērcē Nōrth-wīnd īn ā foām-  
īng fūry;*”

which most persons would naturally read as a line of ordinary blank verse, with a superfluous syllable.\*

I am not aware that any one has ever

tried to write English Alcaics. This is singular, for the rhythm is more intelligible to us than that of the Sapphic.

Coleridge has written Hendecasyllabics in imitation of the Catullian:

“Hear, my beloved, an old Ovidian story!  
High, and embosom'd in congregated laurels

Glimmer'd a temple upon a breezy headland;” &c.

But this is not the Latin Hendecasyllabic metre, which has the dactyl in the *second* place.

*Julī jugera pauca Martialis.*

To correspond with which the English verses should run something like this:

List, my love, to an old Ovidian story!  
High, embosom'd in congregated laurels  
Gleam'd a temple upon a breezy headland,  
&c.

Now and then we find in the old poets unrhymed verses that look like Classical Lyric metres without being exactly so, e. g. this poem of Campion's quoted by Guest, to whom (and to me, also) “it appears extremely beautiful.”

“Rose-cheeked Laura come!  
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauties  
Silent musick, either other  
Sweetly gracing.

“Lovely forms do flowe  
From concent divinely framed;  
Heaven is musick, and thy beutie's  
Birth is heavenly.

“These dull notes we sing  
Discords neede for helps to grace them;  
Only beutie purely loving  
Knows no discorde;

“But still moves delight,  
Like cleare springs renewed by flowing,  
Ever perfect, ever in them-  
selves eternal.”

CARL BENSON.

\* The very same tendency is observable in Spanish Sapphics:

“Dulce vecino de la verde selva,  
Huesped eterno del Abril florido  
Vital aliento de la madre Venus,  
Cefiro blando,

Asi los Dioses con amor paterno,  
Asi los cielos con amor benigno,” &c.



## THE MAID OF LEHIGH.

OVER the bosom of that dale  
 Where Lehigh's hasty water flows,  
 (Rude as the rhyming of my tale,)  
 A wooded mountain eastward throws  
 His shade ; so broad, so deep, the sun  
 Seems set an hour ere day be done.

There may you find a lovely maid,  
 In a low cottage humbly dwelling ;  
 Who sees her needs a thought well staid,  
 And fancy guarded—ware of spelling  
 In subtle meanings of the eyes,  
 What honest heart, full free, denies.

O sweetest rose ! to all, to each,  
 Or mean, or great, she pleasant seemed ;  
 With melody her rustic speech,  
 With harmony her motion teemed ;  
 By voice, by form, was I beguiled ;  
 Who would not love so fair a child ?

Her hair in shining ripples flowed,  
 Like waves a lurid shore adorning :  
 Their ringlets on her bosom glowed,  
 As, in the purple light of morning,  
 Locks of the mist in golden crowds,  
 Glow on the silver-bosomed clouds.

Might I those glowing waves compare  
 With brooks, that in the cheerful sun,  
 (Such loves the early spring to wear,)  
 Over white rocks all glimmering run ?  
 Yes, from the brown waves of the brook,  
 Their shades, and gliding flow, they took.

Sweet smiles lay hidden in her face—  
 Gifts, you would think, for you concealed ;  
 Her stately air, through lightest grace,  
 As through a light robe, shone revealed ;  
 Her form, symmetric, full yet free,  
 Showed health and rural liberty.

Fair in her front seemed life to dwell,  
 All happy dreams lay waking there ;  
 Her eyes (my pleasant thought to tell)  
 Were windows of a palace fair,  
 Wherein all lovely fancies hiding,  
 Sent signs and smiles from their abiding.

Enough ! I dare not name again  
 Her charms ; for when, in thought, I greet her,  
 Words are bereft me, and, (as then !)  
 My heart alone leaps quick to meet her ;  
 Words cannot follow heart aright :  
 They are but shadows ; she, the light.

CYONIDE

## LETTERS ON THE IROQUOIS,

BY SKENANDOAH :

ADDRESSED TO ALBERT GALLATIN, LL.D., PRESIDENT NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

It is proper to observe, that many parts of the following letters were read on several occasions in the years 1844, 5, & 6, before the "Councils of the New Confederacy of the Iroquois;" and to the establishment of that historical institution, the research, by which the facts were accumulated, is chiefly to be attributed. The Institution referred to, is founded upon the ancient Confederacy of the Five Nations; and its symbolic council-fires are kindled upon the ancient territories of the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas. In the design from which it originated—to gather the fragments of the history, the institutions, and the government of our Indian predecessors; and to encourage a kinder feeling towards the Red Man—literary and moral objects are presented, in themselves as attractive to the scholar and the moralist, as they are dignified and just. If, in pursuing this design, the new Confederacy shall eventually trace out the footsteps of the Iroquois beside our rivers, hills, and lakes—preserving thus the vestiges of their existence; and shall extend to the small residue of their descendants, still within our limits, the hand of kindness and protection, it will have achieved a work not unworthy of after praise.

## LETTER I.

Interest in our Indian Predecessors—Passion of the Red Man for the Hunter State—Tendency of Indian Races to subdivide; its effect—The System of the Ho-de-no-sau-nee, or Iroquois, one of Federation—Their Confederacy founded upon the Family Relations—Our Antiquities—Object of Letters.

VENERABLE SIR,—The flight of time lays waste unregistered events. It is thus that the incidents of untold ages upon this continent have been scattered like the sunlight under which they were enacted, leaving no ray behind to light up the eye of research. The social history and political transactions of the Red Man, are as easily enveloped in the mist of obscurity, as his footsteps through the forest are obliterated by the leaves of autumn. Race after race, and nation upon nation, have sprung up and hastened onward to their fall; and neither the first nor the last could explain its origin, or number the years of its duration.

From this general uncertainty of knowledge, we turn with encouragement to the Iroquois; the last Indian race, in the order of succession, which exercised dominion over the territory, out of which our State has been erected. The interest incident to such a relation is stimulated by the fact that they flourished side by side with our early population; and the events of their progress and decline thus becoming identified with the political affairs of a different people, have found a place upon the historic page. To the Iroquois, by common consent, has been assigned the highest position among the races of North America, which live or have lived in the Hunter State; and of

whose past or present existence we have been informed. In the establishment of a confederacy, for the double object of acquiring strength and securing peace, they were eminently fortunate. They enlarged their dominions by conquest to an unparalleled extent, and held surrounding nations under the terror of their arms. During the expansion of the power of the Iroquois, there sprung up a class of orators and chiefs, unrivaled, among the Red Men, for eloquence in council, and bravery upon the war-path. In a word, the Confederacy exhibited the highest development of the Indian, ever reached by him in the Hunter State.

Many circumstances, therefore, unite, to invest the history of our Indian predecessors with permanent interest. While, however, their political events have been diligently collected and arranged, the government which they constructed, the institutions which they established, and the social ties by which they were bound together, have scarcely been made subjects of inquiry, and never of extended investigation. The Confederacy of the Iroquois, dismembered and in fragments, still clings together, in the twilight of its existence, by the shreds of that moral faith, which no political disasters could loosen, and no lapse of years can rend asunder. There are reasons for this

spectacle, which no mere alliance of hostile nations can explain, and which history has failed to reach.

In entering upon such a theme of inquiry as an Indian organization, there are certain general considerations which press upon the attention, and which are worthy of previous thought. Governments have ever been regarded as among the chief instrumentalities of human progress. By this aggregation into societies, mankind are brought largely under the influence of the social relations; and their progress has been found to be in exact proportion to the wisdom of the institutions under which their minds were developed. The passion of the Red Man for the Hunter State, has proved to be a principle too deeply inwrought to be controlled by efforts of legislation, or to be repressed by governmental restrictions. His government, if one was sought to be established, must have conformed to this irresistible tendency of his mind, this inborn sentiment, otherwise it would have been disregarded. The effect of this powerful principle has been to enchain the tribes of North America to their primitive state. Another effect of this principle, and still more fatal to their political prosperity, is to be found in the repeated subdivisions of the generic stocks of the continent, by which all large accumulations of members, and power, in any race or nation, have been prevented. Whenever a hunting-ground became too thickly populated for the easy subsistence of the occupants, a band under some favorite chief put forth, like the swarm from the parent hive, in quest of a new habitation; and in course of time became independent. We have here the true reason, why the red-race never has risen, or can rise above its present level. The fewness of the generic stocks, the unlimited number of independent tribes, and their past history, establish the correctness of this position.

It is obvious that the founders of the Iroquois Confederacy were aware of the enfeebling effects of these repeated subdivisions, and sought, by the counter principle of federation, to arrest the evil. They aimed to knit the whole race together under such a system of relation-

ships, that, by its natural expansion, an Indian empire would be developed of sufficient magnitude to control surrounding nations, and thus secure an exemption from perpetual warfare. We must regard it therefore as no ordinary achievement, that the legislators of the Iroquois united the several tribes into independent nations, and between these nations established a perfect and harmonious union. And beyond this, that by a still higher effort of legislation, they succeeded in so adjusting the confederacy, that as a political fabric composed of independent parts, it was yet adapted to the Hunter State, and contained the elements of an energetic government.

Upon an extended examination of their institutions, it will become manifest that these great results were secured by establishing the Confederacy upon the family relations. Their forms and ceremonies; the Triballeague, or bond of cross-relationship between the tribes of the same name through the several nations; their laws of family relatedness, and of inheritance; the relation of chief and warrior; and lastly the long house, in which, in an emblematical sense, the whole family of the Ho-dé-no-sau-nee\* or Iroquois were sheltered — all indicate that this Indian structure was designed to be but an elaboration of the family relationship. These relations are older than the notion of society or government; and are consistent alike with the hunter, the pastoral, and the civilized state.

The league was so wisely constituted that it seemed a systematic combination of the race; and the pulse of the Confederacy was felt at the same instant upon the Hudson, the Susquehannah, the Iroquois lakes, the Genesee, and the Niagara. When their possessions were enlarged by conquest, followed by occupation, it was an expansion, and not a dismemberment of the Confederacy. Peace itself was one of the prominent objects of the league, to be attained by the admission of surrounding nations. To the Eries, and to the Neuter Nation, the Hodénosaunec, if their traditions may be trusted, offered the alternative of admission or extermination; and the strangeness of this proposition will dis-

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\* Ho-de-no-sau-nee. This is the true name of the Iroquois. It is now in use, and has been since the foundation of the Confederacy. It signifies "the People of the Long-House." Out of the circumstance that they likened their political structure to a house the name originated. The word is given in the Seneca dialect; and should be pronounced with a quick and heavy accent on the *de*.

appear, when it is remembered that an Indian nation regards itself at war with all other nations not in actual alliance with itself. From whatever point we scrutinize the general features of the Confederacy, we are induced to regard it, in many respects, as a beautiful, as well as remarkable structure, and to hold it up as the triumph of Indian legislation.

It is another singular feature in connection with Indian organizations, that their decline and fall are sudden, and usually simultaneous. A rude shock from without or within, but too easily disturbs their inter-relations; and when once cast back upon the predominating sentiment of Indian life—the Hunter State—a powerful nation rapidly dissolves into a multitude of fragments, and is lost and forgotten in the undistinguished mass of lesser tribes. But the Iroquois Confederacy was subjected to a severer test. It went down before the Saxon, and not the Indian race. This Indian constellation paled only before the greater constellation of the American Confederacy. If it had been left to resist the pressure of surrounding nations—living, like the Iroquois themselves, a hunter-life—there is reason to believe that it would have subsisted for ages; and perhaps, having broken the hunter-spell, would have introduced civilization by an original and spontaneous movement.

Of the Indian character it is an original peculiarity, that he has no desire to perpetuate himself in the remembrance of distant generations, by monumental inscriptions, or other erections fabricated by the art and industry of man. The Iroquois would have passed away, without leaving a vestige or memorial of their existence behind, if to them had been entrusted the preservation of their name and deeds. A verbal language, a people without a city, a government without a record, are as fleeting as the deer and the wild fowl upon which the Indian himself subsists. With the departure of the

individual, every vestige of Indian sovereignty vanishes. He leaves but the arrow-head upon the hill side, fit emblem of his pursuits; and the rude pipe, and ruder vessel, entombed beside his bones—at once the record of his superstition, and the evidence of his existence. If the red man had any ambition for immortality, he would entrust his fame to the unwritten remembrance of his tribe and race, rather than to inscriptions on columns in his native land, or other monument more durable than brass, which neither wasting rain, nor mighty wind, nor flight of time, could overthrow.\*

It is for us to search out their government and institutions, and to record the events of their political existence. To these sources the historian must turn for the materials to be inscribed upon the introductory pages of our territorial history; and should he desire more ample knowledge of the Hodénosaunee, in the various departments necessary to a full history of the race, the effort must be quickly made, for soon the avenues of inquiry will be perpetually closed. The antiquities of our State are essentially Indian, on which account they lose in comparative interest. Could we look back to a barbarous and antiquated era, during which our ancestors were struggling upon this territory to emerge from rudeness, and to elevate themselves to a state of civilization, the research would rise in dignity and importance. But since our ancestors occupied this territory as a civilized race, with no link between them and the aboriginal occupant, except that of feeble humanity, we are inclined to pass by the incidents of his sovereignty with careless and transient observation.

In many respects the richness and value of our aboriginal remains are not appreciated. The antiquities of New York are as vast in their magnitude, as they were ancient in their enactment. Upon our hill tops lie entombed the bones of a race, whose name and era of occupation,

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\* Compare the sentiments of Pericles,—

Ανδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τᾶφος, καὶ οὐ στηλῶν μόνον ἐν τῇ οἰκείᾳ σημαίνει ἐπιγραφὴν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐν τῇ μὴ προσηκούσῃ ἄγραφος μνήμη παρ' ἐκάστῳ τῆς γνώμης μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ ἔργου ἐνδiciaται. —THUCYD., LIB. 2, C. 43,

With those of Horace.—Exegi monumentum ære perennius,

Regalique situ pyramidum altius;  
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens  
Possit diruere, aut innumerabiles  
Annorum series, et fuga temporum.

HOR. LIB. 3. Cde 30.

are lost in such a deep obscurity that even tradition cannot reach them.\* Passing over other nations, intermediate and contemporaneous, the details of whose existence and extinction are extremely limited, we come down to the last Indian epoch, which embraces the rise, progress, and decline of the Iroquois. In this era we have a long series of prominent events; and in the Confederacy itself we have the most remarkable organization ever framed by any Indian race in North America, except, perhaps, the Aztec monarchy. The Hodénosaunee occupied our precise territory, and their council-fires burned continuously from the Hudson to the Niagara. Our old forests have rung with their war-shouts, and been enlivened with their festivals of peace. Their feathered bands, their light canoes, their eloquence, their deeds of valor,

have had their time and place. In their progressive course, they had stretched their chain around the half of our republic, and rendered their name a terror nearly from ocean to ocean, when the advent of the Saxon race arrested their career, and prepared the way for the destruction of the Long-house, and the final extinguishment of the council-fires of the Confederacy.

From this general reference to the variety and magnitude of our Indian history and antiquities, the importance of the subject will be admitted. The following letters are not designed to touch the historical or political events of the Confederacy; but rather to inquire into the structure of the government and the nature of the institutions, under and through which these historical results were produced.

## LETTER II.

Origin of the Confederacy, and distribution of its powers—The Government an Oligarchy—Sachemships—War Chiefships—Chieftaincies.

In their own account of the origin of the confederacy, the Iroquois invariably go back to a remote and uncertain period, when the league between the Five Nations was formed, its details and provisions were settled, and those laws and institutions were established, under which, without essential change, they have continued to flourish. If we may trust their evidence, the system under which they confederated was not of gradual construction, under the suggestions of necessity, but the result of one protracted effort of legislation. The nations at the time were separate and hostile bands, although of generic origin, and were drawn together in council to deliberate upon the plan of a confederacy, which a wise-man of the Onondaga Nation had projected, and repeatedly urged upon their consideration; and under which, he undertook to assure them, the united nations could elevate themselves to supreme authority. Tradition has preserved the name of Dagānowedā as the founder of the Confederacy, and the first lawgiver of the Hodénosaunee. It likewise points to the

northern bank of the Gā-nun-ta-ā, or Onondaga Lake, as the place where the council-fire was kindled, around which the wise-men of the different bands assembled; and where, after many days' debate, they succeeded in effecting a union of the nations. Their traditions further assert that the Confederacy, as established by this council, with its laws, rulers, and mode of administration, has come down to them through many generations with scarcely a change, except in the addition of a class of rulers called chiefs, the lowest in authority; and an essential modification of the law in relation to marriage.

Without turning aside to inquire into the probable accuracy of their own narration, it will be sufficient to investigate the structure of the government, as it stood in its full vigor, shortly before the American Revolution, and to deduce the general principles upon which it was founded.

The central government was organized and administered upon the same principles as each Nation in its separate capa-

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\* There are, or have been, at least fifty trench enclosures between Utica and Lake Erie. Many of these trenches are around the brow of a hill, in which case each is known by the familiar name of Fort Hill. Within these enclosures are found human skeletons, and remains of Indian pottery. The trees found growing in the trenches by the first settlers, indicated a period of from 300 to 500 years since their desertion. The Iroquois know nothing of their objects, or of the race by whom they were constructed.



city; and the Nations stood nearly in the same relation to the Confederacy, that the American States bear to the Union—since the Iroquois government presents several oligarchies within one oligarchy, in the same manner as our Confederacy exhibits several republics within one republic.

To obtain a general conception of the character of a government, the ruler, ruling body, or bodies, as the case may be, would be the first objects of attention; and when their powers and tenure of office are discovered, the true index to the nature of the government is furnished. In the case to which this test is about to be applied, the organization was externally so obscure as to induce a universal belief that the relations between ruler and people were simply those of chief and follower—the earliest and lowest political relation between man and man; while, in point of fact, the Iroquois had emerged from this primitive state of society, and had organized a systematic government.

At the institution of the League, fifty permanent sachemships were created, with appropriate names; and in the sachems who held these titles were vested the supreme powers of the Confederacy. To secure order in the succession, and to determine the individuals entitled, the sachemships were made hereditary under limited and peculiar laws of descent. The sachems, themselves, were equal in rank and authority (except three, to be presently mentioned); and, in the place of holding separate territorial jurisdictions, their powers were joint, and co-extensive with the Confederacy. As a safeguard against contention and fraud, each and every sachem was “raised up,” and invested with his title by a council of all the sachems, with suitable forms and ceremonies. Until this ceremony of confirmation or investiture, no one could become a ruler. He received, when raised up, the name of the sachemship itself, as in the case of titles of nobility, and so also did his successors, from generation to generation. The sachemships were unequally distributed between the five nations, but without thereby giving to either a preponderance of political power. Nine of them were assigned to the Mohawk nation; nine to the Oneida; fourteen to the Onondaga; ten to the Cayuga; and

eight to the Seneca. The sachems, united, formed the Council of the League; the ruling body—in which resided the executive, legislative, and judicial authority. It thus appears that the government of the Iroquois was an oligarchy; taken at least in the literal sense, “the rule of the few;” and, while more system is observable in this than in the oligarchies of antiquity, it seems, also, better calculated, in its framework, to resist political changes.

This specimen of Indian legislation is so remarkable, that a table of these sachemships, with their division into classes, indicating certain inter-relations, hereafter to be explained, is inserted, in the Seneca dialect.

TABLE showing the names of the Sachemships of the Iroquois Confederacy, which names have been borne by their sachems in succession, from the foundation of the Confederacy to the present time:—

*Gā-ne-ā-ga-o-noh.\**

I.—1. Dā-gā-e-o-gā. 2. Hā-yó-went-hā. 3. Da-gā-no-wé-dā.

II.—4. Sōh-ā-e-wā-ah. 5. Da-yo-ho-gō. 6. O-ā-ha-go-wā.

III.—7. Da-an-noh-gā-e-neh. 8. Sā-da-gā-e-wā-deh. 9. Hos-dā-weh-se-ont-hā.

*O-ney-yote-car-o-noh.†*

I.—1. Ho-dās-ha-teh. 2. Ga-nōh-gweh-yo-dōh. 3. Da-yo-hā-gwen-da.

II.—4. So-noh-sase. 5. To-no-ā-gā-oh. 6. Hā-de-ā-dun-nent-hā.

III.—7. Da-wā-dā-o-dā-yoh. 8. Gā-ne-ā-dus-ha-yeh. 9. Ho-wus-hā-dā-oh.

*O-non-dār-ga-o-noh.‡*

I.—1. To-do-dā-hóh. Bear tribe. The highest sachemship in the Confederacy. 2. To-nehs-sa-ā. Beaver tribe. Hereditary counselor of the Tododāhóh. 3. Da-āt-gā-doo. Beaver tribe. Hereditary counselor of the Tododāhóh.

II.—4. Gā-neā-dā-je-wake. S. T. 5. Ah-wā-ga-yat. T. T. 6. Da-ā-yāt-gwā-e.

III.—7. Ho-no-we-nā-to. W. T. To this sachemship was assigned the custody of the archives, such as they might have.

IV.—8. Gā-wā-nā-sán-doh. D. T. 9.

\* Mohawk Nation. † Oneida. ‡ Onondaga.

Hā-é-hoh. D. T. 10. Ho-yo-<sup>ne</sup>-ā-ne.  
T. T. 11. Sa-dā-gwā-seh. Bear T.  
V.—12. Sā-go-ga-hā. D. T. 13. Ho-  
sa-hā-ho. T. T. 14. Skā-no-wun-de.  
T. T.

*Gwe-u-gweh-o-noh.\**

I.—1. Da-gā-<sup>ā</sup>-yoh. 2. Da-je-no-dā-  
weh-oh. 3. Gā-dā-gwā-soh. 4. So-yo-  
wase. 5. Hā-de-<sup>ās</sup>-yo-noh.  
II.—6. Dā-yo-o-yo-go. 7. Jote-ho-  
weh-gō. 8. De-<sup>ā</sup>-wate-ho.  
III.—9. To-dā-e-ho. 10. Des-gā-oh.

*Nun-da-war-o-noh.†*

I.—1. Gā-ne-<sup>o</sup>-di-yoh. Turtle tribe.  
2. Da-gā-<sup>o</sup>-yase. Snipe tribe.  
II.—3. Ga-no-gi-e. Turtle tribe. 4.  
Sā-géh-jo-wā. Hawk tribe.  
III.—5. Sā-de-<sup>a</sup>-noh-wus. Bear tribe.  
6. Nis-hā-ne-<sup>a</sup>-nent. Snipe tribe.  
IV.—7. Gā-no-go-<sup>e</sup>-da-we. Snipe tribe.  
8. Do-ne-ho-gā-weh. Wolf tribe.—*See  
Note.*

Unlike the Amphictyons, the sachems of the Iroquois held no vernal or autumnal session, to legislate for the welfare of the race. The kindling of the council-fire depended entirely upon exigencies of a public or domestic character. Originally, the object of the general council was to raise up sachems to fill such vacancies as had been occasioned by death or deposition. In course of time, as the intercourse with foreign nations became more important, it assumed the charge of all matters which concerned the common welfare. It declared war and made peace; sent and received embassies; disposed of subjugated nations; and took all necessary measures to secure the prosperity and expansion of the Confederacy.

In this body of oligarchs, the sachem Tadodahóh,† one of the Onondagas, is still regarded, and ever has been, as superior in dignity and authority to the other sachems. As an acknowledgment

of this comparative eminence, two sachems were always assigned to him as his hereditary counselors. Still he had no unusual or executive powers—in fact, no authority not equally possessed by his compeers;—and this sachemship must remain an anomaly, unless we accept the light which tradition indirectly affords. At the establishment of the Confederacy, Tadodahóh was a potent ruler, and had rendered himself illustrious by military achievements. Down to this day, among the Iroquois, his name is the personification of heroism, of forecast, and of dignity of character. He was reluctant to consent to the new order of things, as he would be shorn of his power and placed among a number of equals. To remove these objections, his sachemship was dignified above the others by certain special privileges, not inconsistent, however, with an equal distribution of powers; and from his day down to the present, this title has been regarded as more noble and illustrious than any other in the catalogue of Iroquois nobility.‡

With a mere league of Indian nations, the constant tendency would be to a rupture, from remoteness of position and interest, and from the inherent weakness of such a compact. In the case under inspection, something more lasting was aimed at than a simple union of the five nations, in the nature of an alliance. A blending of the national sovereignties into one government, with direct and manifold relations between the people and the Confederacy, as such, was sought for and achieved by these forest statesmen. On first observation, the powers of the government appear to be so entirely centralized, that the national independencies nearly disappear; but this is very far from the fact. The crowning feature of the Confederacy, as a political structure, is the perfect independence and individuality of the nations, in the midst of a central and embracing government, which presents such a united and cemented exterior, that its subdivisions would scarcely be discovered in transacting business with the Confederacy. This remarkable result was in part effected by the provision that the

\* Cayuga.

† Seneca.

NOTE.—In aid of pronunciation, the following signs will be employed:—a, sounded as in bake; e, as in Eve; o, as in old; ā, as in art; ē, as in met; ō, as in gone; ă, as in at; ĭ, as in in; â, as in all; i, as in ice. — signifies that the sound of the first syllable should be continued into the second.

‡ Tododahoh, Seneca. Tadodahoh, Onondaga, Tadodal, Oneida.

§ The present Tadodahoh is a bright and interesting boy, about six years of age, and lives at Onondaga. He should be carefully educated from his childhood.

same rulers who governed the Confederacy in their joint capacity, should, in their separate state, still be the rulers of the several nations.

For all purposes of a local and domestic, and many of a political character, the nations were entirely independent of each other. The nine Mohawk sachems administered the affairs of that nation with joint authority, precisely in the same manner as they did, in connection with others, the affairs of the League at large. With similar powers, the ten Cayuga sachems, by their joint councils, regulated the internal and domestic affairs of their nation. As the sachems of each nation stood upon a perfect equality, in authority and privileges, the measure of influence was determined entirely by the talents and address of the individual. In the councils of the nation, which were of frequent occurrence, all business of national concernment was transacted; and, although the questions moved on such occasions would be finally settled by the opinions of the sachems, yet such was the spirit of the Iroquois system of government, that the influence of the inferior chiefs, the warriors, and even of the women, would make itself felt, whenever the subject itself aroused a general public interest.

The powers and duties of the sachems were entirely of a civil character, but yet were arbitrary within their sphere of action. If we sought their warrant for the exercise of power, in the etymology of the word, in their language, which corresponds with sachem, it would intimate a check upon, rather than an enlargement of, the civil authority; for it signifies, simply, "a counselor of the people,"—a beautiful and appropriate designation of a ruler.

Having confined the duties of sachems to civil matters by their organic law, it became necessary to provide a class of officers, in whom the military power might be vested. This was, in part, effected by the creation of fifty war-chiefs, simultaneously with the sachemships, with regulations, in relation to inheritance and investiture, mostly the same. By a novel provision, the subordination of the military to the civil power was perpetually indicated. To each sachem (Ho-yar-na-go-war), was assigned a war-chief (Ho-yeh-gun-duh-go-wā-sah) to stand behind him on all ceremonious occasions, to aid with his counsel, and to execute the commands of the sachem.

He was raised up to discharge these duties, and for this particular sachem, upon whose death, or deposition, the office, in him, ceased: for, with the successor of the sachem, was raised up another military chief. If the sachem should join a war-party, led forth by his war-chief, as he could do, if inclined, he would cease, for the time, to be other than a common warrior, and would fall under his command. The additional duties of these military chiefs, in time of actual war, and the extent and nature of their authority, it is difficult, if not impossible, now to ascertain.

At this stage of the inquiry, an interesting, but embarrassing, question presents itself. In whom resided the superior military command of the forces of the Confederacy? The Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas, agree upon the following answer: At a very early period, two military chieftaincies were established, and made hereditary. The names of each, Ta-wan-ne-ars, and So-no-so-wā, were to be taken, as in the case of the sachemships, by the successive incumbents; and they were to be raised up, in like manner as the sachems. To these high chieftains, the supreme command of the forces of the Iroquois, and the general conduct of the wars of the Confederacy, were entrusted. By another provision, they were ever to be taken from the Seneca nation, for the reason that this nation was the hereditary door-keeper of the Long-House, to which they had likened their political edifice; and, being thus at the door, they could first take the war-path. If they could not drive back the invader, they called upon the next Fire (the Cayugas) for aid; and, if necessary, upon the third Fire (the Onondagas); and so on, until the whole Confederacy was in arms. It was thus rendered necessary that the great war-chiefs should be taken from among the Senecas, for upon them had been placed the defence of the House of the Iroquois.

During the revolution, Thayendanegea commanded the Mohawks: and, from his conspicuous position and the high confidence reposed in him, rather than from any claim advanced by the chief himself, the title of military chieftain of the Confederacy has been conceded to him. This is entirely an error; and that he held any such office is denied, expressly, by Onondagas, Tuscaroras, Cayugas, and Senecas.

The singular method of warfare among

the Iroquois makes it extremely difficult to obtain a satisfactory exposition of the manner in which their warlike operations were conducted; or to ascertain, beyond disputation, with whom the military power substantially resided. As they were at war with all nations not in actual alliance, it was lawful for any warrior to organize a party, and seek adventures wherever he pleased to direct his footsteps. Perhaps some chief, filled with martial ardor, planned an inroad upon the Cherokees of the south; and, having given a war-dance, and thus enlisted all who wished to share the glory of the adventure, took the war-path at once, upon his distant and perilous enterprise. In such ways as this, many expeditions originated; and it is believed that a great part of the warlike transactions of the Iroquois were nothing more than personal adventures, or the daring deeds of considerable war-parties. Under such a state of circumstances, a favorite leader, possessed of the confidence of the people, from his warlike achievements, would be in no want of followers, in the midst of a general war; nor would the Confederacy be in any danger of losing the services of its most capable military commanders.

One other class of officers yet remains to be noticed, namely—the chiefs. Many generations after the establishment of the Confederacy, and even subsequent to the commencement of the intercourse of the Iroquois with the whites, there arose a necessity for raising up this new class. It was an innovation upon the original frame-work of the Confederacy, but it was demanded by circumstances which could not be resisted. The office of chief (*Hah-seh-no-wā-neh*) was made elective, and the reward of merit, but without any power of descent. No limit to the number was established. The Senecas still residing in our State number about two thousand five hundred people; and, exclusive of their sachems and war-chiefs, they have about seventy chiefs. At first, their powers were extremely limited, and confined to a participation in the local affairs of the nation. They stood to the sachems in the light of constituted advisers and assistants; but they continued to increase in influence, until, at the present time, when the confederacy is mostly dismembered, and their internal organization has undergone some essential changes, they have raised themselves to an equality, in many respects, with the sachems themselves. After their elec-

tion, they were raised up by a council of the nation; but a ratification was necessary, by a council of all the sachems, of the Confederacy, to complete the investiture.

It is, perhaps, in itself singular, that no religious functionaries were recognized in the Confederacy (none ever being raised up); although there were certain officers in the several nations who officiated at the religious festivals, which were held at stated seasons throughout the year. There never existed, among the Iroquois, a regular and distinct religious profession, or office, as among most nations; and it was, doubtless, owing to the simplicity, as well as narrowness, of their religious creed.

With the officers above enumerated, the administration of the Confederacy was entrusted. The government sat lightly upon the people, who, in effect, were governed but little. It seemed to each that individual independence, which the *Hodénosaunee* knew how to prize as well as the Saxon; and which, amid all political changes, they have contrived to preserve. The institutions which would be expected to exist under the government whose frame-work has just been sketched, would necessarily be simple. Their mode of life, and limited wants, the absence of all property, and the infrequency of crime, dispensed with a vast amount of the legislation and machinery, incident to the protection of civilized society. While, therefore, it would be unreasonable to seek those high qualities of mind, which result from ages of cultivation, in such a rude state of existence, it would be equally irrational to regard the Indian character as devoid of all those higher characteristics which ennoble the human race. If he has never contributed a page to science, nor a discovery to art; if he loses, in the progress of generations, as much as he gains; still, there are certain qualities of his mind which shine forth in all the lustre of natural perfection, and which must ever elicit admiration. His simple integrity, his generosity, his unbounded hospitality, his love of truth, and, above all, his unbroken fidelity,—a sentiment inborn, and standing out so conspicuously in his character, that it has, not untruthfully, become its living characteristic; all these are adornments of humanity, which no art of education can instill, nor refinement of civilization can bestow. If they exist at all, it is because the gifts of the Deity have never

been debased. The high state of public morals, celebrated by the poet as reached and secured under Augustus, it was the higher and prouder boast of the Iroquois never to have lost. In such an atmosphere of moral purity, he grew up to manhood,

“Culpari metuit fides :

Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris :

Mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas.”

If our Indian predecessor, with the virtues and blemishes, the power and weakness, which alternate in his character, is ever rightly comprehended, it will be the result of an insight into his social relations, and an understanding of the institutions which reflect the higher elements of his intellect.

### LETTER III.

Division of the People into Tribes—The Tribal League—Descent limited to the Female-line ; it defeated the succession of a Son to the Sachemship of his Father—Mode of computing degrees of Consanguinity—Laws and Customs in relation to the Succession of Rulers—The power of Election and Deposition with the Tribes—Mode of bestowing names—Nature of a Tribe.

The division of a people into tribes is the most simple organization of society. Each tribe being in the nature of a family, the ties of relationship which bind its individual members together, are indispensable, until they are rendered unnecessary by the adoption of a form of government, and the substitution of other ties, which answer the same ends of protection and security.

When a people have long remained in the tribal state, it becomes extremely difficult to remove all traces of such organic divisions by the substitution of new institutions. In the tribes of the Jews, this position is illustrated. Among the Greeks also, especially the Athenians, the traces of their original divisions never entirely disappeared. Solon substituted classes for tribes ; but subsequently Cleisthenes restored the tribes, (retaining however the classes,) and increased the number : thus perpetuating this early social organization of the Athenians among their civil institutions. The Athenian Tribe was a group of families, with subdivisions ; the Roman Tribes established by Romulus, the same. On the other hand, the Jewish Tribe embraced only the lineal descendants of a common father ; and its individual members being of consanguinity, the tribe itself was essentially different from the Grecian. The Iroquois Tribe was unlike them all. It was not a group of families ; neither was it made up of the descendants of a common father, as the father and his child were never of the same tribe. In the sequel, however, it will be

discovered to be nearest the Jewish : the chief difference consisting in the incident of descent in the female line attached to the former ; while descent in the male line was incident to the latter.

The founders of the Iroquois Confederacy did not seek to suspend the tribal divisions of the people, to introduce a different social organization ; but on the contrary, they rested the Confederacy itself upon the tribes ; and through them, sought to interweave the race into one political family. A full and careful exploration of those tribal relationships which characterize the political system of the Iroquois, becomes therefore of great importance. Without such knowledge as they will afford, their government itself is wholly unmeaning and inexplicable.

In each nation there were eight tribes, which were arranged in two divisions, and named as follows :

Wolf, Bear, Beaver, Turtle.

Deer, Snipe, Heron, Hawk.

Animals common to all latitudes between Louisiana and Montreal, and hence in themselves incapable of throwing any light upon the land, or locality, in which the race originated.\* These names had doubtless an emblematical signification which reached beyond the object itself. Of the origin of their tribal divisions but little is known ; and to it perhaps but little importance attaches. Tradition declares that the Bear and the Deer were the original tribes, and that the residue were subdivisions. At the establishment of the Oligarchy, evidence

\* Table exhibiting the scientific names of the animals adopted by the Iroquois as the emblems of their respective tribes. It follows the classification employed in the Nat. His-



is furnished of the existence of seven of the tribes, in the distribution of the Onondaga and Seneca Sachemships. The fourteen assigned to the former nation, were divided between the Wolf, Bear, Beaver, Turtle, Snipe and Deer Tribes ; while the eight belonging to the latter, were given to the Wolf, Bear, Turtle, Snipe and Hawk, to the exclusion of the others, if they then existed ; and in these several tribes, they were made perpetually hereditary.

The division of the people of each nation into eight tribes, whether pre-existing, or perfected at the establishment of the Confederacy did not terminate in its objects with the nation itself. It became the means of effecting the most perfect union of separate nations “ ever devised by the wit of man.” In effect, the Wolf Tribe was divided into five parts, and one-fifth of it placed in each of the five nations. The remaining tribes were subjected to the same division and distribution : thus giving to each nation the eight tribes, and making in their separated state, forty tribes in the Confederacy. Between those of the same name—or in other words, between the separated parts of each tribe—there existed a tie of brotherhood, which linked the nations together with indissoluble bonds. The Mohawk of the Beaver Tribe, recognized the Seneca of the Beaver Tribe as his brother, and they were bound to each other by the ties of consanguinity. In like manner the Oneida of the Turtle or other tribe, received the Cayuga, or the Onondaga of the same tribe, as a brother ; and with a fraternal welcome. This cross-relationship between the tribes of the same name , and which was stronger, if possible, than the chain of brotherhood between the several tribes of the same nation, is still preserved in all its original strength. It doubtless furnishes the

chief reason of the tenacity with which the fragments of the old Confederacy still cling together. If either of the five nations had wished to cast off the alliance, it must also have broken the bond of brotherhood. Had the nations fallen into collision, it would have turned Hawk Tribe against Hawk Tribe, Heron against Heron, in a word, brother against brother. The history of the Hodénosaunee exhibits the wisdom of these organic provisions ; for they never fell into anarchy during the long period which the league subsisted ; nor even approximated to a dissolution of the Confederacy from internal disorders.

With the progress of the inquiry, it becomes more apparent that the Confederacy was in effect a League of Tribes. With the ties of kindred as its principle of union, the whole race was interwoven into one great family, composed of tribes in its first subdivision (for the nations were counterparts of each other); and the tribes themselves, in their subdivisions, composed of parts of many households. Without these close inter-relations, resting, as many of them do, upon the strong impulses of nature, a mere alliance between the Iroquois nations would have been feeble and transitory.

In this manner was constructed the *Tribal League* of the *Hodénosaunee*; in itself, an extraordinary specimen of Indian legislation. Simple in its foundation upon the *Family Relationships*; effective, in the lasting vigor inherent in the ties of kindred ; and perfect in its success, in achieving a lasting and harmonious union of the nations ; it forms an enduring monument to that proud and progressive race, who reared under its protection, a wide-spread Indian sovereignty.

All the institutions of the Iroquois, have regard to the division of the people into tribes. Originally with reference to

tory of New York. The species have been determined from careful descriptions obtained of the Seneca's.

Animal.	Seneca Name.	Order.	Family.	Genus.	Species.
Wolf.	Tor-yoh-ne.	Carnivora.	Canidæ.	Lupus.	Occidentalis.
Bear.	Ne-e-ar-guye.	Carnivora.	Ursidæ.	Ursus.	Americanus.
Beaver.	Non-gar-ne-e-ar-goh.	Rodentia.	Castoridæ.	Castor.	Fiber.
Turtle.	Ga-ne-e-ar-teh-go-wa.	Chelonia.	Chelonidæ.	Chelonura.	Serpentina.
Deer.	Na-o-geh.	Ungulata.	Cervidæ.	Cervus.	Virginianus.
Snipe.	Doo-ese-doo-we.	Grallæ.	Scolopacidæ.	Totanus.	Semipalmatus.
Heron.	Jo-as-seh.	Grallæ.	Ardeidæ.	Ardea.	Candidissima.
Hawk.	Os-sweh-ga-da-ga-ah.	Accipitres.	Falconidæ.	Falco.	Columbarius.

NOTE. Some doubts rest upon the Heron and the Snipe concerning the species. In the former case the choice rests between the Ardea, Candidissima, and the Ardea Leuce. In the latter, the large number of the species introduces a difficulty. The Semipalmatus corresponds the nearest with the description of the bird.

marriage, the Wolf, Bear, Beaver and Turtle Tribes, were brothers to each other, and cousins to the remaining four. They were not allowed to intermarry. The opposite four tribes were also brothers to each other, and cousins to the first four; and were also prohibited from intermarrying. Either of the first four tribes, however, could intermarry with either of the last four; thus Hawk could intermarry with Bear or Beaver, Heron with Turtle; but not Beaver and Turtle, nor Deer and Deer. Whoever violated these laws of marriage incurred the deepest detestation and disgrace. In process of time, however, the rigor of the system was relaxed, until finally, the prohibition was confined to the tribe of the individual, which among the residue of the Iroquois, is still religiously observed. They can now marry into any tribe but their own. Under the original as well as modern regulation, the husband and wife were of different tribes. The children always followed the tribe of the mother.

As the whole Iroquois system rested upon the tribes as an organic division of the people, it was very natural that the separate rights of each should be jealously guarded. Not the least remarkable among their institutions, of which most appear to have been original with the race, was that which confined the transmission of all titles, rights and property in the female line to the exclusion of the male. It is strangely unlike the canons of descent adopted by civilized nations, but it secured several important objects. If the Deer Tribe of the Cayugas, for example, received a sachemship or war-chiefship at the original distribution of these offices, the descent of such title being limited to the female line, it could never pass out of the tribe. It thus became instrumental in giving the tribe individuality. A still more marked result, and perhaps leading object, of this enactment was, the perpetual disinheritance of the son. Being of the tribe of his mother, it formed an impassable barrier against him; and he could neither succeed his father as a sachem, nor inherit from him even his medal, or his tomahawk. The inheritance, for the protection of tribal rights, was thus directed from the descendants of the sachem, to his brothers, his sisters, children, or some individual of the tribe at large under certain circumstances; each and all of whom were in his tribe, while his children being in another's tribe, as before re-

marked, were placed out of the line of succession.

By the operation of this principle, also, the certainty of descent in the tribe, of their principal chiefs, was secured by a rule infallible; for the child must be the son of its mother, although not necessarily of its mother's husband. If the purity of blood be of any moment, the lawgivers of the Iroquois established the only certain rule the case admits of, whereby the assurance might be enjoyed that the ruling sachem was of the same family or tribe with the first taker of the title.

The Iroquois mode of computing degrees of consanguinity was unlike that of the civil or canon law; but was yet a clear and definite system. No distinction was made between the lineal and collateral line, either in the ascending or descending series. The maternal grandmother and her sisters were equally grandmothers; the mother and her sisters were equally mothers; the children of a mother's sisters were brothers and sisters; the children of a sister would be nephews and nieces; and the grandchildren of a sister would be his grandchildren—that is to say, the grandchildren of the *propositus*, or individual from whom the degree of relationship is reckoned. These were the chief relatives within the tribe, though not fully extended to number. Out of the tribe, the paternal grandfather and his brothers were equally grandfathers; the father and his brothers equally fathers; the father's sisters were aunts, while, in the tribe, the mother's brothers were uncles; the father's sister's children would be cousins as in the civil law; the children of these cousins would be nephews and nieces, and the children of these nephews and nieces would be his grandchildren, or the grandchildren of the *propositus*. Again: the children of a brother would be his children, and the grandchildren of a brother would be his grandchildren; also, the children of a father's brothers, are his brothers and sisters, instead of cousins, as under the civil law; and lastly, their children are his grandchildren, or the grandchildren of the *propositus*.

It was the leading object of the Iroquois law of descent, to merge the collateral in the lineal line, as sufficiently appears in the above outline. By the civil law, every departure from the common ancestor in the descending series, removed the

collateral from the lineal; while, by the law under consideration, the two lines were finally brought into one.\* Under the civil law mode of computation, the degrees of relationship become too remote to be traced among collaterals; while, by the mode of the Iroquois, none of the collaterals were lost by remoteness of degree. The number of those linked together by the nearer family ties, was largely multiplied by preventing, in this manner, the subdivision of a family into collateral branches.

The succession of the rulers of the Confederacy is one of the most intricate subjects to be met with in the political system of the Hodénosaunee. It has been so difficult to procure a satisfactory exposition of the enactments by which the mode of succession was regulated, that the sachemships have sometimes been considered elective; at others, as hereditary. Many of the obstacles which beset the inquiry are removed by the single fact, that the titles of sachem and war-chief are absolutely hereditary in the tribe to which they were originally assigned; and can never pass out of it, but with its extinction. How far these titles were hereditary in that part of the family of the sachem or war-chief, who were of the same tribe with himself, becomes the true question to consider. The sachem's brothers, and the sons of his sisters, are of his tribe, and consequently in the line of succession. Between a brother and a nephew of the deceased, there was no law which established a preference; neither between several brothers, on the one hand, and several sons of a sister, on the other, was there any law of primogeniture; nor, finally, was there any positive law, that the choice should be confined to the brothers of the deceased ruler, or the descendants of his sister in the female line, until all these should fail, before a selection could be made from the tribe at large. Hence, it appears, so far as positive enactments were

concerned, that the offices of sachem and war-chief, as between the eight tribes, were hereditary in the particular tribe in which they ran; while they were elective, as between the male members of the tribe itself.

In the absence of laws, designating with certainty the individual upon whom the inheritance should fall, custom would come in and assume the force of law, in directing the manner of choice, from among a number equally eligible. Upon the decease of a sachem, a tribal council assembled to determine upon his successor. The choice usually fell upon a son of one of the deceased ruler's sisters, or upon one of his brothers—in the absence of physical and moral objections; and this preference of one of his near relatives would be suggested by feelings of respect for his memory. Infancy was no obstacle: it uniting only the necessity of setting over him a guardian, to discharge the duties of a sachem until he reached a suitable age. It sometimes occurred that all the relatives of the deceased were set aside, and a selection was made from the tribe generally; but it seldom thus happened, unless from the great unfitness of the near relatives of the deceased.

When the individual was finally determined, the nation summoned a council, in the name of the deceased, of all the sachems of the league; and the new sachem was raised up by such council, and invested with his office.

In connection with the power of the tribes to designate the sachems and war-chiefs, should be noticed the equal power of deposition. If, by misconduct, a sachem lost the confidence and respect of his tribe, and became unworthy of authority, a tribal council at once deposed him; and, having selected a successor, summoned a council of the Confederacy to perform the ceremony of his investiture.

Still further to illustrate the characteristics of the tribes of the Iroquois, some reference to their mode of bestowing

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\* The following are the names of the several degrees of relationship, recognized among the Hodénosaunee, in the language of the Senecas:

Hoc-sote,	Grandfather.	Hoc-no-seh,	Uncle.
Uc-sote,	Grandmother.	Ah-geh-huc,	Aunt.
Ha-nih,	Father.	Ha-yan-wan-deh,	Nephew.
Noh-yeh,	Mother.	Ka-yan-wan-deh,	Niece.
Ho-ah-wuk,	Son.	Da-ya-gwa-dan-no-da,	Brothers and Sisters.
Go-ah-wuk,	Daughter.	Ah-gare-seh,	Cousin.
Ka-ya-da,	Grandchildren.		

names would not be inapt.\* Soon after the birth of an infant, the near relatives of the same tribe selected a name. At the first subsequent council of the nation, the birth and name were publicly announced, together with the name and tribe of the father, and the name and tribe of the mother. In each nation the proper names were so strongly marked by a tribal peculiarity, that the tribe of the individual could usually be determined from the name alone. Making, as they did, a part of their language, they were, consequently, all significant. When an individual was raised up as a sachem, his original name was laid aside, and that of the sachemship itself assumed. The war-chief followed the same rule. In like manner, at the raising up of a chief, the council of the nation which performs the ceremony, took away the former name of the incipient chief and assigned him a new one, perhaps, like Napoleon's titles, commemorative of the event which led to its bestowment. Thus, when the celebrated Red-Jacket was elevated by election to the dignity of a chief, his original name, O-te-ti-an-i (Always Ready) was taken from him, and in its place was bestowed Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, (Keeper Awake,) in allusion to the powers of his eloquence.

It now remains to define a tribe of the *Hodénosaunee*. From the preceding considerations it sufficiently appears, that it was not, like the Grecian and Roman, a circle or group of families; for two tribes were, necessarily, represented in every family: neither, like the Jewish, was it constituted of the lineal descendants of a common father; on the contrary, it distinctly involved the idea of descent from a common mother: nor has it any resemblance to the Scottish clan, or the Canton of the Switzer. In the formation of an Iroquois tribe, a portion was taken from many households, and bound together by a tribal bond. The bond consisted in the ties of consanguinity; for all the members of the tribe, thus composed, were connected by relationships, which, under their law of descents, were easily traceable. To the tribe attached the incident of descent in the female line, the prohibition of intermarriage, the capacity of holding and exercising political rights, and the ability

to contract and sustain relationships with the other tribes.

The wife, her children, and her descendants in the female line, would, in perpetuity, be linked with the destinies of her own tribe and kindred; while the husband, his brothers and sisters, and the descendants of the latter, in the female line, would, in like manner, be united to another tribe, and held by its affinities. Herein was a bond of union between the several tribes of the same nation, corresponding, in some degree, with the cross-relationship founded upon consanguinity, which bound together the tribes of the same emblem in the different nations.

Of the comparative value of these institutions, when contrasted with those of civilized countries, and of their capability of elevating the race, it is not necessary here to inquire. It was the boast of the Iroquois that the great object of their confederacy was peace:—to break up the spirit of perpetual warfare, which wasted the red race from age to age. Such an insight into the true end and object of all legitimate government, by these who constructed this tribal league, excites as great surprise as admiration. It is the highest and the noblest aspect in which human institutions can be viewed; and the thought itself—universal peace among Indian races possible of attainment—was a ray of intellect from no ordinary mind. To consummate such a purpose, the Iroquois nations were to be concentrated into one political fraternity; and in a manner effectively to prevent off-shoots and secessions. By its natural growth, this fraternity would accumulate sufficient power to absorb adjacent nations, moulding them, successively, by affiliation, into one common family. Thus, in its nature, it was designed to be a progressive confederacy. What means could have been employed with greater promise of success than the stupendous system of relationships, which was fabricated through the division of the *Hodénosaunee* into tribes? It was a system sufficiently ample to infold the whole Indian race. Unlimited in their capacity for extension; inflexible in their relationships; the tribes thus interleagueed would have suffered no loss of unity by their enlargement, nor loss of strength by the increasing distance between their

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\* Like the ancient Saxons, the Iroquois had neither a prenomen, nor a cognomen; but contented themselves with a single name.

council-fires. The destiny of this league, if it had been left to work out its results among the red races exclusively, it is impossible to conjecture. With vast capacities for enlargement, with remarkable durability of structure, and a vigorous, animating spirit, it must have attained a great elevation and a general supremacy.

## THE MEETING OF SIEGFRIED AND CHRIEMHILT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE THIRD ADVENTURE OF THE NIEBELUNGEN LIED.

Nu gie diu minneliche.  
u. s. u.

FORTH came the lovely maiden as comes the morning red,  
The gloomy clouds disparting: much care the gallant fled,  
Who in his heart had borne her a long and weary way;  
In all her bloom before him he saw the lovely May.

From forth her garments glittered full many a jewel rare;  
Her rosy-red complexion shone marvellously fair:  
However loth to own it, yet must men all agree  
That on the earth was never so fair a thing as she.

As floats the silver full-moon the starry host before,  
And light so clear and mellow down through the clouds doth pour,  
So shone she in her beauty before each other dame;  
Well might the hearts of many be fluttered as she came!

The chamberlains so wealthy before her led the way;  
The heroes high in spirit, they would not quiet stay;  
To see the lovely maiden they press'd to and fro.  
To Siegfried, the hero, that was both joy and woe.

Within himself thus spake he, "How can it ever be  
That I should win thy love? 'Tis an idle fantasy.  
Yet must I go without thee, then were I better dead."  
And aye as he thought on her his face turned white and red.

There did the son of Sieglind before them fairly stand  
As he were limned on parchment by cunning master's hand;  
And every one that saw him owned willingly his worth,  
"Sure such a gallant hero was never seen on earth."

CARL BENSON.

Trin. Coll., Cant., 1842.



## THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

## CHAPTER X.\*

## COURTESY.

"COURTESY and honor," exclaimed the very reverend Doctor Dulldrum, "are virtues of the WORLD; *alms-giving* and *peace-making*, of the CHURCH."

This was on occasion of a long-winded argument between the doctor and my patron, touching that famous distinction of "the Church and the World," familiar to Christians of the old stamp.

If I were to be hanged for a bad memory, I could not now tell you the whole order of their discourse; I dare only affirm, that my patron gave the doctor the lie, (scholastically, which, you know, though it touch you ever so nearly, cannot be construed as an affront,) and to it they went, in such a long-breathed, many-sided, every-where-pointed, learned, subtile, subtle, involving, involved, intricate, intricating, ratiocinative, puzzling, plodding, pleasing, niggling, notional, noetic, nominate, mad, muddling, metagrabolizing piece of argumentation!—my brain is unsettled with the commotion of it! Cleric and lay, sacred and profane, Hermes! they mam-mocked the question!

The doctor took ground in divinity, and what with St. Augustin his catapult, St. Chrysostom his arrowy storm, St. Bernard his thunder, and the lightning of the persuader of the Gentiles, did so confound, astonish, and overwhelm my patron, that had not his intellect been of that fine mail wherewith the champion Hume used to cover over the region of his heart, he had been utterly overthrown, nay, shot through, and scorched into silence.

"The difference between a scholastic argument and one of use, is like that between the grinding of chaff and the grinding of wheat; the same organs are at work, the same noise is heard, the same power is exhausted; but the product of the one is wholesome food, that of the other, dust and dirt." *Pantol. dec. I. K. cap. 10., v. 1. k. t. a.*

My patron considered the matter differently. As money is to a Jew, so was an argument to him; he lived *for* it; had he lived *by* it, he would have treated it less affectionately; for, with the learned author just quoted, "no man loves what he lives by." *Ib. Swed. is. a. ho. ax. 1. 2.*

A paradox! say you? Not at all, 'love' and 'greed' are as different as love and 'lust.' To say *I love money*, what is it but a foolish figure of speech?

I have reason to believe that the argument of my patron with the doctor was the great one of his life. It happened on the evening of the sixtieth anniversary of his own birth, and the sixteenth of mine; from which particulars, acute chronologers will infer, that, *first*, we saw the light on the same day of the year; and *second*, that the chances and changes of five of his wintry humors had befallen me under that roof. At twelve I was a good listener; at sixteen, a tolerable logician; I might therefore, receive as much of such an argument as might enter by understanding into the receipt of reason. The whole matter lay in a difference of words: for my patron argued, that as courtesy is, questionless, a virtue, and honor, if possible, something better, they are parts and elements in the Highest Good: Christianity, he added, if it be anything at all, is the Highest Good; *ergo*, courtesy and honor are Christian virtues.

The metagrabolizing Dulldrum quoted Augustin, to show that the Church is not the World; Austin, to show that said virtues are of the World; *ergo*, said he, 'they are not of the Church.' Then he showed from Bernard, that the Church is the Highest Good; allowed that Christianity is also the highest good; which concludes, that honor and courtesy are not compulsory on Christians, much less upon churchmen.

My patron replied to this, that he thought the logic very good, but the

premises false; "for," said he, "if they be true, churchmen have no need of the virtues in question; but we know they have: *ergo*, &c.

"As far," replied the other, "as they are conducive to the interests of the Church.

Mr. Yorick thereupon denied that these virtues could be employed as means, or that the Church could have any "interests," properly speaking, and so they ran on, neck and neck, now one, now the other: death and darkness, what furor, what rage of controversy! I took counsel with my soul from that occasion, never to be led into an argument.

Dr. Dulldrum's difference with my patron grew out of a history the latter was about giving him of my first induction to Yorick house, and of my mother's behavior on that occasion. I give it as nearly as possible in his own words:

"Imagine to yourself, my dear doctor, a woman of an uncertain age, handsome, an Italian, and a Catholic." The doctor shuddered. "Put yourself in my situation; when, as I was sitting in my study, lost in a meditation of Augustin," *the doctor shook his head, "de virginitate," and frowned*; "a meditation, I say, of celibacy, of which the Church has since made so noble a use," *a groan from Dulldrum*, "emulating, nay, surpassing the example of antiquity, which committed the holy fire to hands of virgins; instance Clælia, who drew the ship with her finger;" a heathenish lie, *growled the doctor*, "for how shall the fire of the soul be cherished in a care-soiled, cuckoldy spirit, worried into meanness by the perpetual solicitation of a woman?" *The doctor adjusted his bands*. "Immersed, I say, in these meditations, I saw this Italian woman approaching, leading, or rather dragging, this youth, then an infant, by the hand. The manner of the child struck me as not unpromising. I fancied I saw in him a nature easy to be moulded to some shape of virtue, such as I might see fit to impress upon him. I will do with him, thought I, what the Church would do with her disciples (for, indeed, is not she the great teacher or shaper of minds); in other words, I will fortify his spirit with a subtle casuistry; I will inform his understanding with all the variety of error, that he may heed and avoid them,"

"God forgive you," said the doctor, manifesting some emotion, "I fear you mean to do a very ill thing."

"I will teach him," continued my patron, "to know the face of evil, before he feels the power of it. I will nourish him in every species of learning. He shall peruse the classics; until, penetrated with their spirit, he can despise the littleness of the moderns."

"You would convert him," said the Doctor, "into a meter-mongering coxcomb."

"He should read with me the Organon of Aristotle; the Theatetus of Plato; the third Ennead of Plotinus; the De Mysteriis of Jamblichus; the De Iside of Plutarch; the Golden Ass of Apuleius"—

"With what a medley," interposed the other, "of transcendental whim-whams and indecencies, would you confound his intellect! Mean you to educate your charge for a place in Bedlam, or a monastery of mad monks?"

"I would teach him," said my patron, lowering his voice, "to look in upon himself; and, by an introversion of the intellect, to discern the good and the evil of his own nature. I would lay open to his understanding the spiritual effects of —ing and —ing."

"My dear Mr. Yorick," groaned the churchman, "I am grieved to tell you how much it offends me to hear you say that; if the youth comes from your hands in other shape than a Jesuit or an Atheist, without one grain of humanity or practical sense in his whole organization, it will be by the grace of his Maker; I say it with reverence."

"Such," continued my patron, "were the motives that moved me to his adoption."

"A grain of sacred pity would have outweighed them all," muttered the churchman, rising to depart; but my patron rose at the same instant, (they had been sitting *vis a vis*), and laying one hand upon the doctor's elbow, and the other upon my shoulder,

"It was on such a night as this," he continued, pointing to the grate, where a bright sea-coal fire was burning, "at this very time, in this very place—"

"It was in the study, sir," said I.

"No, boy. I chose to receive you in the study, for the sake of the impression; when your mother knocked, I was in the parlor."

This little piece of information called a torrent of blood into my face, and, at the instant, the feeling of the hand upon my shoulder was like the hot-coldness of ice upon the skin; for I well remembered

our inhospitable detention on the steps of Yorick house, in the raw night of November—nay, I fancied my mother owed her death to it,—and all for the sake of effect!—for effect, forsooth!

Holding Dulldrum by the gaze, and by the arm, my patron continued: “The lady, as I said, came forward, leading her boy by the hand, and stood before me, weeping and trembling. ‘My son, signor,’ said she, in broken accents and broken English, ‘will take you for his father.’” Here the churchman glanced at my face as if to institute a comparison. “‘You mean,’ said I, ‘my dear madam, that I will take him for my son.’ ‘Si, Signor,’ faltered the lady, with a fresh burst of grief, ‘it is as you please.’ ‘Si, si; see what?’ said I, gently. ‘The boy, mee son,’ smiled the lady, through her tears. “I confess to you, my dear doctor, the woman exercised a surprising power with her eyes.”

Dulldrum blushed. A pause.

There are instants in life when the sense of reality is momentarily suspended, and the present scene takes the quality of an event remembered. Certain I am, that the circumstances of that instant—the position of the persons in the dialogue; the pressure of Mr. Yorick’s hand upon my shoulder; the blank confusion on the doctor’s red face; the mutter and flare of the fire, lighting up the faces of the old pictures on the walls; the broken shadows of the furniture; the cat upon the rug; the sound of the mantle clock, uttering a preparatory wheeze before striking the hour of eleven. Certain am I, that at no previous time would this assemblage of images and feelings have come together as at that instant; yet it was with a feeling of the deepest amazement—almost of terror—that I recognized them as a scene translated—past; remembered when, or in what elapsed condition of being, it were idle to inquire. If the like ever happened to Plato, his opinion that what we learn in this life is but so much forgotten knowledge recovered out of the wreck of a former existence, may be well excused.

“I offered to conduct the lady,” continued my master, “to the sofa; which, as you know, is by the side of the table farthest from the entrance. But, as it seems to be the disposition of your musical natures to run into the extreme of the part they have to play,”—here the doctor sat down, with a look of civil despair, Mr. Yorick retaining his position,

and taking his left hand from my shoulder, and his right from the doctor’s elbow, that he might use them in illustration,—“the extreme, I say, of the part they have to play—”

“Pray, proceed, sir,” said the churchman.

“It fretted me to the soul, that, on no inducement or urging of mine, would she be seated; all my bowing and offering served only to confirm the woman in her over-acted humility. Presently, casting her eyes on a wooden stool—which, as you know, served me to hold my Ficinus—she made a movement as though to take it. While I stood meditating whether to push aside the stool, and thrust her upon the sofa,—for I confess it angered me, to be forced into the part of an opera hero,—to be clapped into a scene, and dramatized against my will,—the lady solved the difficulty, by popping down upon the sofa, and burying her face in her handkerchief.”

My patron paused at this point of his narrative, and the parties in the dialogue stood fixed for an instant in those attitudes in which nature, that only perfect stage manager, had chosen to place them: myself upon the left (as you enter), gazing, alternately, at the fire and at Dulldrum’s face, which grew redder every instant, with heat and vexation; my patron standing with his right hand, slightly raised and open, toward the doctor, as if to say, “could I do otherwise?” or, “was it my affair?” the other palm warming itself, independently, before the fire, toward which the owner’s back was turned; the doctor seated in front, staring at the hour points of the clock—which had crept by the mark of eleven—his right palm pressing his cane perpendicularly into the carpet, the fingers of the left hand fumbling at his watch-fob. We might have staid there till now, for aught I know, had not my patron, tapping gently, as his wont was, with the sole of his left foot, set it smartly, with an unconscious lateral motion, on the tail of the cat, which instantly put a new train of motives in action; for the scream of the injured creature, and the little effect it had on Mr. Yorick’s countenance, roused up a suspicion in the doctor’s soul, that he, the said Yorick, did find a pleasure in secretly injuring and tormenting those about him, to which he instantly gave vent in the following homily:

## THE DOCTOR'S HOMILY.

"God, sir," exclaimed he, "God, Mr. Yorick, beside this courtesy which you so much admire, but which, though it be a virtue, is to my thinking a heathen one at best, has implanted in us—did we but know it—a law of the exactest justice, which will not suffer us to convert each other's weaknesses and errors, be they never so puerile, into a topic of sport or amusement. I feel obliged, sir, in the sustaining of my sacred office, to warn you against the indulgence of this inhuman temper, which draws a satisfaction

out of the vanities and miseries of "those who love you."

If you are so poorly informed with my patron's temper, good sir, or madam, as to fancy him in the least degree angered or disturbed, by this appeal of the doctor's—which, judging by the direction of his eyes, and the sudden start which preceded it, might as well have been meant in pity for the cat, as for myself or my mother—I can only say, you have much to learn, and may, if it please you, sit down quietly and hearken a while before attempting any opinion of the matter.

## CHAPTER XI.

A MERE DIGRESSION; IN WHICH A GRAVE SUBJECT IS TREATED IN THE SOCRATIC, OR PICKLEHERRING MANNER.

Character, did I say? his character? Why, a character is even a more singular, a more marvelous, a more complicated and involved piece of mechanism, than any of those enumerated in Archdeacon Paley's argument for the existence of a Deity. And for proofs of design, truly, I think a character as serviceable as a monkey's paw, or the wind-sac of a goose! Here, mark you, is pudding-stone; and here is a pudding; which now, may it please your Bridgewater Reverences, is the more ingenious composition of the two? If it be dinner-time, I have you, *nemine contradicente*; in the lecture-room I am not quite so sure of you.

Now, sir, this pudding—pray take a slice; sauce with it?—good;—this pudding I say, is an argument cumulative for the existence of a character. You smile—very good—another slice; so:—this pudding, I say, is an argument for the existence of a character, at least a culinary one. It is well made, I see, by your dealing with it; savory, spicy, sweet, nourishing; a good English plum-pudding. Pray do justice to it; I mean to have the argument to myself: when you have eaten the pudding you may contradict me if you will. Now hearken:

In the unaffected face of this plain friend, this pudding, do I see proofs of many virtues. Through the body of it, though it be not transparent, do I discern the soul of my cook; and my cook, sir, is a character. Here shines honesty, the yeoman of the virtues, seen in the abundance of the spicy ingredients; here gen-

erosity in the number of the pulpy fruits; here assiduity in the evenness of the texture; here humanity in the grateful steam, which shows it not from the seething; here obedience, in the exactness of the tie, the whole body round and perfect; here fortitude, in the due measure of cooking:—Why should I go on? Is not the proof in the eating?—The proof, I say, of the existence of a character endued with several virtues, not altogether culinary, but, saving your Bridgewaterships, even divine?—Go to!—Here, on the table is a specimen of pudding-stone, *brecchia*, do you call it! very good: Now I affirm that in this same stupid lump of *brecchia*, there is no proof whatever, saving the hammer marks, of the existence of anything but blind mechanism and dead necessity; and no divinity therein, but only certain "laws," as you call them, of nature "God made the Laws," say you? Very good; here then is the existence of a Being infinitely able to make mechanism of all sorts;—on 'a most surprising scale,' I grant; but (always saving your logical Reverence) not a jot more; not a jot more. I think, now, you will admit, —take a glass of this wine; pure juice of the grape,—it settles the pudding purely—that an universe, I say, governed by a power able to make pudding-stones, *et cetera*, would be a very stiffly governed universe.

"Trifling with a sacred theme:?" (?)—Not I, for the world! There is no sacredness in false logic. And now, my Reverend friends, since we have discussed the pudding, let us consider the beef.

Waiter, bring the marrow-bone : the pith of it is out ; a mere osseous cylinder, you observe ; but all the cleaner to handle. In this marrow-bone, did not you, my acute friends, observe many ‘ marks of design ;’—as, that *if* the bone had been solid, it would have held no marrow ;—brittle, it had been useless to locomotion ? Remarkable discovery ! profound *if* ! *If* we had not eyes in our faces, we could not see ; ears in our skulls we could not hear ; tongues in our throats we could not argue ; hands to our wrists, we could not write, nor by any ingenuity compose treatises of logic, or arguments cumulative, *pro bono publico*, and a thousand guineas ! Wonderful discovery !—O, miserable dullard man, whose blockhead brains could no sooner find this out ! That the being of thy Creator, must hang upon a Bridgewater legacy and arguments cumulative, before it be made plausible, and respectable, and believable ! and when all was done, the whole matter fall into a *non sequitur*, and prove a farce ! For look, do but see,—what have we proved, now, more than that there is a power somewhere, who is able to construct marrow-bones and their appurtenances ? But which, think you, is most to be admired, the power that produces marrow-bones, or that which produces cleavers to cut and hack them ? In the organization of the brute and his bones, I perceive an or-

ganic, or, if it please you, a vital power, working on the materials of dead matter, in a blind and obstinate way ; but nothing of Divine or sacred in any part of its operation—unless I be a heathen, and fall a sacrificing to Vishnu.

In the cleaver, on the contrary—here, waiter, bid the cook send it up,—in this cleaver, I say, I see reason, a power greater than appears in the pudding-stone, or in the marrow-bone. In this handle I see a victory of reason over the vital power, that grew the oak even from an acorn ; in the steely-edge, a greater wit than lies in the grain of any metal ; in the whole, a fulfillment of the injunction which bids us ‘ kill and eat.’ With the cleaver and the pudding, on my side, do I, therefore, defy the bone and brecchia argument, be it as cumulative as it pleases : even to the heaping together of whole planetary systems, with their continents of fossil remains.”

“ Pray, sir, do you mean to deny”—

“ I mean to deny nothing ; but to show that your bone and pudding-stone argument goes no farther than it goes.”

“ On what, then, do you rest your belief in a Personal and Beneficent Deity ?”

“ In the knowledge of a Personal and Immortal Soul, which is His image, please your Reverence, and in nought else under \* \* \* *desunt nonnulla—hiatus in the MS.*”

*Note.*—Mr. Yorick, with his usual carelessness, has inserted the above quotation from Pantol, *de rebus variis et multo aliis*, in the body of the book, when it should have been in the Appendix ; the present work being properly an account of his own life and opinions, and not a collection of common-places.]—CRIT. ED.

## CHAPTER XII.

### EULOGIUM ON SLAWKENBERG.

It has been gravely asserted of late that a tailor’s yard-stick is no more than thirty-six inches in length. I mean to waste no breath on that topic, however interesting it be to tailors ; let them who will, pursue it : though I blame them not ; for, that to know the fact of a matter is to know the truth of it, no man will deny. But to thee, my inimitable friend, companion of my thought, thrice-learned, quintessential, Slawkenberg, let me pay this ineffectual tribute. I mean not to praise thee, because thou art the father of all modern invention ; the mine of opinion ; the source of isms ; the fountain of metaphysics ; the Diespiter of

mystic ; the flowing-river of istic, tic and astic ; not for thy limitless learning, or thy legal lore ; not for the acuminate logic, which bristles over thy pages ; not for that patristic diffuseness, or thy catorrhoical fluency ; not for thy unrivaled erudition, more weighty than a Bentley’s, more quotative than a Burton’s, more digressive than a Montaigne’s, more sapient than a Scaliger’s ; nor for thy wit, for thou hadst none ; nor for thy pity, for it doth not appear ; nor for those ordinary virtues of vulgar mortals, justice, valor, courtesy, love ; for of these do I find no trace in thy writings ; not for these dare I attempt thy eulogy, but



solely for thy great invention of Bubbles, or of the filling of a great sphere with a little empty matter,—for this alone have I set thee on the pinnacle of all esteem.

Born of a mean father, and a meaner mother, thy voice was attuned early to the cry for soap-fat, and the yell for ashes; soap was familiar to thy sight if not to thy face. Thou sawedst bubbles in the wash-tub, and consideredst the meaning thereof. The early seed of the impression ripened to its fruit in maturity: and as thou didst first occupy thy voice with the material of bubbles, so the last stroke of thy pen was to the completion of thy saponaceous treatise thereof; to show, that out of vile and rancid offal, with the ashes of effete desires, softened with the ditch-water of despond, radiant bubbles may be blown up in the micro-come, reflecting as well the splendors of heaven as the peacock-hues of hell.

How can I praise thee better, than by discovering the contents of thy work; that the earnest reader may know his book, and buy salvation at the reasonable price of six shillings.

*Contents of Slawkenberg's great work of Bubbles; with a specimen of the style.*

A Treatise of Bubbles, wherein the author showeth, in three books,

1st. That the Ancients knew of them; but that the art of making them has been lost.

2d. That this art is rediscovered by him.

3d. That it will work a revolution in human affairs.

*Contents of Chapter first. Book first.*

Of the vast antiquity of Bubbles, Egyptian Mythology, human sacrifices, animal worship, reasonableness of animal worship,—the Deity only visible in his works, and consequently to be worshiped in them. Deity visible in toads and onions as well as in the human soul: should be worshiped in mice and water lilies; philosophical eye sees all in each, and each in all; a universe in a bug, and a bug in a universe; because bugs are infinite, and men infinite, no real difference between bugs and men; folly of making distinctions between things: fleas are everywhere, why then should we scrimp them to a here and there?

*Chapter Second .—*

Animal food objected to; devils visi-

ble in beefsteaks and shoulders of mutton; deadly effects of meat; all the miseries of man and animals traced to the use of it; mosquitoes usually perish after a good meal of blood; proposition for restricting lions in menageries to a diet of oats and shorts; proof from nature, founded in the fact that birds, the most beautiful and gentle of creatures, restrict themselves to a vegetable diet; recipe for rearing hawks on cabbage.

Soldiers fight better on meat diet; proposition from the Peace Society to allow them only vegetable food. Argument against the vulgar opinion that Nebuchadnezzar was mad when he went out to graze; Scripture full of emblems, types, and hidden allusions; that monarch's addiction to an herbaceous diet typical of the Millenium, when all men shall go out to graze. Idea of the Mil-terian; community of goods; community of wives; diet of raw herbs, and gratis lectures on botany. Swift's proposal for eating one's own children, controverted solely on the ground that they are animal food; utility the only guide of action; proposal for manuring fields with the bodies of our dead friends and relations; irrational reverence for dead carcasses. Arguments against the opinion that plants have souls, on the ground that in that case it would be unlawful to eat them.

*Chapter Third of this Treatise :—*

Heathenism—its extinction a great loss to the world, but especially to the makers of Bubbles; superstition and sentimentality the true soap and water. Episodical account of the author's visit to the island of air-balloons; he crosses the Sudds, doubles Pipe-clay bluffs, enters Crockery harbor: is met at the landing by a great crowd of people whose heads resembled those of children; extraordinary length of their noses—shaped like an elephant's proboscis; our traveler having occasion to put his hand into his coat pocket, finds three of their noses engaged in rifling it; he seizes them and finds by the touch that they are of a waxen feel and consistence. Prisoners in this country led to jail by the nose: priests exhort the people to hold their noses low—aristocracy, in a spirit of contradiction, hold them high; short-nosed men very rare in this country—looked upon as infamous, and nick-named sophvi, that is to say, rogues—some call them crogorhamphanditches, which is being translated, a pot of mustard. In-

terview of the author with several short-nosed men, or crogorhampthanditches; they deplore their miserable case; he advises them to wear artificial noses, which some call symbolitches, which can be had cheap at any toy-shop. A curious disease, incident to the race of long noses: symptom, an itching in the tip of the nose—which leads them to thrust it into every crack and cranny; if you hold anything dark or hollow before them, they readily thrust in their noses. Practical jokes played off on the strength of this disposition.

*Chapter fourth:—*

Account of the Long Noses continued. Consequences of the above-mentioned disease. Leads them to be thrusting their noses between the leaves of old books, into jugs and bung-holes, heaps of foul clothing, cast shoes, sleeves, pockets, key-holes, rat-holes, chimneys, courts of law, churches, theatres; and generally, into other people's affairs. A society of artisans continually employed in making and setting of nose-traps. Divided into three guilds or orders, the Votarophagi, the Clientophagi, and the Ægrotophagi. Beside these a multitude of unlawful or irregular nose-trap-makers continually at work, notwithstanding the efforts of the regular guilds to suppress them: number of irregulars begins of late to exceed that of the lawful, or regulars.

*Chapter fifth:—*Specimen of the style of this chapter.

“This people are above all curious in their menageries; and the number of these exceeds that of all that I have ever seen elsewhere. My entertainer, who discovered a great care of me, and a very particular desire to serve me, hearing me express some curiosity in regard to these menageries, proposed that on a certain festival occasion, we should go the rounds of the city, and visit them in detail. Accordingly on the morning of the day appointed, having eaten a breakfast of salt-fish, which my host prepared from its effect to stimulate the agreeable itching at the tips of our noses, (for I may here observe, first, that as this disease is given by the touch, I had already contracted it; being indeed of a temperament and diathesis inclined thereto; and second, that those afflicted with it, strive rather to promote than to allay it,

as drunkards do a thirst for liquor,) and having provided ourselves with notebooks and a guide, we set out on a perambulation of the great city of Luckyloosa, the metropolis of Allagrabia, in the country of Long Noses, in the island of Airballoons.

“At the corners of the streets, on the roofs of the houses, in gardens, and in public squares, multitudes of balloons and bubbles might be seen rising every instant; for the whole amusement of this people consists in making and setting them afloat. I saw a citizen take a bag that had a cat fastened to it; he did but put his nose in at the throat of the bag, and breath into it, when it rose quickly up, with the animal depending. Others were sent up with men attached to them, by a noose about their necks; and I was informed, that this people use no other method of executing their felons; those whom I saw busy about these hanging, balloons, wore the badges of the order of Clientophagi. Observing that most of that guild had the tips of their noses broken off, I inquired the cause, and was assured by some respectable-looking persons, that it very often happened, that in setting traps for the noses of other men, they lost their own.

“The breaths of this nation are of a singular quality, being a kind of light gas generated in the stomach; and which passes by secret ducts into the lungs. The undisguised smell of the gas is intolerably strong; and to sweeten it, they continually chew a kind of luscious drug, made up in comfits, with comical names, as children in England call lumps of painted sugar by the name of *kisses*. Everybody you meet pulls out a comfit box, and offers you a pinch; to refuse is reckoned very uncivil. Some of these boxes are of *horn* or *gold*, others of *paper*; and I saw a few composed of a curious sweet-scented wood, called in their tongue, *skechipichi*, which is being translated, *pride-poke*; the berries of this wood are of a binding quality, and have a very bitter taste.

“Proceeding a great way by a number of winding streets and dirty lanes, we came to the very heart of Luckyloosa, where is a great menagerie, said to be the largest in the world. We entered free of cost, through a crowd of persons, among whom I saw several who carried small traps in their hands, with which they made various attempts upon the noses about them. The subsistence of

these nose-trappers is wholly upon the tips, which they carry home, and pickle. These very soon grow again, so that there is never any dearth of this sort of game in a crowd. I saw a demure-looking personage in the habit of a priest, who seemed to be gazing intently into the hole of a curiously constructed trap, so made as to resemble a very old book. Several of the crowd gathered about him, and incautiously applied the tips of their noses to the trap, which they mistook for a book. This was so contrived that it held them by a kind of magnetism. When the sharper saw that a considerable number of noses had collected in this manner upon the trap, he took out a cord of bind-weed, and tying them adroitly in a fascicle, led off the crowd much against their wills, in the string. Some of them, less tender than the rest, preferred their liberty to their noses, and so broke them off with a jerk and escaped."

"Proceeding on at a good pace, we passed a row of offices, where nose tips are bought up in small parcels and pickled. Entering one of these, I saw a huge brine vat filled with this kind of viands. On the outside of this vat were a multitude of inscriptions, written in the letter of the country. These were difficult to be deciphered, being all over disguised with chirographic flourishes. In one I thought I read the letters, C, R, D and I, but the vowel marks were illegible. In another, S, H and V, set together; with a vowel mark after the V. The whole number of vats in Luckyloosa cannot be less than two thousand: of these two-thirds belong to the irregular nose-trappers; the guild of Votarophagi have the fewest; but one of theirs is the biggest in the world, and is said to have been made a present by Charlemagne to Pope Sylvester; but some say, that Pontiff had it built at his own cost, and that the hero Charlemagne had the tip of his own nose pickled in it; but to these popular traditions I give no credence.

The street of the vats leads directly to the great menagerie of Luckyloosa. The façade looks down the street, and shows a front of the Athenian order, a kind of architecture not mentioned in the common treatises; but Aristotle, Plato, and Machiavel have given good descriptions of it. The whole structure rests on a broad and very unstable platform, composed, altogether, of small stones, some of which are white, and some black.

From this rises a flight of steps, going up on all the four sides to the bases of the colonnades. The columns are twenty-nine in number, composed of various stones: one, in particular, which I noticed, on the northern front, consists of a single shaft of granite, resting on a block of ice, with a capital carved in the shape of female caryatides, with cotton fillets and distaffs in their hands. The column adjoining, upon the left, was of a sienite, with blue veins, very much weather-worn. The southernmost of the eight northern columns was in an unfinished condition: it seemed to have been originally composed of wood, but was then in process of rebuilding of solid iron. The south front consisted of twelve principal columns and a pilaster. These were very irregularly placed—some near and some far—and showed extraordinary differences of size; though all were of an equal height, and very towering. They were composed of white marble, bedded in a black mortar of infirm consistence, which continually mouldered away. The principal shaft of the western colonnade was the bole of a pine tree, thirteen feet through, and at least one hundred in height.

But the signal feature of this fabric was the roof, which seemed to have been composed of the refuse material of the city, kneaded into a kind of cement, with here and there an enormous slab of solid rock, stretching from pillar to pillar, the whole breadth of the building.

When we had sufficiently examined the exterior of the edifice, we entered, through a crowd of visitors of all nations, which thronged the portal, into the dome, or great hall, which is the menagerie. On a sudden, as we were about to go in, there came forth a noise, or, rather, a combination of noises, which I could compare to nothing but the yells and howlings of a thousand devils.

In the confusion of sounds you would have fancied you heard the braying of asses, the mewling of cats, the squeaking of pigs, the grunting of hogs, the neighing of horses, the whinnying of foals, the howling of wolves, the gnarring of bears, the bellowing of bulls, the screeching of owls, the crowing of cocks, the cackling of hens, the crying of leopards, the rasping of tigers, the roaring of lions, the booming of frogs, the piping of quails, beside a thousand outcries, voices, vociferations, screams, screechings, groanings, curses, imprecations, moaning of wind,

rumbling of earthquakes, rattling of thunder, roar of cascades, and murmur of waves, all blent, mingled, and making together a dissonance ineffably horrid; indeed more terrible than death, if the fear of death can be ever felt in a sound.

While I stood trembling and sweating with the terror of this prodigy, my guide bid me be of good courage, and fear nothing, for the monster who made all this noise was, at heart, a very harmless monster, and could be easily led about after a sieve with oats in it, as I might see with my own eyes, for the keeper was just going to begin. Not rightly understanding what all this could mean, I followed my conductor through the crowd to a high balcony, set for strangers, overlooking the arena. From this we had a view of all that passed. In the balcony were several foreigners, beside myself, most of them provided with artificial noses, to prevent odium.

The crowd of visitors becoming greater every instant into the arena, filled it on all sides, about a circular space in centre, from which they were prevented by a wooden balustrade.

Presently the noise ceased, to our great relief, and the keeper appeared at a side opening, leading in the monster by its proboscis. Another keeper followed at the tail, with a broad shovel in one hand and a box in the other; for the manure of this animal is worth its weight in gold, being reputed a certain remedy for all diseases. A single grain of it, I was told, applied to the inguen, had been known to cure the worst conceivable fit of melancholy.

And now I am come to a very difficult part of my narrative; for after taking you with me into this place, I am bound to show you what I myself saw there. But to give a true picture of the monster itself would require a much livelier pen than mine. Of all the deformed images you have seen in dreams, I think you may fancy this to be uglier and more a nondescript than any. It had a face like a man, but nearly covered with reddish colored hair. The mouth was very large, extending from ear to ear; the lips livid, and parted over rows of long and dirty teeth. The tongue, which was exceeding thick, lolled out at one side of the mouth. The eyes were small and wrinkled up like a monkey's, with lids perpetually in motion. The body was of no particular shape, and rose but a little way from the ground. It moved upon

a number of pairs of short legs, with asses' hoofs at their extremities. The back was flat like a tortoise, and seemed able to bear a very great burthen. The body of the creature was filthy in the extreme, and gave out a rancid smell. The breath had a taint of stale cider, and I saw several that fainted with the fume of it. When the keeper had made the monster dance and play several tricks, such as leaping backward and forward over a gauging-rod which he held in his hand, he proceeded to ask it several questions, which it answered like any learned pig, by pointing with its snout, to certain large sheets of printed paper, laid before it on the ground. Sometimes he whipped it with his gauging-rod, which made it roar and send out a cloud of bad breath: sometimes he patted and soothed it, offering to break the gauging-rod, which seemed to please the monster mightily; whereupon it purred like a cat, but much louder, and rolled feet uppermost, exposing its belly, which was as prodigious a swag as ever I saw in my life.

As this exhibition happens only once in four years, you may think a very great crowd would come together to see it; I reckoned near a hundred thousand souls, men, women, and children, gathered on the platform, and in the temple.

In the evening the monster gave oracles. This was managed in the following manner: All the questions to be answered were reduced to assent or dissent: if the monster bellows like a bull, soon after the question is asked, which the keeper easily forces him to do, by offering to snatch away a sieve of oats while its snout is in it, the oracle is said to have dissented; if it cries like a child, which it will do on the sight of fresh oats, the oracle is said to have assented. Not knowing this trick of the keeper, which I saw with my own eyes, the ignorant people of the city regard these oracles as of a divine infallibility, and have a maxim to signify as much."

*Book second* of Slawkenbergius' immortal work, treats of the re-discovery of the art of bubble-making, by himself. In the first chapter we are entertained with a history of his laboratory—his apparatus—his experiments; how many times the work fell into the fire; how many times it was defeated by a wrong position of the planets, or the influences of meddling demons. How his first successes were in medical bubbles, when he invented a universal pill, a female



elixir, an infant's anodyne, a mother's consolation, a remedy for love, a true madman's plaster, a foe to freckles, a cough-syrup, &c., &c., not to mention his poor-man's friend, and true anti-hunger mixture.

*Chapter second* gives the particulars of a plan for the reduction of population by the timely prevention of births: a thing contrived so ingeniously, the devil himself could not find a fault in it.

*Chapter third* contains exactly one hundred sections, divided into as many subsections, of ten folio pages each—containing all the particulars of the invention of infinitesimal doses; an invention stolen from this Treatise by a stupid German quack, and now, for the first time, given to its right discoverer.

*Chapter fourth* treats of bathing; and of a delicate method of committing suicide with the cold bath, very good for hypocondriacs of a thin habit of body.

*Chapter fifth* treats of wines, and of the art of poisoning a nation, of whose commerce you are jealous, by the introduction of made wines.

*Chapter sixth* describes a curious process for making an extract of a Jesuit's brain, the very best material for bubbles.

*Chapter seventh.* This chapter is by far the most important in the work. It begins with a summary of all the evils incident to humanity, and attributes them solely to the unnatural restraints of custom and artificial morality, on the desires of the young. Society, as it now stands, a cunning invention of the priests and lawyers; mean ambition of parents to exert a little brief authority over their children. Liberty the greatest of all blessings: men should be suffered to dash their heads against dead walls, or walk into sinks and cellars, rather than put the least restraint on them. *Laws*, an insult to the virtue of a nation: if rulers show so little faith in the people, the people should place as little in them. Rulers of no use; wars an invention of theirs to divert attention from themselves. Religion a great impediment to human progress: the worship of God an invention of the Devil. All creeds contain some falsehood; everything false is injurious: all creeds, therefore, are injurious. Great mischiefs arising from the use of money: proposal to abolish it; from property in land: proposal to abolish it; from property in houses: community of houses; from property in animals: community of chattels; from property in

clothes: community of clothes; community of goods concluded to be best; community of wives argued, on the ground that it eludes the necessity of providing for offspring. Vivid picture of the miseries and inconveniences of life; proposal for a universal suicide of the human race.

The *eighth chapter* treats of Pantheism, or of the creation of heathen religions, by confounding God with the powers of life and nature; valuable results of this invention, viz: wars, pestilences, diseases, divisions of families, &c., &c., all tending to the diminution of the race; and so, indirectly, to lessen the existing sum of miseries.

The *ninth chapter* is of political bubbles: importance of these; art of breeding discontents; how to educate a demagogue:—he should be taught that all institutions are injurious, simply because they are liable to abuse. Demagogues continually experimenting in institutions to find the weak spots in them; philosophical spirit of this procedure; experiment the only reliable source of knowledge. Art of inflaming the poorer people by representing them to themselves as hopelessly poor, and the rich as hopelessly rich. To strengthen the young demagogue he should be exercised with difficult questions, as, for example,

Who are the rich, and who are the poor?

Are not the poor continually growing richer, and the rich poorer?

Is not human nature composed of the same elements that it was a thousand years ago?

What hinders men from liberty, if it be not their own simplicity, viciousness and ignorance?

Would not the abolition of all laws and institutions destroy liberty altogether?

Were they not originally constructed as safeguards against demagogues and discontents?

Whether churches were not instituted to preserve a unanimity of faith, and to save the ignorant from falling a prey to enthusiasts and false prophets?

Whether banks were not instituted for a defence against usury; and whether, if they were abolished, the community would not be overrun with a herd of wicked and imperious money-lenders, against whom may God defend us?

Whether the merchants of Henry Eight's time, in England, who were compelled to borrow at ten per cent. of a



usurer, were not worse off than those of our day, who get the same at legal five per cent., through a bank?

Whether the liberty of choosing one's own friends, commonly called "exclusiveness," "aristocratical pride," and the like, is not common to king and cobbler?

When the young demagogue is able to answer all these questions, he is to be reckoned complete in the bubble-making art, and may be let loose upon society.

*Chapter ninth* contains a list for a course of reading in what the humorous Slawkenberg very humorously styles his *Emancipating Books*: as the list is curious and instructive, I subjoin a part of it:

1. A treatise of marriage; showing the injuriousness of false shame on topics of the sexes. Study of particular physiology recommended for young girls. This work is by Slawkenberg himself, and is illustrated with very entertaining wood-cuts.

2. Arguments against the depravity of human nature, collected out of modern French novels.

3. Memoirs of Miss Fanny H. a young creature who gave a loose to the generous impulses of her nature: by Madam George Sanspeur. Slawkenberg was the first to detect the authorship of this book.

## ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES;

### OR, FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.

ENGLAND has long stood at the head of the naval and commercial powers of the world. To her insular position, she is no doubt, in a great measure, indebted for her naval supremacy; and to her manufacturing industry and skill, she mainly owes her commercial greatness; although her navigation laws, projected by Cromwell, have contributed largely to the security and extension of her commerce.

Alfred the Great gave her a body of laws and the trial by jury. He established her courts of justice, founded the university of Oxford, and enforced the necessity of a navy for her protection, and thus became, in the early period of her history, the architect of her strength and prosperity. Four centuries after him, or six centuries since, the Barons wrested from King John the famous *Magna Charta* of the land.

The wisdom and sagacity of Alfred, and the fundamental changes and improvements he introduced, together with the consciousness of the rights secured by *Magna Charta*, may be said to have constituted the essential elements of the character of the people, and, under the benign influence and protection of a system of laws, of learning and rational liberty, to have laid the foundation of her present greatness.

With a limited territory, and a redundant population, the means of subsistence are always obtained with difficulty by a large portion of her people; and, the

moment her manufacturing industry languishes, or depression or stagnation overtakes any important branches of her trade, distress and misery among her artisans and operatives are the inevitable consequences.

Her corn laws have hitherto protected the agricultural interest and the landed aristocracy, but their repeal throws open her ports to the competition of the world. This step seems manifestly to have been one of necessity. Great Britain has always pursued the policy of protection; bounties on exports, and protective duties on imports, have been her invariable course from her early history. Of late years, however, a gradual change has taken place, until, at last, she has either materially reduced, or entirely abolished, the duties on raw materials, essential to her manufacturers, and on provisions and bread-stuffs, required for her operatives.

Her manufactured products stand in need of no further aid; for, if centuries of protection and practical experience, with the vast accumulation of capital and skill, directed and applied to that branch of national industry, have not sufficed to attain protection, it will never be acquired. Hitherto, she has been without any dangerous rivals in manufactures, but competition is now springing up around her. The German Union, in adopting the principle of protection to its own industry, will prove a formidable rival in supplying

a large portion of the Continent that was formerly a customer of England. While the United States, under a system of self-protection, was also proving to England that, although not a competitor in foreign markets to any alarming extent, still, we were furnishing our own people, in the home market, with the same fabrics they once purchased from her; thus employing and rewarding our own industry, instead of hers; retaining at home three times the value conferred on the raw material, instead of paying the same amount abroad; enabling many to secure the conveniences and comforts of life, which, but for this protection, they could not have obtained; securing, to those who supply our manufactories with provisions, machinery, coal, oil, and all the varied products of our labor, the best, and, to a great degree, the only market they could obtain; giving the grower of cotton an increased and increasing demand for nearly one-fifth of the whole crop; and, by these means, establishing the best system of economy, and avoiding the worst species of extravagance.

But our system has suddenly been changed—what was deemed the fundamental policy of our country, has been abandoned. Duties, for the sake of protection, are disallowed; minimums are abolished, and duties, on a reduced scale, and levied only for revenue, are now assessed on the foreign valuations of imported fabrics. The people of our country have given evidence of the possession of great ingenuity and manufacturing skill, ever since they became free to think and act for themselves; and the preamble to the first law passed after the adoption of our Constitution, declared that one of its objects was to protect domestic manufactures. When the cotton fabrics from India, not made from our own raw material, were found to interfere with those from England, where our cotton was used, our growers of cotton were loud in their outcry for prohibitory duties on the imports from India, and they were granted; and when, after the war of 1812, an account was presented to Congress, by a leading southern statesman, of the flourishing condition of our manufacturing establishments, that had grown up under the war duties, he added: "If I am asked why, under these circumstances, I ask for a continuance of protection, I answer, to place our manufactories beyond the chance of accident or contingency."

The necessity for a proper protecting

tariff in 1828 had become apparent, but that act was one of an ultra character. Instead of gradually introducing its most important changes, it shocked the feelings of its opponents, by appearing rather to protect particular classes than national interests. Nullification followed, and then came the compromise act, gradually reducing the duties on certain articles, until, in 1842, the maximum rate of duty was to be twenty per cent., payable on the home valuation. The compromise act originated in the best of motives: but, however well intended, and however great might have been the apparent necessity for its adoption, it was still an unfortunate error in principle, while in practice, as regards its conservative feature of a home valuation, it could never have been carried into operation. The tariff act of 1842, prepared for the express object of protection, remained the law of the land until the 1st of the present year, when the free trade act of last session was substituted in its stead.

There never was a fairer opportunity for maturing a tariff, for the protection of national industry, than was presented at the Congress, in 1842. If sectional interests had been less predominant; if national feelings and liberal principles had more extensively prevailed; a tariff might have been established that no party could have repealed. A warehousing bill, to foster the interests of commerce, was called for by every consideration of national policy. The very fact that foreign goods could be placed in bond, ready at all times to be thrown on the market and interfere with our own manufactures, forms the best argument in its favor. These goods could only be entered for consumption, as a matter of course, when prices were high; the effect would be to protect consumers against permanent high prices, as well as occasional inflation; opposition, from many quarters, to the principle of protection, would have been disarmed, and it would then have proved itself alike the friend of agriculture, commerce and manufactures. But ultra doctrines prevailed; a warehousing bill was always opposed, and the friends of protection, as a means to advance the public weal, were converted into the foes of a measure apparently designed only to advance particular interests; and thus the national character of protection sustained irreparable injury.

Experience has demonstrated that the nation which exchanges its raw produce

for the manufactured products of another, trades to a disadvantage. The value acquired by the latter exacts a heavy tribute, in the shape of an equivalent, in return. While the increased expense of transportation, from the place of production to that of export, and then to that of consumption, of the bulky raw material, compared, in value, with the manufactured article, is more than a cypher in the long account.

A nation buys no more of any raw material than it actually wants for use. But artificial wants and desires are always operating with individuals in the purchase of the various descriptions of manufacture that please the eye, gratify the taste, and contribute to luxury; habits of extravagance are thus contracted; these, in their turn, create debts, and then follow reverses in the commercial and financial relations of the country. We may refer, in proof, to our own example, in 1836 and 1837; nearly one half our imports were then free of duty, and the duty on other articles was in a gradual course of reduction under the Compromise Act. It is true that the inflated currency then created by the State Bank, or *red back* party, who have since changed to the other extreme—that of a specie duty treasury—contributed mainly to the creation of debts which yet weigh heavily on the several States. Still, the absence of protection at, and subsequent to, that period, was one of the most efficient causes of the commercial and financial embarrassments of our country.

Great Britain, somewhat unexpectedly, abolishes her customs on many important articles of our export. On cotton, because it is a raw material essential to her manufactures—which she has attempted in vain to raise in India, and which she cannot obtain elsewhere so cheap, or in sufficient quantity. On beef, pork, cheese, &c., because her population must be fed on better terms than heretofore, or competition will destroy her manufacturing predominance, and in these articles also we can supply her at lower prices than the rest of the world. But the repeal of her corn-laws will prove of no great advantage to us. The nearly total failure of the last potato crop in Ireland, its partial failure on the Continent, together with a deficient grain harvest, created an unexpected demand for bread stuffs, and we have sent to Great Britain and Ireland, within the last

six months, between six and seven millions in value; but our exports for twelve months can hardly be expected to exceed 10 or 12 millions of dollars.

If the potato crop of Ireland cannot be recovered, or at least not for a time, our Indian corn may be required, temporarily to supply its place; but wheat can be obtained from the Baltic and Black seas, cheaper than we can send it, and although we may be enabled, when her harvest is below an average, to supply Great Britain with flour, which we can manufacture cheaper and better than other nations; it will be found, as soon as the granaries of the Continent have had time to pour in their supplies, that our annual average export, under a free competition, will be extremely moderate. But the necessity of protection to our domestic manufactures is totally unconnected with the question of foreign nations taking from us their supplies of bread-stuffs or provisions. Whatever they may take in this way, if the demand be regular, is of course important and beneficial; but we desire to encourage domestic manufactures: not to diminish, but to increase, the value of agricultural produce. We ask for protective duties, in order that labor may be employed, industry rewarded, and wealth accumulated. That agriculture may find a home market for the vast bulk of its produce, that our exports may increase, and under the influence of a warehousing system, new markets be continually opening, and our commerce extended in every quarter. Our natural advantages in aid of these objects are superior to those of any other nation. We have the raw materials and mineral wealth in abundance, we have any extent of water-power, which is less expensive and more available for general purposes than steam; we have food of all kinds, abundant and cheap; our population is better educated and more intelligent, and with more room and space than the crowded factories of Europe; our establishments are better calculated to preserve both morals and health; we have a rapidly increasing population, which, although spread over a large surface are well supplied with all the conveniences and comforts of life, by our numerous and extended channels of international communication.

A reference to the following brief and condensed comparison of statistics, between England and the United States,

taken from "Statistics of the British Empire," and our own official reports, will prove our position.

The population of the United States now exceeds . . . 20,000,000  
That of Great Britain at the last census was . . . 18,600,000  
Our increase is 33½ per cent. for ten years, or 3½ per cent. per annum.  
That of Great Britain is a little over 14 per cent. for 10 years, or about 1½ per annum.

The mercantile tonnage of Gr't Britain, in 1841, was . . . 3,500,000  
That of the United States in 1846, was . . . 2,500,000

The average produce of wheat in all the counties of England and Wales, is estimated at 21 bushels per acre.  
In our States, on the Atlantic seaboard, the average is less than this.  
In these lands, however, the culture of wheat is giving way to pasturage.  
But in the western part of New York and Pennsylvania, the average is above this estimate, while in the fertile regions of the West it is far beyond it.

*Quarters.*

The import of wheat and flour into Great Britain was, in 1831 . . . 2,807,000  
In 1839 . . . 3,110,000  
When the yield of the harvest was under an average, being the heaviest imports of foreign grain that had taken place for 40 years previous, the import of wheat alone, in the year 1831, was . . . 1,836,000  
Of which the United States furnished only. . . 42,000  
In the year 1839 it was . . . 2,634,000  
Of which the United States furnished . . . 3,700  
In the year 1840 it was . . . 2,000,000  
Of which the United States furnished . . . 73,000  
While Prussia, in the same year, furnished . . . 740,000

On the three articles of general consumption—sugar, tea and coffee—Great Britain levies, in custom duties, fifty millions of dollars, or probably double the amount of duties that will be collected on all our imports for the year 1847.

The relative consumption of these articles in the two countries is as follows:  
We consume two-thirds as much tea; nearly three-fourths as much sugar, (including our own product from the land and the forest,) and four times as much coffee, as Great Britain consumes.

If we compare agricultural Ireland with manufacturing England, we find that in England the number of adult males employed in agriculture is estimated at 1,240,000; and in manufactures, one half or 600,000; while in Ireland there is the same number employed in agriculture, and only 76,000 in manufactures, being in the proportion of 16 to 1.

And this manufacturing wealth of England is proved by the following table of her exports:

	<i>Sterling.</i>
Of cotton manufactures, the exports were, 1841, to the value of . . . . .	£23,500,000
And the home consumption, in the same year was . . .	28,000,000
The total export of all manufactures, was . . . . .	47,000,000
And the total home consumption was . . . . .	126,000,000
Total, . . . . .	£173,00,000

And to this power we are now required to become tributary. The speech of Mr. Huskisson in Parliament, after the passage of our tariff, in 1828, is worth referring to. In his remarks on our protective system, one feels at a loss which most to pity, his want of temper or his want of facts; and the press of England is now vehement in praise of our late free trade act, and severe in its denunciations of such of our statesmen whose arguments tell heavily against their hopes of success, in attempting to induce all mankind to receive their manufactures in exchange for breadstuffs and provisions.

In 1819, Tammany Hall issued an address to members of its several branches in the United States. A few extracts from its address may prove alike interesting and instructive; when enumerating the causes of the embarrassments then existing in the country, the address places prominently, "the introduction of inordinate quantities of all species of foreign productions."

It says: "As to the inundation of the country by foreign goods, that is a subject of wide magnitude and most radical interest to the American people. A re-

remedy for this evil would be precious as rubies to him who values the institutions of his country and glories in its indigenous greatness. The remedy is one most grateful to the American ear and nearest to the American heart. It is the encouragement of our own manufactures. The institution and wide spread of manufactures, will be the strong lever to disturb the mines of subterranean wealth which our country contains, convert them to the most practical purposes of domestic comfort, while it will administer a kind of national wealth that will never forsake us. Those who are friends to commerce need not fear that it will essentially suffer from the encouragement of manufactures. The commercial capital will shift to other objects of direct or circuitous commerce, not affected by our manufactures, and much increased by our becoming carriers. While it would seem that the progressive and rapid population of our *agricultural* territories would furnish ample vent for our domestic manufactures."

It is possible that many of those who compose the majority of the present House of Representatives may never have read the publication containing these sound doctrines. But this address, written nearly thirty years ago, really seems to have anticipated the possibility of a sub-treasury. To what else can it allude in the following extract:

*"All governments should remember a maxim, more precious than diamonds, that when the cottage is wealthy, the treasury is full. That narrow policy which sees all objects through the medium of the PRECIOUS METALS, is beneath the American politician."*

When we look back upon the political supremacy of the great Tammany society, in days gone by, when it gave the law to the party throughout the union, and fixed it thus firm in the defence of protection to domestic industry, how great is the contrast, how sad the comparison between the principles of the party then, and the doctrines put forth in the manifesto of the late Baltimore Convention. The sub-treasury, which, it will be found, will neither make "the cottage wealthy nor the treasury full," that measure, twice condemned by the people, is now the standard of the party's faith, and a free trade or revenue tariff, as a substitute for protection, is to be the fundamental policy of the United States. Notwithstanding the Tammany society,

in their said address, declare that "they cannot but believe that the visions of the theorist, and, what is more to be feared, the insinuations of the interested and designing on the points of respectability, morals and health, may be made to fall before the more rational and patriotic spirit of manufactures."

The passage of these two acts of the last session, furnishes the strongest evidence of the complete discipline, no less than the recklessness of party; for these measures, in their immediate as well as remote consequences, will affect the welfare of all classes of the community.

When, however, we find that the edicts of the Baltimore convention have become the law of the land, the party not having the fear of the fate of General Jackson's successor before their eyes, of whom it was truly said, that "he came into power on the swelling tide of an inflated currency and that he foundered at its ebb," we are naturally led to inquire whether the northern democracy has repented of its former opposition to a sub-treasury, and abandoned its former advocacy of protection? or was the Baltimore Convention regardless of either, and did it act in defiance of both?

Unfortunately our present condition is unfavorable to the consideration or perfection of those measures required for the prosperity of the great leading interests of our country.

We are involved in war—new feelings are brought into play—new prospects are opened to many—new dangers are threatened in the apprehension of the best friends to the Union; for if the war with our neighbor should become a protracted contest, it bodes no good to the future prospects of our Republic.

The annexation of Texas was, no doubt, tolerated by public opinion, in consequence of the fanaticism displayed by a portion of the North, who lost no opportunity to irritate the feelings, and threaten to invade the rights of the South—those rights which were secured by our common bond of union. These fanatics, the worst foes of the very liberty they pretended to advocate, were known to be, however, powerless for any purpose of evil they could inflict on the rights of the slaveholding States; for they were surrounded and controlled, in every quarter, and at every step, by a vast majority of the friends of the Constitution of the Union, and of the South.

This war was a consequence of the



annexation of Texas, and the further annexation of distant regions seems to have been the object; for the proclamations of our Generals and Commodores, from the interior of Mexico, and the shores of the Pacific, appear to have been warranted by the spirit of their instructions.

How are we to govern the conquered States? Are we, like Rome of old, to hold them in subjection and treat them as tributaries of our republic? or are we to retain them as territories? or are we to incorporate them into our Union? How will the eastern States approve of this gigantic extension of the area of the old confederacy over a whole hemisphere of foreign states. How will the South relish the increase and spread of our own population over these distant and fertile regions, if they shall be admitted on a footing of equality; and in what form or shape, and under what circumstances can the Southern Atlantic States be benefited by this wholesale incorporation?

Questions such as these begin to be entertained; they already possess some interest; they will soon acquire importance.

The administration find themselves in a most unpleasant predicament, and the great interests of the country are placed in a critical position.

The Secretary of the Treasury can neither raise revenue sufficient under his free-trade tariff, nor borrow money, if specie be required, in exchange for stock certificates. The sub-treasury restrains imports, diminishes revenues, and prevents loans; and if the Secretary is not driven to ask for an increase of duties to replenish the treasury, he will certainly be compelled to issue treasury notes payable and renewable by government; and thus introduce a paper currency in order to provide means for carrying on the war.

We require, in the present crisis, the aid of statesmen—not mere politicians: men of enlarged views and enlightened patriotism, of wise discrimination, and of noble aims, animated by a spirit of true devotion and of honorable ambition.

New York and Pennsylvania, forming the key-stone of our arch, and equally removed from the ultra doctrines and extreme opinions of the East and the South, if they would only exercise aright their moral strength and influence, might have it in their power to infuse a tone of moderation into our national Legislature. We have satisfactorily proved to the world what our arms are capable of achieving, and we have obtained, in this respect, all the good that can result from our war with Mexico, for she will avoid all further contest in the open field; and we would willingly give the expense already incurred for the fame our army has acquired.

It is also fortunate that we have had an opportunity of proving to the nations of Europe the loyalty and devotion of our citizen soldiers, who flocked to the standard of their country at the first sound of the tocsin, as volunteers for a foreign war, to fight side by side, and share the glories with the regular army.

Let us then lay aside the desire for conquest and strive to secure a peace. Under the guidance of wise counsels, and the influence of healing measures, our country would soon enter upon that career of prosperity for which her great advantages so eminently qualify her in the great march of improvement so characteristic of the present age; when, secure in our own strength, we might place ourselves in a position to be enabled, at all times, “to dictate the terms of connection between the Old and the New World.”

## LITERARY STUDIES.\*

“As I run my eye,” says the writer of these papers, in the first one of the volumes, “over the shelves of my small collection, I find few books it rests upon with such pleasure as upon the essayists moral painters and historians of manners and fashions.”

After mentioning, thereupon, the names of the more felicitous writers in this line,

from Bacon, Temple, Cowley, Addison, and Steele, with Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère, among the French, down to the modern instances of Carlyle and Macaulay, and two or three on our side of the Atlantic, he proceeds to remark:

“We have nowadays no pictures of manners, merely in essays; and since Hazlitt, no prose satirist of decided ability has

\* LITERARY STUDIES: A collection of Miscellaneous Essays. By W. A. Jones. New York: Edward Walker, 114 Fulton Street.

arisen. The Lecturers and Reviewers occupy a large portion of the province formerly allotted to the Essay. Moral speculation and criticism; analysis of character, historical painting, satirical description, the peculiar characteristics of the Essay, have, for the most part, passed into other forms. Yet a taste for this sort of writing is retained by a circle, which is rapidly widening, and in consequence the demand is as evidently increased for more of literature, of the pleasantest kind—for something brief, pointed and pithy—something of a practical bearing, and yet which is to be considered as valuable in a purely literary estimate of the matter.

“A kind of literature is needed for the busy man and the gentleman, as well as for the recluse scholar; a tone of fresh vigor, real knowledge of life, wide and original experience is requisite. The authors of this must be men, scholars, and gentlemen. It is not by any means the most ambitious department of authorship, but, perhaps, next to fine poetry, it is the most stable; the staple is life and books: feeling and passion; without inclining to system or method, it is grave and philosophical; without descending to farce or burlesque, it admits of pleasantry and good-natured ridicule. It is not exact or mechanical science, but the *science of human nature* and the art of criticism (not of books and authors only but) of principles, and theories, and fashions, and contemporary manners. It is strictly historical, though it contains little narrative, for it points out the sources of historical truth. It is experimental philosophy, though without any settled rules of art.”

This is all very true, we think, as well as cleverly worded. We cannot but feel that the brief essay, as a medium of pleasant and pointed remark, whether satirical or otherwise, on matters of literature and art, passions, morals and manners—the minor phases and interests of human life and character—has been quite too much neglected, by both writers and readers, for many years. For the inculcation of what may be called social ethics, it is by far the most attractive and efficient means. By Hazlitt, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, it was employed principally on matters of the arts and literary taste, or some quaint oddity of character and incident; but in the hands of Addison, Steele, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie, it was made, under an endless variety of forms, grave or pleasant, a constant means of instruction in morals. Next to certain forms of poetry, indeed, we do not think any species of writing has so great an influence in cultivating

those amenities of life which are the chief ornaments of polished society. There is, in fact, a great number of small errors, follies, and vices, that cannot be dealt with through any greater weapons. A strong sermon, or a modern sweeping discourse in a Quarterly, would only blast them out of sight for a time, with smoke and a great noise, as a cannon rammed to the muzzle and let off at a flock of birds, will blow them all to the ground—only to fly away presently, and come back the more voracious for having been so horribly frightened, when a trim fowling-piece would settle their condition, one by one, quietly and with much promise of security to the cherry-trees and currant-bushes.

As to Mr. Jones's essays, however, it is noticeable that they fall very little within the range of his own remarks. For they deal very little with life, morals, manners. Neither do they have any concern, like Lamb's or Hazlitt's, with works of art, the great creations in literature, or with subtle conventionalisms, and mere matters of taste. They are devoted principally to subjects and characters connected with Old English Literature, like the “Poems of Bishop Corbet,” “Walton's Lives,” “Elijah Fenton,” “Adventures of Philip Quarll,” “Jeremy Taylor,” &c. Or, if some more general subject is chosen, as “Religious Novels,” “Prose Style of Poets,” “Letters,” “Early Maturity of Genius,” they are nearly all pure literary topics, and have their references and illustrations carried back to the more quaint and early times. Those, indeed, that are not so conceived and written, are of less value—for the writer seems more particularly at home among the English minor prose writers and poets, from the time of Cowley to Hazlitt and Lamb. On such topics he talks with considerable point and vigor, much purity of language, and that simplicity and equable flow which make the peculiar charm of the quiet essay. The views taken, though not always very original, or of wide scope, are nearly always just, and many times felicitously urged; and the information conveyed in these brief papers, though they do not usually deal with the great names and epochs in English letters, is both interesting and valuable to those not already curiously acquainted with their past history. In some of his papers, the writer seems to have had a model, but the imitation is not strong. The chief fault we

have to find is, that he deals somewhat too profusely in lists of names: serving up a kind of "*hash*" of literary celebrities, often picked over before; and there are one or two American authors, whom, though we highly respect them, he yet quite too perseveringly tacks on at the end of his catalogue of those, beyond question, much their superiors.

We marked some excellent passages in "Religious Novels," "Amateur Authors and Small Critics," "Notoriety," and "Letters;" but we can only find room for a part of the fine paper on Jeremy Taylor. The second passage is something above the recognized essay style; but it will the better show that the writer can succeed well in quite a different style.

"A poet should be the critic of Jeremy Taylor, for he was one himself, and hence needs a poetic mind for his interpreter and eulogist. Bald criticism becomes still more barren (by contrast) when exercised on the flowery genius of the prince of pulpit orators. Taylor thought in pictures, and his ideas were shadowed out in lively images of beauty. His fancy colored his understanding, which rather painted elaborate metaphors, "long drawn out," than analyzed the complexity of a problem, or conducted the discussion of a topic, by logical processes. The material world furnished his stock of similes. He drew on it for illustrations, rather than seek them in the workings of his own mind. His descriptions are almost palpable. They have an air of reality. His landscape is enveloped in a warm and glowing atmosphere, his light is "from heaven." His style is rich and luxuriant. He is all grace, beauty, melody. He does not appear so anxious to get at the result of an argument, to fix the certainty of a proposition, as to give the finest coloring to a received sentiment. He is more descriptive and less speculative. He reposes on the lap of beauty. He revels in her creations. The thirst of his soul was for the beautiful. This was with him almost synonymous with the good—"the first good and the first fair."

"Taylor is the painter: inferior to Barrow in point of reason, and to Clark in reasoning; without a tithe of South's wit or epigrammatic smartness; less ingenious than Donne: he has a fancy and style far more beautiful than any prose writer before his time, and perhaps since. It has been called "unmeasured poetry." The Edinburgh Review and Coleridge (critics wide apart) have joined in pronouncing his writings more truly poetic than most of the odes and epics that have been produced in Europe since his day. And

Hazlitt (surest critic of all) quotes a fine passage from Beaumont, which is apparently a translation of Taylor's prose into verse, and made, too, merely by occasional transposition of the words from the order in which they originally stood. Taylor is, therefore, confessedly a master of poetical prose. This term is sometimes used by way of dubious praise, since most writing of the kind is a wretched farrago of such tinsel and faded ornament as would disgrace Rag Fair. Taylor's composition is of quite a different grain. His style is naturally poetic, from the character of his mind; he had that poetic sensibility of feeling that saw beauty and deep meaning in everything. His imagination colored the commonest object on which it lighted, as the bow of promise throws its tints over all creation; through this, as a veil, every object appeared bright and blooming, like the flowers of spring, or dark and terrible, like the thunder-cloud of summer. Its general hue was mild and gentle; he had a more genial feeling for beauty than for grandeur, though his awful description of the Last Judgment is stamped with the sublime force of Michael Angelo, or rather, like Rembrandt's shadows, terrible with excess of gloom. In this grand picture are collected all the images of terror and dismay, fused into a powerful whole by his so-potent art. It is first a solemn anthem—a version of the monkish canticle: then you hear (in imagination) the deep bass note of the last thunder that shall ever peal through the sky. You are almost blinded by the lightnings that gleam in his style. Presently, a horrid shriek of despair (the accumulated wailing of millions of evil spirits) rises on the affrighted ear. And anon, the trumpet with a silver sound is blown several times, and all is still. With what a subtle power this master plays on the conscience of his readers! He makes the boldest tremble; he magnifies, he reiterates, until the best of men shall think himself a fellow of the vilest!"

After all, the best trait in the writer of these papers, is his quiet, genial sympathy with all that have written well—the stronger, apparently, for the more obscure—and the excellent moral tone pervading his columns, not the less sincere and effective for his making no noise about it. He acts, indeed, upon the sentiments implied in his remarks on the offensive, all-perfect moral characters obtruded into religious novels. In short, this little volume is entirely worthy of being bought; it is more—it is worth stealing, as we can testify, having lost two from our table within a week, by means unknown to any except to those who took them.

## MISCELLANY OF THE MONTH.

THE political events of the past month have not been of special importance, either at home or abroad. Nothing has occurred, either in Mexico or the United States, to encourage the hope of a speedy termination of the war, at present existing between the two republics, nor does the legislation of our own Congress evince any unanimous and determined policy. The action of that body thus far, has been hesitating and wavering to a very striking and unusual degree. None of the requisitions of the executive department, have as yet been granted, nor has the war policy of the administration been explicitly approved or condemned in either House. The Secretary of the Treasury applied, through the Committee of Ways and Means, for a tax upon tea and coffee, assuring Congress that without it, the financial measures necessary to give vigor and success to our arms, could not be accomplished. The House of Representatives on the 3d ult. declared, by the decisive vote of 115 to 48, that such a tax was inexpedient. The President, on the 4th, sent in a message to Congress, asking for authority to raise ten additional regiments of regular troops, and for the appointment of a general officer to have command of all our troops in the field, and to serve during the war. The latter branch of the proposition, after being several times adopted, and then rejected in the House, was finally set aside in that body on the 9th, by a vote of 95 to 86; and in the Senate, it was laid upon the table on the 15th by a vote of 28 to 21. The bill to raise ten regiments of regular troops was passed in the House on the 11th, by a vote of 165 to 45; and it has since been under debate in the Senate. A proposition to raise volunteers instead of regulars, was rejected in the Senate on the 22d, by a vote of 27 to 13. The final fate of the proposition had not been determined in the Senate, at the time of closing this summary. A bill authorizing the issuing of treasury notes to the amount of twenty three millions of dollars, at six per cent. interest, passed the House on the 21st, by a vote of 167 to 22, and is now pending in the Senate. The administration has a controlling majority in both Houses; and of course the vacillation and delay which have been exhibited in regard to the war measures of the Executive, could only have arisen from disaffection in the ranks of the dominant party. That disaffection has grown out of the Anti-Slavery feeling of the North, which has been called forth by the suspicion that the Executive aims at the conquest and permanent annexation to the Union, of extensive portions

of Mexico, as slave territory. A formal and apparently firm protest has been made against such action, by the northern portion of the administration party. What effect the movement will have upon the future legislation of Congress, must, for the present, be simply a matter of conjecture.

The Mexican Congress assembled at the capitol in the early part of January, and Santa Anna was elected President by a very small majority, and Gomez Farias, Vice-President; the two, as is generally known, have always hitherto adhered to opposite parties, and been exceedingly hostile, personally as well as politically. No intelligence of decisive action, upon the overtures of the U. S. Government for negotiations for peace, has yet been received; but the message of the late President of Mexico to Congress, takes for granted a fixed determination on the part of that body and of the nation, never to treat, while any portion of the soil of Mexico remains in possession of the American troops. Letters have been published from Santa Anna, breathing the same spirit; and the whole tone of public feeling in Mexico, so far as indications have reached us, indicates the same determination. The Mexican forces, at the latest dates, were concentrated at San Luis de Potosi, where Santa Anna had command of some 15,000 effective troops. The American force will probably not advance towards that post, beyond Saltillo, 160 miles distant, where is stationed a strong detachment of regulars, under Gen. WORTH. The present movements indicate a speedy attempt upon Vera Cruz—upon the city from the land side, by a strong force under Major-Gen. SCOTT, and upon the Castle, by the U. S. Squadron. This seems likely, at present, to be the next decisive step of the campaign.

The Legislatures of several of the principal States are now in session. In New York, the attention of that body is mainly engrossed by the new Constitution. The entire debt of New York, as stated in the message of the Governor, is \$24,734,060. The debt of Pennsylvania, at the close of the last fiscal year, was \$40,789,577. It is conceded that the receipts of the year have not been sufficient to pay the interest that will fall due; but it is confidently asserted that payment will be made by anticipating the revenues of the coming year. No legislation thus far, in any the States, calls for special notice. The total revenue which has been derived from customs in the United States from 1789 to 1845, is stated at \$848,405,091.

Satisfactory evidence has recently been



published, of the fact that, as early as in September, 1845, Gen. Arista, who had command of the Mexican army in the northern departments of that republic, gave the most positive assurances to Mr. J. D. Marks, then U. S. Consul at Matamoras, that the Mexican forces under his command should not cross the Rio Grande, provided the American General would not send a large body of troops towards that river: and that if the Americans would simply maintain their then present position, upon or near the Nueces river, hostilities would most certainly be avoided. We have also reason to believe that Arista solicited the aid of the U. S. army to detach the northern departments of Mexico from the republic, and to place him at the head of the new nation to be thus established.

A bill has been reported in each House of Congress, placing \$3,000,000 at the service of the President, to be used at his discretion, in furtherance of pacific negotiations with Mexico; they are to be called up at an early day.

In the *Literary World* there is comparatively little intelligence of special interest. Mr. W. H. PRESCOTT's "History of Peru," is passing through the press of the Harpers as rapidly as possible, and will probably be given to the public by the first of June. It is arranged upon the same general plan as the author's "Conquest of Mexico," and will contain a preliminary view of the civilization of the Incas. The materials which Mr. Prescott has had at command for the preparation of this work, are exceedingly abundant and valuable. They consist of the manuscript correspondence and diaries of the Conquerors, dispatches of government, private letters from the Emperor Charles V., and official records of every description, collected from the different cities of the Spanish colonial empire, as well as from the archives of the mother country. The collection is the result of the labor of fifty years, by three eminent academicians, and was deposited in the archives of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid: and copies were made under the direction of that body for Mr. Prescott's use. We anticipate from this history a work of great value and interest. The Conquest of Mexico, by the same author, has been reprinted in English, in Paris as well as in London, and has been translated into French, German, Italian, and Spanish, and in the last-named language translations have been printed both in Madrid and Mexico. No higher testimony could be borne to their historic accuracy, as well as to their popular interest.

The Harpers have in press "South Seas," by HERMAN MELVILLE, intended as a sequel to the very graphic, but decid-

edly apocryphal, narrative of a residence in the Marquesas Islands, published some months since under the title of "Typee." If the new work resembles that book at all, it can not be hazardous to predict for it a very wide popularity. We have already remarked the extraordinary credulity, on the part of the English literary public, which suffered the marvelous averments of "Typee" to pass unchallenged.

We understand that HEADLEY has in preparation "Washington and his Generals," upon the plan of "Napoleon and his Marshals," which has made his name so widely and popularly known. As in that work, he will give rapid critical sketches of the character of each person introduced, illustrated by the prominent facts and achievements of his life. The book will probably be ready for publication in the spring.

Mr. D. G. MITCHELL, we understand, has nearly ready for the press a volume of "Notes by the Road," during a tour in Europe, chapters of which have appeared at intervals in the pages of this Review. We have no doubt of its favorable reception by the public.

It is announced that JOHN A. BRYAN Esq. has in preparation a narrative of Travels and Residence in Chili and other parts of South America. Mr. W. H. WHEELER announces a volume of Congressional sketches, personal and political, made from materials collected during a residence of some twenty years at the Capitol. GRISWOLD's "Prose and Prose Writers of America" is announced as nearly ready for the press. We have reason to believe that it will be a laborious and valuable compendium of our best prose literature. An elegant, illustrated edition of HALLECK's Poems is in preparation by the Appletons. It is said that STEPHENS, the traveler, is engaged upon a new work of which the subject has not been announced. DANA's Life of Washington Allston is advancing with all the rapidity consistent with the author's high standard of excellence in a work of the kind. The Harpers are about to issue a series of illustrated and elegant editions of Milton, Goldsmith, Thomson, Cowper, and other eminent poets. They have also in press a new edition of Blackstone, edited by Wendell; Southey's "Life of Wesley," edited by Coleridge; and a number of other English works of standard worth.

The *Foreign Intelligence* of the month has features of considerable interest and importance. Our advices from England are to the 4th of January: Parliament was to assemble on the 10th of that month for the dispatch of business. Lord STANLEY is likely to be the opposition leader in the House of Lords, and there are not wanting



indications that the newly adopted commercial policy of Sir ROBERT PEEL, will meet with a very earnest opposition from the Protection interest. There is little danger, however, that it will be disturbed. The attention of the English press and the public has been excited to an unusual degree by the message of our President at the opening of Congress, which has been assailed, especially that portion of it relating to the war with Mexico, with a bitterness and unanimity of denunciation seldom witnessed even in London, where the press is actually more free, not to say reckless, in its censures than in any other part of the world. No attempts are made to expose errors of fact, or false reasoning in that document, but the whole is pronounced a "pyramid of lies." The passage relating to the new Tariff is more gently treated, although it is said to fall far short of what ought to have been said upon a subject of such momentous interest, especially to England. It is very clear that fears are entertained of a return in the United States to the policy of protecting American Industry: and it is scarcely to be expected that such a step, no matter how earnestly it may be demanded by our own interests, would be regarded with favor by those in England who can now have comparatively free access to our ports for their manufactures. The recent addresses of Mr. WEBSTER at Boston and Philadelphia upon this subject, have aroused the most bitter and relentless enmity of the British press; and he is now denounced and vilified as warmly as he has always hitherto been eulogized, by the London journals. Parliament will be engrossed with Irish affairs. The pressure of the famine, especially in the South and West, where the potatoe was the main reliance of the people, is more severe than it was last year, and even in the grain districts of the North and centre, although there is more food, its high price keeps it out of the reach of those who need it most. The measures adopted by the government for the relief of the Irish, have proved to be not only inadequate, but in some very important respects positively injurious. The public works, such as roads, railways, &c., which were at first undertaken by government, have very generally been abandoned, for others of more immediate and direct utility, such as the draining of bogs and other wastes, constructing harbors, deepening channels of rivers, &c. These works are now carried on to a very great extent, and an immense number of the Irish poor find employment, with good wages, upon them. Indeed it is found that thousands are deserting their ordinary occupations for these, in which the stimulus of novelty combines, with the certainty of payment, to make them more

attractive than the common drudgery of the Irish peasant. The result has been that the farms have been forsaken—the crop for next year is neglected—potatoes are not planted—grain is not sown:—and so there is almost the certainty that next year the failure of food will be far more extensive and disastrous than it has been hitherto. Meantime subscriptions have been opened in various parts of the kingdom, and immense sums have been raised for the direct relief of the suffering poor. But all the charity of the world would prove inadequate to the permanent relief of Irish suffering. And the wisdom of Parliament will be sorely taxed to devise measures at once practical and adequate to the emergencies of the case. The schism in the Repeal ranks still continues, and the breach between the two sections seems to be growing wider. O'CONNELL's influence wanes with his increasing age, and a new race is springing up which will drive forward the policy he has so long proclaimed, with more headlong speed than he has desired, and precipitate the crisis of Ireland's fate. It is impossible that affairs in that island should continue in their present condition for many years; some thorough and efficient reform must be adopted, or England must prepare for civil war. History gives no warrant to suppose that this issue can be avoided, however for a time it may be evaded.

The affairs of the Continent are perplexed, and the prospect threatening. The dissensions between France and England upon the Spanish marriages, when at their height, were adroitly seized upon by Russia, as an occasion for crushing into the earth the feebly glimmering sparks of Polish nationality, and the two great powers of western Europe were astounded to find themselves, at the very moment of their greatest weakness, thwarted and menaced by a common enemy. It is asserted in a quarter entitled to confidence, that so long ago as in 1833, a secret treaty was entered into, between Russia, Prussia and Austria, to the effect that upon the concurrence of certain circumstances, the political existence of Cracow should be annihilated; and this stipulation has now been fulfilled. The task of M. GUIZOT, at the opening of the Chambers, is one of no common difficulty. He is embroiled with England, as well as with the northern powers of Europe; and yet, great confidence is felt in his ability and prudence, for a safe deliverance from all the perils that environ France. The state of Spain is as distracted as usual, and Italy seems ripe for a general revolution, lacking only some able and popular leader. The affairs of Switzerland are still unsettled. Yet peace will, doubtless, be preserved, in spite of these untoward symptoms, for the rich capitalists and bankers

of Europe, without whose aid war cannot be carried on, are all interested in avoiding it, and the great powers of Europe, which exercise a controlling influence over its entire policy, wisely understand that a general war would threaten them with destruction.

The condition of the people in England is forcing itself upon the notice of the press and the legislature. The *London Times* is gradually sinking back into its former tone of radicalism, and is urging measures upon the government, of the most sweeping character. It goes farther in this direction than any of the other great journals of London, but its spirit finds general sympathy, and indicates a prevalent disposition to shape the legislation of the country more than has hitherto been done, to meet the necessities of her oppressed and impoverished millions. Parliament will be forced to give the matter at least a portion of its attention.

Of LITERARY novelties, we find little mention. No new books of any importance have been issued, nor are any promised. A new volume of SOUTHER's 'Doctor' has been published, and will probably be at once re-issued in this country. An interesting volume of Travels in the Interior of Brazil, by GARDNER, has also been published. A valuable history of Modern Italy, and especially of military and political events in that country, during, and since Napoleon's time, has been issued in the form of Memoirs of General PEPE, written by himself, in which are included many interesting and striking personal sketches of the men and incidents of the French Revolution. Two new volumes of BARRIERE's Library of Memoirs relating to the history of France, during the eighteenth century, have been printed in Paris.

Attempts have been made, with a good degree of success, to establish free schools, and free reading-rooms, for the laboring classes in the city of London. The experiment, however, is yet too recent and incomplete for its results to be predicted with any considerable degree of confidence. The English papers display, what seems to us, a very petty and unreasonable jealousy of the French discovery of the new planet, as if they must, of necessity, carry national antipathies into the region of science. They are now commenting, with much more malice than good sense, upon a note to one of Leverrier's works, in which he insists upon the duty of naming the planet Herschell, after its discoverer; he is charged with having in this sought to establish an available precedent for his own case. The English are striving hard to give some other name than Leverrier to

the planet which he discovered. It is stated that the National Board of Education in Ireland, has under its care upwards of four thousand schools, educating more than half a million of children. There are in Ireland seventy-four towns, no one of which has less than 2,500, and some of which has over 10,000, inhabitants, without a bookseller; and there are six counties which have neither a bookseller nor a library. There is certainly room for all the exertion which the Board of Education can put forth. A new and very valuable collection of minerals, from Africa, has been received at the office of the French Minister of War, comprising above 2,000 specimens, and representing the entire geological products of the country. A plan has been proposed at the Hague, for draining the Zuyder Zee. Its waters are to be separated from the North Sea by an immense dyke. The estimated cost of the work is about \$25,000,000. Fears have been entertained for the safety of the Arctic Expedition, under Sir John Franklin, which is probably locked up in the ice of the frozen regions. Hon. T. Grenville, whose decease is announced, made a will, in which he said that, as a great part of his truly splendid library had been purchased from the profits of a sinecure office given to him by the public, he felt bound to give it to the British Museum, for the use of the public. It is to be regretted that all the sinecurists have not an equally just sense of their duty to the public. The Bishop of Ely lately purchased for a few shillings an old painting, which turns out to be a genuine likeness of Shakspeare. Eugene Sue has resumed his Memoirs of a Valet de Chambre, in the *Constitutionnel*. It was suspended by the proprietors of that paper, on the ground of its obscenity and immorality. The Literary Gazette pronounces it a miserable failure. Balzac has just completed, in the same paper, his new romance, entitled 'Les Parens Pauvres'—said, by the same critical authority, to be one of his most remarkable productions. The French parliament allows between £15,000 and £20,000 per annum, to the Minister of Public Instruction, for the encouragement of literary men, and gives annually nearly £150,000 for the purchase of pictures and other works of art. There are now 1,302,620 engravings in the Royal Library.

We would gladly extend our summary of the Foreign Miscellany of the month, but the late date of the arrival of the packet, and the necessity of sending the *REVIEW* to press, renders it impossible to do so. We hope hereafter to do more justice to this department.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

**POEMS:** By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.  
Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1846.

That admirable works should be elegantly printed and illustrated hardly needs to be remarked. As far as clear printing, choice paper, and elegant binding will add to the pleasure of a book, these poems, of the saddest and sweetest of our Lyrists, have received such addition. To open a fair page, and read a large, clear, jetty letter, is not only a luxury, but a real help to the reader, who may take in with ease, and feel a whole poem at a glance; which in a newspaper, or sixpenny volume, he would read brokenly and with loss.

The illustrations of this volume are, unhappily, not in keeping with the binding and typography. The illustrations in the edition of Longfellow, issued by the same house, are very beautiful; but these are scarcely above mediocrity, and by no means the things to be expected from the painter of Cromwell's Iconoclasts. Notwithstanding this artist has produced an historical picture full of excellence, perhaps indeed the best of its kind ever painted in America, namely, the picture of "Cromwell's soldiers destroying the ornaments of a cathedral;" lately exhibited in New York;) in these illustrations of Bryant's poems he discovers nothing of the fire and genius of that composition. The designs are full of grievous faults, not only of sentiment and idea, but even of drawing and foreshortening: a thing not to be looked for. It is needless to dwell upon inaccuracies which any eye may detect. An artist who values his reputation will show his hand as well in these as in works of greater note. No small etchings comparable with Albert Durers; no grotesques so elegant as Raphael's. A master's hand appears in the least things; a song of Shakspeare's; a drawing of Salvator's; a pen sketch of Da Vinci; everywhere, the observation of truth and nature—the absence of imitation, the presence of a disciplined understanding, are evident.

No one has much respect for what are called "fancy pieces," that is to say pieces which illustrate nothing;—nor for illustrations which do for poetry what poetry must do for itself:—An illustration of a poem should give only the quieter and more classical scenes, and if possible avoid expositions of violent passions and emotions; because of the inevitable failure to represent motion in picture. The appearance of the lay figure stiffness, the interrupted gesture, the theatrical stare, the

heroic straddle; or of those factitious effects of dress, whiskers, large eyes, little mouths, &c. &c., so frequent in these illustrations, and evidently contracted from a study not of nature, but of modern German engravings, would perhaps have been avoided by the artist had he been engaged on a historical painting in which his reputation was at stake; but this volume of poems is certain to go down to posterity, by reason of the precious matter which it contains; and along with it go these very mediocre illustrations with the artist's name at the bottom.

*First Principals of Chemistry, for the use of Colleges and Schools.* With more than two hundred illustrations. By BENJAMIN SILLIMAN jr. M. A. Professor in Yale College of Science as applied to the Arts. New Haven, Durrie & Peck, 1847. Boston, Crocker & Brewster. Philadelphia, Loumis & Peck.

That a book of science should be written and issued at New Haven is certainly nothing remarkable; the only wonder is that there are no more of them from that source. Where Yale College is, should perhaps be the seat and source of science for the country. Meanwhile here is a very compact and very accurate treatise of chemistry, composed in great part by the son of the author of the first considerable work on that science published in America. The larger Chemistry of Professor Silliman diffused a knowledge of this liberal and inestimable science over the country; rescued it from pedantry and obscurity; made it popular and respectable; and as a natural consequence, no science is more studied, or better understood on this side the Atlantic. But the books of science esteemed most admirable in their day fall quickly out of their place unless they are perpetually revised, augmented, and expurgated with the advance of knowledge. The Chemistry of Lavoisier and the first editions of Berzelius have taken their place among historical matter upon the shelf, and the works of Faraday and Graham succeed them upon the table. To keep pace in some degree with the progress of theory and discovery this new manual has been prepared; not exactly an A B C book, but calculated for those who wish to know the great facts and the leading principles of the science, as a companion for the lecture room, and the study. The last third of the volume is a very concise and scien-

tific treatise of Organic Chemistry by Mr. Thomas Hunt, formerly assistant in the laboratory of Yale College, and but lately appointed Chemist to the Mineralogical survey of the Canadas. Neither parts of the volume enter much upon theory, or detain the reader with historical or hypothetical remarks. The authors are both practical chemists, familiar with the theory and detail of their science; a fact which will enable the reader to put full confidence in the work.

The public have been sufficiently gulled and abused with sham treatises of chemistry and other sciences, compiled by book-makers alike ignorant of science and honesty. It is shameful that a people so fond of truth as we are should, in the knowledge of that very quality, be perpetually deluded with a class of books useful only to book traders and the compilers who are employed by them. Fortunately we have had several treatises which may be relied on, and which approach the standard of modern theory; among the most trustworthy of these are those of Kane, (by Draper,) of Graham, and the less voluminous epitome which is the subject of this notice.

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*The Roman Traitor; a Historical Romance.* By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. New York, Taylor & Co.

We took up these volumes with expectations, on the whole, of finding it a failure. Two or three fictitious works from the same author, had, indeed, possessed much interest, and considerable merit; but classical fiction is a dangerous field, and success in any other department of fiction would not auger success in this. The writer here must not only be a thorough scholar, but possess that fine power of the imagination, which can withdraw him, bodily, so far into the distance of the antique, as to make him lose all vision of the present with its utterly new forms and customs, and become, for the time, one of that ancient world, curiously observing, and, as it were, taking upon himself their habits, their manners, their thoughts, feelings, fancies, their daily public and domestic life. Mr. Bulwer, with his fine classic perception, and an imagination whose far horizons were dusky and mist-clouded, but all kindled and glowing—thus the better fitted to evoke in vaster and more suitable proportions, the distant forms of that antique life—was enabled to set the Later Roman age, the imperial, before us with singular magnificence and power. But to rival “*The Last Days of Pompeii*” which, with all its faults, was so entirely the greatest achievement of the kind thus far, was, of course, not expected; while to fall far short of it could seem little else than to

fail. Yet “*The Roman Traitor*,” while it does fall greatly below Mr. Bulwer’s production, as a work of imaginative intellect, is by no means a failure. It has little of that vastness, variety, and dusky splendor, which we have said characterize the exaggerated, but singularly impressive description of the last days, burial, and death of a Roman city; but by selecting a striking historical character, an age nearly at the height of luxury and power, and a crisis in the republic; familiar to every reader of a common school reading-book, Mr. Herbert, by the aid of a very ample classic knowledge, and an imagination which sees its own pictures clearly, has produced a book vigorous, instructive, and very full of interest. The character of Catiline is produced with a good deal of power and historic truthfulness; and his abandoned, unhappy, high-souled daughter, Lucia, is a creation, original and affecting, though somewhat improbable. The young hero and heroine, (lovers: *silicet*, every novel must have a pair,) are of less interest, but very well drawn. The great consul, Cicero, is well presented; and many glimpses into the structure, scenes, and manners of that Rome of the Republic, are given with much effect. The greatness of the Roman patriotic spirit is strongly portrayed throughout; nor have we read, for some time, a more striking and affecting scene, than that of Roman justice, where the patrician father binds his degraded son, and condemns his head to the block—privately, in the presence of his ancestral gods—and his sister, with tears and her last kiss, severs his bands with her poniard, and gives to him the dagger, that he may not “perish like a slave, by a slavish blow,” but stab himself to the heart, and die—“like a Fulvius, my brother!”

The faults of the book are quite sufficient. Many passages, especially among the sentimental parts, are feeble; sometimes, flattish; other passages are something to free in coloring, though a true picture of those licentious times could not well be given otherwise; and there is apparent throughout, a want of breadth and fertility of invention, and constructive power. But we are glad that so successful an attempt has been made to reproduce intelligently, and with historic truth, any portion of the classical ages.

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*History of the Revolt of the Netherlands. Trial and execution of Counts Egmont and Horn: and the Siege of Antwerp.* Translated from the German of Frederick Schiller, by the Rev. A. J. W. MORRISON, M. A. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1847.

Histories have been written within the last century, for so many different pur-



poses besides the simple and natural one of communicating knowledge, the reader is unwilling to commit himself to any, without some previous acquaintance with the author's character, and with his probable intentions. It happens, fortunately for the reader in this instance, that the character and virtues of the author are so well known and esteemed, and indeed the fame of the work so well established, as a history of the struggles of a brave people for their liberty, by an historian himself an enthusiastic lover of freedom, and of humanity, the comment or the eulogium of the critic is hardly needed to call attention to it. It is declared by good judges to be a well written, sincere, and genuine history, tainted by the spirit of no kind of ism, bias, or political theory; unless it be too great a respect for the faint-hearted leaders of the brave Netherlanders.

*Spaniards and their Country.* By RICHARD FORD, author of the Handbook of Spain. Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. LXXXIV. New York, 1847.

In the present condition of criticism, when literary philanthropism eulogizes everything that has the least apparent speck of good in it, and if the contents of a book are too bad or silly to be spoken of, the ready made eulogy is projected over the typography and binding, it is of little benefit to an author to praise his book, without presenting by way of proof some considerable portion of its contents; but as in this instance our limits forbid quotations we must content ourselves with the usual common-places, and simply say that we have seldom read a more entertaining traveler's book than this. The style is English, and spirited; the remarks on manners full of observation, (though sometimes interlarded with a kind of jockey sarcasm, tasting of the stable and the kennel;) and the matter of the book instructive; presenting a very lively picture of the Spaniards and their country. The author is an Englishman, and the book itself to all appearance a reprint.

*Memoirs and Essays, illustrative of Art, Literature, and Social Manners.* By MRS. JAMESON. No. LXIV. of Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. New York, 1847.

This volume contains several agreeable essays, one, on the House of Titian, another a critical Memoir of Adelaid Kemble, an actress and singer of the celebrated Kemble family; an account of the Xanthian marbles in the British Museum; on the genius of Washington Allston;

"Woman's mission," and Woman's Position; and a sixth on the relative position of Mothers and Governesses in England.

The author of these well-known Essays has the merit of sentiment without sentimentality; taste without fastidiousness; learning without pedantry. She is full of human sympathy without being a humanitarian, and can eulogize an artist or a man of letters, without making herself or her subject ridiculous.

*Arithmetic, in Two Parts.* Part First, *Advanced Lessons in Mental Arithmetic.* Part Second, *Rules and Examples for Practice in Written Arithmetic.* For Common and High Schools. By FREDERIC A. ADAMS, Principal of Dummer Academy, Lowell. Published by Daniel Bixby, 1846.

A good school-book is a very difficult thing to write; but when once it has been written, and has approved itself of genuine merit, its usefulness, whether we regard the extent or permanency of it, is very great. In a country where education is a matter of so much importance as it is with us, it is hardly possible to scrutinize the merits of school-books too closely, or to reward too highly the author of one which has been thoroughly thought out, and skillfully adapted in its details. 'Euclid' has maintained its position in the schools for ages; and we see no reason why 'Colburn's First Lessons in Arithmetic,' may not be studied by American boys, one thousand years hence, on the banks of the Columbia—some may hope, in the "Halls of the Montezumas!" These thoughts have been suggested to us by an inspection of the book before us. We have examined it with care, and with much satisfaction; its methods are evidently founded on a vigorous and thorough analysis, and comprise some valuable improvements on those taught in the old arithmetics. The author has devoted *half* the work to *mental arithmetic*. Wisely enough—for facility in calculation is an unspeakable convenience; or rather it would be, if our schools used arithmetics which would give the proper development to the mathematical faculty. Then again, the principles involved in most of the important rules are explained in the first part. Another noticeable merit; for teachers universally find, we think, that boys comprehend these principles more readily in examples which they can manage mentally, than in those which require the slate and pencil. When these are once thoroughly mastered, they can, of course, be used in any way. It may be remarked, too, that the author has arranged his subjects in the



order of their dependence; and he has succeeded (in some important particulars, better than most writers of some works) in fixing on the truly scientific, and, therefore, the simplest methods; and the several series of questions are so arranged, as to lead by *natural* steps from easy and simple, to difficult and complex processes.

It is mostly in the part devoted to "*Mental Arithmetic*," that the peculiar excellencies appear. The author's design and plan will be apprehended, in a measure, from the following extracts.

"It (the Arithmetic) should habituate the pupil to perform with ease and readiness, mental operations upon somewhat large numbers."

"It should present these operations in their natural form, freed from the inverted and mechanical methods which belong, of necessity, to operations in written arithmetic."

"It should train the student to such a power of apprehending the relations of numbers, as shall give him an insight into the grounds of the rules of arithmetic; and, consequently, shall relieve him from dependence on these rules."

In a word, the work is an unusually skillful union of the mental calculation, first particularly and exclusively taught by Colburn, with the old system of rules, considerably improved. And when it is remarked,

"Which is as true, as truth has been of late,"

that one half of the hopeful young gentlemen graduating from our colleges, have but a shabby acquaintance with arithmetical "deductions," it will not appear without reason, that we beg the generation that is to instruct the generation that is to be, somewhat more essentially in the principles of this, or some other scientific book as good. There can be no doubt, that this study is one of the best means of quickening the youthful mind of the nation."

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*Alderbrook; a collection of Fanny Forester's Village Sketches, Poems, &c.*  
By Miss EMILY CHUBBUCK, 2 vols.  
Boston, W. D. Ticknor & Co.

We must confess we could never discover any of that great merit in this lady's writings, which certain papers have accorded to them. She is, however, generally simple and natural in her style, and these sketches will prove interesting to young people. They are a sort of farewell contribution to literature; judging from the likeness of the authoress, which is some-

what affectedly presented in the beginning, with a mantle classically thrown over her shoulders, and hand pressed upon her bosom, as if to give emphasis to the expression beneath: "Henceforth, to holier purposes, I pledge myself"—meaning that she has married a missionary. We don't object to the fact, (which is highly praiseworthy,) but to the expression in *that place*. What is it to the profane readers of "Fanny Forester's" stories?

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*The Sisters of Charity*, 2 vols. gilt.  
*Julia Ormond*, 1 vol. gilt. Dunnigan.  
New York.

Well told stories, serving to illustrate the tenets and practice of the Roman Catholics. Beautiful presents they will make to the followers of that denomination; but we cannot say, that we think they are likely to win over many converts. As is usual in most of these books, much stress is laid upon the unity of the church, without adverting to the reason of that unity, to wit—implicit obedience to the will of one man, or set of men, which will insure unity everywhere. To those who are desirous of information on the doctrines of that communion, they convey much information in an agreeable form.

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PALMO'S ITALIAN OPERA.—The Italian Opera being a purely scenic and musical entertainment, can only be appreciated by those who have a taste for pantomime and a sense of musical expression. Those who have a taste for this mode of representing the harmonies of love and the discords of hate by the concords and disagreements of musical notes modulated on a theme, will find pleasure, if not extreme gratification in the Operatic Drama; to say nothing of scenery carried to the pitch of a perfect delusion, and of a graceful depicting of the passions by gesture and attitudes. Apart from any opinion of the Opera as it is managed in New York particularly, we cannot but think it an agreeable and by no means an immoral entertainment. It brings reputable persons together to enjoy a very elegant sort of trifling, not without its use, perhaps, and cultivates an ear for music, or creates one where it did not exist. Assemblages of this kind have the credit of promoting a humane and social spirit, if they do nothing better; the church is too sacred a place for the exchange of courtesies, or the display of graces, the lecture-room tasks the understanding, and the theatre rouses if it does not often allay and purify the sympathies; but for a harmless, sparkling, folly, commend us to the Opera.

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The late arrival of the steamer has prevented our furnishing the prices of metals.



Portrait by T. P. Jones

JOHN HAMPTEN PLEASANTS  
*OF VIRGINIA*

1866-1867

its legal guardianship the public treasure ; while, supported by an obsequious populace, he thundered anathemas against an insubordinate Senate, and obliterated from its journal the record of his condemnation. His patronage transmitted his retainers and his principles to his successor, who, with a different nature and a different kind of capacities, somewhat ludicrously strove to ape the imperative strides of his master. The nation bore with the lion ; but it revolted against the delegated authority of the fox.

A sad and humiliating interregnum of vacillation and folly, extravagant pretension and feeble action disgusted the friends of constitutional liberty ; the puppet of a faction, obnoxious to none by reason of his insignificance, finally united the suffrages of his distracted party ; and the nursery rhyme of the lion and the unicorn fighting for a crown, will best exemplify and portray the result.

Happily seated above his peers, this person hastens to display the superiority of fortune over merit, by announcing his accession to "this distinguished consideration," at an earlier age than the most eminent of his predecessors. The diffidence of his ability to discharge the duties of his high station, which he so modestly expressed and his supporters so keenly felt, has been amply justified by the event, and has redounded equally to the honor of his frankness and his penetration.\*

Endowed with no beneficent genius to bless his kind, yet feverishly anxious to signalize the fleeting years of his power, and duly admonished of the coming of that official night when no man can work, he has shown an activity in evil-doing far beyond the expectations of his bitterest foes.

Strong in the confidence which ignorance inspires, he essayed in the unproved arms of diplomacy to measure passes with Great Britain, for an uncultivable "wholeness of wilderness" which abler administrations, if patriotic enough to desire, had not been skillful enough to win. From no trouble of conscience, as having at the risk of bloodshed asserted a claim but partially founded in equity, but simply from discovering that he had mistaken his vocation, he turned to invoke the aid of the coarser and more familiar weapons of popular passions and

national hatred, to take by force what he failed to obtain by art. The sturdy firmness of the Senate saved the country from this great iniquity ; and it soon became apparent that "clear and unquestionable" were used in a Pickwickian sense and by no means hindered the President from being content with a *half* of the *whole* of Oregon.

Was it from mere chagrin at being so headed off and baffled, that he turned again to vent his spleen with more safety on a feeble foe ? Was he animated with the hope of blending the purple glories of war with the paler lustre of diplomatic honors ? Did he think to obliterate the memory of his defeat in the North, by expanding with violence and bloodshed the limits of our Republic over the territory of our southern sister ? Or were there impulses in his breast of a still more unpatriotic spirit, of a darker policy, of a more criminal ambition ?

Texas held to the Nueces, but claimed to the Rio del Norte, against the equal claim and the actual possession of Mexico ; and while Congress had declared the limits of Texas a matter for negotiation, the President, eluding its restraint by not asking its leave, determined to seize on the disputed territory to the uttermost limits which negotiation could possibly give, and planted his cannon at a point whence they shortly after battered a Mexican town. The collision which this position rendered inevitable, was begun by our troops. The insane cry of American blood shed on American soil, extorted from Congress an act whose false recital laid to the charge of Mexico the war the President had begun : and under its authority he hastened to execute his schemes of conquest.

A general with a thousand men hastened through a thousand miles of forest to Santa Fé ; a sloop-of-war appeared off Monterey, and a detachment of marines marched to the City of Angels ; a pusillanimous governor of Mexico fled ; and without the firing of a gun, *in virtue of these acts*, California and New Mexico, ten degrees square, and peopled by 100,000 inhabitants, were treated as conquered territory. The conquering commanders, in July and August, at Monterey, the City of Angels and Santa Fé, issued their proclamations, whose similarity sufficiently refers them to a common origin. They concur in declaring the de-

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\* See Inaugural Address.

partments of California and New Mexico, in their full limits, to *belong* to the United States; in promising the inhabitants perfect security of freedom and property; in assuring them of the intention of the United States to *provide them with free governments*, similar to its other territories. Stockton calls on the people to elect their magistrates, and proclaims himself *protector* till the definitive establishment of the promised government; while Kearney continues the existing officers, but tenders the oath of allegiance, claims the inhabitants as *citizens* of the United States, and denounces the *penalties of treason* against those in arms against his authority.

In each territory, regular governments are in full and undisturbed operation, organized under the forms, though hardly imbued with the spirit, of American liberty. The Organic Law, purporting to have been ordained by the government of the United States for the territory of New Mexico, merits a closer examination by its elaborate minuteness of detail, and that final and permanent aspect which belies the temporary character it assumes on its face. In it we recognize the lineaments of our venerable Constitution, and smile to see the forms of liberty imposed as a boon by the despotism of a conqueror.

A governor supported by his secretaries of war and the treasury; supreme and inferior tribunals for the interpretation of the law; a legislative body, constituted with all the forms of an upper and a lower chamber, the terms of whose members respectively continue for four and two years; constitute the apparatus of a government which has sprung up in the wilderness like the prophet's gourd, its officers supported by competent salaries, and its powers unlimited, save by the sole condition that it can enact no law inconsistent with those of the United States; and the whole is authenticated as "*done*" by virtue of authority conferred on its author by the *Government of the United States*.

Congress has certainly authorized no such proceedings; we must then look for the authority whence they emanated, to the President and his cabinet.

These governments are claimed by the Administration to have gone quietly into operation. We hear, in fact, of no effec-

tual popular resistance; and the murmurs of discontent die away in the distance, long ere they could reach us.

We must assume, then, that the people of California and New Mexico have accepted the terms offered by the proclamations—and that awed by our arms, or won by our blandishments, they have submitted to a force which they found it vain, or which they felt disinclined to resist. It is, therefore, a conquered territory, received into the allegiance and protection of the conqueror; and as such, the President in his message regards it.

The legal results of this state of things have been the subject of embittered controversy, though there would seem little difficulty in defining the rights and regulations which the law of nations derives from the conquest, submission and acceptance of a hostile province.

The presence of our victorious eagles, when resistance has subsided into submission, seems clearly to carry with it the national sovereignty. For allegiance is the correlative of sovereignty, which is the right to command obedience, and involves duty of protection. Where that can no longer be afforded, obedience can no longer be exacted; and, consequently, allegiance can no longer exist. To demand obedience of people beyond the sphere of protection, and in the power of the enemy, would be to expect the vanquished to subdue the victor, and the weak to subvert the law which subjects him to the strong. By the military occupation of a province and the submission of the inhabitants, though the war rage in other parts of the empire, *here* it has ceased; "*by the surrender*, the inhabitants pass under a temporary allegiance to the conquering government."\* It follows the power to enforce obedience, and the duty to afford protection. The war is considered just on both sides; might is taken for the index rather than the source of right; and the power to compel obedience is held to prove the right to require it. Conquest may be the mother of legitimate government; but its portentous offspring is unshackled despotism. This result is more easily acquiesced in by the reason, when the submission is in pursuance of a proclamation, a manifesto, or a capitulation, and these fall within the acknowledged province of a mere military commander.† From that time they be-

\* 4 Wheat R. 254, Wheat. Int. Law, 254-259.

† Wheat. Int. Law, pt. iii. c. ii. § 2.

come subjects of the conquering power, and are "bound by such laws, and such only as it may recognize or impose; for when there is no protection, or allegiance, or sovereignty, there can be no claim to obedience."

But the allegiance which conquest confers, is only and confessedly temporary.\* Though it divest the vanquished of his title to the province, it bestows only an inchoate and imperfect right on the victor. He may proclaim or annul what laws he sees fit, but their force is limited and contingent. In a word, his rights are absolute during the war or the occupancy, but entirely dependent for ultimate validity on the final result. The origin of the right is now manifest in its effects—it is a right of occupancy resting on force, conferring temporary allegiance and power—but that power liable to be obliterated in all its effects by the final settlement;—*conquest confers the right, which the peace only confirms.*

But though conquest and submission give such ample powers, no further change is effected than the alteration of the political condition of the people, and the laws which relate to their political rights. With the fabric of their former government fall the privileges it conferred. The relations of the citizens to their former political functionaries, or rulers, are dissolved, and the rights flowing from them are cut off at the fountain, but those of the citizens to each other, their civil rights and personal immunities, and the general laws of the land survive the deluge of conquest, and operate unimpaired till abrogated by the foreign power. The existing laws are recognized by silence; they continue unless repealed; for conquest itself does not repeal them, else the bonds of civil society would be severed, and anarchy and riot rule the hour.† Our domestic expositions of the law of nations, then, concur in declaring that conquest, submission, and firm possession transfer a title to all the powers of sovereignty to "the new power of the State," inchoate, however, till peace makes it "firm and stable;" but till then all the attributes of sovereignty are vested in the new sovereign, unlimited in extent, though defeasible in quality, and liable to be annulled by the doctrine of *post luminium*; yet the change of sovereignty by conquest, while it destroys the political law,

leaves in full force the civil law, till changed by some positive act of the new sovereign. Foreign jurists reiterate these principles, and we inherit them with our European civilization.

In despotic countries no question can arise respecting the branch to which these high powers appertain. In England the prerogative, drawn from precedents of the Tudors and Plantagenets, vests the conquests of the nation, and the power to rule them in the King: and this is not the first jewel of the crown to which our Presidents have turned a furtive but longing glance. Mr. Polk, dazzled by its splendor or betrayed by his ignorance, has arrogated to himself the highest prerogatives of sovereignty. He has invested his subordinate officers with the robes of the Dictator and the Protector—he has by his mere will prescribed laws to prostrate and submissive provinces, and reared on the ruins of the fabric of Mexican empire an elaborate structure of civil government, replete with all the attributes of power wrested or stolen from the constitutional guardianship of Congress.

We are aware how much "aid and comfort" the enemy may draw from a knowledge of the bounds of Presidential power; but high considerations of public duty forbid us to be silent. We would gladly disarm our remarks of all edge of severity. Charity cannot fail to plead the early age at which he received this distinguished consideration, the *res dura, et regni novitas*, to a mind originally of no very expanded compass, and contracted by long converse with the lower departments of the law: and the amiable diffidence with which he assumed his early honors will strongly incline us to tender the apostolic consoling extenuation, "And now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it." But that "an evil disposition makes up for youngness in years"—*malitia supplet aetatem* is a venerable maxim; attempted concealment reveals the consciousness of guilt; and we cannot but suspect that some glimpse of the enormity of his usurpations has ere this shed its ray in the dark and empty chambers of his mind. We freely impeach him before the American people of high crimes and misdemeanors against their liberties and honor; and no supple evasions or agonizing contortions will avail him to escape his doom, or

\* 10 Stat. Pap. 132. 1 Pet. R. 542.

† 1 Bl. Com. 107, Cowp. R. 209, 1 Pet. R. 542.



to tear from his shoulders this shirt of Nessus.

The Constitution confers on the Government of the United States the capacity of sustaining all the relations of peace or war usually appertaining to civilized nations. In respect to other nations, it makes this nation a unit: it associates it to the great republic of European and American states; and in so doing it vests it with the powers and subjects it to the control of the law of nations, the unwritten wisdom of the civilized world. By this Constitution an act of Congress may place the United States at war with a foreign state; and that act vests the nation with all the belligerent rights of acquisition, aggression or defence which the laws of nations recognize. However immoral or aggressive, they are covered by a technical validity which exempts them from the charge and the punishment of illegality.

The right to acquire territory by conquest is one of the results of war; and the Constitution, by vesting the government it created with the power of waging war and concluding treaties, may be deemed to have bestowed the right of acquiring territory *by conquest as well as by cession*.\* The conquered province becomes by the mere *fact of conquest* a possession of the state; the allegiance of its inhabitants is changed. By the conquest of New Mexico and California, and their submission under the terms of the proclamations of Kearney and Stockton, they became dependencies of the United States, and the rights of government were thereby transferred to this nation, defeasibly it is true, but still so long as they continue absolute, uncontrollable and without limit. These rights vest in the nation; and the inhabitants of the newly acquired province become the subjects of the *conquering sovereign*, whether its powers are wielded by a monarch or exercised through the forms of a republic. To such an extent is the title to the territory and the allegiance *passed by the conquest*, that the cessation of hostilities with Mexico, without stipulating the return of these departments, would remove the contingent and defeasible quality of our title and leave it absolute. No new or special cession would be required; for the title has passed, subject to being defeated by two contingencies,

reconquest, or surrender at the end of the war: and if neither occur, the acts of the Government are valid from the date of the proclamations. The effect of peace or of a treaty is then, not to pass a title but to confirm a defeasible one already vested.

But in accordance with the principles before explained, though these territories are at the absolute disposal and subject to the legislation of the United States, till its authorized organs have announced their dissent, the pre-existing law continues to define and secure the rights of the inhabitants. They become laws of the United States—for they must be the laws of some sovereign power else they would be without a sanction—they must emanate from some authority by which they may be enforced. Territory thus acquired, says the Supreme Court, and Judge Story, is not entitled to self-government, nor is it subject to the jurisdiction of any state. It must therefore be under the dominion of the Union, or it would be without any government at all. The power to govern is involved in the capacity to acquire territory by conquest or treaty: it must enure to the body for whom and by whom the acquisition is made; and till such territory become a state, it is liable to be *governed by Congress* under the clause of the Constitution which authorizes it to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory of the United States.†

If then the departments of California and New Mexico are conquered, they are territories *of the United States*; their inhabitants from the acceptance of their submission in pursuance of the proclamations of Stockton and Kearney ceased to be alien enemies and became subjects of the United States: and in that light they are to be universally regarded.‡ They are bound to submit to the laws of Congress—but they are free to resist the self-created deputies of the President. If by their submission, they are bound by a temporary allegiance to obey the laws of the United States, to which they have surrendered, where does the President derive his power to subject them to laws, and rules, and officers not of the United States?§ Could he govern, by powers derived from the plenitude of his *inherent power*, a territory ceded to us for a term of years, or as a temporary security, or

\* 1 Pet. R. 542.

† Vattel by Chitty, 388 (n. 170).

‡ 1 Pet. R. 542-543. 3 Story Com. on Const. 193-194.

§ 4 Wheat. R. 254.

upon a contingent title liable to be defeated by the happening of any event? Could he be permitted to plead the necessity of government to the preservation of order, or the anarchy that would follow its withdrawal? He did not dare to venture on such an assumption of authority over Oregon. But conquest is not less valid and effectual to confer a title whether it be temporary or perpetual: and after submission of the inhabitants, he can no more establish or alter a civil government in the latter case than in the former. The mere mode of acquiring title cannot expand or contract the limits of the Constitution.

His powers cannot vary with the mode of acquisition; for the result of each is the same; by either a title is vested in the Union, and from that instant the agency and authority of the President cease.

Nor do the words "military occupancy," which denote the mode in which conquered territory is held during the war, indicate an intermediate state, when peace and war amicably intermingle and hold undivided empire—a debateable ground, where war still reigns, only softened and shorn of its terrors by the *concessions of the President*. These words express not the measure, or quantity, or nature of the conqueror's right—not the relation of the territory and its inhabitants to him—but the *tenure* by which it is held, the termination to which it is liable, the relation of the conqueror's rights to the ultimate suspended sovereignty of the former possessor. When the subdued province has thrown away its arms and sought and received acceptance from its conqueror, and obedience takes the place of defiance, the *allegiance* of the people is changed—the sovereignty is conditionally changed by act of law, and the people sustain the relation of subjects, not of enemies, to the conqueror.

Clear as this is upon general principles, the watchful vigilance of the framers of the Constitution has not left so important a point undefended save by the erring artillery of reason. The jealousy of executive power, especially when war has armed it with unwonted might, which has dictated so many particular enumerations, gravely devised as protests against usurpation, as exclusions of a conclusion, has blended with the power to declare war the power to control, dispose of, and govern its acquisitions.

When we find the Constitution giving

Congress the power "to make rules concerning captures on land and water," we may safely conclude that every possible acquisition of war was to be subject to its authority. "Prize" is property captured on the seas; "booty" is property captured on the land; "conquest" is the capture of a town or a province. "Captures" certainly has a larger meaning than any one of these terms, and may, perhaps, without any strained construction, be deemed to be generic, and embrace all the acquisitions of war. But even if it should be held that "captures," as employed in the Constitution, does not strictly embrace conquered territory, still this careful provision in that elaborate instrument, to meet the case of all other and lesser acquisitions, is enough to make it clear to demonstration, that it could not have been its purpose to give up conquered provinces, and their inhabitants, if any such there should be, to the arbitrary control and government of the President—and this especially in the face of so plain a provision in the same instrument as that which makes it the duty of Congress to make all needful rules and regulations concerning the territories of the United States.

Even were this power strictly and philosophically an executive power, as clearly as it is in its nature a legislative power, still, if it is vested in Congress, this would necessarily operate to withdraw it from the President. If authority to make all needful rules and regulations concerning the territory of the United States, involves the power to establish governments over them, power to make rules concerning captures must include a right to govern such captures as are susceptible of being governed, and as the law of nations subjects to the rule of the conquering sovereignty.

If this interpretation admitted of a doubt, the evils and absurdities of a contrary supposition suffice to turn the scale in its favor. Is it not absurd to suppose that the members of the Convention of 1787, so imbued with prophetic fears of presidential encroachment, so bent on binding by impassable limits the vaulting ambition which haunts the abodes of executive power and inspires their inmates with purposes of mischief, should have been careful by express limitation to *rest in Congress, and so forbid to the President*, the making of rules respecting the capture of ships, the seizure of goods, or the division of prize money—the mere

tithes of mint, anise and cummin among the weightier matters of war—and yet clothe him with dictatorial power to govern with unbridled hand vast and populous provinces which the arms of the nation might subject to the republic. Would they have placed him beyond the control of Congress, endowed with ample means of patronage and sources of revenue which might add to his ambitious designs the sinews of strength till, possessed of all the essential attributes of a monarch, he might scorn the evanescent dignity of an elective presidency, and in some day of national corruption and division strive, at least, with the power wrested from the enemies of the republic, to prostrate her liberties in the dust.

True, the hands which now tremble under the weighty mace of war inspire no dread; but bolder and greater, perhaps even more unscrupulous men, may gain the Presidential heights. The example of Mr. Polk may teach them to make war without the sanction of Congress; they may learn from Napoleon to make their conquests the ramparts of their usurpations; and some future age may behold another Cæsar, armed with the power of the provinces, again march against the capital of the republic. These results appear far off, impracticable, idle, because we are as yet a nation, if not consolidated, yet fresh, united, and with a real love of free institutions; but those who are well read in the history of nations, and know how inevitable are the days of corruption and weakness, will seriously reflect on these beginnings of things. They will remember that *opportunity* and *means* are the breeders of bold attempts; and that in great civil crimes the attempt is often more ruinous to a country than triumphant success.

No support can be derived from the executive power of the President for the prerogatives claimed by his friends. The English kings may prescribe by proclamation laws for their conquests; but we are at a loss to trace this flower of their prerogative among the powers of our Constitution. The President represents executive authority of the Union; but he can wield only such particular executive powers as the Constitution enumerates; and certainly the government of conquests, temporary or permanent, is not among *them*. He may superintend the execution of the laws; but the laws must first exist; Congress must have placed

the means at his disposal; and it is not by virtue of his inherent authority, but under acts of Congress, that he can employ the militia to repel invasions, suppress insurrections, or to aid the civil arm, and support the power of the courts. He may order prosecutions where Congress has prescribed the penalty and provided a tribunal: but he can neither erect the one nor declare the other—though the land be overrun with anarchy. So, when Congress shall establish courts in California and New Mexico, he may then enforce the existing laws; but now he can validly try no offence, still less can he repeal the existing law or add to its code.

As commander-in-chief, he is entitled to direct the practical operations of the army; but, unless by the special authority of Congress, he cannot determine or select the objects to whose accomplishment it shall be directed. If Congress direct the army not to pass the line, the fleet to blockade the Mexican ports, or send an expedition against the enemy's capital, the President is bound to effectuate these instructions. He has no discretion, save as to the mode of executing his orders. But the command of the national armies gives no right to govern the national conquests; for when his foes have submitted, his mission is accomplished. He is a mere military officer.

Congress may declare war, and direct the President to prosecute it with the national forces. This delegates to him, for the time being, the choice of the objects towards which the forces shall be directed. He may maintain the defensive, or cut off the commerce of the foe, or exclude it by blockade, or he may wield the national force to conquer the capital or a province. He may, by all lawful violence, crush the powers of hostile resistance, and sweep opposition from the face of the earth; and when a province is conquered, *he may accept the submission and surrender of the people; but beyond this he cannot go.* At this point the inhabitants become subjects—they owe allegiance to a higher power, *his master and theirs.* He, doubtless, retains the right to crush resistance as rebellion, and to repel invasion; but he cannot change the civil rights or laws. He can erect no civil court, because it is not a *belligerent right*, nor any military tribunal, because the people are *liege subjects*, within the protection and peace of the United States.

He is the agent of the nation to acquire the territory, to enforce its right of conquest, just as he is the agent of the nation in the negotiation of a treaty for the cession of a territory ; but with the conquest and submission his powers cease, as they do with the signature of the treaty. The title is technically passed, the territory is ours ; it remains for Congress to prescribe the rules and regulations for its government, permanently or temporarily, as the case may be. But the President, in no capacity, can establish any government, nor any branch of one ; for the *summa imperii* are not his to give. He can change no law of descent, he can decide no title, he can condemn no prize ; still less can he issue writs for a legislative body empowered to change every law of the land.

When, by the cession, the tribunals of Louisiana were dissolved, and the allegiance of its people changed, Jefferson dreamed of no residuary power higher than the Constitution, vesting him with power to secure the quiet of the ceded territory. "With the wisdom of Congress," he says, "it remains to take those ulterior measures which may be necessary for the *immediate occupation* and *temporary government* of the country, &c." And again : "It is for your consideration, whether you will not forthwith make such *temporary* provision for the preservation, in the mean while, of *order and tranquillity* in the country, as the case may require."\* He was yet in the darkness of primeval ignorance as to the powers of the President ; the inner light of modern democracy had not then illuminated the Constitution, and, to the eye of the faithful, crowded its blanks with words of power.

It was not yet considered by our political Gnostics, that the Constitution might be a salutary aid in leading the weak or groveling minds of Federalists and Whigs to ascertain and conform to the will of the majority as the supreme law of the republic ; but that to the disciples of the higher wisdom, whose intuition gazed face to face with the supreme sovereignty, and is penetrated with its spirit, the restrictions of the Constitution are fetters to the free, its guidance useless and impertinent as a light-house to the mariner in the blaze of the sun. The President had not yet been consecrated Hierophant of this mysterious faith, with power to interpret its oracles and declare the rule of faith and practice.

If President Polk has indulged any such free fancies, we would bring him down from such lofty contemplations to the bar of public reason. His ideas of his constitutional powers are quite magnificent, and every way worthy of one who was destined to add so many provinces to their sway : but he will be tried by a much narrower and more stringent rule. A comparison of the annual and the special message, and a critical scrutiny of the official papers which accompany the latter, and the acts of the officers under their authority, may enable us to appreciate the share of the President in their proceedings, and to reveal some instructive truths.

The annual message informs us, that by the laws of nations a conquered territory is subject to be governed by the conqueror during his military possession. The old *civil government* being *necessarily superseded*, it is the right and the duty of the conqueror to secure this conquest, and to provide for the maintenance of civil order and the rights of the inhabitants. This right has been exercised, and this duty performed, by our military and naval commanders, by the establishment of temporary governments in some of the conquered provinces in Mexico, assimilating them, as far as practicable, to the free institutions of our own country. The President is careful to assure us of the submission of the people to these temporary governments, *established from necessity, and according to the laws of war* ; and we are startled by the proposal to erect fortifications to secure our possession and authority.

The President then *knew* that provinces had been conquered, that the people had submitted, and our possession was so firm and stable as to justify the erection of permanent fortifications, and the conquest so complete as to justify the conqueror in giving laws and governments to the conquered. But this involves a change of *allegiance*, that is the duty of obedience. The relation of subject and sovereign has been transferred and acquired ; and though the President seems to have, by no means, a clear apprehension of the relations of the inhabitants to the conquering power, it is clear that they have passed from the condition of *enemies* to that of temporary subjects ; their relations are changed from a hostile to a friendly and civic character. Over these people, subjects of the United States, he claims the power to legislate ;

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\* State papers.



to wield all the legislative powers which conquest and submission confer: for he says the conquest superseded the former government and conferred a right on the conqueror to provide a substitute; and *this right*, that is the full right of the conqueror, has been exercised by his officers. These governments are not such as the previous one—but are conformed *to our free institutions*. He has, then, assumed legislative powers, and exercised them to repeal existing laws and substitute for them other laws conforming to our own. He does not designate the precise changes, but he asserts *the right to make the change*; and if he may make one, he may alter the whole code—and to this extent does his most arrogant claim extend. If he may change existing laws to conform them to our own, he may change them to conform them to those of Russia. An assumption of a right to repeal or impose a single law, involves a claim to despotic power—for there exists no possible limit. But if the view before presented of the provisions of the Constitution be correct, how gross is the outrage, how daring the usurpation which these proceedings involve! He quietly assumes *himself to be the conqueror*, and entitled to wield all his powers. Inquiry was made, attention aroused, and the President responded to a call of the House in his message of December 22d, and its accompanying documents. The previous discussion was not wasted on his excellency. His reply is much less open and candid than his annual message. It was drawn with oracular ambiguity; its sentences dance before the eye, in shadowy outline and unsubstantial form, which defy the powers of criticism to fix their meaning. He tells no more than he can help—he admits responsibility for nothing, but screens himself by sacrificing his officers, and pretends to palliate their indiscretion by complimenting their zeal. He returns his instructions—but accompanied with his gloss. They were given to regulate the rights of belligerents; engaged in “*actual war*” over the territory in possession of our troops by military conquest. Nothing more could be given, and these were temporary and dependent on the right acquired by conquest, authorized as belligerent rights, executed by military men—mere ameliorations of martial law. Of Kearney’s Organic Law, purporting *to be ordained by authority of government*, he only states that *such parts as purport to establish a permanent*

territorial government, and to confer political rights which can only be *permanently* enjoyed by citizens, he has not approved. He nowhere discards the whole law as an insane usurpation; but is careful to give us the assurance that such organized regulations as are established for the security of the conquests, the preservation of order, and for protection of the rights of the inhabitants, will be approved. Certainly he is entitled to our thanks for this definite criterion of right and wrong, and his wisdom, which could place this frail defence between his annual message and the instructions which follow it—the upper and the nether mill-stone—is worthy of our grateful admiration. *Before*, all was done by virtue of the conqueror’s right to govern the conquest, to secure the *civil* rights of the inhabitants, to provide a substitute for its civil government, torn away by the sword, and all these objects were to be attained by an apparatus conformed as nearly as possible to our free institutions—*Now*, all is military law, belligerent rights; officers have shifted their judicial and gubernatorial titles and robes for the epaulet and uniform, and the grim face of war is made to writhe with a hideous grin in the vain effort to imitate the soft lineaments and sunny smile of peace!! But what say the instructions? Marcy directs Kearney to “establish temporary *CIVIL* governments” in California and New Mexico, if conquered, “*abolishing all arbitrary distinctions that may exist*” as far as it may be done *with safety*. To continue the existing officers is *advised*; and he is directed to assure the people of the design of the government to give them a free government without delay; and what relates to the civil government is left *to his discretion*. In another letter, the senior officer is appointed *civil governor* of the province of California; and he is referred to Marcy’s letter as a guide to the *civil governor*, and “after establishing a temporary civil government” he is permitted to return. Mr. Bancroft informs Com. Sloat that “it is the object of the United States, under its rights as a belligerent nation, to possess itself *entirely* of Upper California;” he is expected to be in full possession of California, in the event of peace, on the principle of *uti possidetis*. “This will bring with it the necessity of a civil administration; such a government should be established under your *protection*”—and the wishes of the people are to be respected



in selection of officers—"without being actuated by any ambitious spirit of conquest." Stockton is peremptorily forbidden to relinquish possession of California; and he is instructed by Mr. Mason "to prepare *the people to love our institutions*" if the treaty of peace shall give us California. Shubrick is directed to make his relations as friendly as possible with the people of Upper California; and under our flag the people are to have *liberty of self-government*, subject to the general occupation of the United States!!\* We may venture, in the absence of any distinct designation of what has been approved, to collate the instructions with the performance, and to contrast the annual with the special message; and in the performance of this humiliating task we will try to repress our disgust at the hollow falsehood and hypocrisy, the unblushing and greedy rapacity, the spirit of territorial aggrandizement, to be sated by the dismemberment of a neighboring republic, the enormity of which is only set off in a clearer light by the mockery of moderation, the false professions of peaceful desires, the disclaimers of an encroaching spirit, which pervade these instruments; to say nothing of the ungenerous meanness of thrusting officers out on distant and delicate duty, with general but positive instructions, and all doubts as to the intentions and wishes of the authors cleared up by the spirit that breathes over the whole, redolent with conquest, and then when called in question for acts within the scope of the instructions, charitably ascribing their excesses—if any exist—not *to the spirit and intent of the instructions*—but to their indiscreet zeal in the public service!

What, then, have these commanders done beyond the scope and spirit of their instructions? After everything is thrown out which the President specifies as objectionable in the organic law, he leaves a thoroughly organized government in full operation, endowed with every essential power, only temporary in duration. He does not object to a legislature which may alter the laws—only it must be temporary—that is, co-existent with our occupancy. The courts may take cognizance of life and death, of character and property; and the governor may see its judgments executed, and pay the expenses from the revenue. He is instructed to establish a civil government, and that

imports legislative, judicial and executive departments. He is directed to abolish arbitrary distinctions, and that imports a legislative act. The newly established institutions are to conform to our own, and that implies the legislative power of changing what is incompatible. The people are to *be consulted in the selection of officers*, and that may fairly sanction election. If nothing more were authorized than the erection of courts for the trial of civil and criminal offences, with the trial by jury, which we know are daily dealing justice or injustice to the people of those territories, he has widely overleaped the bounds of our Constitution and grasped at one of the highest and most peculiar prerogatives of the English monarchs, the right to erect courts of justice. The judgments of these courts must at least be permanent, or they are nothing. We can understand a temporary court but not a temporary judgment. If men are ousted of their land, if contracts are wrongly construed and payment or performance compelled in pursuance, are they temporary? And shall we not be treated to a temporary execution of a capital sentence, where the clerical judge now dispensing justice in California, in his judicial character having condemned a man to death, may resume the spiritual functions and change the final *par et misericordia* that assures the departing soul of a speedy return after a temporary absence.

The distinction between temporary and permanent is idle. We do not complain of the establishment of permanent governments where they should have been temporary, but of usurping a right to erect *any of any kind*.

The President assumes in his annual message, and in his instructions, a power to increase the right which conquest gives to the conquering sovereign to establish civil governments—he fixes no limits to his claim, nor has he disclaimed this assumption in his special message. He still clutches the thing while he changes the name. He follows the true presidential precedents, never to relinquish a usurpation. He calls what has been done a belligerent right—a mitigation of military law, a duty imposed by the conquest on the conqueror. We respectfully would suggest that the *acquisition* was the exercise of a belligerent right; but the government is no more a

\* See 1 Pet. R. before cited.

belligerent right than the government of a ceded territory would be an exercise of the treaty power. In each the government springs from *the sovereignty* acquired by the conquest or the treaty. A right or an obligation to govern an *enemy's country*, to provide for the administration of *his* laws and the protection of *his* subjects, may well be pronounced a solecism in the science of international law, quite worthy of one who calls civil government a belligerent right, and prates of "conquering peace." The President may, perhaps, be excused for being a little incoherent, in consideration of the perplexing affairs he is called to manage; but we think the confusion is of a very grave character when he assumes to be the *conqueror* of Mexico, and vested with all the rights of the conquering sovereign. *Is he the conqueror*—or is he the mere instrument used to effect it, as much so as the meanest soldier in his camp? Is the sovereignty of the United States to be pressed into so petty a form?

To call civil government a mere mitigation of military power is a novel use of language, intelligible perhaps to the subtile mind which invented it, under pressure of a great necessity to escape a difficulty. Military law, in any sense applicable here, is merely the law of the sword; for he cannot mean the rules and articles which govern our military and naval forces. In any other sense, it is pure despotism. Civil government may as readily be conceived of as a mitigation of military law, as day a mitigation of night. They are as compatible as the joint and simultaneous reign of light and darkness.

Civil government—at least when conformed at all to our institutions—is the rule of law. Administered by tribunals, and through forms known and established, it respects rights and enforces them; it has a moral element, and abides, or professes to abide, by it. It speaks the language of reason, armed with authority, and puts force far in the background—not as a source or mode of government, but as a sanction to law, a support to reason, against the refractory, to the ministers of civil government when civil power is overmatched and defied; and the edge of the sword is invoked to restore, not to sway, the balance of justice. It is a goodly tree, that spreads its branches for the shelter and refreshment of the nation. Military government is not, so far as we are informed, a recognized form of government—but it is power wielding a

sword, and representing the dictates of a will. It bows to no reason, it acknowledges no law, it follows no course of procedure, it regards no rule of decision. It drives headlong at the impulse of passion, and varies with the whirl of caprice. It laughs at restraint, and truculently defies control. It scatters mankind in terror at its presence, and blasts the province over whose fields it spreads its blight. It is war in disguise, slumbering but not extinct, and liable at any moment to new and terrible outbreaks. It may prevail in a hostile province, it may frown over a sacked city, but it can have no place in a conquered territory, which has been proclaimed to belong to the United States, where the people submit, and their allegiance, permanent or temporary, is accepted. It can form no element in a polity assimilated to ours: but that such a blending of incongruous principles is thought possible by those who now administer our government, may throw a sinister light on their views of its nature and powers.

It is a source of some consolation that these outrages emanate from a personage like Mr. Polk, whose name as yet carries with it comparatively little force. Had Washington been their author, (pardon, illustrious shade! the hypothesis,) had Madison or Adams, Jefferson or Monroe, given their sanction, they might have set a fatal precedent. Had even Jackson lent them the support of his services and the countenance of his name, the gratitude of a large part of the people might have warped their judgment, and inclined them to overlook the presumption and the folly, rather than assail the man they revered. But these deeds of shame, extenuated by no illustrious services, surrounded by no misty halo of deluding eloquence, but brought out in bold relief by the poverty and effrontery of the apology urged in their defence, fill up the measure of their author's iniquities. The President, Phaeton-like, has assumed, with his rash and unknowing hand, to guide the fiery steeds of War, and in his wild and erratic course he would dry up realms to deserts, unless arrested in mid course by the bolt of the people's indignation. It must crush him and scatter his party, which, bound together by no living principle, is now but an aggregate of selfish cliques, severed from the organic whole which they once composed, and only existing by favor of that law of reptile being by which, though cut into a thousand

parts, it is permitted to prolong its loathsome life till the setting of the sun.

But this administration was begun, and continues, and will be ended in sin. Not content with dealing domestic stabs at the Constitution, it has blotched and blackened the national character in the eyes of the people of the world.

"Without being animated by any ambitious spirit of conquest," it has been its fortune, it has been its misfortune, to rob our only republican neighbor and friend of her fairest provinces, and to proclaim itself the enemy of mankind by waging war for the conquest of peace.

Texas lay quietly as a part of the Mexican Republic, a stranger to thoughts of empire, when American emigrants, with the connivance, or at the instigation, of General Jackson, roused the passion for independence, and made the day of San Jacinto a nation's birth-day. A thin veil of coyness covered without concealing the ardor with which we longed for the family alliance we rejected; but the apparent repugnance subsided at the instance of well-acted importunity; and the union was consummated, with what regard to forms we will not now inquire. The original boundary of Texas and her present possession extended along the Nueces—her claim went to the Rio Grande; and Congress endeavored to soothe the jealous and excited feelings of Mexico by declaring it a fit subject for negotiation. But Mr. Polk, while Mexico was willing to receive a commissioner to treat respecting the boundary, after meanly trying to decoy Gen. Taylor into a voluntary advance, peremptorily ordered him to occupy the extreme limits of the disputed territory; and that no circumstance of aggravation and insult might be wanting, his guns were planted within full range of a Mexican city. He stands condemned by the protest of our own government which, forty years before, denounced a similar movement on disputed territory as marking a sanguinary spirit, as a most ungracious and unwarrantable deed. Yet unabashed by this precedent, he hastens to proclaim the triumph of his acts in the shedding of "American blood on *American soil*," and secures from Congress the license to plunder, in the recognition of the existence of war by the act of Mexico. A handful of men appear at the capitals of two Mexican departments covering ten degrees from north to south and as many from east to west, and with-

out firing a gun, proclaim in the presence of the forest and the mountain, and the roving Indian, that these departments, in their full extent, belong to the United States by right of conquest. Governments are immediately constituted. A colony, with every implement that civilization has invented for the aid of industry, sailed from New York to occupy the yet unconquered territory; appropriations are asked to secure it by fortifications; and a Senator in his place, supposing others to be *even such as himself*, with great simplicity surmises, that no one will be satisfied with less than California and New Mexico!

That war confers a technical validity on the acts of both—that the conqueror may govern the conquered territory, and treat it in all respects as his own, may all be very true; but it is equally true that the usage of the world is not to exercise those rights, except so far as regulations of revenue and police are concerned; and that such proclamations as our commanders have issued, and the erection of complicated systems of civil government, defended by permanent fortifications and supplied with armed colonists as citizens, are regarded among civilized nations as the clearest proof of an aggressive ambition, which Europe would be in arms to resist within her borders, if the universal voice of abhorrence, which everywhere would greet it, failed to arrest its progress.

By these deeds the stain of blood and ambition are upon us. The robbers of earth stretch forth their hands in fellowship. The vulgar herd of tyrants salute us with a smile; and exult that she, who was fair among the nations, in her purity and uprightness, has covered with scandal the cause of republican liberty, and made it a bye-word for hypocrisy, a proverb for shameless rapacity. Our voice can no more be lifted in execration of the oppressions which we ambitiously imitate, and with precocious maturity surpass, at our first essay. For since the French republic proclaimed the rights of man at the head of her legions, and the champion of an idea made war in the name of peace, and enslaved reluctant millions in the name and for the cause of liberty, organizing her principles into governments wherever her camps were pitched, no more wholesale, barefaced robbery has been committed among nations. Those powers which watch the world like birds of prey, that they may

devour the helpless, do not prey on their own kind. If England, whose single eye is ever fixed on gain, and carefully selects the fattest first, for her annual morsel of Indian territory, now swallows Scinde, then Gwalior, and then makes an ineffectual gulp at Affghanistan, they are pagan princes who are destroyed, and her calculating rapacity is careful to requite the loss of anarchic independence by the blessings of civilized government. If the Muscovite rob his southern neighbor, he retaliates on the *Turk* centuries of oppression to himself and his creed, and disguises his aggression under the garb of sympathy for the Servian. Mr. Polk has made us the cannibal of nations, and at his bidding we devour our sister republic, the last on whom we could rely to aid us in the defence of our common liberty against the military monarchies of Europe. Our hand is on her neck; our knee is on her prostrate bosom; *she* may invoke *their* aid to rescue her from our grasp.

Having conquered the good opinion of the world, the President was not less successful in "conquering peace." His greedy and grasping prosecution of the war has made the Mexican tremble for the integrity of his independence and his faith. He shrinks from the pollution of his sanctuaries by the footsteps of an heretical foe, and steels himself by the remembrance that his ancestors warred for seven hundred years against the Moor, often defeated, but never subdued, and finally fixing the yoke on the neck of the conqueror. He smiles at the mention of a march to the "Palace of the Montezumas," and pointing to its vacant site, sternly remembers how his Indian ancestors met the foe, nor yielded anything save smouldering and levelled ruins to refresh the invader after his toil, and at the thought all the Aztec obduracy hardens on his brow. He is not dispirited by any disparity of power—for his mountain passes are armies and fortresses, and he dwells on the recollection how the mother country met a greater than the present aggressor, and humbled him by the untrained arms of her peasantry.

Aghast at the increasing difficulties of the task he had undertaken, the President looked about for some plausible pretext to justify his aggression. But painfully aware of the flimsy and transparent texture of the veil he attempted to throw over his misdeeds, he has been driven to

the reiteration of the stereotyped falsehood of the existence of war by the act of Mexico. Not a message can allude to the war, not a bill provide men or money for its prosecution, not a resolution can tender the national thanks to her heroic sons, without being garnished with this magic spell, and compelled to recite the grievous aggressions of our foe, and to chaunt in solemn recitative doxologies to our long-suffering, righteousness and reluctant self-defence!

But why this long recital of grievances, just liquidated by treaty? If they were the cause of war why did he dare to make it? If Mexico assailed us, why this impertinent recital? Who needs to justify self-defence? Who—but him who in violation of the fundamental law, has created that necessity? But his attempted defence is not merely impertinent—it is more than that—it is impudent.

We know not how it may feel, to be obliged to wield the lance with a wounded hand: nor do we know the degree of the sense of delicacy vouchsafed to the President and his advisers, nor how insensible they may be to difficulties of a delicate position. But had we been honored with the President's confidence, and admitted to that mysterious consultation when so many leaves of too precious morality were forever lost to the world, we should have advised the extension of the mutilation a little farther. Had we, as one of his cabinet, been compelled to devise arguments for usurpation, and excuses for outrage, we should have racked our ingenuity for other topics than those of national neglect of pecuniary obligations. No such grounds of defence of the war on Mexico, could we have ventured to advise the President, even in his greatest extremity, to adopt. We should have shrunk from the Arch-Fiend's mockery of hinting to the President, even in the most remote manner, that the war might be justified or extenuated by the failure of Mexico to pay her installments of the stipulated indemnity; lest he should remember that *his election was carried* by States, which pledged their faith to foreign capitalists—and on its security had realized millions in stupendous works of internal improvements for the development of their resources, and then *found themselves unable to pay the interest on their loans, without "inconveniencing their citizens,"*—leaving widows and orphans, clergymen and men of letters—who had trustingly confided in promises guar-

antied by republican faith—to die in penury.

Nay, more: we should have hinted at the probability that the American people might be incredulous of the sincerity of his new-born fervor in vindication of the duties of common honesty—that they would surmise the existence of better reasons in the back-ground—that such a defence from Mr. Polk, of all men in the world, would be regarded as a bitter mockery of their discernment, when they reflected that fifty years ago—ere Mexico was rocked in her revolutionary cradle—our citizens were robbed by that very French Republic of whose example we are now so emulous—that our government confiscated their claims to indemnity to buy itself off from an onerous treaty, and shutting up in its archives the proof that it had taken their private property for public use without compensation, turned a deaf ear to the continual claim of its outraged and unredressed citizens—now pretending the necessities of the treasury, then the pressure of the public business, as the causes of its delay—and that, when wearied out by their importunities, and awakened to a sense of its obligations, Congress revived and refreshed the

fainting hopes of the sufferers by the passage of an act of tardy and inadequate justice—this President, who now would visit with fire and sword, and dismemberment, a year's delinquency of our impoverished and distracted sister—this zealot of honesty, breathing out slaughter against unfortunate debtors—*refused, by his veto*, to permit Congress to pay an honest debt, *because*, though frequently asked and always able, it had hitherto *failed to pay what it confessed to be due!*

But we will no longer delve in these moral ulcers—*ab hoc scabie teneamus ungues.*

These deeds will be visited in indignation and ruin on the heads of their authors. It is matter of serious regret that the nation can only be aroused to inflict retribution by calling from the recesses of Executive offices, such detestable evidences of hypocrisy, corrupt ambition, and recklessness of bloodshed, as these messages and instructions which poison the moral atmosphere by their publication. But a spring tide will before long lift its waves over the high places of the land far and wide, and purge the seats of power at once of their corruptions and of the birds of prey which haunt them.

## AUTUMN SNOW.

ALL day the streaming roofs and swimming ground  
Have shed, or drank, the plenteous autumn rains;  
All day the heavy-laden skies have frowned,  
And weary eyes have dozed with slumberous sound,  
While gazing idly at the sullen plains—  
Or, waked to watch the thousand vivid stains  
That dye the far-off frost-enkindled woods,  
And fire the way-side trees, whose foliage drips,  
Like bathing birds with crimson feather-tips.  
Lo! suddenly a whiter darkness broods,  
And floating snow succeeds the plashing floods:  
The monstrous flakes seem large as wafted ships—  
Or, like a white-winged angel throng they fall;—  
Alas! how can we mortals entertain ye all!



## THE DESTINY OF THE COUNTRY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proverbial pride of Americans, few have yet attained any due sense of the magnificence of their country and the splendor of their national destiny. Indeed, the ridiculous vanity with which foreign tourists justly charge us, gathering their testimony from Fourth of July orations, or from patriotic resolutions passed at public meetings, is ascribable to the absence of that noble pride which a more intelligent and considerate acquaintance with our position among the nations of the earth would inspire. There is more to sober than to intoxicate, to awe than to addle, in a true estimate of ourselves and our country. Our vanity springs from the contemplation of what we have done, or what we are, and is often based upon comparisons which nothing but our own ignorance renders possible or flattering. We glory in the wars we have waged with the most powerful nation on the face of the earth, and confound the victory which a broad ocean, separating us from our foe, and a territory unconquerable chiefly in its extent, gave us, with our own valor and general superiority. The rapid growth of our population seems to us a merit of our own. Every providential advantage in our position we appropriate as the result of our own intentions and labors. We attribute our institutions wholly to the sagacity of our Fathers, and the maintenance of them to the wisdom of their Sons. Our national importance seems to us to have been wrought out by our own right arms. And there is a very amusing feeling throughout the nation, that Americans are a different order of beings from others; that one American soldier is at least equal to four Mexicans, three French or two Englishmen; a vanity which, in common with other and worse weaknesses, has involved us in the present war, and lately came near plunging us into a war with Great Britain. Ours is the only nation that represents criticism of its literature, politics or manners as a crime. The West found an ample occasion of an English war in the witticisms and caricatures of Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope. Charles Dickens' Notes on America excited as much national indignation as a cabinet insult.

The *entente cordiale* between us and the mother country is as much endangered by Punch's squibs against Repudiation, as by claims to the exclusive navigation of the St. Johns or the Columbia. This absurd sensitiveness betrays the awkwardness and conceit of the *nouveau-riche*, the jealousy of the man who is not quite certain he has ceased to be a boy, the eager desire for recognition of one not quite sure of his social standing, and the disposition which the bully, who suspects his own courage, has to pick a quarrel with every coward. If we understood better our real claims to the respect and confidence of the world; if we appreciated the greatness, not which we have achieved, but which has been thrust upon us by Destiny; if we valued ourselves upon our real advantage and upon a greatness not dependent upon contrast or admitting comparison, but of a totally different kind from any the world has yet seen, we should cease to be vain and become self-respectful. We should take our eyes off from ourselves and direct them towards Heaven. We should humbly acknowledge how little we have done for ourselves and how much Providence has done for us, and instead of glorying in the past should bestow our admiration on the wondrous future that Heaven is opening before us. But as yet, whether because we are too actively employed as the instruments of Providence to stand back and behold the work in which we are engaged, or because standing too nigh to take in the proportions of the structure on some part of which we are each laboring, it is unquestionably true that at this very moment there is a higher and juster appreciation and estimate of America abroad than at home. We have received a deeper and nobler criticism from foreigners than from our own philosophers and politicians. De Tocqueville has written of us in a higher strain, and with a bolder and grander prophecy than any even of our own poets or patriots. Few of our own countrymen who have not been abroad, have as yet taken a comprehensive view of our circumstances, or have "risen to the height of that great argument" which conducts our people to their sublime destiny. It

is rare for any American to look back upon his native shores from the cliffs of Albion or the peaks of the Alps, without perceiving that he has left behind him the land of promise; that he has been ignorantly dwelling in the most favored region on God's earth, among institutions compared with which any others are intolerable, and where alone the hopes of humanity have an unclouded horizon, or the progress of the race an open field.

There is no nation on the face of the earth or in the records of history, if we except the Jews, whose origin, circumstances and progress have been so purely providential as ours; none which owes so little to itself and so much to the Ruler of its destiny. It is impossible not to trace in its brief but wonderful career the unfolding of a plan too vast, and requiring too much antecedent calculation and extraordinary concurrence of events, to be ascribed to any other than infinite wisdom. The concealment of this whole continent in the mysterious remoteness of the ocean during so many centuries, while our race were trying the many necessary experiments of civilization in the old world; its discovery at the precise period when the social and political theories and policies of Europe had evidently exhausted themselves, and when other and most potent instruments of civilization destined to revolutionize the whole order of society—the mariner's compass and the printing press—were just coming into use; the peculiar complexion of events in England which decided the character and views of the colonists who shaped the political destinies of this country; all indicate a consummate and glorious plan involving the interest not of a nation, but of the race. And this is the peculiarity of our existence; that unlike any other, the people are not one nation among the other nations of the earth, but a people made up of all nations, the heirs of the united blood and experience of all, equally regarded by all as their own child, to whom the hopes of the race are intrusted, and who is sent to seek and to push the fortunes of the family in a new and fresh field of enterprise. "The new world" is a phrase which from familiarity has lost its emphasis. But it contains in it an idea of the most pregnant and momentous character. "The new world," was to the nations of decrepit, exhausted Europe—its soil full of the roots of social and political prejudices fatal to the

culture of human rights—a new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. It was a *new world*, a world as new as if the race had been translated to another planet, where man might begin over again the experiment of civil society with the benefit of a long experience, and without the obstacle of conventional or traditionary associations and customs. This new world properly belonged to the race and not to any portion of it. It was a world, not a country; a continent, not an island, a peninsula, or a region which a river or a chain of mountains could bound. It owed its being to the united efforts of the greatest powers on earth. Spain discovered it, France explored it, England gave it language and laws; and every nation has sent rivers of its blood to run in the great stream which now bears the most precious hopes of the race on its bosom. The Macedonian empire merged in its brief but brilliant existence, Greek, Syrian, Persian and Egyptian, but its conquests were never assimilated to each other, and its unity was an aggregate not a sum. The Roman empire left to every nation it conquered, its language, its religion and its customs; it took away nothing but its independence and gave little but its own protection. But into the soil of America has trickled drop by drop the blood of every European nation. Commingled inseparably, the divided children of the old world are the united family of the new. For the first time the chief nations of the earth are blended in a common fate, in which their individuality is wholly lost. American blood is neither English nor Irish, nor French, nor Spanish, nor German, nor Swiss. But it is all these in large proportions of each, and every day the purely Anglo-Saxon stock is losing its predominancy. We rejoice that England so far prevailed over the early fortunes of the new world, as to give its language, its religion and its laws and customs to those colonies before which all the rest have succumbed or must finally bend. But we rejoice also that the new world has been open to the emigration of all lands, and that it now shelters in its bosom the representatives of every European soil. Nay, we firmly believe that the Anglo-Saxon stock is to be greatly improved by intermixture with other races, and that it is a providential purpose that it should here be brought into contact and become ultimately merged in a new race compounded of the richness of

every olden people. But at any rate, be it for better or worse, the new world was not destined to be a mere extension of British rule, or Saxon blood, or of the characteristic customs and prejudices of any one people. It was to be the home of delegates from the race. And here we have indeed a new world, inhabited by a new race. And this astonishing heterogeneity of races, perfectly blended into one, is one of the most interesting and peculiar features in our condition, as it is one of the marks of the universal or general interest which appertains to our destiny.

Consider in the next place, in connection with our political institutions, providential origin and circumstances, the grandeur both in extent and features of the territory inherited by this new race. Let us place ourselves at the Capitol, and from the balcony overhanging that commanding height survey the land. The landscape within reach of the outward eye is magnificent and infinitely suggestive to the visionary orb within. The broad river, the ample plain, the distant mountains, the unfinished, wide-spread city well represent and characterize the country and the people to which they belong. No spot tells like this the whole story of our recent origin, our incredible or unexampled progress, our magnificent and half-realized hopes. This city at our feet, of only thirty thousand inhabitants, occupies the room of a Metropolis of millions. These broad avenues are designed to accommodate that tide of population which our vast territories shall ultimately roll through the capitol of the country! These noble public edifices, many of them worthy of towering over the most magnificent city on the globe, but now rising amid mean and temporary dwellings, do but anticipate and foreshadow the splendid future they befit, while they afford by vivid contrast the liveliest conception of our present incomplete but promising and vigorous youth.

And here as we stand almost in the presence of the representatives of every State and district and important town in our vast country, it requires very little force of imagination to crowd the horizon out till it compasses the enormous area of this great and free land of our birth. In the far North-East we see our boundary line shining with the recent lustre of peaceful diplomacy and enlightened patriotism. That noble chain of inland seas, stretching from East to West, itself

secured as our northern line by the sagacity and firmness of the elder Adams, fitly completes what the treaty of Washington begins. We follow the river at our feet to its mouth, and the broad Atlantic, bulwark of the new world against the institutions, manners and customs of an effete civilization, washes for fifteen hundred miles our eastern coast white with cities, into whose ports is filing the commerce of the world. On the South, those rich and peaceful purchases, Florida and Louisiana—kingdoms of themselves anywhere else—by which our country has possessed itself of the whole northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico, and the vast territory of Texas—that unlooked for and not wholly welcome accession—reveal themselves to our straining eyes. And, finally, in the West, passing the broad streams and endless prairies far beyond that Mediterranean river that once seemed made to divide nations and stay the course of empire, far across deserts and mountains, through almost inaccessible passes, the gleam of the Pacific ocean tells us we have reached the occidental boundary of our country.

And this broad continent, this new world, with lakes like oceans and rivers like seas, penetrated to the heart with bays and gulfs; this region comprising every clime and furnishing the products of all—the furs of the north and the fruits of the tropics—the bread stuffs of temperate zones—the woollens of cold, and the cottons of warm climates—stretching from one great ocean of the globe to the other, and from the frozen serpent almost to the equator—this vast area with natural divisions to indicate it as the home of many nations, is, by the Providence of God, one country, speaking one language, rejoicing in one common Constitution, honoring the same great national names, celebrating the same great national events. It is one nation. And it is a free nation. It possesses an ideal form of government, the dream of ancient heroes no longer a vision of the night; the prophetic visionary song of poets become the prosaic language of matter-of-fact men. It is without hereditary rulers, without a legalized aristocracy. It is self-governed. It is a land of equal rights. It is a stable republic.

And what a marvellous and providential history has it had! The hemisphere itself has been discovered only three and a half centuries, less than one-fifth of the period which has elapsed since the origin

of Christianity. Two centuries only have passed since our territory was reached by two distant bands of colonists, one led by the spirit of chivalrous adventure and commercial enterprise, the other by the love of religious liberty and political freedom; but both from the land of Hampden and Pym. But three-score and ten years—the life of one man—have sped, since this people, a handful of men, breaking loose from the most powerful nation on the face of the globe at the peril of everything held dear, proclaimed its independence, and after maintaining two wars with the parent country, the Queen of the Seas, is now become the third power on the earth, with a population little short of twenty millions, with resources of manufactures and agriculture which render it substantially independent of foreign commerce in war, although able and glad to compete with the commerce of the world in peace.

It is in no indulgence of national vanity that we repeat this history, whatever the appearance may be. There are stains enough upon our skirts to humble the pride of any patriotic American, stains that look darker here than anywhere else. But whatever our wrongs or follies or ill deserts, no lover of his race, no friend of Christianity, no one who waits upon God's providence and believes in a divine government, can fail to see that the great Ruler of events has shaped the natural features, the general history and the political institutions of our country, into a wonderful theatre of mercy and love, and fitted it for a great display of his power; nor can we hesitate to announce the preparation here for a glorious and unexampled triumph of the principles of justice, humanity and religion. Could the colossal statue of Columbus that flanks the rear entrance to the Capitol, have momentary vision granted to its stony orbs; could the pictured company on the walls of the Rotunda, that listen at Delft-Haven to the prayer of Robinson, have but for a moment the reality and life they seem to possess; could the more than Roman majesty that clothes the father of his country, rise from its marble chair—and these fit representatives of the three great bands that under Providence have made us what we are, the Discoverers, the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Revolutionary heroes, be gathered with us on this noble gallery and stretch their eyes where ours go over the land as

it is and into the open secret of the Future as it must be, would not he who came expressly to erect the cross on heathen soil and to gain new victories for Christ, and the Puritans who sought religious liberty in the wilderness, and the patriots who fought for religious and political freedom—the discoverers, the settlers, and the founders of our country—unite in declaring this the land of promise and themselves men of destiny, who had been engaged in a work greater than they knew, unconsciously laboring under a Heaven-directed plan—entering successively into each other's labors without estimating the inheritance, and committing their own to other hands without understanding the responsibility they had shared or devolved? Would they not see, and should not we see, something more than the well-being of a particular people; something too momentous and solemn for national exultation, in the history and prospects of this our country? Aye. Their thoughts would be of the prospects of the human race thus opening before them. More understandingly than we, would they call this the *new* world; the world beginning over again, with the riches, the experience, the literature, the morality and religion of the old world—but on a virgin soil, sustaining free institutions and enjoying perfect toleration—with a people covering a quarter of the globe, speaking one language, bound together by common interests, professing one common religion—yet in the dew of youth, but already full of wealth, health, power and prosperity! Would they not say and with sober truth, this work is not of man? It is the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes! Alas, we are not astonished at what may astonish angels! So wonted are we to our privileges and our inherited rights, and so broadly separated from the nations that are bereft of them, that we appreciate not our peculiar happiness!

Have we often considered the wonderful and providential aptitude of our country for deriving the greatest and most indispensable advantages from the most brilliant discoveries of modern times in science and art? May we not feel that steam in its applications as a motive power was discovered with express reference to our enormous rivers and lakes? It has greatly aided other nations, but it has re-created ours. Was not the railroad expressly invented to hold together in its vast iron clefts our broad and

otherwise unbound country, threatening to fall to pieces by its own weight? Its ponderous trains flying like great shuttles across our land, weave into one seamless web the many-colored interests and varied sentiments and affections of our scattered countrymen. Let its fiery horse, with a continent for his pasture, speed as swiftly as he can; where there is land to sustain his hoof, he cannot take us off our own soil, or away from the sound of our native tongue! Is not the lightning-winged telegraph, that puts a girdle of intelligence round the earth in the eighth of a second, a providential angel whose mission is peculiar to our own land—an all but omnipotent spirit whose business it is to facilitate the intercourse of a nation whose territories stretch into different climates, and are divided by chains of mountains, and which yet depends for its united existence upon agreement of sentiment, frequency of intercourse, concurrence of sympathies and central unity of operations? If the providence of God, choosing out a theatre for the ultimate triumph of his earthly purposes toward our race, had selected this land after having long, and until the fullness of time, kept it back from civilized possession, would not the whole world have recognized the justice and expediency of the choice? And what gifts could Heaven have bestowed to make up for the disadvantages apparently inseparable from other and more important blessings—as it were, to reconcile in our favor physical incompatibilities—the benefits of vast area with none of its evils—its varied climates, products and spaciousness, without its separation, conflict of interests, or jealous diversity of sentiments—than the inventions of the last quarter of a century—the Steamboat, the Locomotive, and the Magnetic Telegraph? In what other nation are these actually indispensable or invaluable? And the date of these benefactions has been as providential as the bequest itself!

There is a growing feeling that the interests of the New World, and the prospects of humanity on this continent are largely dependent upon the preservation of the union of the United States. And in nothing has the Providence over us been more strikingly illustrated than in the unexpected bonds of stability which have disclosed themselves in the history of events. If the rapidity of our growth, the increase of our territory, the early

and fierce agitation of the most exciting questions had been foreseen, it certainly would not have been credited that the Union of these States would have continued beyond a half century! The bare spread of territory would have been considered a sufficient cause of separation, to say nothing of the difference of interests and the apparent independence of each great section of the country of every other. But what an astonishing and inextricable mutual dependence has revealed itself, till this time increasing with the increase of causes of dissociation or severance; the centripetal ever counteracting the centrifugal forces, and in the very nick of time asserting new energy, until we are almost forced to believe the integrity of the Union a providential decree! Philosophers at one date alarmed the world by announcing disturbances in the solar system which must ultimately involve the earth, with its sister planets, in a common ruin. But a profounder science has detected the correcting influence, and demonstrated the stability of the solar universe. We have a confidence that an analogy to this will be found in the history of the American Union, which has thus far gloriously disappointed the predictions of foreign observers, and found unexpected correctives for those perturbations which threatened to destroy it. De Tocqueville has enumerated with his usual brilliancy most of the bonds which unite us, as well as the elements of discord and separation, and has expressed his apprehension that our rapid increase and unexampled prosperity would terminate in disunion. But he certainly misapprehended many symptoms from which he augured dissolution. He underrated the power of the central government, which he thought was growing weaker every day. Experience has shown, on the contrary, that the jealousy of centralization had reached its head about the very time he based his prophesy upon the supposition of its regular increase. There can be no question that the spirit in which nullification arose is very much abated; that the constitutional objections pleaded against internal improvements by the Federal Government are very much quieted; that the Senate has grown in authority and dignity; that local prejudices have been allayed and sectional ambition much rebuked. The last five years, the very period during which the most alarming extension of country has been witnessed,



have, notwithstanding all, done more to strengthen the central power than any period since the war of 1812. There is a steady growth of nationality among our people, a feeling that the States are merged in the Nation, and owe their power, importance and dignity in the eyes of the world to the Union and the General Government. The more frequent our intercourse with foreign powers, and the more plainly we see ourselves recognized as a great power by the other nations of the world, the greater must be our disposition to maintain the national existence, to which we owe our importance. Painful as the suspense was which attended the discussion of the North-Eastern boundary, and the Oregon question, who can doubt that those difficulties, and the treaties that resulted from them, by bringing our nation into direct comparison in diplomacy, in spirit, and in generosity, with Great Britain, did a great deal to strengthen our bonds at home, which are never weak, except when through prosperity we become forgetful of their value? The growing disposition abroad, to think and speak of us as one people, will, doubtless, increase the disposition at home to continue such. Add to this, that the importance of the real subjects of dispute or jealousy is daily lessening.

There is, probably, no subject which has jeopardized the union of these States so much as slavery. But the principal danger was at the outset of the discussion. The firmness and constitutional fidelity which the North and West have shown in regard to that institution, have quieted the apprehensions of the South. It has become perfectly plain, that no intention exists, anywhere in this country, to violate the chartered rights of the South. The policy agreed to by the North and West, is one in which the South itself concurs, if we may judge the matter by the course of their Coryphæus, Mr. Calhoun, viz. to abide by the compromises of the Constitution. Every indication exists, that abolition excitement has reached its head, and is exploding in every kind of extravagance and ultraism, until the calm and wise heads and hearts of the country are utterly alienated from all co-operation with it. Soon the economic view of the question, is to become the absorbing one, and the moment South-

ern intelligence takes *this* question into its own hands, healthier and more dispassionate views will be entertained on the subject at large, and the bands of union among the States will, we are persuaded, be drawn closer than ever. Every one must see that the cotton, sugar, and tobacco staples are every day losing their relative and preponderating importance among the exports of the country. It is perfectly plain, that the exports of the grain-growing regions—large portions of which belong to the middle and southern states—from this time forward must render the country less dependent, for credit in foreign markets, upon the more particular products of the South. This very month brings us fifteen millions in exchange from England, in return for our flour and meal. The Indian corn crop—a great Southern and Western staple—is already half as valuable as the cotton crop. The maple sugars of Vermont, New York and Ohio, exercise not a great but a decided influence upon the demand for Southern sugars. Tobacco, as is well known, is not more than half as valuable as it was, as the crop rapidly exhausts the lands producing it, which are then chiefly turned to the production of corn. These causes combined, must make the South less peculiar in its interests, less separate in its position, more inclined to compromise or co-operate with the other portions of the Union. Even now, a certain degree of attention to manufactures in Maryland, Virginia, and Tennessee, shows that the entire reliance upon these staples is no longer practicable; and the Memphis Convention indicates clearly enough that the jealousy of Northern interests, the thorough anti-tariff policy, the anti-internal improvement war, are no longer to be uncompromisingly maintained. From these general and various considerations, we infer that disunion is not likely to proceed from the discussion of slavery, or from conflict of interests. To industrial change, bringing about a great community of labor and production, do we confidently look for the gradual dissipation of all sectional prejudices, in every part of the Union, and the growth in their stead of a lasting community of interest and regard.

Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, in one of the most pregnant speeches\* ever made on the floor of Congress, laid down some

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\* House of Representatives, U. S. Feb. 11, 1845. The bill to admit the States of Iowa and Florida into the Union being under consideration in committee of the whole.

very remarkable and incontrovertible principles in respect to the stability of the Union. We know that his speech left a very deep impression upon the minds of thinking men, in all parts of the Union, whatever may have been the immediate response to a discourse so broad in its foundations, and grand in its proportions, as to require a distant and deliberate view. It was his object to demonstrate the safety and importance of allowing the West her due share of influence in the general councils of the nation. It is well known that when the Confederacy in 1780, was solicitous to obtain from the States, concessions of Western territory, it held out the promise that this territory should, under the conditions of the Constitution, be framed into independent States, "not less than one hundred, or more than one hundred and fifty miles square." Virginia, consequently, ceded all her territory west of the Ohio to the Federal Government, upon this promise, or condition. Now, the effect of this legislation would have been to create at least fourteen States west of the Ohio, to say nothing of Kentucky and Tennessee, giving to the country, beyond the Alleghanies, a majority of States in the Confederacy. This arrangement was made at a time, when the peopling of the great western valley went on so slowly, and when the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi was so difficult and little valued, that no jealousy existed of the Western power. But when the difficulties arose between Spain and the United States, as to the navigation of the Mississippi, the discussion brought its importance into public notice. Railroads, canals, and national roads had not then leveled the Alleghanies, and they were naturally regarded as interposing an everlasting barrier between the eastern Atlantic slope and the western valley. An opinion naturally sprung up, that the interests of the two regions would be for ever divided, and then it burst upon the Federal Government, that it had made such provisions that the balance of power would inevitably lie in the Western scale, where they had never dreamed of placing it. To obviate this, with the consent of Virginia, Congress, by the celebrated ordinance of 1787, which abolished slavery in the territory north-west of the Ohio, provided that it should be divided into not less than *three*, nor more than *five* States, thus restoring the balance to

the eastern division of the country. This jealousy and injustice—for the States thus laid out, both in territory and in population, are ten times the usual size of the New England States, and twice or thrice the size of the Middle and Southern States with two or three exceptions—grew out of the supposed permanent opposition of interests between the Atlantic States and the Western division of the country. But, as Mr. Vinton has shown, experience has proved that no such conflict, or even diversity of interests exists.

De Tocqueville had already remarked that the Alleghanies interposed no serious barrier between the East and West, for the mountains are themselves cultivable, and contain some of the richest slopes and most beautiful valleys in the world, and so far from dividing whole regions, do not even separate States, often lying, as in Virginia and Pennsylvania, in the very heart of a single sovereignty. Besides, at the North the fertile territory of New York offered an unbroken plain connecting the East and the West; and the lakes, by a blessed foresight secured as our northern boundary, form of themselves, with small interruptions, a great natural highway between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. Mr. Samuel B. Ruggles, in his celebrated report to the New York Assembly, has exhibited in the most graphic lines and with an enthusiasm as near poetical as the strictest mathematics would allow, the astonishing provisions which nature has made for a system of internal improvements, uniting the East and the West in the most cordial and indissoluble bonds. But Mr. Vinton has gone still further, and proved that the Alleghanies, so far from dividing, positively unite us; that they interpose just obstacle enough to form a strong party-wall holding up both sides; that the strength and union and intimacy of the East and West depend upon their distance from each other, the difference of their soil, the unlikeness of their interests and their reciprocal obligations. He has demonstrated that the balance of power is nowhere to be so safely placed as in the West; for the West has a greater stake and a more obvious interest in the union than the East, and quite as much as the South. It is perfectly plain that "that great fertile valley of the upper waters of the Mississippi, which spreads out from the sources of the Monongahela and Alle-

ghany rivers, to the head waters of the Missouri will always contain the heart and seat of the population of the Union." Of course it ought to have and will have the chief political power, and therefore it is a great question whether it is safe that the balance of power in this Union should lie there. Mr. Vinton, we repeat, has demonstrated this safety. He has shown, that the West is completely and forever dependent upon the markets of the Atlantic on the one hand and on the market of New Orleans on the other, so that it is impossible she should ever "inflict an injury upon the North or the South without feeling the full and fatal recoil of the blow she strikes." The East has understood this practically; as the Erie canal, the Western railroad, the Pennsylvania lines of internal connection with the Ohio river sufficiently attest. And the resolutions passed at the Memphis Convention show that Southern abstractions vanish before the touch of sober interests. Mr. Calhoun, wisely, if not consistently, teaches that the Mississippi river is an inland ocean, and as much entitled to the care of the general government as Lake Erie or the Chesapeake Bay; and he lays out a system of railways uniting the Mississippi with Savannah and Charleston, which rival the roads of Massachusetts in complexity of members and unity of result, to which he invites the patronage of government to the extent of a surrender of every other section of land, wherever the roads run through its territory, besides a remission of duties on railroad iron, equivalent to a bounty of \$2,000 a mile.\*

It is evident, then, that the prosperity of the West is bound up with the prosperity of the East and of the South. She must have a free, a regular, a constant and an increasing trade with the Atlantic, either by New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico, or through the lakes and the railroads across the country to the sea-board. There never was an hour when she could have fully felt how wholly dependent she is upon the East and her commerce until the present, when the starving population of Ireland, of France, of Scotland, are crying for her breadstuffs, and when Eastern ships can alone bring the West and her foreign customers together. The home market she finds, too, is constantly increasing in import-

ance, and the West is therefore deeply interested in so far maintaining the system of manufactures by which the East thrives, as to allow the Northern Atlantic States to depend even more than they now do upon the Western granary. The West cannot intelligently suffer the Protective tariff to be destroyed by Southern prejudice; for every Eastern factory is her customer and puts a portion of its gains into her treasury. The home market is the sure market. The failure of foreign crops may give a temporary extra importance to what is always of much importance, the Transatlantic market; but a population regularly and increasingly dependent for its food upon the West is a more valuable customer. And the West must see this too clearly to adopt the ultra Free-trade notions of the South, which begins to flinch itself, as is apparent from the Memphis Convention.

If we add to this the evident mediatorial position of the West in respect to slavery, its half-way post in regard to all questions that divide the North and South, both in manners, sympathies, tastes, climate, democratic temper, and general civilization, we shall see a wonderful adaptation in its condition to allay the causes of mutual jealousy or hostility between other portions of the confederacy and to hold them for its own sake, if for no other reason, in peace and concord. For these reasons it would appear safe and desirable that the balance of power should pass to the West; and no danger to the Union is to be apprehended from the sudden and rapid growth of population and power in the valley of the Mississippi.

At this time greater apprehensions are doubtless felt for the permanency of the Union, from the spirit of conquest which seems to have seized our government, than from all other causes. The annexation of Texas seemed to be a disturbance of the mutual dependence of the parts of the country on each other. But, hating the extension it gave to slavery it did not really add a centrifugal territory to the Union, seeing that its connection with and dependence upon us, is much more direct and natural than with Mexico, from which it is divided by deserts and mountains. If that accession had not involved us in an unjust war and made it probable that the Southern

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\* Opening Speech on taking the Chair of the South-western Convention, Nov. 13, 1845.

Question will be again agitated, we should be reconciled to it. We think the purchase of California would not be an unwise investment, for the sake of its ports alone—for its soil every day grows leaner and leaner as we acquire more reliable information in regard to it. But we have no apprehensions that the boundary of the United States will extend, for some generations, below the Nueces. If we owned territory there we could do nothing with it. Our population will have no tendency to run over in that direction until it has filled up many much more inviting and convenient territories. It is plain enough that the Administration are now looking out for a creditable opportunity of withdrawing our forces and of getting out of the Mexican scrape with as little more waste of powder and treasury notes as possible. We consider the aggressive war to be over in that direction, and are every day looking for the result of secret negotiations ending in peace. It is plain that the South has no interest in pressing the war. The North is wholly opposed to it. The West has nothing but a sort of 54° 40' excitement to work off in fight. The party is sick of it, and it is difficult to see what can induce or support the Administration in carrying it on. It can make no capital out of it. It has not been able to make a party question out of the supplies. The victors have been Whig generals. The treasury needs nursing. Mr. Polk is the object of universal abuse on both sides of the water and from all parties, and we are therefore convinced that the war must be brought to a close, not speedily to be resumed in that direction. We have very little fear, therefore, that an extension of our territory South by conquest, is to trouble us for a long time to come. It is as sure as the coming of time, that our people is destined to spill over on to Mexican soil as soon as the habitable portions of the West are filled up. Mr. Crittenden, in one of his happiest efforts in the Senate, ridiculed the idea, which the French Chambers with true French abstractionizing were then discussing—of the importance of preserving the balance of power by strengthening the antagonistic or anti-United States powers on this continent—by quoting the former advice which the Minister of

Foreign Affairs had given to Louis XV., to form an alliance with the Cherokees, in order to head our progress over the Alleghany Mountains! He well asked, what was to head the peaceful inevitable spread of a population which fifty years would change from twenty to a hundred millions? It is calculated, we believe, that the advance of the tide of population upon the Western frontier is at the rate of seventeen miles annually. It becomes a simple calculation, how soon, at this rate, we shall reach the Pacific ocean. And long before that time our cup must run over in the southern direction. That Mexico will ultimately fall a political prey, not to force, but to a superior population, insensibly oozing into her territories, changing her customs, and out-living, out-trading, exterminating her weaker blood, we regard with as much certainty, as we do the final extinction of the Indian races, to which the mass of the Mexican population seem very little superior; and we have no reason to doubt that this country will not have doubled its three centuries of existence, before South America will speak the English tongue and submit to the civilization, laws and religion of the Anglo-Saxon race. We, as a great civilized and Christian nation, have only to use all endeavors to have this tide of population regular and peaceful in its course—with no violence, or spirit of conquest; its sure progress we cannot help.

Such are some of the reasons for believing that the dissolution of the Union is less probable now than at any previous date of our existence, and thus that the only evil which seemed to cloud the glorious destiny before our race in this New World is not impending.

We have many things to say respecting the operation of the Institutions for which we have ventured to predict permanency, and on which for general reasons we set so lofty a value. The influence of the Democratic sentiment upon our social condition and our personal character is a theme rich in suggestions. We hope to meet our readers, at such intervals as convenience requires, upon this ground, to consider together whatever is new, peculiar, or important, for good or evil, in our national existence and social state.

## TO OBLIVION.

O UTTERMOST Realm of the receding Past !  
 O clime, devoid of fragrancy and bloom ;  
 Thy mountains, with swart shadows overcast,  
 Lift up their pinnacles into skies of gloom,  
 Silent and vague and vast :  
 Thy forests hoar,  
 No storms with brave, majestic strains awaken ;  
 The waters slumber on the desolate shore  
 Of thy Dead Sea of Doom, forevermore  
 By the uplifting winds of earth and heaven forsaken.

No sun makes light thy dreary solitude  
 With frequent day ; no moons increase and wane ;  
 No stars ascend in the long nights that brood  
 Over thy motionless sea, and desert plain,  
 And petrifying wood :  
 There is no sound,  
 Even of the rustling of Night's cloud-like pinions :  
 For on the mountains, 'mid the gloom profound,  
 Sits awful Silence, like a monarch crown'd,  
 Enthroned forlornly o'er thy desolate dominions.

Far down in undiscoverable caves,  
 Within thy sea, th' heroic and the wise  
 Of the forgotten ages have their graves ;  
 There lie the wrecks of years and centuries,  
 Becalmed upon its waves :  
 No oracle, from thine abysses springing  
 Tells of the power and pride,  
 And beauty deified,  
 Which the sealed waters do forever hide :  
 No prophet crieth there, no Bard inspired is singing.

There fallen Error sleeps entombed for aye,  
 There underneath the pyramid of things  
 Moulder the throneless Tyrannies whose sway,  
 Scarce broken, haunts with feuds of slaves and kings  
 The shadowy East to-day :  
 There the enslaver,  
 And conqueror in peace and silence slumber,  
 From the mad dream, the thirst and the endeavor—  
 The idols without number  
 Of their ambition passed—and disenthralled forever.

Perchance, in thy serene and soundless deeps  
 The word of some inspired prophet slumbers ;  
 Perchance, thy stern, unyielding silence keeps  
 The lofty numbers,  
 Of some high Bard whose artful genius taught  
 Men to make musical their endless Thought---



Whose name, once by the nations loved and cherished,  
 A beacon in the sky of Time afar,  
     Like some descending star,  
 Upon thine echoless air hath fall'n and wholly perished.

O land of infinite mystery and wonder!  
 O clime, devoid of fragrancy and bloom!  
 No lightnings rend thy low-hung clouds asunder  
     And pierce the night of gloom,  
     Upon thy mountains evermore abiding:  
     No miracles dividing  
 The waters of thy stagnate sea, surrender  
     The forms of old from their forgetful doom,  
     No living fires thy void expanse illumine  
 With brightness like the glow of earth's primeval splendor!

What memories of glory and delight,  
 What myriad forms of undreamed loveliness,  
 Have died before our scarce awakened sight,  
 And lie enshrouded in thy dreamless Night,  
     We cannot know nor guess—  
     Nor prophesy  
 What types of Beauty next—what hues Elysian,  
     That make the real Present far outvie  
     The ideal Future's hope-illumined sky—  
 Will vanish evermore from our enchanted vision.

All forms that enter thy unknown domain,  
 All thou hast won of heroism and grace,  
 And beauty, from the vast ancestral Train  
     Of Ages back into thy boundless space  
     Shall charm us not again:  
     Alas! unwise—  
 Of its true Present our brief life beguiling—  
     We seek the phantom Past, that straightway flies  
     Into thy realm, nor with our tearful eyes,  
 The orient Future see, upon our sorrows smiling.

We are but voyagers aweary, borne  
 Resistless to thine all-embracing deep;  
 It may be ours bewildered and forlorn  
 To breathe the prayer of Ajax for the dawn,  
     While fruitless watch we keep,  
 Patient to see the gloom-dispelling morn  
 With shining feet the mountain-peaks ascending:  
     It may be ours to search thy vague sky over,  
     Faint, breathless, to discover  
 Some Bow of Promise still above thy waters bending.

O whence this weakness? Whence this dumb despairing?  
 This shrinking from the battle-fields of life?  
 Lo! all true Being is in bravely sharing  
     The peril of the strife!

No more, O restless Heart! in idle sorrow,  
 Lose all thou hast  
 Believing in the Future thou canst borrow  
 Of the unyielding, unreturning Past!  
 Rather with all-persuasive deeds hold fast  
 The Present, which is thine, and fear not for the morrow.

Nor void of Beauty and of endless good,  
 Shall be our earth, O long enshadowed clime!  
 For it doth bear a noble Brotherhood  
 Of heroes who inherit lives sublime;  
 Whose lofty forms shall battle unsubdued  
 The elements of Time!  
 Whose names engraven, with the stars shall stand  
 In lines of luminous light,  
 Above the dim horizon of thy Land  
 Of outer Night!  
 Around whose lives there is an infinite glory—  
 Whose households and whose graves shall be a shrine—  
 Whose memories shall be deathless and divine  
 In after-poesy and art and classic story.  
*South Attleborough, Mass.*

I.

## LETTERS ON THE IROQUOIS,

BY SKENANDOAH:

ADDRESSED TO ALBERT GALLATIN, LL.D., PRESIDENT NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

### LETTER IV.

Equality of the Nations—Special Privileges Explained—National Epithets—The Tuscaroras not admitted into an alliance fully equal.

It is apparent from the examination of such evidences as can be discovered, that the several Iroquois nations occupied positions of entire equality in the League, in rights, privileges, and obligations. Such special immunities as were granted to either, must be put down to the chances of location, and to the numerical differences at the institution of the Confederacy; since they neither indicate an intention to establish an unequal alliance, nor exhibit the exercise of privileges, by either nation, inconsistent with the principle of political equality, on which the confederation was founded.

The sources of information, from which this conclusion is drawn, are to be found in the mass of Iroquois traditions, and in the structure of the Confederacy

itself. Those traditions which reach beyond the formation of the League, are vague and unreliable, while all such as refer to its establishment assume a connected and distinctive form. It follows that confidence may be reposed in such inferences as are derived from these traditions, and corroborated by the internal structure of the government, and by the institutions of the Hodénosaunee.

There were provisions apparently vesting in certain nations superior authority, which it is desirable to introduce and explain. The most prominent was the unequal distribution of sachemships, indicating an unequal distribution of power: the Onondagas, for example, having fourteen sachems, while the Mohawks were entitled to but nine. It is true, *ceteris*

*paribus*, that a larger body of sachems would exercise greater influence in general counsel; but it will appear, when the mode of deciding questions is considered, that it gave no increase of power, for each nation had an equal voice, and a negative upon the others.

By another organic provision, the custody of the "Council Brand," and also of the "Wampum," in which the laws of the Confederacy "had been talked," was given by hereditary grant to the Onondagas. This is sufficiently explained by their central position, which made the council-fire in the Onondaga valley, in effect, the seat of government of the League. It was equally a convenience to all, and does not necessarily involve a preference enforced by superior power.

The Tadodahóh was likewise among the Onondaga sachems. Upon this point, it has heretofore been stated, that the higher degree of consideration attached to this title resulted exclusively from the exalted estimation in which the original Tadodahóh was held, on account of his martial prowess and achievements.

An apparent inequality between the nations of the League is also observable in the award of the two highest military chieftains to the Senecas. It will be sufficient, on this difficult feature in the system of the Iroquois to note, that when they constructed their political edifice, the Long-House, with its door opening upon the west, they admitted the supposition that all hostile onsets were to be expected from that direction; and on placing the Senecas as a perpetual shield before its western portal, these war-captains were granted, as among the means needful for its protection.

The Mohawks were receivers of tribute for subjugated nations. This hereditary privilege must be placed upon the same footing with the preceding. It may, perhaps, indicate that the nations upon their borders were in subjection.

Unequal terms in a Confederacy of independent nations would not be expected. True wisdom would dictate the principle of equality, as the only certain foundation on which a durable structure could be erected. That such was the principle adopted by the legislators of the Iroquois, is evinced by the equality of rights and immunities subsisting between the sachems of the League. Their authority was not limited to their own nation, but was co-extensive with the Confederacy. The Cayuga sachem, while in the midst

of the Oneidas, could enforce from them the same obedience that was due to him from his own people; and when in general council with his compeers, he had an equal voice in the disposal of all business which came before it. The special privileges enumerated, and some others which existed, were of but little moment when compared with the fact, that the nations were independent; and each had an equal participation in the administration of the government.

At the epoch of the League, the several nations occupied the territory between the Hudson and the Genesee, and were separated by much the same international boundaries, as at the period when they yielded up their sovereignty. From geographical position, or from relative importance, or yet, for the mere purpose of establishing between the nations relationships similar to those existing between the tribes, certain rules of precedence and national ties were constituted between them. The nations were divided into two classes, or divisions; and when assembled in general council were arranged upon opposite sides of the "council-fire." On the one side stood the Mohawks, Onondagas, and Senecas, who as nations were regarded as brothers to each other, but as *fathers* to the remainder. Upon the other side were the Oneidas and Cayugas, and at a subsequent day, the Tuscaroras; who, in like manner, were brother nations by interchange, but *sons* to the three first. These divisions were in harmony with their system of relationships, or more properly formed a part of it. They may have secured for the senior nations increased respect, but they involve no idea of dependence in the junior, or inequality in civil rights.

When the nations were enumerated, the Mohawks were placed first; but for what reason is not precisely understood. In the councils of the Confederacy they were styled *Dá-gā-c-o-gā*, which became their national epithet. It was a term of respect, and signifies "neutral;" or, as some of the nations render it, "a speech divided." Its origin is lost in obscurity.

The Onondagas were placed next in the order of precedence, and were addressed in council by the appellation, *Ho-de-san-no-ge-ta*. This term signifies "Name Bearer;" and was conferred in commemoration of the circumstance, that the Onondagas bestowed the names upon the fifty original sachems. It was a privilege of some moment, as these "names"

were to descend from generation to generation, upon the successive rulers of the Hodénosaunee.

Next in order stood the Senecas, justly proud of their national designation, Honan-ne-ho-ont, or "The Door Keeper." To them, as elsewhere remarked, belonged the hereditary guardianship of the door of the Long-House.

The Oneidas occupied the fourth place in the Iroquois order of precedence, and originally had no appellation by which they were distinguished. At a subsequent and quite modern period, the epithet, Ne-ar-de-on-dar-go-war, or "Great Tree," was conferred upon them by their confederators. This name was seized upon from some occurrence at a treaty with the people of Wastow, or Boston.

Of the five original nations, the Cayugas were placed last in the enumeration. They were designated in council by the appellation, So-nus-ho-gwar-to-war, signifying "Great Pipe." Tradition refers this epithet to the incident, that the leading Cayuga chief in attendance at the council, which established the Confederacy, smoked a pipe of unusual dimensions and workmanship.

The admission of the Tuscaroras having been long subsequent to the formation of the League, they were never received into an equal alliance with the other nations. After their disastrous overthrow and expulsion from North Carolina, they turned towards the country of Iroquois; and were admitted about the year 1715 as the sixth nation, into the Confederacy. But they were never allowed to have a sachem, who could sit as an equal in the council of sachems. The five nations were unwilling to enlarge the number of sachemships founded at the institution of the League. For purposes of national government, however, they were organized like the other nations, with similar tribes, relationships, laws, and institutions. They also enjoyed a nominal equality in the councils of the League, by the courtesy of the other five, and their sachems and war-chiefs were "raised up" with the same ceremonies. They were not dependent, but were admitted to as full equality as could be granted them, without enlarging the frame-work of the Confederacy. In the councils of the League, they had no national designation.

## LETTER V.

**Councils of the Iroquois—They were in effect the Government—Influence of Public Sentiment—Oratory—Tendency of all Public and Domestic Affairs to these Councils—Of three distinct species: Civil, Mourning, and Religious.**

In an oligarchy, wherein the administrative power is vested in the members of the Ruling Body jointly, a Council of the Oligarchs becomes the instrumentality through which the will of this body is ascertained and enforced. For this reason, the councils of the Iroquois are important subjects of investigation. By them were exercised all the legislative and executive authority incident to the Confederacy, and necessary for its security against outward attack and internal dissensions. When the sachems of the League were not assembled around the general council-fire, the government itself had no visible existence. Upon no point, therefore, can an examination be better directed, to ascertain the degree of power vested in the Ruling Body; and the manner in which their domestic administration and political relations were conducted. When the sachems were scattered, like the people, over a large territory, they exercised a local and indi-

vidual authority in the matters of everyday life; or in national council, adjusted by their joint wisdom the affairs of their respective nations. Those higher and more important concerns, which interested the race at large, were reserved to the sachems of the Confederacy in general council. In this council resided the animating principle by which their political machinery was moved. It was, in effect, the government.

The oligarchical form of government is not without its advantages, although indicative of a low state of civilization. A comparison of views, by the agency of a council, would at any time be favorable to the development of talent. It was especially the case among the Iroquois, in consequence of the greater diversity of interests, and more extended reach of affairs, incident to several nations in Confederations. Events of greater magnitude would spring up in the midst of a flourishing Confederacy, than in a nation

of inconsiderable importance; and it is demonstrated by the political history of all governments, that men develop intelligence in exact proportion to the magnitude of the events with which they become identified. For these reasons, the Confederacy was favorable to the production of men, higher in capacity among the Iroquois, than those nations would bring forth, whose institutions and system of government were inferior.

The extremely liberal character of the oligarchy of the Iroquois, is manifested by the "*modus procedendi*" of these councils. It is obvious that the sachems were not set over the people as arbitrary rulers, to legislate as their own will might dictate irrespective of the popular voice; on the contrary, there is reason to believe that a public sentiment sprung up on questions of general interest, which no council felt at liberty to disregard. By deferring all action upon such questions until a council brought together the sachems of the League, attended by a concourse of inferior chiefs and warriors, an opportunity was given to the people to judge for themselves, and to take such measures as were necessary to give expression and force to their opinions. If the band of warriors became interested in the passing questions, they held a council apart, and having given it a full consideration, appointed an orator to communicate their views to the sachems, their "*Patres Conscripti*." In like manner would the chiefs, and even the women proceed, if they entertained opinions which they wished to urge upon the consideration of the council. From the publicity with which the affairs of the Confederacy were conducted, and the indirect participation in their adjustment, thus allowed the people, a favorable indication is afforded of the democratic spirit of the government.

Oratory, from the constitutional organization of the "council," was necessarily brought into high repute. Questions involving the safety of the race, and the preservation of the League, were frequently before it. In those warlike periods, when the Confederacy was moving onward amid incessant conflicts with contiguous nations; or, perchance, resisting sudden tides of migratory population; there was no dearth of those exciting

causes—of those emergencies of peril, which rouse the spirit of a people, and summon into activity their highest energies. Whenever events converged to such a crisis, the council was the first resort; and there, under the pressure of dangers, and in the glow of patriotism, the eloquence of the Iroquois flowed as pure and spontaneous as the springs of their own Mohawk, or the head-waters of Cayuga.

The Indian has a quick and enthusiastic appreciation of eloquence. Highly impulsive in his nature, and with passions untaught of restraint, he is strongly susceptible of its influence. By the cultivation and exercise of this capacity, was opened the pathway to distinction; and the chief or warrior gifted with its magical power, could elevate himself as rapidly as he who gained renown upon the war-path. With the Iroquois, as with the Romans, the two professions, oratory and arms,\* could establish men in the highest degree of personal consideration, "*in amplissimo gradu dignitatis*," known to each respectively. To the ambitious Roman in the majestic days of the republic, and to the proud Hodénosaunee in his sylvan house, the two pursuits equally commended themselves; and in one or the other alone, could either expect success.

It is a singular fact, resulting from the structure of Indian institutions, that nearly every transaction, whether social or political, originated or terminated in a council. This universal and favorite mode of doing business, became interwoven with all the affairs of public and private life. Public transactions of every name and character were planned, scrutinized, and adopted in council. The succession of their rulers; their athletic games, dances, and feasts; and their social intercourse, were identified with councils. In the same manner, the mass of their religious observances were indissolubly connected with these assemblies. The Maple Dance, or "Thanks to the Maple;" the Strawberry Feast, or "Offering of first-fruits to the Great Spirit;" the Harvest Corn, and Green Corn Worship, were only observed through the instrumentality of a council. It may be said that the life of the Iroquois was either spent in the chase, or the war-path, or at the council-fire. They formed the

\* *Duc sunt artes quæ possunt locare homines in amplissimo gradu dignitatis; una imperatoris, altera orationis boni: ab hoc enim pacis ornamenta retinentur; ab illo belli pericula repelluntur.*—CICERO PRO MURÆNA, § 14.



three leading objects of his existence; and it would be difficult to determine for which he possessed the strongest predilection. Regarding them in this light, and it is believed they are not overestimated, a narrative of these councils would furnish an accurate and copious history of the Iroquois, both political and social. The absence of these records, now irreparable, has greatly abridged the fullness, and diminished the accuracy of our abridged history.

The councils of the League were of three distinct kinds; and they may be distinguished under the heads of civil, mourning, and religious. Their civil councils, (Ho-dé-os-seh,) were such as convened to transact business, with foreign nations, and to regulate the internal administration of the Confederacy. The mourning councils, (Hen-nun-donuh-seh,) were those summoned to *raise*

*up* sachems and war-chiefs to fill such vacancies as had been occasioned by death or deposition, and also to ratify the investiture of such chiefs, as the nations had raised up in reward of public services. Their religious councils, (Gā-e-we-yo-do Ho-de-os-hen-dā-ko,) as the name imports, were devoted to religious observances.

No event of any importance ever transpired without passing under the cognizance of one of these species of councils, earlier or later, for all affairs seem to have converged towards them by a natural and inevitable tendency. An exposition of the mode of summoning each of their respective powers and jurisdiction, and of the manner of transacting business, may serve to unfold the workings of their political system, their social relations, and the range of their intellectual capacities.

## LETTER VI.

**The Ho-de-os-seh, or Civil Council—Each Nation had the power of Summoning—The Belt, or the Notification—Mode of proceeding—Unanimity of the Sachems—Singular method of reaching unanimity—The Decision—Powers of the Civil Council—Its Dignity and Order—Vigor of the League—Its Prospects at the Era of Dutch Discovery.**

The name Ho-dé-os-seh, by which the Iroquois designated a civil council, signifies "advising together," or "counseling;" and was bestowed upon any congress of sachems which convened to take charge of the public relations of the League, or to provide for its internal administration. Each nation had power, under established regulations, to convene such a council, and prescribe the time and place of convocation.

If the Envoy of a foreign people desired to submit a proposition to the Confederacy, and applied to the Senecas for that purpose, the sachems of the nation would first determine whether the question was of sufficient importance to authorize a council. If they arrived at an affirmative conclusion, they immediately sent out runners to the Cayugas, the nearest nation in position, with a belt of wampum. This belt announced that on a certain day thereafter, at such a place, and for such and such purposes, stating them, a council of the Confederacy would assemble. The Cayugas retained the belt as the evidence of the message, or rather as the message itself: but sent forward another to the Onondagas, with a similar purport. In turn, the Ononda-

gas, reserving the belt of the Cayugas, sent on runners bearing one of their own, of like import, to the Oneidas. The Oneidas then notified the Mohawks. Each nation, within its own confines, spread the information far and near, and thus, in a space of time astonishingly brief, intelligence of the council was heralded from one extremity of the Confederacy to the other.

It produced a stir among the people in proportion to the magnitude and importance of the business to be transacted. If the subject was calculated to arouse a deep feeling of interest, one common impulse, from the Hudson to Niagara, and from the St. Lawrence to the Susquehannah, drew them towards the council-fire. Sachems, chiefs, and warriors, women and even children, deserted their hunting grounds, and their woodland seclusions, and putting themselves upon the trail, literally flocked to the place of council. When the day arrived, a multitude had gathered together from the most remote and toilsome distances; but yet animated by an unquenchable spirit of hardihood and endurance.

Their mode of opening a council, and of proceeding with the business before it,

was extremely simple ; yet dilatory, when contrasted with the modes of civilized life. Questions were usually reduced to single propositions, calling for an affirmative or negative response ; and were thus either adopted or rejected. When the sachems were assembled in the midst of their people, and all were in readiness to proceed, the envoy was introduced before them. One of the sachems, by previous appointment, then arose ; and having thanked the Great Spirit for his continued beneficence in permitting them to meet together, he informed the envoy that the council was prepared to hear him upon the business for which it had convened.\* The council being thus opened, the representative proceeded to unfold the objects of his mission. He submitted his propositions in regular form, and sustained them by such arguments as the case required. The sachems listened with earnest and respectful attention to the end of his address, that they might clearly understand the questions to be decided and answered. After the envoy had concluded his speech he withdrew from the council, as was customary, to await at a distance the result of its deliberations. It then became the duty of the sachems to agree upon an answer ; in doing which, as would be expected, they passed through the ordinary routine of speeches, consultations, and animated discussions. Such was the usual course of proceeding in an Iroquois council. Variations might be introduced by circumstances.

At this place another peculiar institution of the Hodénosaunee is presented. All the sachems of the league, in whom originally was vested the entire civil power, were required to be of "one mind," to give efficacy to their legislation. Unanimity was a fundamental law. The idea

of majorities and minorities was entirely unknown to our Indian predecessors in their day of political prosperity ; and not until this principle was thrust upon them by our government, when they had become dependent, did they relinquish the more congenial principle of unanimity.

To hasten their deliberations to a conclusion, and ascertain the result, they adopted an expedient which dispensed entirely with the necessity of casting votes. The founders of the confederacy, seeking to obviate as far as possible, altercation in council, and to facilitate their progress to unanimity, divided the sachems of each nation into classes, usually of two and three each, as will be seen by referring to the table of sachemships. Each sachem was forbid to express an opinion in council, until he had agreed with the other sachem or sachems of his class, upon the opinion to be expressed, and had received an appointment to act as speaker for the class. Thus the eight Seneca sachems, being in four classes, could have but four opinions ; the ten Cayuga sachems but four. In this manner each class was brought to unanimity within itself. A cross consultation was then held between the four sachems who represented the four classes, and when they had agreed, they appointed one of their number to express their resulting opinion, which was the answer of the nation. The several nations having by this ingenious method become of "one mind" separately, it only remained to compare their several opinions to arrive at the final sentiment of all the sachems of the league. This was effected by a cross conference between the individual representatives of the several nations ; and when they had arrived at unanimity, the answer of the Confederacy was determined.†

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\*The following speech of a Seneca chief, (Go-ne-ska-sa-ah,) at the opening of a council, will furnish an illustration. Addressing the sachems and people around him, he said, "It is proper, in compliance with our customs at the opening of councils, that we should thank the Great Spirit that we are still in health, and able to meet together." Then turning to the individual whom they had assembled to meet, he continued, "Brother : it was appointed that we should meet here this day, to listen to your words. We, therefore, thank the Great Spirit that he has spared our lives, and permitted us to do so. We are ready to listen."

†The Senate of the United States, by a resolution passed June 11th, 1838, committed a great act of injustice upon the Seneca Indians, unintentionally, no doubt ; and prepared the way for their total extirpation. This resolution abrogated their unanimity principle, by authorising a majority of their chiefs to make a treaty with the Ogden Land Company, for the sale of their lands in Western New York. In December of that year, this vigilant company forced a treaty upon the Senecas, under very questionable circumstances. It was well known that 15-16ths of the people, almost the entire nation, were unwilling to sell ; yet the company, having a resolution of the Senate under which to shelter themselves, procured by their own efforts, now resorted to the quick and only expedient of purchasing the votes of a majority of the chiefs. The proceedings, by which this end was finally accom-

The sovereignty of the nations, by this mode of giving assent, was not only preserved, but made subservient to the effort itself to secure unanimity. If any sachem was obdurate or unreasonable, influences were brought to bear upon him which he could not well resist; and it was seldom that inconvenience resulted from their inflexible adherence to the rule. When, however, all efforts to produce unanimity failed of success, the whole matter was laid aside. Farther action became at once impossible. In the manner stated a result, either favorable or adverse, having been reached, it was communicated to the envoy by a speaker selected for the purpose. This orator was always chosen from the nation with whom the council originated; and it was usual for him to review the whole subject presented to the council in a formal speech; and at the same time to announce the conclusions to which the sachems of the confederacy had arrived. This concluding speech terminated the business of the council, and the Indian diplomatist took his departure.

Among the general powers residing in the civil council may be enumerated those of declaring war and making peace, of admitting new nations into the league, or of incorporating fragments of nations into those existing, of extending jurisdiction over subjugated territory, of levying tribute, of sending and receiving embassies, of forming alliances, and of enacting and executing laws. The national sovereignties were silent under the central administration of all those affairs which pertained to the league.

The war against the Eries (*Sag-aneh-gā*), which resulted in the extermination or expulsion of that nation from the western part of this State, about the year 1653, was declared by the sachems of

the Iroquois in general council. The French war, also, which they waged with such indomitable courage and perseverance so many years, was resolved upon in the same manner. Their traditions record other struggles with Indian nations, some of which were engaged in by the Confederacy, and others either commenced or assumed by a nation separately. At the beginning of the American Revolution, the Iroquois could not agree in council to make war as a confederacy upon our confederacy. A number of the Oneida sachems firmly resisted the assumption of hostilities, and thus defeated the measure as an act of the league, for the want of unanimity. Some of the nations, however, especially the Mohawks, were so interlinked with the British, that neutrality was impossible. Under this pressure of circumstances it was resolved in council to suspend the rule, and leave each nation to engage in the war upon its own responsibility.

In the councils of the Iroquois, the dignity and order, ever preserved, have become proverbial. The gravity of Nestor was exemplified by their sages; and more than the harmony of the Grecian chiefs existed among their sachems. In their elevation to the highest degree of political distinction ever reached by any Indian race, except the Aztecs, the clearest evidence is presented of the wisdom and prudence with which these councils watched over the public welfare. Establishing the seat of government, or the council brand, in the central valley of Onondaga, the dignitaries of the league were wont to gather around it as their usual place of convocation, and legislate over the affairs of nearly half of the present Republic. Pennsylvania, Western Virginia, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and a part of the peninsula of Mich-

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plished, were utterly objectionable, as is abundantly proved by printed documents, now before the Senate. There were eighty-one chiefs, placing the three classes of chiefs upon a level; and but forty-one needed to the treaty. It is represented that \$200,000 were set apart as the *means of negotiation*; that to ten chiefs they paid \$30,000 in bribes; that others were plied with rum until intoxicated, and then made to sign; that still others were made chiefs by a sham election, and their signatures then taken; while yet others signed the treaty as chiefs who were not so in fact. Several days were consumed in perfecting the work, and the desired majority was obtained. After a long and angry controversy, in which the red-men struggled in vain for justice, the Senate finally ratified it by the casting vote of the Vice-President. The Indians refused to own the treaty, and the government were unwilling to execute it. A compromise, in 1842, was effected, by which two reservations were released from the operation of the treaty, on conditions that the Indians would sacrifice the other two. The Tonawanda and Buffalo reserves were thus sold a second time. The Tonawanda Band, never having signed either treaty, still refuse to deliver possession; and it is a question yet to be decided, whether the Tonawanda Senecas shall be deprived of their homes, without their consent, or without an equivalent paid. The land is worth on an average \$16 per acre, and the treaty allows them \$1 67.

igan, with a portion of the Canadas, constituted the circuit of their possessions. At Onondaga they matured their plans of conquest, and kindled the fires of patriotism. In the execution of an enterprise projected by the council, or in the natural exercise of that warlike spirit which resulted from their growing prosperity, a band of Mohawks, perchance, would be seen upon the hills of New England; while at the same moment the war-shout of the Senecas would be heard in the valleys of the Cherokees; or among the Sioux upon the Mississippi. Their activity was unbounded; their hardihood knew no exhaustion; their fortitude no submission. Adjacent nations beheld their rising empire with terror and alarm, as they encountered the Iroquois upon every war-path, from the Hudson to the Mississippi, and from the St. Lawrence to the Tennessee.

Before the white man had planted his footsteps upon the red-man's trail; or the Old World had knowledge of the New, these boundless territories had been the scene of human conflicts; and of the rise and fall of Indian sovereignties. Isolated nations, by some superiority of institutions or casual advantage of location, spring up with an energetic growth; and for a season spread their dominion far and wide. After a brief period of prosperity they were borne back by adverse fortune into their original obscurity. The reason must be sought in the unsubstantial nature of their political structures. It was the merit of the Iroquois, to rest themselves upon a more durable founda-

tion, by the establishment of a confederacy. This alliance between their nations, cemented by the stronger and more imperishable bands of the Tribal League. At the epoch of Saxon occupation, they were rapidly building up an empire, which threatened the absorption or extermination of the whole Indian race, between the chain of lakes on the north, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south. Their power had become sufficient to set at defiance all hostile invasions from contiguous nations; and to preclude the idea of subjugation. A nationality of character, and unity of interest, had resulted from the relationships by which they were blended together; and above all the Confederacy, while it suffered no loss of numbers by emigrating bands, was endued with a capacity for indefinite expansion. At the period of the discovery, the Aztecs on the South, and the Iroquois in the North, were the only Indian races upon the Continent whose institutions promised at maturity, to ripen into civilization. Such was the condition and prospects of the Indian League, when Hendrick Hudson, more than two centuries since (1609), sailed up the river which constituted their eastern boundary. This silent voyage of the navigator may be regarded as the opening event, in the series, which resulted in reversing the political prospects of the Hodénosaunee, and in introducing into their Long-House an invader, more relentless in his purposes, and more invincible in arms than the red-man against whose assaults it had been erected.

## LETTER VII.

**Succession of the Sachems of the Confederacy—The Hen-nun-do-nu-seh, or Mourning Council—Convened by the Nation which had lost a Sachem—Attendance of the People—Its numerous Ceremonies—Wampum, and its uses—The Succession of Rulers free from Strife—Degree of Social Intercourse—Festivities.**

The succession of the Ruling Body, whether secured by election, or by laws of inheritance, is an event of deep importance to the people, whose personal security and welfare are to a large extent under the guardianship of their rulers. It seems to have been the aim of the Hodénosaunee to avoid the dangers of an hereditary transmission of power, without fully adopting the opposite principle of a free election, founded upon merit and capacity. Their system was a modification of the two opposite rules; and claims the merit of originality, as well as

of adaptation to their social and political condition.

It is in accordance with the principles, and necessary to the existence of an oligarchy, that the ruling body should possess a general, if not absolute, authority over the admission of new members into its number; and over the successions where the vacancies are occasioned by death. In some respects the oligarchy of the Iroquois was wider than those of antiquity. The tribes retained the power of designating successors, independent of the oligarchs; while, for the security



of the latter, the number was limited by the fundamental law. It was the province of the ruling body to "raise up" the sachems selected by the tribes, and to invest them with office. In the ancient oligarchies, which were less liberal and much less systematic in their construction, the whole power of making rulers appears to have been appropriated by the rulers themselves.

To perform the ceremony adverted to, of "raising up" sachems and war-chiefs, and of confirming the investiture of such chiefs as had previously been raised up by a nation, the Mourning Council was instituted. Its name, *Hen-nun-do-nu-seh*, signifies, with singular propriety, "a Mourning Council;" as it embraced the two-fold object, of lamenting the deceased with suitable solemnities, and of establishing a successor in the sachemship, made vacant by his demise.

Upon the death of a sachem or war-chief, the nation in which the loss had occurred, had power to summon a council, and designate the day and place. If the Oneidas, for example, had lost a ruler, they sent out runners at the earliest convenient day, with "belts of invitations" to the sachems of league, and to the people at large, to assemble around their national council-fire at *Ko-no-a-lo-ha-la*.\* The invitation was circulated with the same celerity, and with the same forms as in convoking a civil council. These belts, or the strings of wampum, sent out on such occasions, conveyed a laconic message: "the name" of the deceased (mentioning it) "calls for a council." It also announced the place and the time.

The name and the appeal fell not in vain upon the ear of the Iroquois. There was a potency in the name itself which none could resist. It penetrated every seclusion of the forest; and reached every canneshoot upon the hill side, on the margin of the lakes, or in the deep solitudes of the wood. No warrior, wise man, or chief, failed to hear or could withstand the call. A principle within was addressed, which ever responded—respect and veneration for the sachems of the Confederacy.

For these councils, and the festivities with which they were concluded, the *Hodénosaunee* ever retained a passionate fondness. No inclemency of season, nor

remoteness of residence, nor frailties of age or sex, offered impassable obstructions. To that hardy spirit which led the Iroquois to traverse the war-paths of the distant south and west, and to leave their hunting trails upon the Cohongoronton† and Oheeyo,‡ the distance to a council within their immediate territories would present inconsiderable hindrances. From *Icanderago*,§ and *Kolānekā*,|| among the Mohawks, to *Gā-nun-dā-gwa*,¶ and *Gā-no-wau-ges*,\*\* in the territory of the Senecas, they forsook their hunting-grounds, and their encampments, and put themselves upon the trail for the council-fire. Old men, with gray hairs and tottering step; young men in the vigor of youth; warriors, inured to the hardships of incessant strife; children looking out, for the first time, upon life; and women, with their infants encased in the *gaonseh*, all performed the journey with singular rapidity and endurance. From every side they bent their footsteps towards the council; and when the day arrived, a large concourse of warriors, chiefs, wise men, and sachems, from the most remote as well as subjacent parts of the Confederacy greeted each other beside the council-fire of the Oneidas.

This council, although entirely of a domestic character, was conducted with many ceremonies. Before the day, announced by the belt, arrived, the several nations entered the country of the Oneidas in separate bands, and encamped at a distance from the council-house. To advance at once, would have been a violation of Iroquois usages. Runners were sent on by the approaching nation to announce its arrival; and it remained thus encamped until the Oneidas had signified their readiness for its reception. On the day appointed, if the necessary arrangements had been perfected, a rude reception ceremony opened the proceedings. The several nations in separate trains, each one preceded by its civil and military dignitaries, drew simultaneously towards the council-fire, and were received and welcomed by the Oneidas in a stately manner. Upon the completion of this ceremony, the people arrayed themselves in two divisions. The Mohawks, Onondagas, and Senecas, who, as elsewhere stated, were brother nations to each other, and fathers to the other three,

\* Oneida Castle.  
|| Johnstown.

† Potomack. ‡ Ohio.  
¶ Canandaigua.

§ Fort Hunter, or Lower Mohawk Castle.  
\*\* Avon.



seated themselves upon one side of the fire. On the other side were arranged the Oneidas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras, who, in like manner, were brothers to each other, but sons to the three first. By their peculiar customs, if the deceased sachem belonged to either of the three elder nations, he was lamented as a father by the three junior; and it became the duty of the latter to perform the ceremony of lamentation prescribed by their usages, for the deceased, and after that, the ceremony of raising up his successor. If, on the contrary, the departed ruler belonged to either of the junior nations, as in the case supposed, it cast upon the elder nations the duty of lamenting his death as a son, in the customary form, and of installing a successor in the vacant sachemship.

These observances were performed with the accustomed gravity and earnestness of the red-man; and were, in themselves, neither devoid of interest, nor unadapted to impress the mind. The lament was a tribute to the virtues, and to the memory of the departed chief;—the mourning scene, in which, not only the tribe and nation of the deceased, but the Confederacy itself participated. Surely, a more delicate testimonial of affection than our predecessors are usually supposed to have manifested. The ceremony of raising up a successor, which followed, was a succession of musical chants, with choruses, intermingled with speeches and responses. Upon the whole scene, rendered wild and picturesque by the variety of costumes, there rested a spirit of silence and solemnity which invested it with singular interest.

A prominent part of the ceremonial consisted in the repetition of their ancient laws and usages; and in an exposition of the structure and principles of the League, for the instruction of the newly-inducted rulers. In the midst of each division, the chief personages of the elder and junior nations were grouped together. Between the two groups of sachems the wise-man, who conducted the observances, walked to and fro repeating those traditionary lessons, and unfolding those regulations, which had been handed down

from the foundation of the Confederacy. Some of them were salutary and instructive; while the most were indicative of wisdom and forethought. Among the injunctions left by Dagānowedā, the founder of the League, there was one designed to impress upon their minds the necessity of union and harmony. It was clothed in a figurative dress, as is the custom of the red-man when he would produce a vivid impression. He enjoined them to plant a tree with four roots, branching severally to north, south, east and west. Beneath its shade the sachems of the Confederacy must sit down together in perpetual unity, if they would preserve the stability of the League, or secure the advantages it was calculated to bestow. If they did so, the power of the Hodénosaunee would be planted as firmly as the oak, and the blasts of adverse fortune would beat upon it in vain.

The laws explained at different stages of the ceremonial, were repeated from strings of wampum\* into which they “had been talked” at the time of their enactment. In the Indian method of expressing the idea, the string, or the belt, can tell, by means of an interpreter, the exact law or transaction of which it was made, at the time, the sole evidence. It operates upon the principle of association, and thus seeks to give fidelity to the memory. These strings and belts were the only visible records of the Iroquois; and were of no use except by the aid of those special personages who could draw forth the secret records locked up in their remembrance.

It is worthy of note that but little importance was attached to a promise or assurance of a foreign power, unless belts or strings were given to preserve it in recollection. Verbal propositions, or those not confirmed by wampum, were not considered worthy of special preservation.† As the laws and usages of the Confederacy were entrusted to the guardianship of such strings, one of the Onondaga sachems (Honowenāto) was constituted “Keeper of the Wampum,” and was required to be versed in its interpretation.

On these occasions the wise-man, who officiated, interpreted strings from time

\* Wampum is made of various colored sea shells, which are cut into small, well-finished beads. Some of the strings were three feet in length and contained fifteen or twenty strans. Those now in the possession of the Onondagas and Senecas are regarded as sacred. They pretend to be ignorant of their origin and manufacture.

† The English always gave belts to confirm their words. The Americans were seldom in the habit of doing it.

to time, and carried them from one division of sachems to the other. In reply, as many others were subsequently returned with similar forms and explanations. In this manner, with a multitude of forms and ceremonies, were their sachems raised up, consuming the greater part of a day in their repetition. The proceedings were closed with a presentation of the newly-invested rulers to the people, under the names of their respective sachemships, which, from that day forth, they were permitted to assume.

Up to this stage of the Council, neither gaiety nor mirthfulness were exhibited by the old or young. The people were in mourning for the deceased, and rendering the last acts of public respect. When, however, these offices had been performed, and the places left vacant among the rulers had been filled, the seasons for lamentation disappeared, and, with them, the outward signs. The evening was given up to feasting, and to their religious and domestic dances. It was not uncommon to spend several days in these festivities; devoting the days in succession to athletic games, and the evenings to the feast and to the social dance.

The succession, under these simple regulations, was rendered entirely free from turmoil and strife; and became not only an easy transaction, but an imposing, and, to them, instructive ceremonial. Upon the sachems was bestowed sufficient control over the transmission of the sachemships for their own protection; while the still more important power of naming those to be raised up, and of deposing the unfaithful, (which was retained by the tribes,) secured the people from oppression and misgovernment.

A wider dissimilarity than subsists between the institutions of our Indian predecessors and our own, cannot be easily conceived. They are as unlike as the races themselves in their essential characteristics. If, however, a correct impression is desired of the state of society, political and social, in which the Iroquois have existed, and in which they have developed whatever of character they possessed, it must be sought in their customs and institutions; it must be furnished by the practical operation of that stupendous system of inter-relationships by which they were bound together, and from which every act in their social intercourse received a tinge.

The degree of social intercourse be-

tween the nations of the Confederacy was much greater than would at first be suggested. In the pursuits of the chase and of conquest, and in attendance upon Councils, they traversed the whole territory far and near. The distance and rapidity of their expeditions almost exceed belief. A practiced runner would traverse a hundred miles per day, and war parties move one half the distance. Their trails penetrated the forest in every direction, and their main thoroughfares were as well beaten as the highways now passing over the same lines. With their habits of traveling over the whole area of the State, they were doubtless more familiar than ourselves with its hills and plains, rivers and lakes; its wild retreats and forest concealments. Much of their social intercourse, especially between the nations, was around their council-fires. The Councils themselves formed a bond of union, and drew them together instinctively. They furnished the excitement and the recreations of Indian life, as well as relieved the monotony of peace. It was here they recounted their exploits upon the war-path, or listened to the eloquence of favorite chiefs. Here they offered tributes of respect to those deceased sachems who had rendered themselves illustrious by public services; or listened to the laws and regulations of their ancestors, which were explained by their sages in the ceremonial of raising up successors. It was here, also, that they celebrated their athletic games with Olympic zeal; and joined in those national dances, some of which were indescribably beautiful and animated.

Custom required the particular tribe in which sachems had been raised up, to furnish a daily entertainment to the multitude during the continuance of the council. The pursuits of the day were suspended as the shades of evening began to fall, and they all sat down to a common repast, which the matrons of the tribe had prepared. After the business upon which the council convened, had been consummated, each day in succession was devoted to the simple but diversified amusements of Indian life; the twilight to the feast; and the evening to the social dance. The wild notes of their various tunes, accompanied by the turtle-shell rattle and the drum; the bells which entered into the costumes of the warriors, and the noise of the moving throng; all united, sent forth a "sound of revelry" which fell with strange accent

in the hours of night, upon the solemn stillness of the woods. This sound of pleasure and amusement was continued from day to day, until pleasure itself became satiety, and amusement had lost its power to please.

When the spirit of festivity had become exhausted, the fire of the Hennundonuseh was raked together; and the several nations, separately, bent their way homeward through the forest. Silence once more resumed her sway over the deserted

scene; resolving into stillness the lingering hum of the dissolving council, and the subsiding notes of merriment. Obscurity next advanced with stealthy mien, and quickly folding the incidents of this sylvan pageant in her dusky mantle, she bore them, with their associations, their teachings, and their remembrances, into the dark realm of Oblivion; from whence their recall would be as hopeless as would the last shout which rung along the valley.

### LETTER VIII.

Original ideas of Divinity—Hā-wen-née-yu, the Great Spirit—The Gā-e-we-yo-do Ho-de-os-hen-dā-ko or Religious Council—Summoned by either Nation—Mode of proceeding—Religious Discourses—Beautiful Benedictions—Dancing, a mode of Worship—The Religious Dance—Passion for Amusements—Nothing progressive in Indian Society—Quere, Whether the Institutions of the Iroquois would ever have elevated them from the Hunter State?

The Greeks discovered divinity in every object of external nature; in the elements of earth and air—in the rivulet, the mountain and the sea. Wherever the mind could penetrate the mysteries of Nature and of Creation, divinity was the end of all research—the terminus of all meditation. Following, as they did, the spontaneous suggestions of a vivid imagination, they ascended from the divided elements and features of nature, up to their several supposed divinities. Herein was the first great error of civilized man; originating, too, in the earliest buddings of his intellect. The first suggestions of an unfolding and reflecting mind led it to grasp at Deity in a multitude of fragments, as shadowed forth by the works of creation; rather than to ascend through these evidences up to the real Presence—the indivisible and eternal God.

While in another hemisphere, shut out from the teachings of the former, the Indian, without the aid of knowledge or revelation, ascended from united nature up to the Great Spirit—its sole original and source. His vision did not rest upon Olympus, or other earthly habitations of imaginary deities, but looked above it, towards the realm of the supreme intelligence. The mind of the Iroquois was strongly imbued with religious tendencies. A reverential regard for Hā-wen-née-yu\* was observable in their social proceedings as a race; manifesting itself in

their rules of intercourse. Their knowledge of the attributes of the Deity, as the creator and preserver of nature, was vague and imperfect; and their understanding of his moral perfections still more indefinite. But in the existence of one Supreme Intelligence—an invisible yet ever present being of power and might—the universal Red race believed. His existence became a first principle, an intuitive belief, which neither the lapse of centuries could efface, nor contrivance of man could eradicate. By the diffusion of this great truth, if the Indian did not escape the spell of superstition, which resulted from his imperfect knowledge of the Deity, and his ignorance of natural phenomena, yet was he saved from the deepest of all barbarism, the most demoting of all despotism—an idolatrous worship.

Resting upon this "luminous principle," the religious faith of the Iroquois admits of a favorable comparison with any of the religions of antiquity not founded upon revelation; although extremely limited in its range, and simple in its worship. The most obvious relations of man to the Great Spirit were alone understood; yet they recognized his superintending care, and were in the habit of acknowledging his beneficence, and of rendering thanks for individual and national blessings. The reciprocal duties consequent upon the family relations, and the obligation subsisting be-

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\* Great Spirit. The ā pronounced like ah, as if Hahuenneeyee.

tween them individually, as a race, were, to a considerable degree, recognized and enforced. The manifestations of these religious impressions, and the observance of such simple rites as they suggested, were very naturally through the instrumentality of a council. Indeed, all of their civil, religious, and social affairs tended thitherward, and earlier or later passed through this universal Indian ordeal.

In addition to the religious festivals observed by each nation separately in their seasons, as the Maple Dance, the Strawberry Feast, the Green-corn and Harvest-corn Worship, and the annual Sacrifice of the White Dog, in mid-winter—each of which required a council, and all of which might properly be called religious—the Hodenosaunee were accustomed to summon religious councils, in which the whole Confederacy participated. Such were not of frequent occurrence, but were held in great estimation. After a period of general prosperity, or a sudden tide of good fortune, or an escape from pressing difficulties, it was customary to summon one of these general religious councils, that the confederate nations might in unison render their homage to the Great Spirit for his favoring care and protection. The name by which it was designated, *Gā-e-we-yo-do Ho-de-os-hen-dā-ko*, is merely significant of its religious character.

Each nation had power to summon, and to make the requisite preparation for its observances. The attendance of the people, as in other cases, was entirely voluntary; and the numbers were in proportion to the interest aroused by the circumstances in which it had its origin. Its initiatory proceedings were much the same as in the civil and mourning councils; so, also, were the concluding exercises of each day and evening—a repast in common, succeeded by a variety of dances.

After the people of the several nations had gathered together, and the council had been opened, an exhortation from one of their highest religious functionaries was substituted for all other business. To hear their religious instructors was the prominent object of their assembling; and the early part of each day was devoted to a discourse in which their moral obligations were unfolded, and the precepts of their simple religion were enforced.

By presenting, from an unpublished manuscript, a few sections from a discourse delivered before a religious council, a general idea may be given of the nature and value of their religious tenets, and of their principles of morality, as expounded by one of their most distinguished teachers:

“The Onondagas, the Senecas, (the Mohawks were not present,) and our children, (meaning the Oneidas, Cayugas and Tuscaroras,) have assembled this day to listen to the repetition of the will of the Great Spirit as communicated to us from heaven through his great prophet *Gā-ne-o-di-yoh*. \* \* \* In the morning, give thanks to the Great Spirit for the return of day, and the light of the sun; at night, renew your thanks to him, that his ruling power has preserved you from harm during the day, and that night has again come in which you may rest your wearied body.” This lesson of an untutored Indian, and professed opponent of the Christian faith, evinces not only a devotional spirit, but also a recognition of human dependence, and of the obligation of thankfulness, which would scarcely have been expected. Some of the precepts put forth on such occasions, clothed, it may be, in figurative language, were mostly of universal acceptance. “We were once in great darkness, but now have received the light. \* \* If you tie up the clothes of an orphan child, the Great Spirit will notice it, and reward you for it. \* \* To adopt orphans, and bring them up in virtuous ways is pleasing to the Great Spirit. \* \* Love each other, for you are brothers and sisters of one family. If a stranger wander about your abode, welcome him to your home, be hospitable towards him, speak to him with kind words, and forget not always to mention the Great Spirit. \* \* Be firm and resolute in doing that which is good. \* \* Parents, teach your children virtuous principles. Children, if you do not willingly submit to the requirements of your parents, you will cause them to feel very bad, and to shed many tears. \*\* It is wrong for a father and mother to hold disputes and contentions over a child. \* \* It is the will of the Great Spirit that the young shall reverence the aged, even though they be as helpless as infants.”

The vices were also arraigned, especially that of intemperance; against which their wisest men made incessant

\* Handsome Lake.



and earnest exhortations. The magnitude of the evil was introduced by a figure. "He looked towards the east and saw the smoke of a thousand distilleries, rising and shutting out the light of the sun. \* \* The great prevailing sin among the Indians is intemperance. Taste not the fire-waters of the white people. \* \* Rum-sellers have no flesh on their hands; they are nothing but bones. We entreat you that none of you sell or taste the fire-water. \* \* Women should never talk ill concerning their neighbors. \* \* To be a tale-bearer is very wrong; it causes great evil. \* \* It is wrong to whip children with the rod. If you wish to correct a child use cold water."

It will be observed that the mode of punishment, to which this last injunction refers, rests upon a philosophical principle; and it is known to have long prevailed among the Iroquois. The act of plunging in water allayed the passions which refused to yield to milder applications; "the plunge" thus served the double purpose of holding the wayward *in terrorem*, and if not effective to intimidate, it then served to assuage the "infant fervor" which had swelled beyond the bounds of maternal restraint and the fear of punishment.

An examination of the sentiments contained in the preceding selection, and of their probable origin, is here unnecessary. In the discourses delivered to the people at their religious councils, all the precepts of their slender ethical code, and the peculiar tenets of their faith, would be presented for their renewed acceptance. A portion were doubtless derived from the Bible, while an equally important part were of original discovery and application. Some of these precepts inculcated the highest sentiments of morality and the purest principles of natural religion.

The particular discourse from which extracts have been given, closed with this remarkable benediction, which should be sufficient to preserve the name of its author, Sox-ha-wah, a Seneca, from forgetfulness. "May the Great Spirit bless you all, and bestow upon you the blessings of life, health, peace, and prosperity, and in turn, may you appreciate his great goodness." It will be found, on analysis, to be perfect in its kind, regarding the Deity, or Hāwennécyu, as One Person, as he is by the universal Red Race.

Dancing was regarded, by the Hodónosaunee, as an appropriate mode of worship, and at their religious as well as at their civil and mourning councils, the evenings were given up to this amusement. A belief prevailed among them that the custom was of divine origin. "The Great Spirit knew the Indian could not live without some amusements, therefore he originated the idea of dancing, which he gave to them." In consequence of this universal opinion, the most spirited, intricate and beautiful, of their numerous figures, was styled, "The Grand Religious Dance," (O-sto-weh-go-wā,) and it was never performed except in full costume, and at religious councils. Perhaps it would be unsafe to add, with reference to it, that it was the most majestic and graceful dance ever invented; at least, it would be difficult to surpass it, as all assert by whom it has been witnessed in later times. There is a popular belief among the Iroquois, that this favorite dance will be enjoyed by them, in after life, in the realm of the Great Spirit. Order and decorum were manifested on these occasions. Each dance was introduced or announced by a chief in a short address, containing appropriate observations upon its origin, character, and objects. The leader then commenced, followed by others in succession; and it was not uncommon for two or three hundred of both sexes, to be engaged at once in the same figure.

Their passion for such an amusement is not in the least surprising, when it is remembered that it furnished the chief occasion for social intercourse between the sexes. Their customs in this particular were extremely singular. Conversation, or familiar acquaintance before marriage, were almost entirely unknown; even in the dance, in which the women select whoever they please, of those engaged in it, there was scarcely a word of conversation. The council, however, was with them a carnival; a season of successive spectacles and entertainments, in which association, at least, was enjoyed, and much more of actual intercourse than in private life. It was looked for always with eager anticipations, as a season of life and motion.

A religious council usually lasted three or four days, and the order of proceedings each day was but little varied. The early part of each was spent in listening to religious teachings, and the after part was devoted to some of those sports or



games to which the Iroquois, like the red race at large, were extravagantly addicted. At twilight they partook of a repast in common, as was the custom at all councils. Over this evening banquet they never omitted to say grace, which, in their manner, was a prolonged exclamation on a high key, by a solitary voice, followed instantly by a swelling chorus from the multitude, upon a lower note; a deep-toned, and not unmusical, anthem of praise to Hawennéeyu, for his continued beneficence. After the people had allayed their appetites, preparations were immediately made for the dance, the universal evening amusement of the Iroquois, in the season of councils. The passion for this recreation was universal, and unbounded by sex or age; and here was gratified by a full indulgence. On such occasions, the hours of the night passed by unheeded; for with the Iroquois in their festivities, as with more polished society, although

“Et jam nox humida cœlo  
Præcipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera  
somnos.”\*

Yet neither the admonition of the “setting stars,” nor of the fallen dew, were there in the least regarded. Not, perhaps, until the faint light of approaching day illumined the east, did the spirit of enjoyment decline, and the last murmur of the dispersing council finally subside.

This circle of employments and of pleasures was continued from day to day until several nations had given full indulgence to their social and convivial feelings, and also had rendered thanks and homage to the Great Spirit, for the blessings which He had bestowed, and for the acknowledgment of which they had assembled. The council-fire, therefore, was once more covered over by the sachems of the Hodénosaunee, and the Mohawk, and the Oneida, the Seneca and the Cayuga, separated at once upon different trails. In a few days, the multitude were again dispersed in hunting parties, far and wide, between the Hudson and the Genesee, the Mohawk and the Susquehannah.

The influence of the civil, mourning, and religious councils, upon the people, would of itself furnish an extensive subject of inquiry. These councils changed but little from age to age, like the pursuits of Indian life; and were alike in

their essential characteristics, in their mode of transacting business, in their festivities, and in the spirit by which they were animated. From the frequency of their occurrence, and the deep interest with which they were regarded, it is evident that they exercised a vast influence upon the race. The intercourse and society which they afforded, were well calculated to humanize, and soften down the asperities of character, which their isolated mode of life was designed to produce.

There was however, a fatal deficiency in Indian Society, in the non-existence of a progressive spirit. The same rounds of amusement, of business, of warfare, of the chase, and of domestic intercourse, continued from generation to generation; there was neither progress nor invention, nor increase of political wisdom. Old forms were preserved, old customs adhered to. Whatever they gained upon one point, they lost upon another, leaving the second generation but little wiser than the first. The Iroquois, in some respects, were in advance of their red neighbors. They had attempted the establishment of their institutions upon a broader basis, and already men of high capacity had sprung up among them, as their political system unfolded. If their Indian empire had been suffered to work out its own results, it is still problematical whether the vast power they would have accumulated, and the intellect which would have been developed by their diversified affairs, would, together, have been sufficiently potent to draw the people from the Hunter, into the Agricultural State. The Hunter State is the zero of human society, and while the red-man was bound by its spell, there was no hope of its elevation. In a speculative point of view, the institutions of the Iroquois assume an interesting aspect. Would they, at maturity, have emancipated the people from their strange infatuation for a hunter life: as those of the Toltecs and Aztecs\* had before effected the disenthralment of those races in the latitudes of Mexico? It cannot be denied, that there are some grounds for the belief that their institutions would eventually have ripened into civilization. The Iroquois, at all times, have manifested sufficient intellect to promise a high degree of improvement, if it had once become awakened and di-

\* Virg. *Æn.*, Lib. ii. 9.

rected to right pursuits. Centuries might have been requisite to effect the change. How far these councils, by the spirit which they engendered, and the intercourse which they secured, were calculated to promote such an end, it would be difficult to determine.

With us, however, their institutions have a real, a present value, for what they were, irrespective of what they might have become. The Iroquois must ever figure upon the opening pages of our territorial history. They were our predecessors in the sovereignty. Our country they once called their country, our rivers and lakes were their rivers and lakes, our hills and intervalles were

also theirs. Before us, they enjoyed the beautiful scenery spread out between the Hudson and Niagara, in its wonderful diversity from the pleasing to the sublime. Before us, were they invigorated by our climate, and nourished by the bounties of the earth, the forest and the stream. The tie, by which we are thus connected, carries with it the duty of doing justice to their memory, by preserving their name and deeds, their customs and their institutions, lest they fall into forgetfulness and perish from remembrance. We cannot wish to tread ignorantly upon those extinguished council-fires, whose light, in the days of aboriginal dominion, were visible over half the continent.

## THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.\*

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### SLAWKENBERG'S LIST OF EMANCIPATING BOOKS, [*continued.*]

4. TULIPOMANIA, the worship of flowers considered: by a votary. Written by Mistress Æsthetica Bile, with poetry. A very aromatic treatise.

5. Sic et non, or the paradoxes; a hand-book of doubts for youth. By Slawkenberg.

6. Existence of a Devil rendered doubtful, from the universal beneficence of the Deity: *Appendix*, cases of death-bed and other repentances traced to atony of the great sympathetic nerve. By Miss Patience Scalpel.

7. The Liar; a century of Orphic songs. By Force meat Pellmell.

8. A treatise of barren strawberry flowers; showing their symbolic superiority over such as bear fruit; also a symbolic parallel on metaphysical nuns.

9. Divine Errors; showing that production is a loss of honor to the producer; creation a sacrifice of self-respect on the part of Deity. This wonderful argu-

ment is by Slawkenberg, assisted in the symbolism by an ex-clergyman.

10. The Nimbus; a book of private rays. By a planter of Pythagorean beans.

11. Symbolic Slides; an easy introduction to atheism. By the Rev. Smoother Downhill.

12. Which way shall we go? an *aside* for clergymen. By Dr. Handover.

13. Eulogium on the dung beetle; in which the author shows the sacredness of labor in the abstract; poem on that indefatigable worker; ode to his sphere, or symbol. By Miss Wealthy Wishwell.

14. The Idler; a series of essays sympathizing with the working classes. By a young ladies' poet.

15. Continuation of the Book of Job; by a mesmerized lady: with an appendix on the art of prophecy, showing by what passes it may be communicated.

16. Cento of barren conceits; by Messrs. Dull and Doolittle.

17. Book of Spiritual synonyms, for the use of sceptical clergymen; by Slawkenberg. By the help of this manual the language of one sect may be used to teach the doctrine of another. *Example*—God, in the language of St. Paul, signifies the Creator and triune Source of all being; in the language of a certain modern sect it is a term for Satanic or transcendent pride; by the use of which synonymy we may talk of God and mean the devil. A capital trick for deceiving the vulgar.

18. Choice of a husband scientifically considered; by a maiden of experience. In three chapters: chap. i. physiological preliminary; chap. ii. mental qualities; chap. iii. spiritual qualities. As the choice of a wife or husband is the most important step in life, Slawkenberg thinks that the young of the human species should have their whole attention directed upon it from the first. He agrees with Monsieur Funk, the philanthrope, in thinking that nothing should be left to chance in this matter; but that marriages should be contracted only between parties who have given unequivocal proofs of fitness.

19. Deduction of men from monkeys, grounded on experience. (Author finds nothing in himself which might not exist in a monkey.) By Brainworm.

20. Social privacy a vice; the family a relict of barbarism; proposition for converting towns and cities into vast lodging-houses. The golden mediocrity

attained by leveling the great and encouraging the mean; vice and ignorance a result of the privacy and exclusiveness of families; necessity of providing for children the true cause of all immoralities. By the Man in the Moon.

21. Absence of care essential to the formation of a virtuous character. The author indignantly repels the opinion that if all lived luxuriously, the world would become a Sodom; urging on the contrary his own experience; that himself, when poor, was driven to all manner of vile shifts for a living, and acquired therefrom a disgust for, and hatred of, the iniquities of trade; but that now, having a competency, he passed for a very moral citizen. By Dullkoff.

22. Machiavelli's precept for the treatment of conquered cities considered and applied; by the modern Lycurgus. The author observing the rapid progress of the new opinions, looks forward to the time when society shall lie as it were at the mercy of victorious philanthropy, like a city rendered to a conqueror. Then, remembering Machiavelli's precept for the treatment of conquered cities, he goes on to agitate, whether it will best secure their victory to the philanthropes, if they utterly suppress and annihilate existing institutions, setting up others of their own; or if they leave things pretty much as they find them, and only seize upon all places of power and emolument.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE AUTHOR MAKES AN EFFORT TO RESUME THE NARRATIVE OF HIS OWN LIFE.

I forewarned you in my eighth chapter, that by an irresistible bias of nature, I should be led into all manner of vagaries and humors, through the course of this history; though you, doubtless, paid very little heed to the remark, and went skipping along with a hop, step, and jump through my first chapters, as if you had been galloping through a suburb, toward the very heart of the matter, like an impatient romance reader, as you are; but, I promise you, things will not be slighted off in such fashion. Think of the pains I have been at, for your sake, in my selection of topics, and quotations from the folios of that renowned author; of the magnanimous sacrifice of myself, in the belittling comparison of my own

with his, and the interruption of this intrinsic history. To say nothing of my eleventh chapter, which, as you doubtless remember, contained a subtle argumentation against the mechanical deism, done to the trivial palate of such light readers as yourself, in a pickleherring sauce, which cost me infinite self-denial in the employment; for it is necessary to observe that I am naturally of a didactical turn, and abhor everything ridiculous or common. I say, instead of slighting off my sentences in that style, you should have read them slowly, and weighed them wisely; and I will wager all I am worth, that had you done so, your stock of wisdom would have suffered no loss. Observe, for example, what a weight of

meaning lies in the introductory sentence of my twelfth chapter: for though I perceive by the hang of your nether lip, you fancy it a very well established fact, that a tailor's yard is thirty-six inches in length; yet, I maintain upon my reputation, there's not a yard-stick in the universe, that shall not be found to differ by some mensurable quantity of more or less, from your notional thirty-six inches. There is no real exact out-and-out yard-stick—a reflection which will doubtless strike you into a profound melancholy; and you will pass on to consider of the tailor himself, and of his sad excesses and defects; that there is no real com-

plete tailor in the universe; as all men are well aware: then of his occupation, and its significance; then of humanity, and how the body itself is but the form and clothing of the spirit; that this clothing, however ragged, foul or threadbare, will always, in some manner, indicate the quality of the soul that it invests: with the like truisms and profundities into which, if the mood is on you, you are likely to fall. See, then, my hasty sir, what a world of philosophical reflection hung upon that slender slip of a yard-stick. I pray you skip me not over so lightly.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE AUTHOR MAKES A SECOND EFFORT TO RESUME HIS NARRATIVE AND SUCCEEDS, TO THE INJURY OF HIS REPUTATION.

Mr. Yorick's discovery of his treatment of my mother and intentions for myself, inspired me with a secret hatred and disgust, which worked upon my spirits in such a manner, I resolved at length to avoid him and escape his presence. I cherished this resolution, and strengthened it for the space of a year, before the opportunity offered of putting it in execution; during all which time my boyish wits were employed in gathering means toward the enterprise. My father's crony, the barber, with whose name you are already acquainted, (though perhaps, as you might easily forget it, there being nothing specially memorable in the name of Flusky, I may be permitted to jog your recollection,) who interested himself deeply in my affairs, and was by no means an ill-natured man, began very soon to have a suspicion of me and my plans, and, at different times, by various arguments, strove to divert me from them. "I think, Master Yorick," said he to me, on one of these occasions, when we chanced to be together in the back-room of his little shop; "it is in your mind to quit us. Now, for my part, you know I love you, though I've beat you often—that was not our affair, you know. Now, look'y, young gentleman, let me give you a bit of my experience; for, d'ye see, I'm an old fellow that has seen both sides o' the world; I ha' been a French priest the first half o' my life, and a Lunnon barber the tother half—though I say it; and, as Mr. Yor-

ick always remarks, my first trade was metabolic, and my second was metabolic—being, in a manner, the first o' the church, and the second o' the world—the first priestly, the second courtly and fashionable—a man must rise a little in his business: let be, that's not the point. As I was saying, you have it in mind to quit us. Now, just let me say it, you can't desave me, young gentleman; a priest is not to be desaved by a boy, nor a barber, who knows the world, is not to be desaved by a boy; its out of possibility, as Mr. Yorick would say. Havn't I seen you take many a sixpence out of the till, in the shop here, and pocket it; and have I so much as whispered a word of the matter to him? an' don't I know you're no baby nor thief, but only a young gentleman cornered and grovelled, as Mr. Yorick would say, with your principles immature, and longing to be out. And here," added the monitor, handing me a dirty bit of paper, "is a copy of verses to 'Liberty;' and can't I swear by the hand-writing? And what does liberty mean if not license, as Mr. Yorick would say, and license is running away—that's all. Now, my young master you may keep the sixpences, and take as many more as it likes you, for I know he scrimps you, but for God's sake don't leave us. The world's a wilderness, full of wild beasts and devils. He that quits home and friends, quits all that's good in the world, take my word for it. Mr. Yorick's a hard man, he's a

little of a Tiberus, a bit of a tyrant, I know, and yet he's rich, and 'll leave you everything. Forty thousand pounds, young master, is not a matter to be run away from on slight consideration," &c.

Imagine to yourself a young gentleman, of a meditative, not to say a proud spirit, and fired with a love of honor, or, at least, of human approbation, detected by a barber in stealing sixpences out of a shop till!—in a word, imagine the extremity of shame. The man who had inflicted my seventh-day chastisement of the rod, whom I had learned from my patron to despise as a tool, and from my own sufferings to hate as a minister of tyranny, becomes, on a sudden, the keeper, the actual master of my honor! Oh, my good friend, I have written it, and it shall not be erased—I was a detected thief, and liable to transportation for the fact. I, who in my dreams had always figured as a man of honor, a poet, nay a hero of great occasions; who had reckoned Tasso and Dante for my friends, and constantly conversed with them in secret; who, in my day-visions, often saw the circle of the glorious ancients beckoning to me, and smiling upon me as a soul worthy of their companionship. I a thief, detected by a barber! Misery! misery ineffable!

On farther consideration I took comfort. For observe, your thief is a rogue in the grain, and not a rogue by circumstance. I was a rogue by circumstance, which is great palliation, and somewhat cools the ardor of my cheek.

Flusky had been regularly paid a shilling for beating me, on Saturday night; which he did in my patron's presence, with a sufficient hazel switch, to the number of ten, twenty, or thirty strokes, according to my behavior through the week. This had been done pretty regularly for five years, which put him, as I reckoned, in my debt, for the wages of iniquity, no less a sum than ten pounds making all proper deductions. Now, as the recovery of this sum, by any other than secret means was out of the question, I took the secret way, and had abstracted about half the amount, when the thing happened of which you are aware.

These palliations of my guilt had not force enough on the instant for my self-justification, and the feeling of shame struck me dumb. Without replying, I walked into the street, and after wandering about the city between asleep and awake, (for the effect of shame upon

me has always been to induce a torpid condition of my senses,) I sat down at night-fall on the edge of the wharf by the river, where a small brig lay within a cable's length of the shore. The place was a solitary nook of the city adjoining upon flats deserted by the tide, and, as it seemed, might have been a haunt of thieves, or smugglers; for I saw none but some suspicious-looking persons who stood watching me as I sat, from the doors of a ruinous old store-house, that jutted over the river upon piles. Paying no heed to these or other circumstances about me, I sat for a long time, revolving in my mind the many miseries I had suffered in the house of Mr. Yorick. My regular weekly bastinado; the arguments to which I was witness between the barber and my patron touching my education and discipline, which to this day I shudder to think on; my hard pallet-bed in the fourth story; my miserable diet; the compassion of the neighbors, which they took every opportunity of showing me by gifts and kind words; then, with a feeling of inexpressible rage, I recollected many slighting observations of my patron and the old housekeeper on my mother's quality and condition; with certain lectures of the former on the inheritance of immorality, and the vices that run in families. I believe I had never thought connectedly in my life before; and the effect was a sudden production in me of a new feeling, the desire and resolve to enjoy my liberty from that day forth, let it cost me what sacrifices it might. Among the books of Mr. Yorick's library, to which I had always a free access, (for it was a good point in his system never to discourage or meddle with my reading,) I had taken especial delight in certain chivalrous romances, and in the poems of Tasso which I read in my native language. By these I was soon inspired with ideas of freedom, and a life of enterprise; but the possibility of realizing them had never occurred to me until that moment.

While engaged with these reflections, I saw a boat let down from the stern of the brig, and presently taking advantage of a channel in the flat it approached the wharf where I was sitting, and a stout man who proved to be the skipper (i. e. captain) of the brig, got out of the boat upon the stones of the wharf and climbing up, came behind and laid his hand upon my shoulder.



## CHAPTER XV.

## THE SKIPPER.

I was not a little startled by the touch of the skipper's hand, as you may well imagine, for though not a coward by nature, I had been made one, if that be possible, by education. Nevertheless, I started briskly up and turning about, very briefly demanded his business. He replied gruffly, pointing to the brig that he wanted a hand, and seeing me sitting idle there, he thought I might like a place under him; adding in slang phrase which I hardly understood, a few sentences touching the pleasures of a life at sea, free trade, and fortune to speed you. The brig, he said, would sail that night for the Irish coast, and thence to America, and if I liked, I might work my passage. While I stood doubting, half inclined to go, a second boat followed with two men in it, who came up to us with such an air of resolution, placing themselves one on either side of me, I began to think my going might be no virtue after all, and that I might as well make it easy for myself. And so, betwixt fear and desire, I told the skipper he had found his man: upon which all three laughed in a disagreeable manner, as if at some malicious jest.

The skipper went first in his own boat, and we followed in the other. The shortest of the two men, who was the mate, put an oar into my hands, bidding me use it; which when I failed to do, for I had never been in a boat before, he threatened me with great oaths and foul names; and seeing I did no better for all his swearing, struck me a blow upon the head with the tiller; after which I have no recollection of anything for a week or more; and then, as I remember, we were beating to northward along the western coast of Ireland.

The first time I came on deck, while yet suffering from the effects of the blow, which had stunned and nearly killed me, the skipper came up as I stood leaning over the taffrail, and began to apologize for the injury; said the mate was a drunken rascal; that he himself meant me no harm; that he knew who I was, by the name written on my clothes; had been acquainted with my father, as he called him, and would take me back with him to England if I chose. Seeing that affairs had taken so fortunate a turn, I

began to gather courage, and after thanking the skipper for his good intentions, I said the best service he could render me, would be a free passage to America, and that if he would make same allowance for my youth and ignorance, I would do what I could towards working the vessel, as I did not care to burden him with an idler. He assented very cheerfully, and we were soon on the very best terms, nor did I find his company uninstructional or disagreeable.

After a few days more of hard sailing, we entered at night-fall into a small harbor with a hard name, which I have forgotten, near the northernmost point of Ireland, and after a stay of some hours, during which time the people of the shore brought a great number of casks of spirits to the beach and floated them off in skiffs to the brig, we hoisted sail again with the addition of one man to our complement, and stood off for the American shore. The wind staid fair from the south-east, with open temperate weather, which gave the skipper plenty of leisure for talk, and in the course of our conversations, as was natural for a seaman, he very freely told me his history, expecting mine in return.

The skipper found as much to envy in my fortune as I did in his; for it is incredible how people overlook their own happiness and sigh for that of another. I have sometimes thought it impossible for any man to understand the misery of his neighbor, until he has once tasted it, but all imagine with great ease a pleasure which they have never experienced.

Skipper Shiftwell—yes, that was the name, though, indeed, the poor fellow's name was the worst thing about him—and now I am reminded in some convenient little nook of a chapter, to give you my brief dissertation of names, in which are some curious reflections—Skipper Shiftwell informed me, very particularly, of his birth, education, connections, gains, losses, &c. &c. with a degree of minuteness, which led me at times into a suspicion that he thought I might write his biography. He said he was born of an honest parentage, in a small university town, on the American shore, a circumstance of which I made no account: Shiftwell, however, made a

great deal; for he swore there was no place under heaven comparable with it. He admitted the place was sandy, and that the inhabitants knew very little of the world; but he would add, that if I blamed them for that, I did them a great injustice; for it was not to be expected of a small place. His father, he said, had a farm of about a hundred acres in the vicinity, of which he could manage only about half, and that indifferently; for the low land was a mere sand-bar, and sucked in all the richness he put upon it; and for the hill, why that was a lump of iron-stone, and most part covered with sheep-sorrel. Yet, take it all together, he had never seen a prettier farm in his life—"it lay so snug-like, on the slope, and there was a cold spring-well under the hill, and a crow roost in the bit of pine wood, and whortle-berries on the ridge, and cranberries in the meadow;" and then he would wipe his eyes.

His father, he said, had been a colonel in the army, under Washington, and was killed at Princeton, fighting for pure love and no pay. "His mother would not marry again. He thought her brain a little touched, for she said since *he* was dead, she would have no husband but her country," and the like insanities.

This poor fellow talked a great deal about his country, which he seemed to rate next in esteem to his parents, his farm and his native village; yet, he had led a roving life, he confessed, from the day he was fourteen years of age, when he went on a smuggling expedition to Spain. But the greatest singularity in his character, was his total ignorance of a superior; he had no more notion of the value of an aristocracy supporting the throne, than you, madam, of the value of your husband's money, or your daughter's blushes.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### PANTOL'S IGNORANCE OF ANALOGIES.

No part of my friend Pantol's treatise of Trades and Occupations, is more agreeable to me than the dissertation on the Analogies of the learned Professions. Now, to confess the truth, and between you and myself, the author does not rightly penetrate the sense of a philosophical analogy, in which particular he discovers a singular inferiority to the all comprehensive Von Slawkenberg. Pantol is a living author, and my friend; indeed, I know not his equal in some parts of learning, but I fancy you would laugh to witness his simplicity in others. To instance, he is totally ignorant of the art of love, and never flattered a woman in all his life, a defect of such magnitude in the eyes of a lady who was his friend, she offered herself to him, and was refused, on the plea that he had too high an estimate of her happiness to permit her to throw away so much devotion; to which the lady replied, that she did it for pity, thinking no one else would. Pantol showed in everything a total ignorance of analogy; he would compare an owl with a German professor, for example, and instead of drawing a philosophical conclusion, would only laugh. His contempt for this method of analogy, was a continual cause of laughter with him; sometimes for days toge-

ther, he would pour out a stream of them, and by the ridiculous light in which himself viewed them, was sure to draw on others to laugh with him; greatly to the injury of the philosophical spirit in conversation.

Of a certain new sect of enthusiasts, who deify Pride, and worship it as the divine power in the soul, he said they were like those Pagans who made a god out of a pruriency. He turned a mere jest on the matter; as if there was not as well a moral, as a sensuous pruriency.

Of the people of New York, he said, that they had taken a constitution from their demagogues for the next twenty years, thinking in their hearts to change it quickly if it proves unsound. This, he said, reminded him of a simpleton, who, buying a horse of a jockey asked the fellow to warrant him. The jockey knowing his customer, said he would do so if he, the buyer, would take him for good and all, to which simpleton replied, "It is a bargain."

Hearing me say that all virtue consisted in self-control, he said that virtue was also a direction given to life by the conscience, as a ship is guided by a rudder; but if there was no motion of the ship it could not be steered, and so of virtue, its power appeared only in action. This

comparison seemed to him but skin deep, and a very good jest.

Being told by some person, that Calvin derived the law of God from the will of God, he asked for a definition of law. No one could give it him. Presently he said, "The Creator must have been in jest or in earnest, when he made his laws. Reasoning in Paley's manner, the probabilities are, he was in earnest. If he was in earnest he had a good end in view. Now, to act in regard of a good end is to act justly; a law is a rule for action in regard of a good end; the will is the end and not the means—law is the means." At which we all laughed very heartily.

Hearing that some Irish laborers had been killed by the caving in of a bank which they were excavating, he remarked, that the Irish were the only nation in the world, who deliberately dug themselves under. Which was a very good jest.

Of the Jesuits he said, they were right in affirming that the end sanctified the means; but for his part, he judged ends by means, and not means by ends; for the contrary was impossible in the nature of things. "If," says he, "I see men plotting to do evil, undermining the authority of law, violating the privacy of families, persecuting, deceiving, and doing a hundred nefarious things, I conclude their *ends* to be bad, because their *means* are so: for mark you, it is out of your power to know the true quality of my ends until you first see the means I use toward them. I, therefore, admit the dogma, that 'the end sanctifies the means,' and, moreover, judge of each man's ends by the *means* he employs;"—which occasioned a burst of merriment in the whole company; for they all knew that Pantol was a great wit.

On another occasion he remarked roundly, that out of a hundred who profess to believe in the immortality of the divine Image in man, ninety-nine thought only of an immortality of the body, as good for cats and asses as for men: Sir, said I, you make us out to be no wiser than we should be. Admiring my penetration, he immediately invited me to dinner.

I began this chapter with speaking of Pantol's Treatise of Trades and Occupations; in which, pursuing his favorite dichotomy, he divides all businesses into two classes, subdividing these upon the

same principle. As my very dear friend, Charles Lamb, has distinguished all mankind into borrowers and lenders, so Pantol separates all occupations into gainers and losers; who continually play into each other's hands.

"Thus if I buy a yard of silk ribbon for two shillings, the shopkeeper is a gainer by so much as I am a loser; but if I pay a clergyman my share of his salary, I am the gainer and he the loser; for as hard money is a better commodity than frail silk, so is it a worse one than divine truth; if the preacher sells me such truth as a commodity for money, I have greatly the advantage of him!" I shall show you presently that Slawkenberg held the contrary opinion; so that between these mighty authorities I am negatived and silenced.

Pantol pursues the topic in his eccentric and irregular way, and falls, by I know not what connection, into a comparison of tailors and lawyers, discovering their analogies. Conversing with Prig, the tailor, who was about leaving the needle for the law, he says: "I told him he was but teaching a dumb goose to cackle; that he was as likely to prick his fingers in the one trade as in the other; that if it took *nine* Prigs to make a man, it would take *three* to make one Attorney Prig; that the two trades did not so greatly differ as he could hope to gain much by the exchange. Do but observe, said I, my penetrating, my shining, my quick, my sprightly, my punctilious, clean-eyed Prig, what a loss of coats and breeks thou'lt be the means of, shouldst thou quit this profession and take up the other. Canst not see with half an eye, my prim, pettifogging Prig, in prospect, what a detriment thou'lt make thy sprightly self? Pettifoggers are not the best, but a pettifogger Prig would be a nuisance. Will any man love thee the better, my tender goose?—will any man find it in his heart to hate thee the more, my surly gander?—for even to be hated would be a matter of consolation to thee. Hast thou failed as tailor, and thinkest to succeed as pettifogger?"

"Prig, who had twice in his life stood for a straw bail, and thrice as a suborned witness, was not so easily abashed or silenced. I see, said he, that being a learned man you despise a tailor; but observe what an injustice I suffer by your contempt! Hath not a Prig ears? hath he not a tongue, lungs? and shall

these parts lie idle? Nor does he utterly desert his functions in passing from the board to the bar, and from clipping of cloths to clipping of cases. Is not the judge a cutter presiding over the square and the rule; and is not a precedent a fashion, and a fashion a precedent?—Nay I will say that lawyers are the tailors of the state, and prisons the h—ll into which they fling their scraps. A pettifogger is but a *sartor* turned, the rags within. Respectability, is it not his sur-tout? I admit it, replied I, and add, that the noses of both have the same expression, contracted by the effect of bad smells; that both are continually busy in taking of men's dimensions; that there is no great difference in the length of their bills; that a tailor can make a king, as easily as can a pettifogger. In conclusion, I advise thee not to quit buckram for parchment; for if one is a stiffener of the breast, the other is no less so of the back."

In this manner would he sport with analogies, playing over their stops in a careless fashion, not without a satisfaction to himself, but never, as I think, with a true insight for their profounder meaning. Recurring to the conversation, I asked him whether pettifoggers should be condemned as a class; a possibility which offered itself when I reflected on the many evils they perpetuate in Society. To this he made no reply for a considerable time; which led me, at first, to think I might have offended him by the question: a gathering smile upon his face soon dispelled my anxiety. I perceive, said he, my good sir, that it is dangerous to sport with analogies before so earnest a man as yourself. If I tell you that the existence of a devil is necessary to your virtue, you will presently conclude, with our transcendental friends, "that a devil is no such bad thing after all." I then inquired whether he would permit the many to be afflicted in order that the virtue of the few might be the more exercised; to this he answered, that it was none of his business; which was, indeed, a fact, for he was just then dissecting a lizard.

Of the humanitarians, and those who cry out in none of the best temper "for the elevation of the inferior classes," he remarked that they considered themselves to be specially appointed on a mission to elevate their inferiors. I then asked him what they meant by the inferior classes; he replied that he knew of none but a

moral inferiority; that, when all is said, the true governing class in society is the religious and the virtuous class; that poverty was an effect of pride, as much as of fortune or of ignorance; and that the solid virtue of the poor was continually lessening their poverty; with a variety of common-places of that order, stale enough for the modern ear;—but the sharpest wits have their dull moods.

I must not lose this opportunity of relating to you in what manner I came first to know Pantol, who is, indeed, my very dear friend. I gave you, in the last chapter, an account of my voyage from England, but said nothing of the termination of it. We came in sight of the American coast on the evening of the thirteenth day. I had, by this time, recovered a good state of body, and made myself serviceable on board the ship. The next morning we came near the shore, and stood off and on with a westerly wind. The land we had come in sight of was a sandy shelf, going back a hundred yards to a kind of dunes, or sand hills, blown up by the winds, and fastened by roots of sedge. Coming in the boat, (for it was here our contraband commodities were to be landed,) we set up a tent on the beach, and a party, of which I was one, were sent inland for wood and water. We crossed over the dunes, and then over marshes swarming with mosquitoes, which gave us great annoyance, and came presently to the feet of grassy uplands, that stretched off on either side, hill beyond hill, in a manner charming to the eye. On all these uplands there were no trees, but only here and there a bush, in which I found nests of birds with the eggs in them; for it was in June that we landed. Leaving my companions at a spring where they were filling the casks with water, I strolled away inland with my gun in pursuit of plovers and other long-legged birds, of which I saw several flocks; but being totally unused to this sport, I was quickly tired, and sitting down upon the sward in a little dell, was soon lost in a kind of dreamy meditation. How long this may have lasted I know not, but on looking up, I saw a tempest gathering in the south, and heard the roar of the breakers on the beach. The wind was blowing fresh from the quarter of the storm, and must have cast the brig on the shore, had she not stood away for the east; the coast on this part of the

continent lying along from north-east to south-west with an even border. Hurrying to the spring I found the party gone, and presently saw that the boat had been drawn up and made fast to the stern. While I stood gazing, those on deck made signals to me which I did not understand, and, soon bearing away under sail, they were diminished to my eyes until the vessel became a white speck against the cloud of the storm.

You may imagine the terrible dejection that fell upon me when I saw the brig sail away; for the region I had lighted on was to all appearance uninhabited; nor did I find for that evening, or through the tempest of the night, any shelter or other traces of a human presence.

About dawn the wind fell and the sun rose magnificently over the sea. I walked over the green slopes that were channeled and matted with the violent rain, and over hill tops purple with the morning light. After going a great distance along the shore, and, as I thought, inland about four miles, I came upon a piece of wood like a copse, but very wild and irregular. To my great joy I saw cattle grazing within the copse, and as I approached them, a figure, which seemed to be that of a herdsman, came out from among the underwood and advanced toward me. Not without astonishment I perceived that notwithstanding the savage wildness of the place, the figure had the dress and manners of a European, and my surprise turned to extravagant joy when he addressed me in very good English with a civil morning salutation. I immediately told my story, to which the stranger, who was evidently no clown, listened with attention. When I had explained the reason of my being there, he made me sit down with him upon the sward, under some hazel bushes, and opening a sportsman's wallet which hung at his side, he took out bread and meat, and a flask of wine, and of these we made a joyful meal.

When we had finished, (and I remember picking out the crumbs that fell into the grass,) we each took a number of good sips of wine. I remarked that it was the first I had tasted in several years; which gave the stranger an opportunity of asking several questions touching my history and voyage; nor did I fail to satisfy his curiosity in every particular, not forgetting to set forth my own accomplishments, or my patron's merits. In very truth, I gave so favor-

able an account of him, suppressing, for I know not what reason, so much of what was injurious, he could not but express his wonder that I had ever quitted so good a master.

When the stranger knew that I had an education, he began to try my scholarship, and put several questions to me in Latin; which, when I not only answered easily, but quoted in reply some choice passages from the poets, he embraced me with enthusiasm, and we spent the rest of that day very happily together, though I confess the singularity of his actions struck me at first with a suspicion of his sanity. He had with him a net of fine muslin for the purpose of entrapping butterflies, which he said were very easy to be caught with muslin. His talk was altogether of these elegant winged creatures, or of beetles; in whom he assured me there exists a wonderful system of organs, not unlike those of a quadruped. I began now to think, not without an emotion of curiosity, that I had met with a savan: and so it proved in the sequel.

Absorbed in this learned pastime we passed a week or more together, scouring the fields and bushes for insects. Sometimes we dragged our nets over the grass and filled them in that way with a thousand lively kinds of creatures. Sometimes we ran madly about, thrashing the air with them like bat fowlers, taking in all kinds of gnats and two-winged flies. We examined the blains and galls of sore trees, squeezing out of them the living causes of their griefs. We raked in the sands of the brooks, or lay for hours upon the brink, noting the habits of water-worms, who build cases for their bodies out of sand, twigs, and bits of leaves. We turned over thousands of stones, and hewed into the hearts of dead trees, bringing to light many gay and singular forms, whose colors live to no eye but the savan's or the woodpecker's.

Following these pleasures through the day, at night we retired to a cottage built of logs, where a herdsman lived with his family, and where we were entertained with fresh milk, brown bread, and fish of the sea.

Under the feigned name of Pantologus, in token of his universal learning, I have introduced you to the person whom I found employed in this manner, and who to this day is my friend; though his present expedition to Asia has deprived me for some years of the consolation of his kindness. Whether I should think of



him as living, and successfully tracing out the tribes of Bucharía, for the confirmation of his theory of the origin of our race, I know not. The world has taken small notice of him, but by its neglect he is not affected: he looks to posterity. In case he should not be heard from by the sixth year of the date of his voyage, his writings are to be given to the world, a sufficient sum having been set apart for that purpose;—this being the fifth year of his absence. I begin already to think his bones may be whitening on the Indian Caucasus, which he vowed to visit as the true Ararat and sacred nursery of the human race. Reaching this point through India, he resolved to follow the migrations of the Teutonic tribes in their dispersion; passing from Cashmere into Thibet; thence descending into Bucharía; thence about the sea of Aral, along the plains of Asia, and to the Black Sea and the Baltic; tracing the route by which those families would have moved, who gave origin to the tribes of Europe.

In expectation of the event, I have already entered into correspondence with a publisher for the issue of his works. They will be contained in *five* volumes folio; which was the number directed by himself. The dimensions of the volumes are very exactly laid down in his instructions. They are to be as *seven* to *five* in the oblong, and printed in *three* different forms of type; the title-pages and preface in Latin, to strike an awe into the unlearned: the text in English, such as it is; for I am sorry to admit of my friend, his worst fault is his style; of which, to say that it is ambitious, obscure and anatomical—a crude assemblage of periods, stuffed with Gallicisms, Latinisms, Germanisms, philosophisms, and dullardisms—is truly to say the least that can be said: so far Pantol, though otherwise courteous and polite, is unhappily no gentleman—he writes a bad style.

Of the contents of these folios I have little to say at present; by and by I may give you some curious extracts. To enable you to form a general conception of their scope, I will just add, that the first folio is a new organon of philosophy, or complete analysis of the human mind, in which are some wonderful developments. The second is a philosophical inquiry into the nature of things in general, which I suspect to be a kind of ponderous satire, though it is not easy, in any part of his works, to tell if

the author be in earnest; a particular in which he resembles his friend and correspondent, the famous and mysterious Teuyfelsdroeck; but in other particulars, the Sartor doth not resemble him: nay, their lines of erudition are wholly divergent; for, while Teuyfelsdroeck is undoubtedly *the* philanthropist of these days, Pantol is no less unquestionably *the* savan. My friend is indeed deficient in the sublime quality of Hope; his aim is to know things as they *are*, not as what they may become; in which, indeed, I grant a disadvantage; but this is balanced by a happy hatred of man-worship, (with which our German admits himself to have been grievously afflicted in his youth,) and a savantical scorn of speculation, carried to the verge of a fault; so that even his treatise of the mind reads like a bare statement of facts; but I find, on considering the facts as he has placed them, their principles start out of themselves.

His third folio is of literature; or rather, of speech and writing at large; in which, among a number of satirical hits, I find the following:

“Out of the history of letters, I have endeavored, at various times, to extract some tolerable definition of the word *literature*, as distinguished from mere speech, or talking. The result is far from satisfactory. Indeed, I am inclined to suspect that, when all is done, there is no such species as *literature*. Chirography, phonetic, rhetoric, rhythmic, poetic, logic, metaphysic, didactic, physiologic, hermeneutic, tragic, comic, hieroglyphic, with what else may end in *ic*, I find reducible to a definition; but for the very *ic* itself, the soul of these, I cannot compass a statement of it. Literature may be, after all, a mere fantastical term for a library. There is no proper treatise of the matter, nor even a bare exposition of the question, *what is literature?* which, if properly investigated, might yield important results. If the mere delivery of words by writing is literature, it were a proud day for lying puffers and venders of false news. If a pretty handling of words is the matter, fortunate are they who indite bad sentiment at the second hand. If mean wit and gross maxims may set up a claim to be literature, I concede it to provincial dabsters and broken-winded jokers. A pert logician, starting at the prospect of a dispute, tells me of two sorts of tradition, or delivery by writing—the permanent and the perishable.

ble; the former being literature proper, the second, literature by courtesy, as having the ostent and feature without the soul. But this would give great offence. Then he asks whether a literature, consisting wholly of critics, should be set among the permanent or perishable? I would give a hundred golden eagles for an answer to either question, that should be satisfactory."

You will see, by inspection of the above passage, the defect of my friend's intellect; for do but observe with what ease you may arrive at the conclusion he seeks. Take a good fair copy of the works of each of the following authors, to wit: Bacon, Milton, Shakspeare; Plato, Sophocles, Homer; Cicero, Virgil, Livy; Montaigne, Rousseau, Voltaire; Luther, Lessing, Goethe; Isaiah, St. Paul, and the author of Job; Calderon, Lope, Cervantes; Dante, Boccaccio, Tasso; Calidas, Vrihaspiti, Menu, and so on through the list; of the authors of each language taking the three best, (I insist upon *three*,) read attentively (at least in a translation) as many of them as your leisure will permit, and I warrant you will find yourself too profitably busy to trouble your head any farther about the matter in dispute.

His fourth volume is of races; an enormous, not to say overloaded assemblage of facts relating to man as a *species*, or moving and talking animal. In his chapter of the African tribes, he talks in such a high strain as the following:

"A certain German moralist (Kant, I believe) lays the corner-stone of his ethical system in the following absurdity: '*No just man can use another as a tool*; this is the first principle of ethics,' proceeding on the hypothesis of an I know not what difference between the human and the animal soul. He adds rather doggedly, that '*for a service rendered, or exacted, there must be an equivalent, or there is no recognition of any basis or possibility of right.*' Now, (continues Pantol,) I appeal from this wiseacre to the facts of history and nature. Is it not the very soul of high probity, not so much to employ as actually to seize upon men, and force them into one's service? What is all this miserable twaddle about, '*using a man as a tool*,' \* \* \* when there's not a man of us all, who is not secretly charmed with the idea? Why, is not this same relationship of the tool to the hand that wields it one of a deep not to say a di-

vine significance? The Creator of the world is said to make tools of tyrants and assassins to work out good to the world—nay, the very d—l himself, what is he but a kind of dingy tool, and subaltern? Is not the soldier the tool of his corporal, the corporal of the captain, the captain of the colonel, the colonel of the commander, and he of the king, the ministry, or the party? Why not?—why not? Can you explain the matter, sir? or you, madam? Certainly your *husband* is a very convenient tool; you use him to build your house, buy your elegances, put you at your ease, and for the equivalent, you render him "*woman's rights*," and \*\*\*\*\* *fie!*"

Indeed my friend is very harsh; soured by early disappointment, I doubt—a cross, confirmed bachelor, past the marriageable age, poor in purse, ugly in person, weak in health; all which being taken into the account, not forgetting that he shows the best of tempers in the main, I hope you will find it in your heart to forgive him.

His fifth volume is of religions. By this it appears the author is a Trinitarian, though I confess his treatment of the matter has an air of mysticism, not to say of mystery. Indeed, if it be not coldly received by respectable persons generally, then am I quite ignorant of the spirit of this age. Take the following: "In my first volume I have endeavored to establish a true distinction between the immortal soul in man, and the brutal; I have said that this immortal or personal soul, though an absolute unity in itself, yet consists of three personal elements, or modes of immortality, to wit: Spiritual Love, Spiritual Will, and Spiritual Knowledge, or rather of the substance and sources of these. Now as the Creator made man in his own image, this human divinity is the mystical image of the Divine one." Alas, my poor friend! that thou shouldst have wasted thyself in vain efforts to interpret St. Augustin and the Platonic Christians, when with far less toil of the brain thou mightest have added an improvement to the steam-engine, or written an imperishable treatise of herb-gardening. Not to gainsay the much quoted opinion of my Lord Bacon, wherein he pretendeth to set meditation above invention and the *sources* of the useful arts above those arts; as if one might not see with half an eye that the mind of man was created *for* the glorious arts, and not these arts for the

mind ; nor to weaken his apophthegm, "that as sight is more beautiful than the uses of light, so is the knowledge of things as they are more dignified than the *utility* of discoveries,"—I yet aver that Pantol might have put his thoughts to better advantage on the gestation of a new system of society, instead of the fishing and fumbling amid the relics of the ancient truth for certain mouldy verities, of no interest to the masses.

Indeed, notwithstanding all his savantical scepticism and declaring of himself "a Progress Man," and "a Reformer," I do profoundly suspect him of a certain conservatism; idiosyncratic, it may be, with himself." His habit of looking into the principles of things, and searching out their pith, enables him to a variety of curious observations, and the

discovery of good in unexpected quarters. But above all I note this in him as peculiar—when he kicks off the old shoe, it is with no intention of going barefoot that day forth ; but incontinently he orders one of the same leather, and the same easy fit ; admitting all improvements, with due allowance for the season and the fashion. "None but a madman," says he angrily, "will change a good custom, even in a shoe, until he knows a better can be had forthright in its stead. To cashier your tailor or your clergyman, and to burn your breeches or your Bible, in such a biting winter as this is, with no certainty of even a rag to cover your body, or a divine word to comfort your soul, what is it but a mad vanity or a furious improvidence?"

## SONG.

WHEN I was a little tiny boy,  
In the happy vernal time ;  
And life was but an idle toy,  
In the fresh hours of prime ;  
O then 'twas pleasant far away,  
Where the sweet birds might sing,  
In fields and forests all the day,  
Making the echoes ring,  
To sport among the flowers so gay,  
Throwing the careless hours away.

But Spring has all too short a date,  
And sultry Summer comes ;  
They will not for our wishing wait,—  
Spring goes, and Summer comes :  
'Twas pleasant then in shade to lie,  
Through all the sultry day,  
And idly gaze upon the sky  
Where the silver clouds did stray ;  
Then watch the closing of Day's eye,  
While he on golden couch doth lie.

Then came the cold November winds,  
In the fall of the leaf so drear,  
And brought a chill to sober minds,  
In the sad days of the year :  
For now the grape dropped from the wall,  
In the gloom of the lessening days,  
And the last few golden apples' fall  
Made sadder still the ways ;  
And all the paths were brown and chill,  
And leaves went flitting o'er the hill.

\* See Novum Organon B. 1. 129.

Then Winter came, so blue and cold,  
In the days of sleet and snow ;  
The naked woods look sear and old,  
And all things hoary grow :  
In icy caves the waters lie,  
The drift o'ertops the wall,  
And snows come sliding through the sky  
With a whirling whispering fall :—  
O now, 'twas sweet at home to stay,  
And waste in mirth the tedious day.

O Spring of life ! O golden time !  
The circle of your sweet,  
From sober fall to happy prime,  
Did always kindly meet :  
From winter's beard to pluck a joy,  
Young hearts are bold enow ;  
And summer's rage is but a toy  
To make them braver show :—  
Or frosts below, or fires above,  
Youth turns them all to sport and love.

CYONIDES.

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## THE WRITINGS AND LITERARY CHARACTER OF R. H. DANA.

THE review of American novelists in the *Foreign Quarterly*, just and fair in the main, was yet guilty of omissions that should have been noticed at the time, and the authors neglected fully discussed by a competent critic. It is not our purpose at present to occupy the whole ground, nor to attempt filling the wide and unseemly gap left by the reviewer—more, we apprehend, from ignorance or inadvertence, than from any desire to suppress excellence, or hide real merit. That duty we leave to the American critic, who can honestly appraise the peculiar talents and unique productions of several among our lighter writers, whose names we might mention, not one of whom is alluded to by the critic: while two serious writers—the one a great painter, and the other a true poet, of unquestioned excellence as writers of prose fiction, Allston in his *Monaldi*, and Dana in certain tales, among prose fictions holding a somewhat analogous rank to that the master-pieces of Heywood and Middleton would sustain in a comparison with the Shaksperian drama—have been passed over without attracting the most casual remark.

This extreme carelessness may furnish some excuse for the critical remarks we are about to make, and for attempting to sketch the features of one of the purest and noblest of our American men of genius.

An equally good reason for such a sketch may be found in the fact of the great injustice done our author by the present race of readers, to whom he is known only by name. Genius and virtue like that of Mr. Dana's should be kept fresh and alive before his countrymen. Such men as he are not given to the world to be left in doubt as to whether they have lighted upon their appropriate sphere, or whether they have not wandered into some stranger orb. Though Mr. Dana has not been a voluminous writer, he has still written abundantly enough, and with adequate power, to reveal to all who can understand him, the purity and nobleness of his aims, and to impress young and docile minds with the wisest lessons of life and duty.

In his literary character, we will consider Mr. Dana as a writer of prose fiction, poet, and critical essayist.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century

since we have seen anything in the way of prose fiction, in print, by the author of the *Idle Man*; during which period so many candidates for public honor, and claimants for a niche in the temple of fame, have been pouring in, that the public eye is well nigh clouded by the sparkling ephemerida, and the public ear confounded by loud clamors and noisy appeals. In the midst of this hubbub, the silent speculative genius of Dana, and the power, the purity, and the classic cast of Dana's writings have passed almost unregarded. Among the thousands who devour James, the tens who study Dana may be easily enumerated. The lovers of historical melo-drama see nothing in simple, undisguised, unaffected, yet most real and vigorous true dramatic painting. Perhaps the American is too much of a philosopher for these readers, who are captivated by detailed narrative, and circumstantial description; though, as a mere writer of tales, full of striking characters, closely crowded with stirring incidents, set in a frame of poetic description, and enshrined within a halo of pure imagination, Dana is in the first rank of novelists. It is wrong to speak of him as a mere tale writer, for his tales are not only as long as certain short novels, (as long and longer than *Rasselas*, *Zadig*, *Candide*, the *Man of Feeling*, or the admirable fictions of Richter, Zschokke, and other German novelists,) but they are so closely woven that they read sometimes like abstracts of longer works. There is nothing to be spared; the utmost economy is observed. Yet, as we said, the evident philosophic character of the author, the basis, indeed, of his poetical nature, as well as the love of speculating upon character, the motives to action, the principles of conduct, may deter the mere readers for amusement, since Dana is manifestly a teacher of men, and is to be estimated rightly only in that character. He has selected prose fiction, we imagine, only as a vehicle for conveying certain pictures of life, portraits of individuals, certain wholesome moral satire, an ideal of contented private enjoyments, and of a life of active, enlightened duty. His invention is probably, therefore, voluntary, not the offspring of ready impulse. Hence a want of the popular manner, and of the "taking" style. He is not a popular writer, and has rightly not aimed at mere popularity. This he confesses and justifies with sense and honesty. His mind

—the cast of a writer's talents—must be popular to render his writings such; yet there is no element of that kind in our author's intellectual constitution. He is too honest to disguise his defects to individuals; too sincere, to please the literary mob. He is sure of the aristocracy of genius, and scholarship, and true worth; the class composed of the wisest and the best—the true aristocracy. To take an elevated example, he, like Milton, will always be read by the choice few, while, like him, he must remain *caviare* to the mass of readers.

We insinuate nothing by way of comparison, between the two; for Milton is first among the greatest, while Dana would be too wise to accept of a place among the greatest at all. He is among the first of the lesser lights—the *Dii Minores* of our literary firmament.

Sentiment, we apprehend, forms the most prominent feature in the genius and writings of Mr. Dana. No mere sentimentalist, our author is emphatically a man of sentiment; no hypocritical Joseph Surface, full of cant and moral pretensions, but a genuine man of feeling, unlike, or rather superior to, Mackenzie's hero, in being besides a true philosophic observer of life and character, a stern self-student, and a powerful painter, according to the stereotyped phrase, of men and manners.

This attribute of sentiment, in the instance of our author, is at one and the same time, a moral and intellectual quality, religious, high-toned, upright, masculine, partaking of the pathetic sweetness of Mackenzie, and the stern dignity of Wordsworth. Apart from this faculty, Mr. Dana is a writer of great purity and power, of much acuteness and elegance in other walks than in those of philosophic sentiment, or of sentimental description; but in those he is a master, and ranks first among his contemporaries and countrymen. He has vast power in depicting the struggles of the darker passions, jealousy, hatred, suspicion and remorse. Paul Felton has touches of Byronic force, and discloses a similar vein to that so fully opened, and with such popular effect, in the works of Godwin and Charles Brockden Brown.

In "Paul Felton," Mr. Dana has exhibited power in depicting passion, as well as sentiment; and the same criticism applies to his "Thornton," though in a much inferior degree. Yet he is most at home in pictures of domestic life;



in describing the charm of home-scenes, in realizing the ideal of conjugal felicity. Strange that the author who, as a man, is so enthusiastic on such a theme, should, as a poet (for he is one, as much in *Tom Thornton* and *Paul Felton*, as in the *Buccaneer*), delight in pictures also of gloom, of crime, of remorse.

Sentiment furnishes the key also to the criticisms of Dana. We noticed this in his lectures a few winters since, on the poets and dramatists. He finds this, his favorite faculty, beautifully expressed by the ballad writers and Shaksperian dramatists among the old writers; and by Wordsworth and Coleridge, among the new; and to them he has given his heart. The single critical paper, in the volume of Dana's selected works, on the acting of Kean, is full of it, no less than of acuteness and deep insight into the mystery of art, and which are colored and defined by it, to a point and degree that may be honestly declared as not being very far distant from perfection. The paper is almost equal in its way to Elia's admirable sketches, in the same vein of subtle criticism.

As a writer of sentiment, love in its forms, both of sentiment and passion, (for it varies in different natures, and is the offspring of the affections and of the fancy, according to the individual constitution, mental or moral or sensitive, of the recipient and cherisher of it) constitutes the staple of Dana's invention and speculation; of love, in all of its degrees, he is a delicate limner or a vigorous painter, according as the subject is a delicate woman or a manly man, a quiet retired meditative nature or a stirring ambitious character. The female character has full justice done it by the writer of *Edward and Mary*. Judging from his writings Mr. Dana has been a happy man. Yet he can paint a weak credulous mother, or a dashing heartless woman of fashion, (see *Tom Thornton*,) with as subtle skill as he can delineate the fond confiding heart, the clear and nice judgment, the gentle and amiable tastes of a true woman, and a good wife.

A writer, equally excellent in prose and poetry, seems to be regarded as a sort of intellectual bigamist. The narrowness of vulgar judgments will no more allow a twofold excellence than law will allow of more than one wedded wife. It is hence, perhaps, the poetry of Dana has been underrated. His prose

fiction is so powerful and fine, his criticism so acute and searching, his moral writing so deep and subtle, that with most critics his poetry must suffer in proportion. Mr. Griswold has pointed out its principal defect, occasional harshness, (almost inseparable from vigorous earnestness), while he has dwelt justly upon its depth and richness of thought. Mr. Dana is essentially a philosophic poet, with perhaps more of thought than imagination; a reflective rather than a creative genius, we mean in degree and relatively. Most of his poetry is grave, and much of it religious. There is a spirituality about it, highly characteristic of the writer and the man. Domestic life, and childhood, and feminine purity, are his favorite and frequent themes: while he rises at times into the regions of immortality, the consciousness of a divine essence, and the mystery of the future life. Not to speak of the *Buccaneer* at present, Mr. Dana's longest and finest poem, we may offer a brief criticism on the very small amount of verse he has printed, not quite one hundred and fifty duodecimo pages containing all. With the exception of a few lyrical pieces published in *Graham's Magazine*, within a few years, and which, however touching from the circumstances or persons with whom they are connected, give the general reader no adequate idea of the power or capabilities of the writer, the entire body of it is ethical and deeply imbued with the manner and cast of mind, distinguishable in the great English Bards, the elder and later. This is no disparagement; moral verse (of all others) allows most of imitation, and is least marked by nationality: thus we think of Cowper, and Crabbe, and Wordsworth, in reading Dana; we think of them as fellow-workers on the same field. Dana is no copyist, if he does employ, to a certain degree, the manner of Cowper, which we think we perceive he does, in "*Factitious Life*;" of Crabbe, in "*The Changes of Home*," and of Wordsworth in almost all the remaining pieces in the volume; except, perhaps, in "*Thoughts on the Soul*," which might have been written (all the speculative portion of it; indeed all but a few lines on the second page, in the more familiar vein of later writers,) by Sir John Davies himself, who furnishes a text for the poet. Dana's poem is like the verse of the Elizabethan writer, equally close, full of thought, and austere. The char-

acteristic sentiment of Dana these poems are full of: he imbues all nature with his peculiar feeling and purity, and solemn fancy, as with an atmosphere of meditation and religious musing. Wordsworth has not in England worthier disciples of his school than Dana and Bryant, and they have done something that no other of the followers of the great English poet has ever attempted. Critically to speak of Mr. Dana, he is truly "eldest apprentice in the school of art," over which Coleridge and Crabbe and Wordsworth preside. With the soul and heart of a poet, Mr. Dana has more of the speculative intellect than mere imagination or fancy, not that he is deficient in either. He has indeed a powerful (sympathetic) imagination, at least, but we apprehend his prose is more involuntary than his verse. His muse, we judge, from the elaborate execution of his poems, is first inspired by thought, and then works with *voluntary* power, pouring forth a *premeditated* strain. Our author's longest and most striking poetical attempt is the *Buccaneer*, by far the best criticism upon which appeared in the *Evening Signal*, a daily paper, some years since—the accomplished writer of which should have gone through all of Mr. Dana's writings in the same style and spirit, which would have wholly superseded the necessity of any further attempt of the kind.

MR. EDITOR,—I have written this, chiefly for a friend, to whom I am anxious to introduce the poem. You will see that I have not attempted any critical estimate of this production which yet, in my opinion, is worthy to rank between Crabbe and Coleridge, the story of Peter Grimes and the *Ancient Mariner*. The *Buccaneer* is not simply a local sketch or tale of that historical personage, with incidents to match; but, like every true poem, has a certain well developed interest of human life. It has a fine hidden spirit, if it be properly read, nay studied, when it will be found something different from a wild, exaggerated tale, which it is likely to be set down for after the injustice of a mere perusal.

The poem opens with a prelude of great beauty that contrasts touchingly with the tale of remorse that follows. It is like the fair morning sunshine on the day of battle. Side by side, in the narrative, with the progress of guilt, blooms the fair face of nature, as unconscious, unsympathizing, but stern reprover in her silent antagonism. There is an island, whose dim retirement, "nine leagues away," prepares the mind

for the scene, separated from the ordinary bustle of life, and leads the thought apart to the creation of genius that delights to work by herself. The island is not named, but lies near by us, quite in the same geographical sphere, if we are in the right mood of soul to receive it. As my object is to draw attention to the beauties of the poem, I shall not hesitate to copy a few of the one hundred and eighteen stanzas that form the entire work. But first this perfect picture which, to my mind, is set apart among the descriptive poets.

"But when the light winds lie at rest,  
And on the glassy heaving sea  
The black duck, with her glossy breast,  
Sits swinging silently;—  
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,  
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach!

"And inland rests the green, warm dell,  
The brook comes tinkling down its side,  
From out the trees the Sabbath bell  
Rings cheerful, far and wide,  
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,  
That feed about the vale among the rocks."

We do not know which of the two concluding lines is the finest.

Matthew Lee is not brought before us with the usual advantages of a hero of romance, even of a villain; he has no generous traits to challenge compassion, and with the tenderness of the Jack Sheppard school, relieve the painfulness of guilt by the gentleness of pity. He is a mean, selfish, not a magnanimous villain; his soul is hard and unrelenting as iron; and like that metal receives a sharp, accurate impression from the graver conscience that cannot be erased. The hardness of his character will give strength and firmness to those visions that are one day to haunt him. The monumental horse, the well-defined shape that is to stand before him, is of unmoving marble.

The story is short; not so the passion which, for Matthew Lee and that poor Spanish lady who entrusts herself on his deck, is life-long. There is a momentary picture of warfare:

"The peaks shine clear in watch-fire lights."

A single line that like a glimpse, a flash, reveals a whole picture of Spanish fighting to this day. The lover of the lady dies in defence of his country, yet delivered by Bold Arthur and his knights. The introduction of Spain, the land of romance, and of those chivalric personages, rescues the tale thus early from the prosaic hand of

fact, and prepares the way successfully for the imaginative interest on which the poem is to depend. The lady sails with Lee for a distant shore, as if to escape the land of misfortune, or anticipate the relief of time by distance; embarking her wealth, her retinue of servants, and the white steed on which she rode beside her lord. We cannot omit her farewell to the land in those thoughtful, pathetic lines, which those who have heard Mr. Dana in one of his lectures recite the passage of the old Scotch ballad of Edom o' Gordon, will feel the sorrow of. They are of the true ballad spirit:

"Ye're many waves, yet lonely seems your flow,  
And I'm alone—scarce know I where I go."

By a picture of solitude the reader is prepared for the company of death. Mark the preparation:

"The crew glide down like shadows,  
Still as a tomb, the ships keeps on,  
Nor sound, nor stirring now."

The ship's company wreak their wrath on the servants and then force the door of the mistress.

"————— O God, redeem  
From worse than death, thy suffering,  
helpless child,  
That dreadful shriek again, sharp and wild—  
It ceased—with speed o' the lightning flash,  
A loose robed form, with streaming hair,  
Shoots by—a leap—a quick, short splash;  
'Tis gone! there's nothing there!  
The waves have swept away the bubbling tide,  
Bright crested waves, how calmly on they ride."

He passed from the deck like a spirit, as Mercury is represented in Homer noiselessly conducting the shades to Hades. Lee is already the victim of his imaginary fears; he asks:

"And when it passed, there was no tread,  
It leapt the deck—who heard the sound?  
I heard none! say, what has it fled?  
Who of you said, ye heard her when she fell?"

Now comes the machinery of the poem—the tangible object which is to fasten and centre the fears of the soul. The

horse is to be thrown overboard and become the future minister of conscience:

"Such sounds to mortal ears ne'er came,  
As rang far o'er the waters wide,  
It shook with fear the stoutest frame,  
The horse is in the tide,  
As the waves bear or light him up, his cry,  
Comes lower now, and now 'tis near and high,  
\* \* \* And through the night they hear  
Far off that dreadful cry."

Matthew returns with his ill-gotten gains to the island, and attempts to drown reflection in wine and mirth. But there is no escape on land; conscience lives within, and the sea still surrounds like a great spiritual world, peopling with supernatural furies the island. On the anniversary night, in the midst of his carouse, a red light is seen upon the waters, now not bigger than a star, then like the bloody moon, till it settles into the shape of the ship all on fire; then rises above the wave the horse who follows to Lee's own door:

"Onward he speeds, his ghostly sides  
Are streaming with a cold blue light,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
His path is shining like a swift ship's brake,  
Before Lee's door he gleams like day's gray beak."

The story now becomes half literal, half visionary. Lee is seen to mount the horse whose shadow stands upon the door stone; he is seated with rein of silk and curb of gold, till he reaches the promontory, where he is left gazing like Lot's wife upon the fire sent from Heaven:

"He goes with speed, he goes with dread,  
And now they're on the hanging steep;  
And now the living and the dead,  
They'll make the hurried leap!  
The horse stops short: his feet are on the verge,  
He stands like marble, high above the surge."

"And nigh, the late ship yet burns on  
With red hot spars, and crackling flame,  
From hull to gallant, nothing's gone,  
She burns, and yet's the same.  
Her hot red flame is beating, all the night,  
On man and horse, in their cold phosphor light."

Then follows another of those sweet revealings of nature that we have alluded to:

"Thou mild sad mother—waning moon,  
Thy last, low, melancholy ray,  
Shines towards him—Quit him not so soon,  
Mother, in mercy stay!  
Despair and death are with him, and  
canst thou,  
With that kind, earth-ward look, go leave  
him now?"

"O thou wert born for things of love,  
Making more lovely in thy shine  
Whate'er thou look'st on, that's alone  
In that soft light of thine:  
Burn softer;—earth, in silvery veil, seems  
heaven!  
Thou'rt going down!—hast left him un-  
forgiven!"

"The far low West is bright no more;  
How still it is! No sound is heard  
At sea, or all along the shore,  
But cry of passing bird:  
Thou living thing—and dar'st thou come  
so near  
Those wild and ghastly shapes of death and  
fear?"

At morning the horse vanishes and leaves  
Lee standing alone upon the cliff; not  
even the noon-day sun can warm his cold,  
deserted heart, or even pain him; and in  
the meantime his comrades have left his  
house to wander o'er the earth like Cain.  
A second time the horse returns, but not  
the last:

"His spirit heard that spirit say—  
\* \* \*

'And thou must go with me  
Ay, cling to earth, as sailor to the rock  
Sea swept, washed down in the tremendous  
shock  
He goes!—So thou must loose thy hold  
And go with Death; nor breath the  
balm  
Of early air, nor life behold  
Nor sit thee in the calm  
Of gentle thoughts, where good men wait  
their close  
In life, or death where look'st thou for  
repose?"

Deserted by his companions, he waits  
the third coming of the horse at the ap-  
proach of night. How beautiful is this  
brief picture of sunset:

"Not long he waits. Where now are gone  
Peak, citadel, and tower, that stood  
Beautiful, while the West sun shone  
And bathed them in his flood  
Of airy glory?—sudden darkness fell  
And down they went, peak, tower, citadel."

"On that night while

The darkness like a dome of stone  
Seals up the heavens."

The horse 'treads the waters as a solid  
floor' toward the dwelling of Lee, who  
'waits him at the door.' The horse holds  
him so by his fixed eye that he cannot  
turn; he has given the reins to evil pas-  
sions, and lent his soul to violence, and  
now he must perform the rest of the jour-  
ney on that fearful steed by the light of  
that burning ship. Horse and rider vanish  
together, entering that solemn house of  
darkness, impenetrable as eternity. Morn  
comes to the rest of the world, the spectre  
has done his bidding, and leaves the isle  
to peace and tranquil beauty.

So ends the Buccaneer.

With all the admirable depth of judg-  
ment and strong sagacity, the rich power  
of illustration and the force and abun-  
dant of thinking they display, on every  
subject he takes in hand, in a style, too,  
so appropriate, we fear Mr. Dana's *re-*  
*views* cannot now be adequately appre-  
ciated. Since they were written a marked  
improvement is observable in the public  
taste. For the day, in which they ap-  
peared they were miracles of liberality  
and fairness. And the points then in-  
sisted upon for the first time in this coun-  
try, and which are to be regarded almost  
in the light of discoveries, are held uni-  
versally and in common by all just  
thinkers and critics of fair literary stand-  
ing. The body of cultivated readers is  
now ten-fold what it must have been in  
the early part of this century. Yet, com-  
mon justice demands that what were  
formerly repudiated in Mr. Dana as lite-  
rary novelties, (almost heresies,) should  
be, now that their orthodoxy is admitted,  
set down to his credit. Our author was  
the first prominent literary advocate of  
the merits of Coleridge and Wordsworth  
in this country, in opposition to the Pope  
school of his day, at Boston. He too,  
first gave to Brown and Cooper and  
Irving and Allston, their proper places;  
to say nothing of holding up high and  
pure views and models, which he has  
since realized in his own writings and  
character.

One point worth noticing in Mr.  
Dana's criticism, is the high moral tone  
that pervades them; the depth of senti-  
ment that gives a force and character to  
his simplest judgments.

The critics esthetical views are strong-  
ly tinged with his ethical doctrines,  
and a turn for moralizing, and vein of

speculation runs through all of his critical papers, and forms the basis (as it were) of his critical opinions—with Plato and the highest spiritual philosophy, he seeks to unite, invariably, the good and the beautiful; he is not easy in their disunion, cannot properly admit their severance. Moral Beauty the highest object of our love and admiration is the sole beauty with him. Hence, our critic, like a true Poet, includes in the scope of his admiration, the highest qualities both of writing and manliness; he would not take into his regard, minor and lighter graces, unaccompanied by purity and religion. Milton and Wordsworth he appears highly to relish, but hardly so much Suckling and Prior. The great old Dramatists and Divines he is wholly imbued with, and earnestly loves; yet we hardly suspect he feels anything like a comparatively equal interest in the writers of Charles' days and the Queen Anne writers.

With, perhaps, more soundness in judging of the very highest class of Poetry and certainly, equal liberality and cordial appreciation of the masters of the secondary order, as Crabbe and Cowper, we do not think Mr. Dana equals Lamb, Hunt, or our own fine poetical critic, in the detection of the more subtle and delicate beauties of the minor Poets, nor does he approach Hazlitt in brilliancy and powerful coloring. With the exception of these four writers, we conceive Mr. Dana to be as nice a judge of true poetry [the grand Poets, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Keats, we place out of the question as giving laws to the critics, from their own works,] as any English writer of this century; and far above many professed reviewers and editors of even the first rank. Himself a Poet, and skilled in the mysteries of versification, no less than in the subtle windings of the heart and the affections, Mr. Dana is admirably well qualified to judge of poetry, both as an artist and as a thinker. To say nothing of his original capacity for the office of critic, with a judgment clear and refined, powerful imagination, depth and fineness of feeling, high, healthy moral sentiment, purified by the practice of the manly virtues, and a life of single-hearted purpose, the Poet has, beside the general cultivation of his qualities, mastered the old English literature, and the entire fruitful province of old English poetry, in particular. The structure and elaboration of the author's style proves this; his language and expression

is uncommonly choice and select, full of meaning, perfectly simple and unaffected, and yet, to a scholar's eye full of richness and discrimination; not the finest but the justest terms are used; nor is the manner above, but precisely equal to the matter, the latter is as abundant and copious as the former is refined and judicious.

An antiquary like Ritson, would be delighted to see an author quoted, (Lawrence Minot,) whom we believe, neither he nor Warton had seen, and a poetical student may remark the masterly imitation of Sir John Davies, in the *Thoughts on the Soul*, the motto to which is taken from a similar poem of the poetical lawyer of Queen Elizabeth. Dana has caught the spirit of later writers with exquisite skill, especially of Crabbe and Cowper, whose familiar moral pictures he is well skilled to draw. Much of Mr. Dana's prose (not in his *Tales* so much as in his *Essays and Reviews*,) has all the sweetness and fluent rhetorical amplitude of Taylor and the old Divines, carried sometimes almost to redundancy, or rather an exuberant eloquence, to which we would prefer greater compactness and epigrammatic precision. In direct narrative, our author can be rigidly concise and produce a powerful effect in description, also by a few touches.

The versatility of his style is remarkable, from the easy, popular manner of his review articles, to the stern, compressed and forcible diction of his fictions; and again, from the close and ingenious elegance of his shorter miscellanies to the full and flowing expression of his latest meditative essays.

Mr. Dana has contributed the following body of criticism to the different reviews, and we have set down the articles and the volumes in which they appeared, for the benefit of the present generation of readers and students. Probably a diligent search might unearth much more valuable matter: but all that Mr. D. is willing to preserve in a more lasting form, we have set down on his own authority:—In the *North American Review*, *Old Times*, vol. v. p. 4, 1817; *Allston's Sylphs of the Seasons*, vol. v. 365; *Edgeworth's Readings on Poetry*, vol. vii. p. 69, 1818; *Hazlitt's English Poets*, vol. viii. p. 277, 1819; *The Sketch Book*, vol. ix. 322.

In the *United States Review and Literary Gazette*: edited by Mr. Bryant and in which appeared many of his own and



some of Halleck's noblest efforts:—Yorktown, vol. i. p. 241; Mrs. Radcliff's *Gaston Blondeville*, vol. ii. p. 1; *Novels of Chas. B. Brown*, vol. ii. p. 231. In the *Spirit of the Pilgrims*:—*Pollock's Course of Time*, vol. i. p. 516, 1825; *Pamphlets on Controversy*, vol. ii. p. 195, 1829; *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, vol. iii. p. 256, 1830; *Memoirs of Henry Martyn*, vol. iv. p. 428, 1831. In the *American Quarterly Observer*:—*The Past and the Present*, vol. i. p. 33, 1833. In the *Biblical Repository and Observer*:—*Law as suited to Man*, vol. v. p. 3, 1835.

We will run rapidly through these, giving the reader a mere general idea of their tendency and value, and chiefly by way of inducement to a perusal of these articles themselves, which will richly repay the careful reading of some days.

The papers in the *North American*, are with a single exception, admirably just and judicious: full of good sense, acute criticism, and general sympathy. The articles on Irving and Allston are just what such articles should be, doing full and entire justice, without exaggeration or prejudice, in the kindest spirit and with a pardonable feeling of partiality, in the case of the Poet's friend, the fine Painter, yet in no wise disparaging the truth and fidelity of the critic's judgment.

The critique on Miss Edgeworth's senseless plan of poetical readings for children is a biting yet good-natured satire, on the foolish whim-whams of this, in most respects, most sensible woman and lively writer. A paper on Moore, we have seen ascribed to Mr. Dana by Mr. Duyckinck in *Arcturus*, and it is worthy of him—a capital exposition of a great deal of false poetry and heartless verse. The following strikes us as containing so much valuable truth and so effectively developed, that we cannot forbear to transcribe it.

“His voluptuousness appears to be the coldest thing in the world, as remote as possible from sudden and momentary fervour. It has not the spirit of wild careless social frolick, which burns and goes out in a night; the gay and passing frivolity of a mind in idleness. It is the business of his leisure and retirement, the creature and plaything of his imagination. He is at home and most heartily at work when his subjects are licentious. His mind instead of withering seems freest and happiest in fine elaborations of impurity, in soiling what is fair and then garnishing it. He sometimes ventures upon

a loathsome anatomy and exposure; and if he had always done so the mischief would have been less to himself and the reader, as both would have been shortly disgusted. There is no fear that truth will ever do harm. The evil is, that when vice is brought into poetry, its grossness and vulgar sufferings are kept very much out of sight. It is rarely picked up in the streets and placed before you, with all the tokens of decay and dishonour which nature has set upon it. Guilt is associated with kindly feelings and placed in the midst of honorable dangers and sacrifices; it passes through deep intellectual agonies and is made to exert a constant influence upon the happiness of the pure and lovely whose affections it contrives to secure. The licentious appear merely to have thrown off the imprisonment of the staid and narrow prejudices of an earlier age and to come out now into the open world with free hearts to feast upon its pleasures. The senses and appetites take the place of passion and sentiment, but the old phrases and allusions which were so sweet and heart-breathing with the innocent, are still preserved by the impure. Though they renounce the severer morals and decencies they have still an easy flaunting virtue and romantic devotedness to beguile you with. You will hear of Heaven in their raptures; the eye and smile, and blush are still eloquent. There are unkind wrongs and tender forgiveness, with tears and laments for a mistress in heaven. Even nature with all its coolness and loveliness must minister to impurity. Its fine forms and hues serve as images of personal beauty, its odorous winds for the fragrance of sighs, its holy seclusions for shelter from the eye and sun, and as for evening when poetry and soberness were once allowed to walk forth, as if the hour were theirs, why

“None but the loving and the loved  
Should be awake at this sweet hour.”

You would suppose that the world was turning to Eden again as man became the indolent worshipper of love, reposing in cool valleys, and piping voluptuous lays under bowers of myrtle. And all this illusion is managed with exquisite skill and delicacy. Sufficient care is taken to refine and set off the coarsest indulgencies without removing their earthiness, to mingle sensual and poetical joys till they shall qualify each other, that the one may not be too gross, nor the other too pure, to throw over every thing one of Mr. Moore's luxurious twilights, which shall dim or soften whatever is holy or disgusting, and give it at the same time a hue of voluptuousness. It must not be supposed that this love poetry tends to make men coarse by making them impure. It would teach you rather, that, ‘vice loses half its evil by

losing all its grossness.' It even countenances shame, though only wrought to keep up a vicious eagerness for pleasure, by a faint consciousness that it is not quite blameless and therefore must be secret. It allows of remorse too, so far as it may remind one vividly of the scenes and excesses he has gone through without strengthening or forcing him to abandon them."

The paper on Hazlitt's British Poets, with a great deal of admirable writing and much exquisite discrimination of characters and of style, is we cannot help thinking, unnecessarily harsh on Hazlitt himself, whose portrait from any other hand we should say had been misrepresented, and so far from flattering Mr. Dana, has done that extreme justice to a portion of his subject, which amounts almost to critical injustice. Such an elaboration of criticism, such justice and accuracy as Mr. Dana proposes, in a series of popular lectures, would fill volumes. Only brilliant sketches were looked for and they were surely furnished. And who had done more ample justice to Coleridge and Wordsworth than Hazlitt himself, in many parts of his writings, albeit he is fully alive to the palpable defects of Coleridge as a critic on some works (in the almost entire department of comic writing, for instance) and as a prose writer, in which he is much below Dana; and although he can detect the barrenness and puerility, as well as the noble simplicity and austere grandeur of Wordsworth's muse. There is notwithstanding, some writing in this paper on Hazlitt, which we claim the reader's thanks for pointing out to him, it is so just and noble and pure:

"The commonest thing has a character to a poetic eye, and makes an individual interest in his heart. He is never solitary, for the desert place is populous with forms and beings to whom he is a brother. In the world too much is open to him from which others are shut out. He knows the movings of our passions and we are startled when he shows us what we are. And all this distinct and intimate reality loses its heavy and lumbering form and is lifted from the world to mingle with airy ideal shapes, and be shone on by the same light which glows on them. He shuts his eyes and a brightness comes up and spreads itself out through his mind and beautiful things float into it, silent as air from the hollow darkness beyond it. But the poet is not a creature all of joyous fancies; he knows as Wordsworth has finely told us:

"—— that there is often found  
In mournful thoughts, and always might be found  
A power to virtue friendly."

The stream of his heart is not always like those of Spring, huddling and rapid and rolling out gladness, but sometimes moves on slow and murmuring like those of autumn sounding a solemn chant with the spirit that is moving above them through the changing and falling leaves. He is fond and he hates,—he is weighed down and lifted up; but it is in a world of his own creating and with beings moulded and quickened in his own mind, that he suffers and enjoys. Not that reality does not come nigh to him. It touches him and is changed to his own mood. He sees and studies the world, but with feelings unknown to other men, and to give life and motion to his lonely visions. His chief joys are in his dreams—he asks for fame, but it is after death—the dust of earth is not in his possession and the things of this world are raised and spiritualized.

"We would not be taken too strictly and holden over fanciful. It is of the nature of poetry that we speak and to what it leads the heart and mind. For no man is at all times a poet, but is often little better than one of us. But though he is pained by the world's crosses, grasps at its honors and may hanker after its wealth; yet what is peculiar to him as a poet consists of beauties and associations which we are proud to understand, and has forms of height and grandeur which it elevates and enlarges us to look upon.

"Humanity would seem strangely made up. We find men with intellect of the second order who only make approaches to genius and who are careful to avoid all loose indulgence in conduct and conversation, but who are yet without those deep and solemn tones, those pure and airy sounds which make secret music in the heart of him who sometimes foregoes them, to give himself up to the indulgences of tainted wit or idle pleasantries. Yet even at such times the character is seen through and we perceive that the man has unconsciously gone out of his individuality—if we may so speak—that he may return to himself again to feel the more distinctly his own peculiar being, and dwell in the midst of those thoughts and sensations which absence has given freshness to. It is from somewhat the same principle that a man of still life and retired feelings now and then goes into the riot and bustle of the crowd with an alacrity and relish that his friends smile and wonder at. But the stir and noise once over and he sits down by the gentle flickering of his fire and quiet, low beating of the flames, and the thoughts and feelings from which he had for a time gone

abroad give him a kindly and cheerful welcome and he takes his seat again amongst them happy and at home. Perhaps, too, it is that something of earth about us which will not let us live forever in the pure region of the mind, but sometimes brings us low that our imaginations may not make us vain, and humbles us with healing sorrow for our weaknesses and makes our very vices the ministers of God."

And here is an exquisite portrait of Crabbe, which has been equalled by only one other American writer,\* and surpassed by no English reviewer, not even Jeffrey:

"If variety of power in a single mind be accounted genius, who among modern poets shall be placed before Crabbe? We do not mean by this, that certain quickness and aptitude for any thing no matter what, by which some men perform pretty well whatever they choose to undertake, or like Bunyan's 'Talkative,' can discourse you what you will, 'will talk of things heavenly or things earthly, things moral or things evangelical, things sacred or things profane, things past or things to come, things foreign or things at home, things non-essential or things circumstantial.' This is what we call smartness or sometimes dignify with the title of talent. But it is rather a misfortune than a blessing to the man who possesses it and to his neighbors, for he will have an entire part in whatever is done or said, yet all that comes from him is at most but second best. Yet his versatility astonishes the bystanders. What would he be could he condescend to devote his power to a single pursuit! He would be only a second rate man in that. His change is his weakness; a want of a particular bent of mind, arising not from an intense universal love, but a knowing all things superficially and a caring little for any thing. We mean not that variety of powers which makes a man turn poet, politician, divine, artist, mathematician, metaphysician, chemist, and botanist, with the alterations of fashion or whim, but that by which one feels and sees in all its changes and relation the particular object for which nature seems solely to have made him. And this variety has Crabbe beyond any man since the days of Shakspeare. Reading Shakspeare is studying the world; and though we would not apply this in any thing like its full extent to Crabbe, yet we do not hesitate to say, that such a variety of characters with the growth and gradual change in each individual, the most secret thoughts, and the

course of the passions from a perfect calm to their most violent tossings, and all the humour of men, cannot be found so fully brought together, and distinctly made out in any other author since Shakspeare and our old dramatists. Nor is this done by a cold anatomical process or anxious repetition. Though every variation is distinctly remarked, and made visible to us, there is no appearance of labour nor are we left standing as mere lookers on. It is not a dissection of character as has been sometimes said. The men and women are living and moving beings, suffering and acting; we take a deep interest in all their concerns and are moved to terror or deep grief, to gaiety or laughter with them. Notwithstanding there is such a multitude of characters, and none of them, except Sir Eustace Gray, lying higher than the middle class of society or engaged in any but the ordinary pursuits of life, yet no repetition is produced. As in life some have a general resemblance, but particular differences prevent a flat sameness.

"No one is a stronger master of the passions. Peter Grimes, the Patron; Edward Shore, the Parish Clerk—it is endless to go on naming them—take hold of us with a power that we have not felt since the time of our old poets, except now and then in Lord Byron. He is quite as good, too, in playful sarcasm and humor. The bland Vicar, whom 'sectaries liked—he never troubled them;' moved to complaining by nothing but innovations in forms and ceremonies; who extracted "moral compliment" from flowers for the ladies, the fire of whose love burnt like a very glow-worm, and who declared his passion with all the uncontrolled ardor of Slender, who protested to Mistress Anne Page 'that he loved her as well as he loved any woman in Gloucestershire;' the whole story of this once 'ruddy and fair youth,' whose arts were 'fiddling and fishing,' is sustained throughout, and is one of the most delightful, sarcastic and humorous tales ever read. There are the same particularity, clearness and nice observation in his descriptions, but with no marks of the tool. His scenes are just the very places in which his men and women should be set down; or, rather, such as they appear to have grown up in from children; so that the occupations of his people. their character, and the scenes amidst which they live, are in perfect keeping with each other, and brought together just as they should be. And this gives a feeling sentiment and reality to his description. Where else could Peter Grimes have been placed than where he is?

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\* N. Y. Review, Vol. 1.

—"When tides were neap,  
There anchoring, Peter chose from man to  
hide,  
There hang his head and view the lazy  
tide,  
In its hot slimy channel slowly glide."

But we forget that Peter Grimes, for power and development of character unequalled before or since, even by Crabbe himself, and placed in the midst of scenery painted with an originality and poetry which we have scarce seen before, is shut out by Crabbe's earliest and warmest admirers, the Edinburgh Reviewers, because it was thought necessary to write a dissertation under the title of the word "disgusting," and found convenient to sacrifice him as an exemplification of their principle. They might as well have taken *Macheth* or *Iago*, for Peter could equally with them cause a poetical dread. Crabbe's versification has been compared to Pope's. There is very seldom a resemblance. It is easy and familiar, when his subject is so, and rises with it. It is infinitely more varied than Pope's, though not so much broken as Cowper's rhyming verse. His language, strongly idiomatic, has no bad words in it, and is very eloquent and poetic when he chooses.

In the *Spirit of the Pilgrims*, a religious magazine, ostensibly set up and vigorously conducted in opposition to the growth and predominating literary influence of the Unitarian sect, in that part of New England, four articles, from the hands of Mr. Dana, we may point to, with the strongest assurance of their proceeding from his pen, marked by his characteristic earnestness and power; full of thought and genuine religious feeling, and written in the style most admirably adapted to the topics, that could be selected, perfectly clear, full, and free from all possibility of mistaking the writer's meaning; direct and without a particle of declamation, or a sentence of superfluous logic or extraneous ornament. In general, we may express, and honestly, the highest admiration for the many admirable qualities of head and heart they represent; but, with the deduction of a vein of bitterness, the sarcasm of the manly satirist—perhaps, that hates the sin, while it would console and bind up the broken heart of the sinner—or the very strong disapproval of a sincere and vigorous soul, that has room in its comprehensiveness for the deepest love, the warmest devotion, and the strongest, the most passionate indignation at error and deceit; verging on bigot-

ry and severity towards errors, not willful or perverse—in many cases, the result of constitution, culture, circumstances or temperament, self-deception, and unconscious deceit. The articles are, in the first volume, a review of Pollock's *Course of Time*; in the second, a *General Essay on Controversy*; in 4th, a paper on *Diaries*, under the caption of a *Review of Henry Martyn*; and a paper on the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, in another volume, which we have not been able to procure. Before proceeding to characterize the papers separately, to give the reader a taste of our author's quality—and which brief notices, we trust, may induce students to turn to the volumes themselves, and eventually, we trust soon, induce our enterprising American publishers to collect them all in a suitable volume—we ought to add that we have found more good matters of the kind that might be looked for in such a work in the *Spirit of the Pilgrims*, than in almost any similar magazine ever published in this country; much good and strong writing, from practised pens, among the Congregationalists; and, if we do not mistake, some forcible and pointed papers from the most brilliant man, in his denomination, in the United States, and, unquestionably, their most popular speaker, Rev. Dr. Cheever.

The review of Pollock, so far as the estimate of that writer's scope and powers are concerned, (the purely literary criticism of the review,) we cannot but think a little partial, though discriminating his defects very clearly. The writer appears to have so high a regard for the poet's (?) personal character, as to view with tenderness his poetical character. Be that as it may, the best portion of this, as well as of the other critical papers, consists in the essay matter they contain, the general views and incidental speculation to which they give rise. The subject of religious verse is discussed with freedom and force in this paper; the dogma of Johnson abundantly refuted. Not to rewrite what we have expressed with sufficient fullness heretofore, we may emphatically assert, with Mr. Dana, as to the grandeur and true nobleness of all religious verse, that it is the highest form of poetry, and one in which only the very highest minds have ever succeeded even tolerably.

The paper on *Henry Martyn* is almost entirely an essay on *Diaries, Journals,*



*Confessions*, and *Autobiographies*. It contains a very just summary of all that can be said against "a man's writing memoirs of himself," to borrow Foster's title to one of his own discourses. It displays very forcibly the temptations of such a practice—how much more is written for the eye of the public, than for the heart of the writer. Such writers, too generally, like Pope in his letters, and indeed most of the letter writers, write at least as much *at* the public, as *to* their correspondents. Truly concludes the critic, "a self-examiner with pen in hand, is a very different creature from a self-examiner empty-handed." The papers on *Controversial Pamphlets*, containing some rather caustic personal strictures, is yet worthy of Mr. Dana, though one he would not now reprint, from its personality. It is full of astuteness, penetrating judgment, keen satire and powerful reasoning. On the point of the necessity and frequency of controversy, the writer remarks :

"There is no truth however sacred, none however remotely or immediately useful, that has not, from time to time, stood in jeopardy, and that would not have been beaten down and trampled into the dust, had not its friends heard its call for help and come out. Christ himself inveighed against those who added to the law or explained it away; who more vehement against the same doctrine than the same Paul, from whose words one of the reverend gentlemen has seen fit to write his *Plea against Religious Controversy*. Christianity was at war not with idolatry alone; it was against the false philosophy of Greece and its unknown God," that Paul contended. Why, pray, was he so jealous for the truth? Why could he not have been quiet and have looked down upon false philosophy and idol worship with the same contempt and silence that the proud ones of Greece looked down upon their national idolatry, and with the same forbearance as the philosophers of this day would fain have us to do, upon what we from our very hearts believe to be a false system, and tending to systems yet more false? Why needed he be turning the world upside down? \* \* \* \* \* But Truth is immortal, it is said, and so she is, still she must feed on the true manna. But truth is invincible! and so she is, but she must have soldiers of stout heart and fearless aspect, to go whither she sends, and take ground and stand firm, where she bids them stand. One would suppose, to

hear the late complaints against controversy, that truth had nothing to do but to walk leisurely about in this delightful world, and scent the flowers and feel the fanning breezes and be waited upon and adored by all; alas, poor, naked, persecuted truth!"

The papers furnished by Mr. Dana to the *United States Review*, edited by Bryant, 1826-7, are comparatively slighter than those which pass under his name in the *North American*. They are more properly magazine than review articles, in accordance with the magazine character of the work itself. They are written in an altogether more popular style, and more addressed to the general reader. They discover a leaning towards pleasantry and a spirit of badinage, not so apparent in any other of the critical productions of our author. They are, it is unnecessary to add, perfectly sound and exquisitely judicious. The paper on Brown is much the best criticism on him we have seen, [did not the writer of this draw up a similar article for the *N. American*?] and one of the best pieces of philosophical criticism ever printed in an American Magazine.

The *Essay on the Past and the Present*, in the *American Quarterly Observer*, is full of fine thoughts, nobly but a little vaguely expressed. This paper wants the closeness of Mr. Dana's best writing, but is imbued with a fine spirit of reflection and colored with a tender mystical eloquence, uncommonly rare among modern writers. The essay, on *Law as suited to Man*, we have been unable to procure, but we conceive it to be not much unlike a similar production of Mr. Dana's best disciple, in moral speculation and grave writing, Professor Taylor Lewis. We can imagine the high views and lofty aspirations of our ablest teacher of men, who is fitly endowed and empowered to be one of the chief thinkers of a great people; a higher office than that of one of the prominent political leaders or even the Chief Magistrate of the Union.

Minor points in the intellectual character and the literary productions of our author, we have not room for at present. We hope to be able to do justice to them hereafter; as well as to present a view of the life and personal character of one of our ablest, wisest and purest men.



## NOTES BY THE CAMP FIRE.

## THE SURVEYOR AND HIS HORSE.

If the geographical lessons of his youth are not fresh in the memory of the reader, let him procure an Atlas, and turn to the map of the great North American Lakes. How shapeless, how regularly shapeless, in their outline do these inland seas appear. Is there anything real or imagined, that resembles them in form? We have, at times, amused ourselves in tracing, or rather fancying, a likeness of figure in bays, lakes, promontories and continents to animals in various positions. How ridiculous, we hear somebody say, thinking to himself aloud. Was it ridiculous in the Chaldeans, who watched their flocks by night, on the hills of Asia, to arrange the stars in constellations? We affirm that the Northern lakes represent a cluster of Rohan potatoes. Lake Huron, it is true, does not carry a very close resemblance to a potatoe; yet potatoes may be deformed and mutilated. For instance, the northern end of the vegetable may have been pressed against a rock, during its growth, and the southern portions may have been split by the hoe, in cultivation. This is as near the potatoe as the belt, sword, and one eye of Orion to an armed warrior. We venture to suspect that the man who ridicules our philosophy of resemblances, has himself seen stranger things with less cause. Has he not sat hours before a winter fire, before a grate full of coals, peering into its red depths, descrying castles and faces; warriors and demons; yea, with an especial variety of imps and blue devils? School girls have seen the hair of their lovers in a glowing coal; the face of a dead father, the weeping of an absent mother. Far less imagination is required to make out our potatoe theory.

Applying the same rule to Lake Superior, it comes out a weasel. This is a very respectable lake in every particular; its waters are the purest, broadest, deepest, coldest, and most transparent of any lake, ancient or modern. It is said that even John Bull does not deny this, which "if true," settles the matter as against the world.

Until lately its waters have rolled in solitude from side to side; but in history it is more ancient than the Mississippi. Before Marquette and La Salle floated down the Great River, Mesnard and Allouer buffeted the waves of the Great Lake. It was only *twenty-one* years after the feet of the Pilgrims touched the eastern shore of this continent, that those strange, daring, calmly enthusiastic Jesuits arrived upon the borders of this remote sea.

It was only *four* years after Plymouth Rock was consecrated to futurity, that the tribes of Lake Huron heard the Gospel and saw the Cross. As though they were impelled by an irresistible motive, the Catholic missionaries persevered against every obstacle, until they reached *La Pointe*, then called Chegoimegan. In 1641, Rambault and Jonges founded a chapel at the Falls of St. Mary.

Thirteen years before Marquette saw the Mississippi, the Abbe Mesnard was heard preaching to the Chippeways at the Ance-Kewawenon.

It was from thence, pressing forward on foot to the waters of the Ontonagon, he is supposed to have perished in the labyrinths of the Porcupine Mountains.

*Eight* years before the canoe of Marquette floated out of the "Ouisconsang" River, Father Allouer had established his chapel at Chegoimegan. But the Mississippi has become the channel of commerce, the home of 600 steamers, and thus the names of Marquette and La Salle are rendered immortal. Until lately, the commerce of Lake Superior was carried on in a few Mackinaw boats and bark canoes, carrying provisions and trinkets, and returning with furs. Thus Mesnard, a martyr to discovery and religion, is forgotten.

To particularize, the arched curve of the northern shore of Lake Superior, is the back of the weasel; descending westward to his head, at Fond du Lac, and to his haunches at Michipicaten and White Fish Point. Point Keweno represents a space between the fore-legs and the body. Isle Royal, Cariban and Michipi-

caten are beautiful spots on his side, and Grand Island is one of the toes of the hind foot. Some persons have, in our hearing, recommended the beaver as a fitter animal, but we cannot make the pattern fit. Where shall we place his flowing tail, equal in length to his body. In Tequamenon Bay, say they. But this bay will not contain one quarter of a tail proportioned to such a body—we adhere to the weasel.

The government of the U. States was the first to establish a uniform system of public survey. The whole of its immense surveyed domain has been divided into squares of one mile each, by lines that run due north and south, and due east and west. This is called the system of *rectangular co-ordinates*, first put in operation in Ohio in 1784. By its “meridians,” and “base lines,” its “ranges” and “townships,” the exact position of a resident, or an explorer upon any portion of the public lands, is always known with reference to any other portion of this extended territory, whether 100, 500, or 1,000 miles distant.

This system has required for its execution a new class of men. There are surveyors general, who have charge of large districts, and keep an office at some central point. But the men upon whom the labor and exposure falls are the field surveyors and their subordinates. The surveyor works by contract with the government, at so much per mile. He furnishes his own instruments, provisions and assistants. Each party consists of a surveyor who takes charge of the field work and runs the lines, of two chainmen, one axe-man, and in bad regions two, a man to keep camp and officiate as cook; with one or two packers—the packers are a race analogous to the boatmen of the Ohio, in the days of Mike Fink—whose duty it is to pass and repass between the depôt and the working parties, conveying provisions upon their backs. Solitary and alone do these men travel the wild regions of the North and West with the instinct of the Indian; always hardy and cheerful, never so happy as when employed in the depths of the forest.

The surveyor ordinarily carries a tent for each party, and where the country will admit, the packer is furnished with a horse, which is a great advantage. The surveyor, like a general in his campaigns, establishes his magazines on the nearest navigable water, from which sup-

plies are taken, by the packers. The professional surveyor is a man of some scientific, but in general of more practical knowledge. He must be courageous, energetic, and capable of enduring the severest fatigues. He requires a capacity for combination, so directing his parties, and his stores, as to ensure co-operation; to accomplish the greatest results with the least labor, expense, and exposure, and particularly so as to take away the greatest number of chances against a failure of supplies with the consequences that follow. His men have a professional pride which causes them to follow, wherever the surveyor leads, to partake of fate, without murmurs, to exercise patience under hardship, to be good-natured, kind, social, and efficient. If misfortunes occur, if the packer is lost, the horse stolen by Indians, snows and rains fall, or a short allowance is necessary in camp, the true woodsman never despairs. He is all perseverance, confidence, and hope.

If night overtakes him far from the camp, and it becomes too dark or stormy, to follow the lines; like a good soldier he borrows no trouble, but coiling himself at the foot of a tree, makes up for the want of his supper by a sound and early sleep. During the past year the surveys have reached the remote parts of Lake Superior. Exploring in those regions we have often pitched our tents with those of the surveyors, and listened with the highest pleasure to their conversation. Sitting around the same camp-fire, covered with the same rough dress, like them unshorn with razor or scissors, for months together, eating bean soup from the same cup, and broiled pork from the same skewer; all restraint was banished, and the evening's talk and fun ran free; would that we had the pen of Irving or of Cooper, to do justice to the simplicity, the force, truth and modesty of the tales of forest life that have fastened our attention so many hours. Many young men of education take the post of chainmen in these parties, either to gratify a disposition for novelty and excitement, or with a view to future employment as surveyors. Among the nobs of the Huron Mountains, which geologists say were thrust up from beneath by volcanic forces, and whose irregular summits stand in cold relief against the sky, we met an M.D. who had taken to the woods for health and amusement. His legs were provided with a pair of pants made of

striped bed ticking, the stripes pretty much obliterated by hard usage, grease-spots, and dirt. A flannel shirt, a pair of badly-rent brogans, a pair of woolen stockings, a canal driver's hat, and a coat of the same material as the pants, constituted his dress. But healthy, and full of animal life, however disfigured may have been his exterior, the M.D. possessed more of the man at that moment, whether physical or mental, than ever before. His reason was stronger, his fancy brighter, memory better, and capacity of acquirement greater than at any former period of life. He had been some months in the district west of the first principal Meridian and north of the Base line of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, back of Grand Traverse Bay. The horse appeared to be his favorite animal and he related many a tale of the sagacity, intelligence and kindness of the Canadian pony which the packers use.

In the fall of 1842, two parties under Mr. Hudson were subdividing lands at the sources of the Manistee River. Winter set in before the contract was finished. After a separation of three weeks they met at a rendezvous in the interior, having brought their work to that spot simultaneously. It was now five months they had been from the settlements buried in the forest of the north, and had seen no whites but those of their own number. For three weeks the two parties had seen or heard nothing of each other, and meeting so opportunely they made the woods ring with shouts of joy, and hurried to embrace each other like long parted brothers. The trees were now stripped of leaves, and snow began to fall. The grass and herbage, upon which the pony had subsisted hitherto, began to perish. His plump form began to shrink, and it was impossible for him to bear the usual burden. The good packer took a share of it upon his own shoulders, and came into camp exhausted, when he threw himself at full length upon the ground and without supper or blanket fell asleep. By the rules of the surveying department the field notes of all the townships named in the contract must be returned before payment can be demanded. None but emergencies beyond the foresight and efforts of the surveyor would constitute an excuse for modifying this rule. A few days of severe weather or a few days of short allowance would not by any means be received as sufficient reasons for abandon-

ing a task; with a plentiful supply of provisions, weather and seasons are laughed to scorn by such men. Everything rested therefore on the packer and his horse.

By the first light of day he and his companion, the Canadian pony, start for the depôt. Rains and snows had raised the streams and filled the swamps. There was neither game for the support of the men, nor time to kill it if there had been. It was necessary to use expedition for other reasons. Their return to the settlements was to be made in open boats along the coast to the southward, and if ice formed in Lake Michigan, how was this to be effected? If not effected how were they to subsist? All these contingencies were fully present to their minds as the packer disappeared in the bush, followed by his faithful pony. Would they reach the depôt? Would they be able to return? If they did, would the animal have strength enough to bear his load, and thus supply the hunger of twelve men for two weeks or more? These questions were seriously but silently studied by those worn and ragged woodsmen, but not with any weak misgivings as to the future. Full of resolution, they betook themselves to their work of running and marking lines upon the leafless trees. They pursued their labors as usual for a week, and began to expect the arrival of provisions from the coast. The packer came not much behind his time, accompanied as usual, by his horse, but with only a partial load. He had been obliged to throw away many pounds of meat, in order to enable the good creature to reach the camp. Enough food was brought, however, to secure the company against want.

No wonder the little Frenchman saw with the deepest sorrow, the decline of his little horse. How many days, how many nights, had they spent together in that broad forest. Like a faithful dog, the pony followed wherever the packer went; came in the morning to receive his load, swam rivers, clambered up the ascent of steep hills, let himself down slippery precipices, and always came at the call. Can it be a matter of wonder that the human heart should knit itself with that of a beast. Here was that confidence, that submission, that usefulness, kindness and devotion which give rise to affection in men towards their subordinates. Hear this unlettered packer, as

he rises from his bed of hemlock boughs in the morning, talking familiarly to his horse, as he would to a companion or a friend; was there not between them a communion of *feeling*?—on the part of the horse of gratitude for attention and protection—on the part of the man, of gratitude for long-trying faithfulness and brute intelligence. See him pat the sleek and staunch creature upon the neck as he is dismissed at night, well rubbed and cleaned, to graze in the vicinity.

The pony, now released from duty, was suffered to run at random in the neighboring swamps. But the herbage, principally destroyed by frost, did not seem to have a relish. He spent most of the time among the men, and about the camp-fire, weak, sickly, and without appetite. The work of the season was at length finished, but not until winter had fully set in. Preparations were immediately made to quit the country. These hardy chain-men, axe-men, and packers will themselves find no difficulty in reaching the boat, and thence to the settlements; but the poor horse, what will become of him. The party prepare for the trip with alacrity, not by laying in provisions and comforts, as they do in making up an outfit, but by dispensing with every thing that has weight, and is not indispensable on the march. The extra provisions are stowed away in hollow logs, the extra blankets are hid in the same manner, the compass and chain, the axes and hatchets are all put in some secret place, to be in readiness for next season's operations.

But the fate of the old horse is not absent from their minds. No one could be found with the heart to shoot him, and thus end, or rather avoid much of his sufferings. He was now so much reduced that he could not keep up with the company, and the company were too much straightened for time to be delayed on their way to the coast. The surveyor made liberal offers to the man who would volunteer and endeavor to take

him to the nearest settlement. If he should reach the coast, the season was too far spent to expect a vessel that might take him on board, and there the chances of famishing by hunger and cold would be greater than in the recesses of the forest. He must be left. The old creature seemed to comprehend the fate that awaited him, and stuck close to the men. His pack saddle was taken off and hung in the top of a small tree, and sorrowfully the party set out. He neighs after them, and makes an effort to follow. But the little fellow's frame is too weak. He stumbles and falls to the ground, uttering a low and touching moan.

It struck a chord in every heart. Those rugged men turned back in mercy at the call of a brute, but it was impossible to take him forward. They cut boughs from some evergreen trees and made him a comfortable bed. They pulled some coarse grass, laid it near his head, and slowly turning away, left him to a bitter death. But there was a power in the beseeching look of the prostrate and helpless creature, which none could resist. There were wet eyes when they abandoned him to his fate.

The following winter was one of less rigor than usual. In the spring the surveyor returned to continue his work, expecting to find the bones of his pony, stripped of their flesh by wolves. But with what surprise and joy did they hear the well-known neigh, as he came running from a neighboring swamp to greet his long-absent master and friend. The simple-hearted man yielded to the impulse of nature—he threw his arms around the shaggy little neck of the deserted animal, that came fondling around him like a dog, shedding as many tears as he would for the reappearance of a brother who had been, by necessity, abandoned on the edge of winter in the depths of the wilderness. The pony had managed to live all winter in the close thicketed swamps, where occasional juicy shrubs and plants remained not entirely destroyed by the frost.

## SKETCH OF JOHN HAMPDEN PLEASANTS AND HIS TIMES.

THE distinguished position occupied by this lamented gentleman—the heavy blow sustained in his death, alike by the profession, of which he was the pride and ornament, and the country to which he had devoted his talents and energies—and the eventful period in which he lived and acted, claim at our hands a more extended notice than they have already received.

The melancholy occasion invites, too, some serious thoughts upon the press of our country. We are too apt to confine our attention to the unsubstantial puppets which it calls into action, while the true spring which gives motion to the whole is unregarded. We are accustomed to associate the idea of greatest power with those high in office, distinguished by place alone, and rendered more imposing by all the outward manifestations of authority. We are alarmed at the aggressions of chief magistrates, and declaim against the malfeasance of subalterns. We look with anxiety to every motion of that hand which grasps the purse and sword, and watch with jealous scrutiny that power which bids armies go forth—at whose command navies sweep to the uttermost parts of the sea. But within yonder humble closet, is preparing an engine more powerful, perchance more terrible, than ever tyrant shaped! The power which sways materials is trifling to that which regulates the mind. Compared with the editor, even the spell of the orator seems vain and fleeting. Brilliant eloquence may lead to stormy action. The crowd may cry, "Let us march against Philip," but the effect is transient, though intense. On the forum, too, rival copes with rival. The bane and antidote are side by side. Not so with the editor. His paper goes forth, and whether for good or for evil, meets no opposing force. It finds admittance, and gains ready credence within every wall, from the palace to the cottage. It is frequently found, where even the Bible is not, insidiously distilling poison, as did the fiend who sat,

"Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,  
Forging distempered, discontented thoughts,  
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires."

The close lines of party prevent the

entrance of the Ithuriel of Truth, and the venom has full time and power to effect its object. This is the dark side of the picture. The other is radiant with all the hues of the first promise. Properly directed, the press is the surest guaranty of freedom. To it is given the fearful duty of moulding and directing public opinion, that mighty resultant of the minds of a people. The tyrant may overwhelm every other bulwark; flattery and servility may give a gloss to every crime. But even in the riot of the banquet, the press is the hand-writing on the wall, which announces with silent, but terrible monition, that he has been weighed in the balance and found wanting—that his days are numbered—that his empire has passed away for ever. The press is, in truth, the mainspring of society. Legislative bodies, as a general rule, but register the edicts of this mighty law-giver. Archimedes needed but a fulcrum to move the world. Faust has supplied at once, the lever and the fulcrum, by which the moral universe may be swayed. "Is the press," says an eloquent writer, "to be regarded only as a dexterous combination of springs and screws—or is it to be worshipped as the steward of all the hidden treasures of the mind—as the breaker of intellectual chains—the avenger of injured rights—the moral Hercules, that goes forth, turning the wilderness to fertility, and smiting the monsters of the world?" How impotent is England's greatest premier, with a submissive majority at his heels, in comparison with the Times, the *imperium in imperio*, best entitled to the appellation of sovereign of Great Britain. But it is in our own country that the press is most powerful. It is the republican Warwick, that raises or deposes Presidents at will. With silent power it overthrows the patriot, or elevates the demagogue. Here it proves itself the subtle alchymist of the nineteenth century. In its glowing alembic wondrous decompositions take place. Vice emerges with the front of virtue, and honor, blackened, takes the guise of shame! In view, then, of this mighty power, which gives us laws and rulers, how momentous is its proper direction. Need alike for the jealous eye and bounteous hand—scorn, unutterable scorn, for him who would



degrade this mighty engine to mercenary ends, and disorganizing doctrines—and honor for the living, sorrow for the mighty dead, who would keep it pure and holy for the suppression of vice, the encouragement of virtue, and the full accomplishment of all the sublime destinies of mankind!

John Hampden Pleasants was born in the county of Goochland, Virginia, on the 4th day of January, 1797. His father, the late James Pleasants, was honored by the confidence of his native State, and filled with credit the different posts of Governor, Representative, and Senator in the Congress of the United States. He was animated by that enthusiastic love of liberty, which the then recent struggle with England, and the revolutionary throes of France, were so well calculated to inspire. This he bequeathed to his son, and in giving him the name of one of the greatest defenders of constitutional liberty, seemed to have an almost prophetic knowledge of his future career. John Hampden early evinced those powers of mind, which afterwards rendered him so distinguished, and the facility with which he acquired knowledge induced unfortunate habits of indolence and carelessness, of which he could never entirely divest himself. Still he formed habits of general reading, which were of great value and assistance. His mind became thoroughly imbued with the beauties of the classics, and laid the foundation of that extensive information, and ample historical knowledge which was so beautifully displayed in his after life. In this he was aided and encouraged by his grandfather, who is said to have been one of the best belles-lettres scholars of his day.

In 1815, John Hampden entered William and Mary College, but only remained one session, and in the following year commenced the study of law, in the office of William Wirt, whose brilliant talents were then rewarded by a large and lucrative practice in the city of Richmond. In the spring of 1818, Mr. Pleasants married his cousin, Miss Irvine, and removed to the town of Lynchburg, to practice his profession. It soon became apparent that he was unfitted for a lawyer. Naturally diffident, he was unable to conquer the dread of speaking in public. In addition to this he felt no doubt that he had not that peculiar gift, so necessary to success as an advocate, and he scorned the mediocrity which its absence renders inevita-

ble. Mr. Pleasants, indeed, was singularly lacking in conversational talent. His mind seemed inert until the pen, acting like the prime conductor of the electrical machine, brought forth the brilliant current. To no one could the playful remark of Addison be more justly applied, "that in intellectual wealth, he resembled a man, who, without a shilling in his pocket, might be able to draw on his banker for a thousand pounds." Soon disgusted with a profession unsuited to his tastes and talents, he determined to seek some new and more congenial occupation. In 1820, accordingly, he purchased an interest in the "Lynchburg Press," and in connection with William Duffie, a practical printer, commenced his career as an editor. He soon gave evidences of his singular aptitude for his new vocation. The force and brilliancy of his writings, attracted the admiration of the most distinguished men of Virginia, who urged him to seek that broader theatre which he was so well fitted to adorn. Those suggestions were unregarded until a visit to Washington, in 1823, when he witnessed the first symptoms of that mighty conflict for the Presidency, which ensued in the following year. On his return, Mr. Pleasants issued a prospectus for publishing a paper in Richmond, to be styled the "Constitutional Whig." The new paper made its appearance in January, 1824, with a subscription list of two hundred and seventy five names. We do not care to dwell upon the many obstacles which this new design encountered. It is unpleasant at all times, to recur to the trials and difficulties which poverty inflicts upon genius, and more so, to speak of those which genius imposes upon itself. It is but the old story, over which we have so often mourned. The chronicles of our own and other countries have too frequently shown the mind perfect in all other parts, giving way to one fault, an undue love of excitement. Weaker minds, like the baser metals, are liable to corrosion from a thousand agents. One acid alone has power to destroy virgin gold! The new paper struggled for years, with a doubtful existence. Its final success against fearful odds, is the best evidence of the power and perseverance of its founder. Calumny and detraction were busy, and that mighty host, envious mediocrity, with an instinctive aversion to all that is bright and noble, sought to crush that inde-

pendent spirit which, almost alone, stood up against the fearful tide of tyranny and lawless will, that threatened to overwhelm every honored institution of our country. In thus anticipating the history of the "Whig," we have carefully avoided special reference to the unfortunate events, and cruel opposition, which occurred in the earlier stage of its existence. The grave has closed over most of the actors; nor would we, by a single word, turn the thoughts of others to that period. Our sole object is to demand justice to the memory of the deceased patriot, from those who thoughtlessly have endeavored to deprive him of all credit, because of that rashness which they think he exhibited in after years. Let them recollect that it *was* rash for the poor editor to contend, single-handed, with a powerful and triumphant majority. It *was* rash to become the standard-bearer, when the battle "seemed lost and won," when there was little beyond "the resolution of despair," to nerve the arm of the patriot. Something of after rashness may be excused in him, who deserted not his post in the darkest hour—who labored earnestly, watched zealously, through twelve long years of tyranny and misrule, until he saw the sign under which we should conquer, as he who stood by Troy saw the light which told of her downfall.

Great and valuable as were the services of Mr. Pleasants, his life was marked by no events of great interest. He had in truth dedicated himself to his country, and we can best appreciate the power of his mind, and the devotion of his patriotism, by a brief retrospect of the period in which he performed such distinguished labors. The editor has no opportunity of securing renown or affluence, by some splendid single action. Day by day must he labor uncared for, almost forgotten, by the thousands who, prompt to reproach his faults, are slow to reward his excellences. The orator, or the author, selects his own time for an effort of genius; but the editor, bound to the Procrustean bed of daily contributions, must write in every mood, often against every feeling. It is only when we look back at his labors, sufferings, and privations, through a long series of years, that we can do adequate justice to the importance of his services. Let us then take this retrospect of the period in which our subject won so great a reputation, by his

noble support of a great conservative cause, in which were embarked the honor and welfare of the country.

It was the lot of Mr. Pleasants to enter upon his more extended editorial career, at a time when our country was passing through, what the geologists would call, the transition state. The band of noble fathers who had effected our emancipation was fast melting away. Our political institutions were left, lasting monuments of their wisdom and patriotism, as the Cyclopean and Pelasgic remains attest the herculean strength of their builders. To these must necessarily succeed men untried, unsustained by that deep experience, which insured wisdom and caution in our first legislators. The ancient party lines, formed alone upon doubts as to the practicability of our scheme, had been swept away by the entire success, so far, of the experiment. But the watchful patriot soon discovered that new elements were coming into play. The constitution was no longer regarded as the ark of our covenant, which no sacrilegious hand must touch. Men were determined to test the elasticity of our system. Federalist and Republican, were words now without meaning, only retained by cunning strategists for sinister purposes: the one as a broad cloak for their own sins, the other as a term of obloquy for their opponents. The true line of distinction, faintly foreshadowed in the contest between Adams and Jackson, but since then made lamentably apparent, was conservatism on the one hand, and radicalism on the other. These have ever been the points, however disguised by specious names, to which have rallied the friends and foes of Law and Order.

Such was the purity and patriotism of the administration of Mr. Adams, that its enemies were reduced to the most absurd extremities. It seemed that the nation had grown Athenian in its critical acumen, and was greatly shocked by a violation of the rules of rhetoric, on the part of its chief magistrate. Mr. Adams was unfortunate enough to speak of observatories as "light-houses of the sky," and posterity, sitting in inquest, will probably return the verdict that his administration died of a mixed figure; for we can find nothing else worthy of condemnation. Candor compels us to add, that we have wonderfully improved in critical leniency. Catachresis, bombast, and every sole-

cism in grammar and taste, are now not only tolerated, but frequently applauded to the echo.

This, however, was but the complaint which the wolf brought against the lamb. Deeper causes were at work. Radicalism was impatient to lay its hand upon the fair fabric of our system. Mr. Pleasants was one of that small band who felt that the true crisis in our affairs had come. They saw the deep and dark tide setting in, and bravely, but vainly, attempted to arrest its progress. The voice of reason was lost amid the roar of waters. Cunningly did radicalism go to work. Its promises were dealt with lavish hand. Retrenchment and reform—twin brothers—were to clear the way; and honesty, shuddering at a single speculation, was to erect Haman's gibbet for every defaulter. We were taught to expect perfection in some, improvement in all departments of government. These were the pleasant sounds which, added to the glory of New Orleans, induced a too-confiding people to admit to its inner temple a party as little awed in truth by the sanctity of the place, as the soldiers of Napoleon, who stabled their horses in churches, and fashioned vestments from the paintings of our Savior!

The time has not yet come, when men can write or read calmly of that era a our history; and policy perhaps would dictate, that silence were better than the slightest censure of that popular idol, whose apotheosis has so recently occurred. History, however, is forced to violate the maxim: "Nil de mortuis nisi bonum." Whilst we grant to General Jackson the merit of patriotism, and of strong natural powers, we are compelled to say that we do not deem the second section a good rule for the presidential chair, nor that bold and reckless daring is excused by love of country, however ardent. We must be allowed to express our preference for that subdued patriotism which is amenable to the laws and constitution of the land, over that furious affection whose kindness kills, and which holds itself bound by no law, accountable to no tribunal. Byron tells us the younger Pitt was

"Renowned for ruining Great Britain gratis."

and the ultra partisans of General Jackson seem to regard his victory at New Orleans as affording him a perfect license

to deface the Constitution, and undermine that liberty which he claimed to have preserved.

Justice, tardy though it be, may now be rendered to those who predicted with wonderful accuracy, all the evil effects which would flow from the elevation of such a military chieftain to the presidency. How far he stands excused on the plea of bad advisers, it were bootless now to inquire. But it is a question pregnant with interest to our future welfare, to ask how far he was forced to the commission of many high-handed deeds, by the necessity of his situation, and the cardinal principles of the revolutionary portion of that party to which he was indebted for his elevation. In reflecting upon the course of our opponents, it has often struck us that the same remark might be applied, and the same cause assigned, for their disorganizing tendencies, which Napoleon and his annalists have given as the paramount considerations of his wonderful career.

"My power," said Napoleon, "*depends upon my glory—a government newly established has need to dazzle and astonish—when its éclat ceases, it perishes.*" "His power, without and within," says Marshal St. Cyr, "*was founded solely upon the éclat of his victories. The more colossal his power became, the more immeasurable were his projects required to be, that unexpected success should keep up the same wonder in the minds of the people. These principles were well known to Napoleon, and hence it was that he so often did evil, albeit, knowing better than any one else that it was evil: overruled by a superior power from which he fell, it was impossible to escape.*"

"So spake the fiend, and with necessity,  
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds."

It may not be uninteresting to draw the parallel, and show how our pseudo-democracy, forced by this "superior power," have been led to make war in turn upon all the best interests of our country. Victory, though ruin followed in its train, was necessary to sustain them, and a review of our history will exhibit the fact that in the time of a profound peace, a great nation, by the acts of its rulers, was reduced to nearly as low a point as France reached after a hundred sanguinary conflicts. A close inspection of the acts of the Locofoco party will develop this same incessant motion, which enti-

ties them to, at least, one-half their assumed title of *Progressive Democracy*.

They assumed the reins of power, at a time when the country was peculiarly prosperous. We presented the magnificent spectacle of a people united at home and respected abroad; fostering our union, not by cold and formal laws, but by that mutual protection, sympathy, and love, which bind with links stronger than steel. The patriot looked with pride and joy, at the individual and national happiness; and the small remnant of the revolutionary band, to which had been vouchsafed a longer term of existence, hailed with triumph the full accomplishment of their fondest hopes. Such was the fair scene of laughing prosperity, where the shouts of millions announced the approach of a host of self-sacrificing crusaders, who came to take possession of the temple, which it was asserted the heathen had defiled. Hyperbole was exhausted to tell of our prospective happiness. We were only allowed to dread that the nation would expire in a plethora of prosperity, and ecstasy of delight. On came the lengthened train, which promised to effect this wondrous change. In advance appeared that mighty old chieftain whose motto was—

“Regard the body politic as  
A horse, wheron the governor doth ride,  
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know  
He *can* command, lets it straight feel the  
spur.”

His was the fiery will which brooked not of delay—sweeping on like some mountain torrent, which even a pebble could lash into foam. Yet, he was determined to uphold the Constitution, *as he understood it*, to promote the welfare of the country in his own bold, rough way—to reward his friends, crush his enemies, and, converting the country into one vast camp, insure that iron discipline which dares not question the slightest order of the general. Next in authority came the pride of the schoolmen, the great metaphysician of the South, ill at ease, and visibly out of place, but still true to his nature, “with downcast eye, and absent mien,” making laws for Utopia, and settling systems by a syllogism. Then came, vainly seeking with shortened limb to follow in the footsteps of his chief, the wily Richelieu of the North, the founder and patron of that modern ethical school, which adopts as a text for its thesis the maxim, “all is fair in politics,” and re-

gards any means as sanctified in the pursuit of the *summa bona* of life, a working majority, and a lucrative office. These were the principal figures of the foreground. Behind was seen a host of generous freemen, who had forgotten their caution in their anxiety to reward the victorious warrior, and the rear was closed by a mercenary band of political sutlers, whose principles and integrity were fitly figured in the motto of their banner, “to the victors belong the spoils!” Encamped around the treasury, characterized by one of themselves as the true centre of that cohesive power which binds them together, the work of destruction commenced. It was necessary to give at once some startling evidence of the power of this new administration, whose chief was anxious to verify the declaration, that he constituted the government.

Accordingly, the nation which but a short time before had slept in peace, found itself rudely roused from a happy dream to be startled by the near approach of all the horrors of civil war. The Vice-President had incurred the resentment of his chief—the tariff question afforded a fair pretext—and the latter scrupled not to use his high station for the purposes of private revenge. Halts and gibbets were freely spoken of in connection with the quondam allies. Proclamation and Force Bill came to reassure the friends of States’ Rights, and bewildered by this terrible display, men ceased to oppose a power which had shown itself so willing and able to crush every enemy, from the highest to the lowest. The “eclat” of this achievement was great, and, under its influence, this party marched once more to victory. The conservatives of the country, few in number, and broken in spirit, made but a feeble resistance. Nothing but the animating strains of such men as John Hampden Pleasants prevented the utter dispersion of that small party, with which rested our only hope and safety. One would have thought that the dominant party had reached a point of power which, in crushing all opposition, needed no new demonstration to sustain itself. But fate was inexorable. To stand still was to fall. Overthrow would have been its inevitable portion had events flowed calmly and peacefully. The only safety was in that continued storm from which every man would cower.

We have said that all opposition had ceased. But the Bank still dared to re-



sist the mighty power, and incurred its resentment in refusing to yield entire control of the monetary affairs of the country. The fiat went forth for its destruction. Instantly every lance was in couch, and soon the monster bit the dust. England still commemorates on her coin the victory of St. George over the dragon, and some anniversary eulogist will doubtless suggest, as a substitute for our eagle, the device of General Jackson tilting at the United States Bank. Had this been adopted for the one side, and on the reverse been seen the figure of Justice cowering beneath an uplifted sword, it would have been a fit coin in which to refund the fine imposed by Judge Hall.

Here was a second victory which tended, even more strongly than the first, to confirm that power, whose existence depended upon dazzling acts. The President had declared that a bank was in many respects necessary to the government, and useful to the people; and that if the Executive, that magazine of financial ability, had, in addition to its other vast powers, been allowed the initiative, it would have furnished a scheme free from all Constitutional objections. But admit that the bank was a positive and unmitigated evil—that the sanction of Madison had little weight—that the experience of the country was delusive—was it the part of wisdom to shake so suddenly and violently the whole monetary system of the country? Physicians tell us that even the cancer must be slowly and cautiously removed. But was the gratification of revenge a sufficient compensation for the misery and distress which followed a rash interference with the currency? Did the fleeting triumph of party, based as it was upon a violation of the Constitution, prove an equivalent for the shock sustained by every branch of industry? Was not the assumption of “responsibility” but a poor reward for the melancholy lesson which it taught a fevered community, a lesson which did more than aught else to impair that sacred sense of obligation which, as springing from, we have ever held to be the proudest characteristic of, the Anglo-Saxon race? These were questions which the conquerors did not stop to ask themselves. “Victory gives no account of herself.” But the grand inquest of posterity will make the searching examination, and if some future Gibbon is forced to tell the story of our fall, he will point to this as the

mournful period when a great nation took the first steps in its downward career.

It is a slight consolation, to pause amid all these evidences of tyranny on the one side, and submission on the other, and dwell for a moment on the noble courage of that sturdy freeman, Secretary Duane, who, even under the shadow of the palace wall, dared to obstruct the furious tide. But what availed it? The reed before the torrent is but a feeble type of the rapidity with which he was overwhelmed. The unit, severed for a moment, was soon restored to its arithmetical integrity, by the addition of one who, as David Gollatley said of Bailie McWheeble, “had a very quiet, peaceful conscience, *one that did him no harm.*” The deposits were removed—the purse and sword united; and with these sinews of war, all the materials prepared for another and more vigorous campaign, against the welfare of the country. The popularity of this party, and more especially of its great chief, had now reached its culminating point. A dazzling, but hollow prosperity, glittered before us. Wild speculation came to grant unholy wealth, and sap the morality of the country. Men scorned the slow but certain wealth which constant labor brings. All hailed the opening of a royal road to fortune. The potent enchanter, who had called up all this glittering show, looked on with joyous complacency, and ranging himself alongside of Washington, commenced the preparation of his Farewell Address. Before his departure, however, Fate had determined that his own hand should precipitate the ruin, which, sooner or later, was destined to close the scene. In the midst of this gorgeous display came the noted specie circular, whose magic touch at once dissolved the baseless fabric. General Jackson had scarcely announced that he left a great people free, prosperous, and happy, when the next breeze from New Orleans brought the wail of a distressed community. By a very curious coincidence, the spot which had witnessed the glory of the warrior, was the first to feel the errors of his civic career.

Such was the end of the Jackson administration. We have thought it due to the subject of our sketch, to offer a brief and hurried view of the principal acts of this Reign of Terror, that all proper honor might be paid to that valor, and patriotism, which contended so nobly



and unceasingly against the aggressions of wanton lawless power. In the dark period which has followed, he still bore up against the destroyers, nor wavered in the noble cause. Defeat came after defeat, but it left him, as it found him,

"Pale but intrepid, sad but unsubdued."

Hope, though forlorn, still animated him. His profound knowledge of men and history, told him that in all time tyranny and misrule had worked their own ruin. But he did not wait idly for the completion of the parallel. At every new assumption of power, or violation of law, he indignantly denounced the enemies of his country and her Constitution. Once, the noble efforts of himself and his gallant compatriots of Virginia seemed about to be crowned with success. In 1834, her people, roused by the daring acts of General Jackson, responded nobly to the warning notes of her patriotic son. But the pause was momentary. The end was not yet. The clouds had parted for a moment, only that the tempest might set in with redoubled fury. He might not hope for its entire cessation until there was nothing left on which it could act.

It was something, however, to have gotten rid of the boldest and most daring spirit. We had still much to suffer, but we had less to fear from the Elisha of Democracy, to whom had descended the mantle, "a world too wide" for his diminutive frame. We have been disposed, if not to pardon, at least to pity this unfortunate recipient of democratic favor. Mr. Van Buren's was, in truth, a hard lot. He was forced to bear the odium of many misfortunes, which no human wisdom could have averted. The rash experiments made by his predecessor, perhaps in some cases advised by himself, were now unfolding their fatal fruits. It was impossible for him to prevent the baneful effects of the unhealthy excitement, and over-action, which had prevailed in every department of business. They had acted like those subtle poisons administered by the Borgias in the festive hour—which lent, for a time, rich flavor to the wine cup, gave fresh vigor to the arm, kindled new brilliancy in the eye. But the reaction was terrible as certain—the cheek paled, the eye grew dim, the hand relaxed, and the victim sank a helpless wreck!

Nor would we, except where it received the connivance of himself and his higher

officers, hold Mr. Van Buren to a strict accountability for that laxity of morals which induced such a host of defaulting agents, to "assume the responsibility" of removing deposits to France, England, and Texas; nor yet for the depredations of the speculator and the peculator. The moral sense had been deadened, and the worse part of our natures developed, by the examples of those high in authority in the infraction of nearly every law in the statute-book and the decalogue. A moral malaria had been generated, whose pestilential breath scattered disease throughout the land. Hence came the dark stain of repudiation—the bar sinister of our escutcheon—the plague-spot of the nation. Repudiation!—that perversion of language, by which a sovereign State, in christening its foul offspring, robbed virtue of one of its brightest terms, and enrolled it as a new epithet in the vocabulary of crime.

But we do blame Mr. Van Buren for that cold and selfish spirit, which, in proclaiming that the "government must take care of itself," exhibited a Turkish indifference to the complaints and sufferings of the country. And above all do we censure him for his faithfulness to that policy which seeks, by continued boldness and recklessness, to overawe its enemies. This was fully developed by that monster in finance, the sub-treasury. We are aware that many in our own ranks were disposed to look favorably on this scheme, and amongst them the distinguished editor of the *Richmond Whig*. The whole monetary system of the country seemed rotten to the core. Anxious to forward their new scheme, our opponents endeavored to profit by their own errors, and denounced the profligacy of all banking institutions, as the seducer upbraids his victim with a fall from virtue. Disgusted and disheartened by this widespread corruption, Mr. Pleasants, like many others, was disposed to discard banks entirely from our system. But he was soon convinced of the utter impracticability of this step, and acknowledged it with that open candor for which he was so distinguished. When reflection brought conviction of error to his noble mind, it found no foolish pride of consistency to bar its entrance, or prevent its utterance. But even if the scheme were practicable we should make but a poor exchange in giving up the security of the private stockholder for the doubtful honesty of the single agent. It is a system based on false principles, and invidious in its

action. It must either be oppressive or a nullity. It cannot be correct in any government, to draw a line between the ruler and the people. One destiny awaits both—a blended interest alone can insure fidelity in the officer, and bring prosperity to the nation. It will be a rare sight in the history of the world, to behold a government, discrediting, by its acts, the currency to which it condemns its people. Yet this was the wretched scheme for whose passage our political sabbath was desecrated, and which a party, lashed into its support, and proudly clasping their chains around them, heralded forth as a second Declaration of Independence. It was a fit conclusion to that folly which had its commencement in the fraudulent delusion of an exclusive metallic currency. And it was with characteristic fidelity to promises, that this party, which had induced us to believe that a stream of gold—reversing the laws of gravitation—would flow up the Mississippi; that every “sunny fountain” would “roll down its golden sands,” to say nothing of a private Pactolus for every neighborhood—should conclude the juggling scene, by proposing to lock up the specie of the country in strong-boxes, thence to be disbursed only to the faithful few who, in accepting her offices, honored their country and profited themselves! An appropriate corollary was furnished in the action of the majority in Congress, who gave unerring indications of their fidelity to States’ Rights, their respect for the broad seal, and their honor for the sovereignty of New Jersey, in the same manner that we are told the pious Japanese, by trampling on its cross, yearly attest their devotion to Christianity!

Beyond the unmitigated corruption of Mr. Van Buren’s administration, these constitute the most striking features—a deficiency to be ascribed rather to poverty of invention than lack of destructiveness—and in some measure to a want of materials upon which to act. The conqueror becomes sated when he has triumphed on every field, and that party might be well content to fold its arms in inaction, after prostrating the currency, commerce and constitution of the country. We are charitable enough to hope that remorse stayed the hand of power from farther deeds of ruin: terror certainly had some agency in producing a cessation of evil. The watchful sentinels who had proclaimed the approach, and then the actual presence of the destroyers, were now for the first time heeded. Foremost among

these was the man whose genius and patriotism we seek to commemorate. With piercing eye had he marked the progress of the disease, and with wondrous skill he laid it bare to the inspection of his countrymen. Indignant at the wrongs imposed upon a confiding people, by an ungrateful party, he exhibited its enormities with an unsparing and unpitying hand. With withering satire he exposed the dishonesty of subalterns, and the connivance of superiors; the general corruption that festered through the body politic; the violation and degradation of State and Federal constitutions. And then with burning eloquence he pleaded for that purity which once was ours—he dwelt with fervor on

“The homely beauty of the good old cause,”

—on that lofty patriotism which looked ever to its country’s good, and that high-toned honor which, in times gone by, had been the vital principle of our republic. Nor did he plead in vain. Roused by unnumbered wrongs, and disenchanted of the spells of their deceivers, the American people hurled from power these political debauchees, who fled, leaving their country, “like a neglected mistress, to perish of the diseases they had inflicted.”

A brighter day seemed to have dawned upon the Republic, and under the guidance of our good President, the patriot trusted we might once more regain the path which leads to prosperity, happiness, and virtue. In the full accomplishment of this, we were doomed to disappointment. Death, for the first time in our history, struck down the chief magistrate, and the alternate appeared upon the stage, as the farce comes to mitigate the horror of the tragedy, and conclude the spectacle of the evening. It is neither our inclination nor intention, to dwell upon the administration of one who, though the acknowledged child of fortune, could not, with any justice adopt the title, (which, according to De Stael, Nicholas of Russia applied to himself,) of being “*un accident heureux*.” It was a sad day for the Republic, when death and unholy ambition came to blast the hopes of a great conservative cause. It was a cruel blow to be thus struck down “in the hour of might” by one whom we had nurtured and trusted. But it is a proud consolation to remember that the devoted attachment of the Whig party to its principles, was brought into bold and beautiful relief, by the dark ground of its misfortunes. We were ready at once to

acknowledge the error of our choice—equally prompt to defend the welfare of our country from the attacks of faithless friends or open foes. In connection with this disastrous event, and suggested by it, we take occasion to notice the charge frequently made against Mr. Pleasants, of being too harsh in his commentaries upon those who happened to differ from his own, or the views of the party whom he represented. We do not undertake to excuse him entirely upon this point. Candor compelled himself frequently to acknowledge, that the warmth of his temperament hurried him into injustice of comment and criticism. But we may safely assert, that the anger of the offended, was never so great as the sorrow of the offender, and a refusal to accept the graceful and feeling apology, which a consciousness of error always induced, might be taken as fair evidence that it was undeserved. There is another part of the charge which has often astonished us. It is contended that Mr. Pleasants frequently forced individuals from the Whig ranks by the bitterness and hastiness of his paragraphs. If such were the case, we can only say, that the connection between these gentlemen and their principles, must have been very slight. That is not the highest order of virtue, which gives way to unjust suspicion;—we should think the thief had but a poor apology, who plead that he had been induced to commit a crime, because its odium already rested upon him. Whilst we rejected the excuse, we should commend the sagacity which had noted so early the proclivity towards evil! Thus it was, that Mr. Pleasants, ever watchful, more readily perceived the symptoms of political putrescence, and hastened to remove the offending matter. He did not, perhaps, come up to the Machiavellian standard of a good *party* editor—nor was he of that cold and calculating nature which brings everything to the test of political expediency,

‘And right or wrong, will vindicate for gold.’

He was, in truth, the Bayard of the press—and when he saw the Whig party menaced by violence without, or treachery within, his whole strength was put forth to repel the one or crush the other. His proud spirit could not consent to parley with an enemy nor temporize with a traitor. Scorning treachery, and the arts of the demagogue, he was at no pains to conceal that scorn. The keen blade of his resentment descended upon the

instant of their discovery, as we read that Saladin slew the traitor, even in the banquet hall! If this utter detestation of deception sometimes betrayed him into error and injustice, we may forgive the fault for its rarity. It stands in striking contrast with that expansive charity which excuseth every excess, and pardoneth all enormities, in consideration of a firm adherence to the Democratic party!

It was under the influence of such feelings as these, that Mr. Pleasants removed to Washington in 1841, and established the “Independent,” in connection with Mr. Edward William Johnston. It is a reproach to the Whig party that this paper was not better sustained. The highest order of talent, and the firmest devotion to Whig principles, were manifested in its conduct. Disappointed in his just expectations of success, Mr. Pleasants returned to Virginia.

It must not be supposed that in his attention to federal politics, Mr. Pleasants forgot the claims of his native State. To her he clung with filial zeal and unabated love. Mourning her decline, he strained every nerve to awaken that spirit which should restore her former glory. The increase of facilities of intercourse, improvement and extension of her educational system, the full development of all her resources, mental and physical, these engaged his earnest thoughts, and received his ardent hopes. May we not trust that a few years will witness the accomplishment of all that he labored so long and so well to effect?

On his return to Richmond, Mr. Pleasants resumed the editorial chair of the Whig, but was not regularly employed until the great contest of 1844. It was then that his genius shone pre-eminently. He was animated by a deep and abiding confidence, which he shared in common with the whole Whig party, that the hour of deliverance was at hand, that we were marching to a victory of which neither treachery nor slander could deprive us. But still he labored zealously and indefatigably. Never shall we forget the brilliancy of those articles which, passing from subject to subject, mastered them all, and, as with a pencil of light, showed how much we had to fear from the restoration of one party—all we had to hope from the success of the other. We measure the force of our language when we say that no country, and no age, has ever produced a man better suited, in all the essentials, for the conduct of a public journal. To him was given, in an espe-

cial manner, that skillful generalization which readily seizes upon the strong points of a subject, that happy condensation of thought which, as by the dash of a pen, extracts the substance of an argument, and that pungent and epigrammatic terseness which addresses itself so powerfully to every mind. In pathos and satire he was unrivaled. Happy the statesman who won his admiration—luckless the demagogue, or charlatan, who drew forth his ire. These powers were most conspicuously developed in the contest of 1844. The heart warmed with the recital of the brilliant acts of the patriotic statesman of Kentucky, who had linked his name with the brightest portions of our history; or shared his deep scorn, as he dwelt upon the course of that party which deserted its country for a war-cry and a semblance of principles; whose political opinions, even its religious tenets, were assumed or discarded at will, and “varied to each varying clime,” with a rapidity and facility which has no parallel but in the pious versatility of Napoleon, shouting “*Il Allah*” beneath the pyramids, and confessing him devoutly at *Nôtre Dame*.

The result of that election, proving how powerful is an organization for evil, has made many of his predictions matters of history; and could his life have been spared, with what terrible energy would he have portrayed their fatal fulfillment. In the restoration of this party we have found that

“Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.”

The President, foisted upon us to suit the purposes of the hour, as the beggar of the Arabian Nights was made an emperor for a day, has well sustained the part assigned him. With a policy shaped by the crude dicta of an irresponsible convention, his is truly a war administration—war without and war within—the honor of the country has been maintained by relinquishing a “clear and unquestionable title” to a nation whose bayonets bristle on every strand, and whose canvass whitens every sea—that we might wage a less hazardous contest with a hapless country, which boasts two steamships, and a few thousand ill-clad soldiers. His nationality has been exhibited by the creation of a national debt; and, under his advice, our American Congress, in replacing the colonial system, has restored to England all she lost at Bunker Hill and Yorktown!

Thus far have we traced, imperfectly,

the career of John Hampden Pleasants. If it has been pleasant to recount the incidents of a life devoted to the honor and welfare of the country, how sadly must we approach the closing scene which deprived us of the patriot. Mr. Pleasants continued to edit the *Whig* until January, 1846. He had been forced several years before, by pecuniary embarrassments, to dispose of his entire interest in that paper, and thus to relinquish its control at the moment when its success should have rewarded his great exertions and his brilliant talents. Adversity however could not check his ardor. He had just perfected his arrangements for the establishment of a new paper at Richmond, in connection with Messrs. Crane and Smith, when the difficulty arose which terminated in his untimely death. Whilst we forbear, of course, to express any opinion as to the merits of that controversy, we are left to mourn in its result the loss of one who, spite the errings of human nature, was the pride of his country and the ornament of his kind—and to express our abhorrence of that savage code of honor which has consigned so much of genius and greatness to the grave. The nation has made numberless sacrifices to this fearful code, but they will not be wholly lost, if a Christian people will unite to sweep from society this relic of a barbarous age, as little calculated to promote its professed object as were the judicial combat and the burning ploughshare, to test the guilt or innocence of the accused.

It is only left for us to record the melancholy fact, that in a rencontre with Thomas Ritchie, junior, John Hampden Pleasants received a mortal wound. He lingered for several days, and expired on the 27th day of February, 1846, after an exhibition of the most noble fortitude, patience and, we believe we may add, Christian resignation. The deep gloom which hung over the city, which had been the theatre of his fame, measured the loss and attested the sorrow of its people. A mighty concourse, in which party and sect were forgotten, assembled to mourn at his obsequies, and drop their tears upon his tomb.

“And fitly may the stranger lingering here,  
Pray for his gallant spirit’s bright repose:  
For he was freedom’s votary, one of those,  
The few in number, who had not o’erstrep  
The charter to chastise which she bestows  
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept  
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men  
o’er him wept!



## LANDSCAPE GARDENING.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF NOTES BY THE ROAD.

"To make our country loved, our country ought to be lovely." This fine sentiment occurs amid the rich profusion of elevated thoughts that used to flow from the pen and lips of Mr. Burke. His eye was open to whatever was beautiful, both in the material world and in the world of thought. He was not insensible to that rich harmony which exists between the two. Love for objective beauty induced love for what is beautiful or elevated in thought and in purpose. In the bosom of every well-disposed man, we believe that this result will necessarily follow; but, more especially do we believe that the more a country be beautified, the more intense will be the feeling of its people, to guard its honor and to cherish its hope.

The sentiment of Mr. Burke is peculiarly an English sentiment. It is both understood and acted upon. Great Britain is loved by its people, and as it seems to us, in no small measure, for its loveliness. Everywhere the Briton bears about with him that strong and steady and fearless love. He may change his habits, his name, and his nature almost, in the Islands of Australia—he may linger for years under the soft skies of the Cape—he may worry away his stout English frame under the tropical influences at Jamaica; or he may change color, and grow hollow-eyed, and meagre, and irascible under the fierce suns of Hindostan, yet, ever through it all, his thoughts lean homeward, and his heart yearns for that little cluster of islands in the sea, which lingers in his imagination—green and beautiful. This beauty, or this greenness, is something about which his hand, or their hands, have been active—increasing it age by age, year by year, day by day. So it has become the more his own; and so it is, that he loves it and cherishes it the more. He thinks of its great towns lying along the shores, busy with trade, and sending ships to the farthest waters of the ocean;

he thinks of its smoky inland cities—bustling with hundreds of thousands, and making with all their hands clothing for the nations of the world; he thinks of its clustering villages, seated upon plains waving with fruitfulness; he thinks of the roads winding among the hills, so as to conduct the traveler with most ease and comfort from town to village, or from the shore far on to the quiet interior; but, most of all, he thinks of its green hillsides, on which great ancestral oaks are gathering, and running their roots, broadly and deeply under the smooth grass land, and spreading out strong gnarled branches to shelter flocks of cattle. Most of all, he thinks of wide lawns, stretching out in pleasing sunshine, and of streams gleaming through openings in the wood, and of shaded pathways, and of copses rustling with game, and of cottages nestled in the shade of tall forest trees. He loves to think of these most, since his tastes have led him to their adornment most; and having adorned them, he cannot help but think of them lovingly.

The English are beyond all others a rural people. They love the hunt; no civilized nation loves it so well. They protect it by law, and they have made it venerable and respectable by custom. They love all the athletic sports of the country; above all, they love to adorn their country homes and landscape.

Have they not in this chosen the best way to make their country lovely?

To make a country lovely, it must be beautified; and how shall it be beautified? Cities may be built, with splendid streets opening a wide vista through them; temples or churches may be erected with centuries of toil; or galleries of art may be gathered from more gifted nations—but in these events it seems to us that love for the individual objects, for the streets, for the temples, for the statuary, is separable, and naturally from that of country. Any one or all of the same objects may be

\* A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening. &c. By A. J. Downing. Second Edition.

Cottage Residences, adapted to North America By A. J. Downing. Part I. New-York: Wiley & Putnam.



easily produced in other lands. The street will offer as fine a vista at St. Petersburg as at Dublin; the temple may have as gorgeous a vaulting at Venice, as on Ludgate Hill; the statuary may stand as well on its pedestal in the gallery of the Vatican, as on its pedestal in Buckingham Palace.

But what will be said of adaptation of wood to a particular lawn, of cottage to cliff, of a sheet of water to a particular belt of copse? Embellish once the natural features of a country, and the embellishment becomes a part of the country's beauty, having an agreement and harmony with its climate, and soil, and outline, that can no more be established elsewhere under the same appearance, than Adrian could transport the vale of Tempe to the edge of the Campagna.\*

Would it not then seem that it is the surest way to make a country lovely, to beautify its natural features?

We notice again how this rural trait in the Briton's love of country, has impressed itself upon his habitual thought. It runs through the whole of English literature—a bright, rich vein, that we would no more wish to see withdrawn or diminished, than the rural beauties themselves destroyed. In British Chronicles of old day it shows itself, in all its ballad poetry, and forms the chiefest charm of much of the writing of our time. Even now, at hand, and under our eye, is this illustrative passage from the passionate poem of the New Timon:—

Behold the sun!—how stately from the  
East,  
Bright from God's presence comes the  
glorious priest!  
Decked as beseems the mighty one to  
whom  
Heaven gives the charge to hallow and  
illumine!  
How as he comes,—through the Great  
Temple, EARTH,  
Peals the rich jubilee of grateful mirth!  
The infant flowers their odour-censers  
swinging,  
Through aisled glades Air's anthem-chorus  
ringing,  
While, like some soul lifted aloft by love,  
High and alone the sky-lark halts above,  
High, o'er the sparkling dews, the glitter-  
ing corn,  
Hymns his frank happiness and hails the  
morn!

He stands upon the green hill's lighted  
brow,  
And sees the world at smiling peace below,  
Hamlet and farm ———

The Frenchman's country attachment belongs to the gaiety and glitter of cities; he boasts indeed of *la belle France*, but the beauty belongs only to the teeming vineyard, as supplying the luxuries of the capital, and to the sunny heavens as making a warm and gentle canopy for his dance, and his song, and his loves.

The Italian and Spaniard dreams away life under the shadow of gorgeous edifices,—looking upon living pictures and speaking statuary; and the German forgets the music of morning, and the open sky and forest boughs, in the sounds that his art has made so wonderful in the pavilions and the gardens of cities.

The English then being foremost in the possession and exercise of a rural taste, and in being, as a nation, inheritors from them—at least of literature and language,—the inquiry becomes interesting, as to how far their moral taste maintains its existence on this side the water, and what are the means of its promotion and development. Have we thus far, and in this respect, assimilated to the mother country, or to the other nations of Europe? There can be but little doubt, that until within a very recent period, if at all, any regard was had to a cultivation—systematic and general—of the rural features of the country. It was but natural to expect indeed that a new people, clearing their way in a strange world, should direct their first effort to the achievement of position and influence, without any particular regard to a cultivation of those tastes which modify, only insensibly as it were, the general character.

The epoch, however, seems to be approaching, if not already reached, in the older states, where the people are falling back upon the cultivation of such tastes as a means of enjoyment. And the issue between the rural habitude and loves, that come by blood from Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and the gayer and more excitable attractions, which the example of the Continental cities offers to our adoption, is already started.

Are we to be as a people, lovers of cities, with their festivities, their crowds,

\* The Emperor Adrian, in the height of his power, built a vast villa at Tivoli—intending to reproduce in it all the beauties he had seen upon his many travels—among other things the Vale of Tempe. He indeed led a brook, in imitation of Peneus, through a valley, but the beauty of Thessaly is not there.

their habits, their dissipations, or are our stronger desires to rest in the open country, beautified by our hands, and knit to our hearts by that dearest of all English words—home?

As an index of the tide that opinion is seeming to take in these matters, we note with hearty good will the second appearance of Mr. Downing's book upon Landscape Gardening—an index that shows, certainly, a healthy direction. Until the appearance of the first edition of this work, a few years back, we are not aware that any American book existed, which was devoted to the subject of Landscape Gardening. There seemed to be a general apathy in regard to the matter—certainly, so far as one might judge from any literary development.

A few men of taste, in the neighborhood of our cities, and along the shores of our eastern lake and river waters, had indeed at an early period built pretty residences, or laid out lawns, and planted shrubbery. Although they were looked upon admiringly, still they were regarded as elegant extravagances brought home from foreign travel, and not to be criticised except upon economic principles. As wealth accumulated, its possessors sought out means for its manifestation. The English country-seat would naturally occur to a people whose reading was English reading. Unfortunately, in too many instances, the country residence was decided upon, and built without proper consideration of the ends of such a residence, or without any appreciation on the part of its owner of the rural life, and rural beauties, which alone could make it desirable. The consequence was, that splendid city houses began to appear in the depths of the country, and city architecture, which might have been creditable in its place, lost all its own beauties in the novel situation, besides destroying the character of the landscape that lay about it. Possibly some strolling English gardener would be secured for consultation, but the means of judging of the success of his plans were exceedingly limited. Few knew the right standard of comparison, if such existed; fewer still, had such educational ideas of the art, as to be able to judge of a plan *per se*. In consequence, no judgment was held, and the fact that a lawn or a garden, or walks, had been arranged under the supervision of a British eye, was an *imprimatur* of excellence.

It is needless to say what deformities grew out of such a state of things, and how opportune was the appearance of a

work, which would teach whoever read, that the business of improving country estates, and of making them beautiful, was an art; an art simple indeed in its rules, but an art to be studied and reflected upon; and practiced, if practiced at all, with great circumspection, and more than all *con amore*.

Such a work was, essentially, Mr. Downing's. It was a somewhat bulky volume, considering that it was upon a subject before untreated of in the country; but its size did not prevent the millionaire, who had an estate to embellish, from buying it; nor did its style prevent him from reading it. And he would unconsciously find from it, that there existed in respect to the art a certain standard of beauty, and that in so far as he conformed to that standard, his estate would be beautiful; and that in so far as he differed in his arrangements, he would so far fall short of beauty. He would find perhaps, that the long white colonnade which he had so much admired, so far from being in the proposed situation beautiful, would be only a gross deformity.

There chanced to be some very creditably executed wood-cuts in the volume, which presented palpably to the eye the truths that might have escaped the indifferent observer, under the old form of type. Pictures, in the pictorial age, could not have been enlisted to better purpose; and Sir Uvedale Price might have plead for the picturesque in vain, when a mere wood-engraver would turn the taste of the day.

Mr. Downing's book became a fashionable book; happily it did not suffer by the event. It directed fashionable taste, and people talked of lawns, and architraves, and mullions, and proprieties of style, who never heard of Vitruvius or Mr. Brown. Critical remarks along the Hudson began to be guarded by a semblance of connoisseurship, and those who had estates to beautify set themselves to work in earnest, to arrive at that strange *ignis fatuus*—good taste. With Mr. Downing as instructor, they were subjected to certain limits, which even the man familiar with no books but day-books, could readily understand.

Enormities in architecture began to be less rare; in short, every one must have seen the manifest improvement which has taken place within a few years past; and we are disposed to attribute no small share of the credit of this change to the books of Mr. Downing.

His treatise embraces historical notices, a consideration of the beauties of the art, the management of plantations, with description of trees and vines, the management of ground and walks, and finally, observations upon rural architecture and embellishments.

Merely technical landscape gardening is a thing of recent date, and the word is English only, belonging to a comparatively late epoch. But gardening, as signifying enrichment, and cultivation, making beauties of the landscape, is as old as the days when men "dugged a ditch and planted a hedge" in Galilee;—nay, it is as old as Eden itself. And some writer has beautifully spoken of man's yearnings towards that primal garden beauty. The memory of its loveliness has never forsaken him, but hangs like a perfume upon his soul.

In every age, he has contrived counterfeits of Eden; in Babylon, the king made hanging gardens, in which lofty trees grew far over the houses of the city; gardens lay near unto Jerusalem; and not until its city had fallen, did they become the barren places they are now; the towns of Damascus hold a lingering existence yet, and sweep their clustering cypress boughs in the bright waters of Abana and Pharpar.

Though the old villas around Rome are wrecks, and the temple of Adrian has nothing but a tiny brook, and a few tall solitary evergreens, to mark it; though Baïæ is desolate, and where the stately empress, the guilty mother, sat upon Cape Mysene, in her gardens, looking on her triremes in the bay, there is now nothing but the stout leaves of the agave, and a few wild fig trees—yet the old love of gardens is living; modern villas keep up stately pretensions, and everywhere people crowd over the lawns, and luxuriate in the shade of trees. There never was, there never can be, a people who did not and will not love, in some shape, the beauties of a garden.

Anciently, it appears that most efforts toward the advancement of landscape took geometric forms, though we hardly think that there were not occasional diversions from this method. Certainly some remnants of the old villas about Rome would indicate a great variation from this style. However this may be, we are very loth to consider, with Mr. Downing, the geometric style as an exploded style. It still lives flourishingly

over most parts of continental Europe. Who, that has wandered through the rich alleys of the Prater at Vienna, or of the palace gardens at Potsdam, but cherishes deep and abiding love for the forms of the old school?

The *Jardin Anglais* is essentially irregular, and adapted, of course, to irregular surface. As such, it is peculiarly adapted to English landscape. Its origin as an art, belongs to the age of Queen Anne. It had been shadowed out indeed before. Milton,\* in the time of Charles II., had written of its beauties; and Bacon, before him, had hinted at the possibility of making more beautiful gardens, than by mere knots of foliage and formal avenues.† Every one is familiar with Pope's stinging couplets, in ridicule of Sir Vito's taste, and whoever has a love for the subject, may derive much sound advice from a new reading of his 'Windsor Forest.' Addison, too, added his happy irony to the satire, and the result was that Sir Vito's nodding alleys, and the labyrinths of Hampton Court, ceased to be models of the gardening taste.

In those days, Marlborough achieved his victories on the Continent, and had gained the crowning one of Blenheim, when the Parliament of Britain voted him the old park at Woodstock for a heritage. Scott's novel will have made the park familiar to every reader. The old hunting lodge was now to come down, and a palace to be built, and lawns opened, and the work fell into the hands of Mr. Brown. He was a clumsy man, but 'gigantic in his schemes; and there is now in the park a sheet of water, which might be the Thames at Richmond, placed there by his labors. An elegant bridge of a hundred feet span, was thrown over its narrowest part, and there are summer pavilions in the buttresses, approachable only by marble steps from the water, reminding strongly of Venice.

Mr. Brown's plans were not after the old angular method, but their fault was stiffness and lack of variety. Nevertheless, he acquired a princely fortune, in the practice of his art, and had no considerable rival, until the time of Repton. The works of this last writer upon landscape gardening, with colored illustrations, are among the most beautiful things of the kind existing. Mr. Loudon, a late distinguished Encyclopedist, is the author of the most popular English works in reference to the art.

\* Description of Eden, in *Paradise Lost*.

† Bacon's *Essay on Gardening*.

And here it is, we take up the subject with Mr. Downing; not yielding to him one whit in love of the beauties of which he writes, however much we yield to him in other things. He gives us a chapter upon the essentials of the art. It is a good chapter in its way, and covers the ground, as well as the ground can be covered by maxims and definitions. He gives us as types, the graceful and the picturesque school, each requiring in their development, unity, harmony, and variety. We do not, indeed, consider it essential that the distinction between the picturesque and the graceful should be maintained either in treatise or in practice. Still Mr. D. has clearly stated, and made the beauties of each fully apparent. And he has as clearly demonstrated the necessity for what he terms unity and variety—things which must be comprehended by a man of taste in the matter on mere suggestion, and which, we fear, a man without taste could not be made to comprehend by a folio of demonstrative analysis.

But let us inquire what is this art, essentially thus reduced to nice and determinate laws? What is this *Jardin Anglais*, which has now its representative about all the Courts of Europe; this natural style of English Gardening, which belongs to the little yard by a laborer's cottage, and as much to the estate of his Grace of Athol?

It is exceedingly difficult to define. Mr. D. has wisely avoided the attempt, yet none can leave his book without a very clear idea of what this art of modern Landscape Gardening essentially is. If we were to hazard the trial of defining, we would say it was the art of making natural landscape beautiful. It may be suggested that landscape is by nature beautiful, which is certainly as true as that it can at times be made more beautiful by art, and it is this excess of beauty the art under notice claims to produce, and it is in its production, that it claims a rational triumph.

We might say again, employing the Greek term, that it consisted in the *asthetical*\* arrangement of natural grounds; but after all it is but a silly work to attempt definition of what can be made much more plain by illustration; and hence it is, that we consider the chapter on the beauties and essentials of the art, in the book before us, one of the least

valuable in the volume, and pass from it with pleasure to what the author is pleased to say about woods and walks.

And first of woods and plantations; what can be made of them in adorning our country? In reply, as connected with this art, nearly everything.

Our author, in speaking of plantations, keeps up the distinction between the picturesque and the graceful. Though the distinction is evident, it does not appear to us to be essential to a nice understanding or appreciation of the beauties of woodland.

Discarding then, for the time, this distinction, let us consider what landscape beauties belong to trees, and what are the means of their development upon our surface of country, and with our abundant *sylvæ*.

At the outset, a very great difference is apparent between the condition of things in England, from which we derive the rules and practices of this art, and the condition of things with us, where, in common with Mr. Downing and every man of taste, we are hoping to see the art engrafted. In Great Britain, the land, and by consequence the management of landscape, is in the hands of men of wealth, whose education induces love for cultivating beauty in nature, and whose means enable them to accomplish it on a grand scale.

With us, on the contrary, the landscape is in the hands of those possessing little wealth, who cultivate the land for a livelihood. At the same time, it must be remembered, that the mere parks in England bear but a small proportion to the amount of surface which is under constant cultivation; and that the nice taste which the English possess in rural matters is as apparent in the management of cultivated property, as in the management of the merely ornamental portions of the estate. The hedges, the gates, the belts of trees, the laborer's cottages with their gardens, all bear impress of the same hand that conducts the approach-way, through its magnificent entrance, over rolling park-land, to the baronial mansion. Nor in the farm-land proper, with all its little beauties, is utility sacrificed to appearance; any one who is familiar with the immense product of their land must be convinced of this. Indeed it is generally true, that where cultivation is highest, there is most of

\* A hard English word, derived from the Greek word, ἡδοναί, "to please," or rather, perhaps, from αἰσθάνομαι, "delicately to perceive."



landscape beauty. Who has not heard of that view from Richmond Hill—covering the gardens of the neighborhood of the metropolis, with the Thames winding silverly among them? No part of England is more destitute of rural beauty, and in a lower state of cultivation, than a large portion of the county of Durham. The same may be said of the Dartmoor forest in Devonshire, of the heaths of Derbyshire, and of the yet undrained fens of Lincolnshire. Neatness and order are essential to the beauty recognized by the art we are considering, and thorough cultivation is always attended by those elements of beauty. They may exist indeed, as in Belgium and Holland, without the more attractive features of landscape, but in both these cases, it is owing very much to uniformity of surface. Every one will recur, in this connection, to the rich landscape in the neighborhood of the city of Boston, perhaps the most richly tilled district in the Union.

It is then apparent that thorough cultivation is no foe to a pursuit of the art under notice. This fact is of vast importance, in furthering an encouragement of the art in this country. We wish that Mr. Downing had given more prominence to this view of the subject, as influencing in the strongest way those in whose keeping our landscape lies. We wish that he had demonstrated more forcibly the truth, that the order essential to perfect cultivation, is one of the boldest features of the art of making landscape beautiful, and that the unity, and harmony, and variety, of which he speaks, are necessary, every one of them, to a full development of the agricultural resources of any particular district. It is in an economic view that the subject must be presented to our landholders; not in that higher economic view, which recognizes the cultivation of the sentiment of beauty, as one of the noblest pursuits of which the human soul is capable; but there must be such a view of the subject presented as will satisfy landholders that their crops shall be nothing less, though their farm is ten times as beautiful.

And here we come back to that great feature of landscape beauty—wood. Every farmer must have his patch of woodland. It will be most profitably situated near his house; thus he will have a cottage near a wood. For surface he would prefer that it should occupy some steep hill side, some rocky height, or some rough

dell, which would not be available for tillage: could the oldest professor of landscape gardening arrange it better for beautiful effect? Perhaps, however, with a uniform surface, and with no untillable land, he chooses to scatter it about. In that event he will naturally wish a belt to shelter his fields from northern winds. Mr. Repton could not imagine a better disposition. He will wish a shelter in each of his fields for season of pasture, or if his pasture land is distinct, he will wish it to have its quota of shade. For this purpose, he will leave such trees as seem to be strongest, he will leave them upon gentle eminences, he will leave them very certainly about the brook, where his cattle go at noontide to drink, and to bathe their limbs. Could Mr. Creswick fancy a better picture, or Mr. Gilpin ever have contrived a better situation of wood? And those proud old single trees, which the farmer leaves here and there, hoping by and by for ship-knees: are there any more beautiful objects in any landscape? And the thinning of some young thicket, in the hope that the trees may shoot out lateral branches for timber, is it not the very thinning that Mr. Downing would advise upon principles of taste? Indeed it is true that the parks of England are in many instances the most profitable part of a nobleman's estate. And the more the disposition of wood is conformable to the rules of picturesque or graceful grouping, the better timber does it make.

Again, our farmer of small means, will wish his fruit trees. Prudence will tell him to put his orcharding near his door. Perhaps he will arrange it immediately around his house. If he wishes some fruit, he perhaps trains the limbs of a favorite peach or apricot upon the walls of his cottage; it has the same elements of beauty—that yielding fruit-bearer—with the *Gloire de France*, beside furnishing him with grateful supplies for his table. He will plant a cherry at his door, that the birds may be frightened by the noise of his children; perhaps he will plant beside it a favorite apple that he may guard it with care; may be he will have put down a slip of a grape-vine in the rich earth at its root, and the vine grows and clambers from apple to cherry, and hangs down in festoons, that in summer are green with new tendrils playing among the golden and the crimson fruit of the trees, and that in autumn are tense with the weight of purple clusters, when



the fruit trees have nothing but leaves. Is there higher beauty than this laid down in the treatises?

As for sylvan variety, can he not bring home from the wood a laurel (*kalmia latifolia*), and plant it, and after a time a root of privet, or a fragrant clethra (*alnifolia*), or that most sweet of our wood flowers, the azalia? Can he not put out a spruce, or a fir, and will their beauty be less, that he finds them upon his own grounds?

What country presents a richer flora—a richer array of foliage from which to choose? While through all the gardens and pleasure-grounds of England, they cherish with utmost care our beautiful varieties of laurel, from the dwarf, poisonous *kalmia*,\* that infects our pasture land, to the magnificent flowering rhododendron, and the azalias of every color, we leave them in their swamps, and their rough places upon the hills. No sylvan can equal our own, in the varieties of green; and we have an array of frost colors in autumn, which is the wonder of the eastern world. They are all available by the humblest landholder of our country. What more common, or more beautiful, than the red branches of the sumac, or the scarlet-tipped leaves of the maple, or the berries of the bitter sweet vine, or the deep crimson of the winter-bitten ash?

Very little surface will suffice to display all this variety. They may be combined in the half-acre at one's door. There may be the light spray of the birch tree, late starting in spring, but by and by, as the days grow warm, hanging out its graceful buds; there may be the glossy-leaved white-barked poplar, feeling the first gush of southern air, and putting on its white dress, before the snow is gone from under the northern shadows; there may be the ash-tree, blossoming early in heavy red and speckled tufts; there may be the maple, bursting out in spring in flowers, that wear the colors of its last look in autumn; there may be the dogwood, reluctant to bud, and leafing out late, but afterwards redeeming its sloth by broad white flowers, and when they have fallen, turning on a sudden its green leaves into so many tongues of flame; and the oak, latest starter of all, yet retaining its leaves after the color is gone, and rustling its little white storm banners in the middle of winter. Nor shall

the winter be without its green things to tell of greenness coming again: for the fir, or the ivy vine, or the graceful pine, may throw their cheerful shadows over the snow, or may look with an eye of promise into the cottage window—promise of birds—promise of a new time of flowers—promise of warmth again—promise that the nakedness shall not be always, but that God, in his own time, shall bring again “seed-time and harvest.”

Whoever is a lover of trees, and cultivates the love, will hardly fail to attain, in the grounds of his residence, to some sort of rural beauty. The old avenue, though in many instances noble, is now nearly discarded; but, however planted, wood must have its charms. And we think we have shown that the natural disposition of agricultural economy would sustain the maxims of writers upon the art.

The great surface of country over which our labor is diffused, forbids at the same time nicety of cultivation, and attention to the more available features of woodland beauty which we have designated. But American farmers are every day learning that the best economy is to cultivate a small farm well, rather than a large farm indifferently; and as this opinion gains ground, we may hope to see more of the beauties developed which belong to our country.

Our author has full and valuable chapters upon the habits of our native forest trees. This is a most interesting subject, and one which possibly we may, at some future time, consider by itself. A word or two, however, now, upon those which may be made profitable, while they will add to the attractions of any country residence.

Foremost among these, is the sugar maple (*Acer Saccharinum*), now extensively cultivated in many parts of the Union, yielding abundant returns. A beautiful tree in itself, it offers in general aspect, when planted in sugar groves, no inconsiderable addition to the rural attractions of any residence. Nor is it essential to its success that it be planted in right lines, or equidistantly; nor will an intermingling of other trees to vary the outline, harm in any way its productive properties.

There is beside, the hickory nut, offer-

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\* A small variety, sometimes called sheep laurel, said to be poisonous, if eaten by sheep.

ing its annual tribute, the butternut, the chestnut, and the whole range of forest fruits.

But we will not believe that this kind of reasoning is necessary with most, to prevail upon them to plant trees. Who that has ever thrown off the restraints of city life, for ever so little a space, does not love them, as companions and as friends? Above all, who that has spent, or is to spend, his life-time among rural objects, but regards and cherishes these noblest ornaments of nature? Who has not pleasant recollections of lingering in their shadows, or hopes of stretching himself in the heats of noon-tide under them? "Aye, be sticking in a tree, Jock," said the old laird of Dumbiedikes, on his death-bed, to his son,\* "it will be growing, when ye're sleeping."

Plant your steep hill sides; plant your rocky dells; plant where the plough cannot go, or the scythe. Or, if you are in a wooded country, let your wood stand, where tillage would be impracticable; leave lines of division; leave breastwork against the winds; leave a forest lee for your cottage.

We must not forget vines. They are not much loved among us. Our cottages being of wood, they promote decay where they clamber.

We remember years ago, a favorite old vine, that covered with its twines, every pillar and projecting cornice of a familiar porch. It shaded it in summer, so that it was a pleasant lounging-place in the heats of afternoon, and we came to love its grateful leaves, as we loved the roof that sheltered us. And though its beauty was gone in winter, it came again as soon as summer made it needful, as if Providence had made it watchful of our wishes. But the porch dampened and mouldered under its influence, and the *fiat* went forth to pull down the vine. It was a sad, sad sight, to see them pulling off the tendrils where they had clasped so long; it clung hard, and let go its hold unwillingly, but it had its revenge, for with the vine, the beauty of the place was destroyed.

But fortunately, humanity is now ripening to a proper sense of such beauties, and a little added expense is counted well-bestowed in cherishment of loved and familiar natural objects. The Vandal spirit is dying, and the man who would, without provocation, destroy

beauty even in the natural world, is looked upon suspiciously; he must have a bad heart.

Our country is as rich in vines as in trees. There is that richest of all, the Virginia creeper (*Ampelopsis Hedera-cea*), rarely seen in Europe, but with us waving from the branches of every forest, green as the greenest tree in summer, and glowing like a coil of flame in autumn. There is the English ivy, unfortunately not abundant at the north, but adorning many an old mansion of our middle States. Our author mentions it as growing, unprotected, as far north as Hudson, and we have ourselves seen it above Inverness, in the Highlands of Scotland; there can be no doubt, therefore, that with some care of acclimation, it may be made common in New England. And who that has a home to make beautiful, will not make trial of this ever-green climber?

There are, besides, the honey-suckles, and creepers, and climbing rose, which would make sweet a cottage in a wilderness. Or if the mere economist must see his moneyed profit in the venture—lo, the parent of vines—the grape-bearer! It may hang from his porch, it may climb upon his roof, and it will give shade and beauty and fruit.

No single feature contributes so much to the charm of the English cottages as their vines, and one will hardly find a laborer's home in the rural districts of England, but is, as in the olden day,

Quite o'ercanopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.

It is rare to find a country house, of whatever sort, without its climbers. They give it a home air; the care with which the twining tendrils are put aside from the lattice, that the opening window may not harm it; the delicate little aids, of strings or twigs, guiding the vine out of harm's way—all speak for the purity of the humble occupants. When will American ladies add to the graces of their character, by such pursuits? When will they take a pride in adding to the attractions of their homes, by such sweet devices? Nor is country residence essential to cultivation of this branch of art. Very little ground will nourish a trumpet creeper, a monthly honey-suckle, a clustering flowered rose, or a jasmine.

\* Scott's Mid-Lothian.

In making home thus more attractive, will not its joys be purer and higher? Are not such attractions needed in the country, that every-day attention and watchfulness may relieve quietude? And are they not needed in towns, to keep one's soul familiar with the richness of nature's provisions, and to wean from festivities, and to prompt by a voice, uttered in the fragrance of the flowers—to thankfulness?

But we come now to fields, and walks, and water. The arrangements of great parks and lawns will always, in this country, thank heaven! belong to a very few. Not that we do not love them, and have not felt our souls rapt into a strange ecstasy of feeling, in wandering for hour upon hour, under the huge oaks of the Royal Old Park, at Woodstock. Yet we have better things in place of them; and one is, social equality; and another is, just division of property, so that brother is not set against brother; and another is, a simple executive of power, that does not require immense lands to ennoble its functions, nor royal splendor to awe its subjects.

There are, however, many country lions with us, who have broad fields to beautify. Of surface, we have in America every variety; generally, however, of larger and more flowing outline than English surface. We have much exceedingly rocky surface; of this our author says little. But art may step in here, to cast her mantle over the rough face of nature, and the rocks may have their vines, or be covered with the shade of woodland. Alteration of surface, in any considerable degree, seems to us exceedingly hazardous employment. Nature will not be trifled with; attempt to compel her, and she will give you cold looks. She must be won to smiles, like many another dame, by flattering even her apparent defects.

As touching the pursuits of American country residents, it seems proper to inquire how far the practices of agriculture are at variance with the art of landscape gardening, in respect of surface. Ploughed land is not a very pleasant object to the eye, but most farmers retain some portions of their farms always under grass; indeed it is doubtful if grass land, by repeated top-dressings, and occasional harrowings, does not sustain its productive qualities better than by periodical ploughings. It is very certain that some of the richest meadows of

Somersetshire have retained all their fertility, and produced annually the finest crops of hay, without being cultivated for a long series of years. The American agriculturist, who wishes a pleasant scene at his door, may well afford to take the benefit of the doubt, and have around his residence his permanent grass land. Or if it be from natural obstacles unfit for the scythe, nothing can be more picturesque (and we use the word in no technical sense,) than his flocks feeding, or his cattle loitering within sound of home.

In the old way of gardening, terrace upon terrace was to be built; and they have their beauties. Versailles is proof of this, whose terraces and clipped hedges have made the name of Le Notre as famous as that of Louis XIV., his patron. The terrace is oftentimes a pretty addition to a little out-of-town villa, and they may be made to relieve, or cover up, some strange natural defect of surface.

The aim, however, should be with us simplicity, as more adapted to general means of improvement, and safest from empiricism.

Referring back to American farm-life, this simplicity will accord with it in every respect. The house is guarded by no series of terraces and steps—it is upon a slight eminence, and a path conducts, amid trees and shrubs, to the door. The turf, of the softest kind—white clover will furnish the best food for his bees. The shrubs supply honey from their flowers, when the grass is mown. The approach winds easily from the door, avoiding hillock, and tree, and soft ground, graceful in its line, and the easiest for his cattle. The little field it may lie through, with its clump of trees, its inequalities of surface, will serve as pasture ground for some favorite animal. The fence that incloses the patch of shubbery at the door, is a low hedge of thorn, or it is made up of branches of the flowering shrubs themselves, connected by a single barrier of trellised poles.

Ground, in itself, can appear in no way more beautiful than under a rich green sod; extend it as you will, diversify its surface as you will, curtail it as you will, still its chiefest beauty must be its simplest—fresh verdure. It may have its little openings for flowers, its walks trailing over it, the black shadows of trees lying on it, or the more welcome shadow of a great rock, still its greenness is its beauty. To produce this, there must be

richness of soil, the best grasses,\* and for implements, there are needed only the scythe and the roller. At best, we believe it to be impossible in this country to equal the velvety appearance of English lawns, either in point of smoothness or greenness. The difference must be attributed to the moisture and evenness of the island temperature.

Different surfaces will require totally different treatment; our author covers some of these differences under one or other of his two distinctions of style. Still, with whatever of maxim or book illustration, true landscape beauty will assert its rights, and yield itself in smiles, only to a suitor who brings an eye of taste to the wooing. A rolling, comparatively even surface, may be treated literally by rule, and produce rich effects, just as the fisher boy may take a dozen of roach or dace in some open meadow, by following simply the directions of the Angler's Guide. But throw into the surface a bold cluster of rocks, a deep dell, a scraggy thicket, a shelving bank, and the gardener will find his rules playing him truant, and the quickness of his own eye, and the resources of his own imagination tasked to the utmost, and find them yielding him after all broken effect. Just so the fisher boy, wandering by some wild brook, with reel and rod hunting the speckled trout, will find the throws taught him in his book tangling his line in every shrub, and his flies that should skip the ripples, dragging the rough stones: so he will put away his formulas, and try every resource of his ingenuity, and after all, go home with an empty panner.

Take the walks in a lawn; they are led here and there to show richest views of the mansion, and of the distant scenery; thus, at that magnificent seat of Blenheim, we remember at one time opening on one view, through a long vista of the forest boughs, the thin spire of the Bladon church; at another time, over lake and lawn, and distant coppice, the brown tower of Hammersford; at another, the rich turrets of a proud mansion in the far-off village of Cumnor. For the smooth lawn of the wealthy proprietor, the walk may have perfect nicety, and clipped edges; but take the prim gravelly surface into some wild dell, and turf its edges, and pluck up the wild grass, and put out

exotics, and you have destroyed the charm of the spot. Nature will not bear tamely such affront. You may gather up the fallen leaves, you may lay down a modest foot-way, and throw over the brook a rural bridge, and you may remove the broken branches, but if you would not ruin quite the air of the spot, spare the wild honey-suckles—none of your daffodils can make their places good—spare the white tufts of the anemone, spare the long-leaved blue violet, spare the mosses that speckle the hill side, they are better there than all your cultivated grasses.

In by far too many instances in our country, a great range of gravel walks is laid out, without any proper estimate of the labor necessary to sustain them in order, and, after a few years, the weeds thrust through, and the turf runs over the side—the order that is essential to the effect is gone. The shrubs are untrimmed, the creepers run wild, and you are disagreeably impressed with the poor skeleton of art that nature is trying to clothe. It should, therefore, be a principle with every country improver—and it is not an unsafe principle, whatever be the purpose—to plan no more than can be thoroughly maintained.

Mr. Downing has stated as one grand principle of success, the recognition of art. But there is great art in not being too artful. If there seems no fitness in the dispositions of art, they will prove only burlesque; and so far as fitness is evident, they will charm even the untaught eye. Extravagance is not essential to success in landscape gardening; wealth is not essential. A true taste for the art, can be as truly developed upon a small farm, as in a princely lawn. It is this which we wish were more fully understood by our landholders. The misfortune is, that whoever thinks himself able to adorn his estate at all, or is afflicted with a whim of taste, imagines he must plant exotics, and have trimmed hedges, a nicely shorn terrace or lawn, and walks of garden precision, and splendid gateways, and vases, and perhaps China pagodas, or some other strangely conceived embellishment. These all may be well enough, for whoever has wealth to sustain the character; but it is absurd to suppose them essential, any one of them; or that, because enough wealth is

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\* The grasses commonly known as furze-top, blue-top, and white clover, make the smoothest sod.



not possessed to ensure them, enough is not possessed for pursuing the art.

What, pray, made the landscape beauty in Cowper's old garden, at Olney, and in the orchard, where he walked with Mrs. Unwin, and in the wilderness where the dog was buried, and in the fields of Sir John Throgmorton, from which he used to look over upon the peasant's nest? There were no exotics, no curiously shaven terrace, and even the temple was a rude affair, that a carpenter could make; and the walks in the orchard he laid out himself with his spade; and the rustic bridge, we could make ourselves, as we had mortar, brick and trowel. And what were the walks of Sir Walter at Abbotsford? Mere paths in the wood, with forest saplings crowding on them, so that a crooked tree would make one stoop, and wild flowers in the middle of the way.

What are now the most charming of all walks, that landscape gardening, rich or humble, has created? Not the wide, clean, gravelled paths of the park at Windsor; not the clipped bordered foot-way through the grounds of his Grace of Devonshire, but the quiet foot-paths leading under grand forest trees, or by green hedge-rows—such paths as Shakespeare took over the stiles, and through the daisied fields and the meadows of Avon to visit his Ann Hathaway:—such paths as Thomson took over the hills that lie along the Tweed, through grain fields and pasture land, as he came over from his native village to the old abbey town of Kelso:—such paths as Burns took, when he walked in glory and in joy, along the blossoming hedges, by by-paths to the old bridge of the Doon.

Are not these by-ways, in our country of few roads and great distances, the very means of opening to view much of landscape? And would it unfortunately be derogatory to the dignity of any wealthy proprietor to find these foot-paths were trod by other feet than his own? Nay, ought it not to add to their shame—the knowledge of such use?

There is an undoubted and painful tendency to extravagance in nearly all who attempt, with us, the making of a country residence. If there were less of it there would be more of individual success, and far more of emulation. We wish, from our heart, that rich men were modest enough to be simple. We wish they had less care for show and more for beauty; we wish they cared less for hot-houses

and exotics, and more for cultivating and improving our native shrubs; we wish they cared less for their Scotch gardeners, and depended more upon their own eyes and hands; we wish they cared less for the ridiculous show of gate lodges, and more about simple, tasteful, rural entrances, which would serve some purpose, as samples, at once of beauty and utility; we wish they cared less about shaven turf, and rolled walks, and terraces, and Maltese vases, and more about the spirit of landscape beauty, derivable not from mere maxims, but from a constant study of nature.

Our author gives us a pleasant chapter upon management of water. It certainly belongs to a perfect landscape. But here, again, we are disposed to take a somewhat democratic view of the subject. We love those forms of water which are strictly rural, which are easily adopted by the farmer, which are marked by some agricultural intent, far better than any forms of French *jeu d'eau*. We admire such in their places. Under the palace of royalty, the magnificent St. Cloud, what can be more fitting than those tumbling cascades, dashing over the marble steps? or at Versailles, in the eye of the palace of the great king, what more proper than fountain upon fountain—here a group of Nereids, and yonder, far below, the giant Neptune, his trident flooded with spray, and each of his sea-horses snorting torrents from their nostrils? But these things we must content ourselves for the present with admiring, without imitating.

For ourselves, we had rather possess one little truant, romping brook within our grounds—

Gushing in foamy water break,  
Loitering in glassy pool—

than any vanity of fountains.

The artificial lake is a favorite subject with landscape gardeners, and Mr. Downing's observations in regard to its formation are exceedingly judicious.

Having kept in our eye thus far the more simple means of producing effects upon landscape, let us see what some rural liver may do with such little rill of water as may be at his disposal. Perhaps it arises from some spring on the hill side; in this event he will set about the source a little copse of evergreens, to prevent the too familiar visiting of his herds, or will put a rustic barrier of osier



about it, or twisted poles. Farther down, as it leaps among the stones, or loiters under the root of an old tree, he will gently obstruct its flow, that the pool may serve in the shadow as a cool retreat for his cattle in summer time. Hence he may lead it by little divergent channels, perhaps the mere furrow of a plough, along the upper edge of a green meadow, so that its leakage through the sod shall keep the verdure fresh and strong in the heats of July. If, further on, by some strange good fortune, the separated waters should unite in some dingle, he may check their flow again, and stock his pond with fish, and set his water-wheel below.\* Beautiful and simple are all these forms of water, and beautiful and charming is water in all its forms.

— Fleuves, ruisseaux, beaux lacs, clarrès fontaines,  
 Vous fecondes les champs; vous répétez  
 les cieux,  
 Vous enchantez l'oreille, et vous charmez  
 les yeux.

And the French love is only imaginary; they scarce have wayside brooks—such brooks as go prattling through all the

pebble-bottomed valleys of New England—as leap across your path in the fields—as make marsh sedges bloom, and make the long, bending rushes whisper.

From our soul we pity the man who does not know them, and who does not love them, and who does not remember the dear ones of childhood; so that, as Bulwer says, “he sometimes forgets himself to tears! They are blessed things, those remote and unchanging streams! they fill us with the same love as if they were living creatures.”

Rural architecture forms the subject of one entire volume before us, and no inconsiderable portion of the other. We have however lingered so long upon kindred topics, that it will be now impossible, with our limited space, to treat that subject with the fullness which its importance deserves. Some other month, possibly in the coming summer time, we will conduct our reader a little further into the arcana of country life; and we will discuss roofs, and wainscotings, and walls, and diamond windows, in the same spirit of true love in which we have talked thus far of woods and waters.

## THOUGHTS ON THE RUN.

BY JOHN RAMBLE, ESQ.

FOR a few days past, we have been considering the theory and phenomena of Progress. So entirely has this subject absorbed our attention, and infused into us its own projectile energy, that on divers occasions, we have progressed into the eyes and ribs of sundry pedestrians whom we have met in our rambles. One of them, a short but very fat gentleman, was thereby overthrown, and for several minutes lay upon his back, incontinently trying to catch a little breath wherewith to bless us. As no serious harm was wrought upon him, we were disposed to regard the circumstance as a providential illustration of the subject which en-

grossed us. Truth compels us to say, however, that the fat gentleman himself, seemed to think Providence might have given our studies a different direction.

Our attention was first called to the subject in this especial manner, by the rapid propulsion of our hat, a superb white beaver, which, as we were rustivating the other day, was suddenly lifted from its dignified position, whirled several hundred yards over a public road, and only saved from direst desecration in a duck-pond by our superhuman efforts. Seizing it just at the critical moment, and affectionately brushing its disordered fur, we dropped nearly out of breath at

\* The writer of this paper had occasion some years since to discuss the same subject, and notwithstanding studious care to the contrary, he finds himself at times inadvertently, as at present, falling into the old train of remark.

the foot of a tree, and straightway fell into musing.

It is quite evident, said we to ourself, that this universe was never intended for a motionless affair. Everything, from weavers up to planets, is in motion—progressing in some direction. This seemingly grave and respectable world of ours, which no one would suspect of such lightness, is actually skating off through space with incredible velocity; and all the other members of the family—Jupiter, Saturn, &c.—with all the family connections, near and remote, are engaged in an eternal frolic. It has also been supposed by very wise men, that the inhabitants of this world exhibit a corresponding intellectual and social progress. It must be confessed that our information respecting most of them is somewhat scanty; and that had it not been for the lucky discoveries of Emanuel Swedenborg, we should be destitute of any positive proof concerning the matter. That worthy gentleman, however, has furnished us with many items of information of great interest and importance. The means by which he obtained this information was by personal intercourse with the inhabitants. He says: “It has been granted me of the Lord, to discourse and converse with spirits and angels, who are from other earths, with some for a day, with some for a week, and with some for months; and to be instructed by them concerning the earths from which, and near which they were; and concerning the lives, customs, and worship of the inhabitants thereof, with various other things worthy to be noted.” These interviews always took place on this Globe, and occurred between him and such spirits as happened to pass that way, while making the tour of the Universe; for which reasons, some may be disposed to consider their relations as mere traveler’s stories, and unworthy of credence. Candor compels us to admit, that some of them have a squinting that way, but in the main, we are inclined to take them as true, both from regard to the discernment of Swedenborg, and the credit of the spirits, whose celestial reputation we should be sorry to question upon light evidence.

Swedenborg declares the spirits of Mercury to be brisk, active fellows, with a huge thirst for knowledge, and who, a great part of the time, are out upon their travels through other worlds in search of it. He declares, also, that for all gross

and material matters they entertain a supreme contempt, while they are greatly addicted to law, politics, and theology—deeming them of the highest importance. Moreover, he informs us that “the spirits of that earth go in companies, and phalanxes, and are thus joined together by the Lord, that they may act in unity, and that the knowledges of each may be communicated with all, and all with each”—a kind of spiritual Fourierism, which we think must strike the reader favorably. From these facts, we might infer what our author distinctly affirms, to wit, that “with the spirits of Mercury there is a constant growth in the science of things,” which certainly corroborates our theory of progress in a most remarkable manner. The information which he gleaned, concerning the inhabitants of the other earths—Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, &c.—much of which is exceedingly curious, but which we cannot now allude to more specifically, goes mainly to the same result, and furnishes such an additional corroboration, that, in the absence of all opposing proofs, we shall consider the theory established.

With regard to this “round rolling orb” of our own, we are much better informed. From primeval ages has the human mind been engaged in clearing up its wild domains, cutting away forests and briar-bushes, draining bogs, and planting, at intervals, the immutable landmarks of truth. With grievous toil and labor has this been accomplished, but the progress has been vastly encouraging. Science has grown to a beautiful maturity; Literature, her gentler sister, has refined men; and Art, from the rude incipency of vegetable apron-making, has come to rival in its results, the *chef d’œuvre* of creation, and actually get up machines after the similitude of men, which not only leap and grin with remarkable fidelity to nature, but even articulate; and mainly differ from their flesh-and-blood originals, in being somewhat less given to speculation and intrigue. In short, the race has a steady progress from rudeness to refinement, from savageness to civilization.

It cannot be concealed, however, that there are certain facts which seem to shake this pleasant theory grievously; but we confidently believe them to be like unto an army without ammunition, which, though it may make an imposing appearance, and threaten desperate deeds, is yet easily routed and put to flight.

For instance, one would suppose, if this theory be true, that the great body of the race by this time must be well refined; whereas, in point of fact, at least five-sixths of the swarming hordes are yet fierce, throat-cutting barbarians, quite as rude and untameable as they could have been in the infancy of days. The wild Tartar on the Asiatic plains, pitches his tent just as his fathers did centuries ago. Science and art were strangers to them, and they are equally so to him. His mode of life is the same as was theirs in remotest times. He has learned nothing from them, and he invents nothing for himself. He is a wanderer as they were, and as uncultivated as the rude plains around him, that have never felt the plough nor listened to the songs of husbandry. The naked African, with his bow and lance, looks forth upon the desert, a grim and gloomy savage. Knowledge has never kindled his intellect nor improved his heart. Philosophy has taught him no lessons of life—has added nothing to his manhood. His religion is one of lust and blood. The excitement of battle is his stimulus, and the cry of conflict his music. His soul is as fierce and barren as Sahara, and when some shaft strikes home to his heart, he breathes out his life upon the sands like a beast of prey, glaring with strong hate upon his foe. The darkness of death which settles down upon his vision, is scarcely deeper than that which shrouded his life; and the jackall's cry, ringing out on the night of the desert, is his fitting requiem. The blanketed Indian of to-day is true to the immemorial creed of his fathers. His wigwam is the same rude thing that sheltered them, when the New World broke upon the vision of Columbus. The grim ceremonies of the war-dance remain unchanged, and his hour of surpassing joy is that in which he returns from battle with reeking scalps at his belt. He has heard of civilization, but it has been in the fiery revelation of its musketry. Its kinder and truer voice, which would win him from his savageness, he will not hear; but clings yet to his old heritage of gloom and superstition. His form is of the wilderness, and their change is to vanish together.

In addition to all this, many nations that were once well advanced in civilization seem to have sunk back again into the arms of barbarism. Science has fled from her retreats along the Nile. Old Egypt shines not now as in the days

of her Ptolemies. Her colleges of priests have passed away. The lyre of Memnon no longer greets the sunrise, and the diviner voice of genius is hushed. The Phœnician has forgotten his enterprise; and his sails stretched for distant lands, no longer whiten the sea. The descendant of the thoughtful Chaldean looks with stupid wonder at the heaven above him. Its planets, and "blue glancing stars," are a mystery to him. His brain, pondering upon them in some idle hour, may reel under that mystery; but, degenerate and indifferent, he waits not through the night, with patient watching, to solve it. The lore of his old progenitor has perished, but he heaves no regretful sigh. The calm night looks forth as of old upon the Shepherd plains, but it kindles within him no yearnings for knowledge, no memories of the past. He turns from its gaze with passionless heart, and, beneath some sheltering palm, lies down to his dreams of savage ignorance. Poet and orator, and philosopher, have vanished from Greece. August Athena smiles no more from the Cecropian Hill, the queen of beauty and mother of arts. No Plato of modern growth instructs her youth in philosophy; no Socrates teaches them to revere the gods. Her Demosthenes finds no counterpart in these times. The Solons and Homers, that made her immortal, live not in the race that has followed them, and her heroes, they too are extinct. Once in every age does the genius of her ancient glory revisit her, and, standing one sorrowful hour in the twilight gloom of the Acropolis, watch for some token of rekindling life; but heroes and sages sleep on—their dust heaves not—there is no resurrection! The grim features of desolation alone meet her gaze, and she glides mournfully away!

Now, grave and worthy reader, these are ugly facts; but in despite of them, we still maintain the theory to be intact. That a majority of the race should, up to this time, have remained barbarians, when well considered, will be found neither strange nor inconsistent with the hypothesis stated. Nothing can be done without a suitable preparation. Every one who has a tolerable acquaintance with human affairs, knows this to be true. A man cannot even whistle till he has brought his lips into a position adapted to the exercise. So profoundly penetrated with this fact was a certain Yankee professor of that art, that the first direction which he gave

his class, was, "Prepare to pucker;" which was followed by one adapted to the advanced state of affairs, to wit—"Pucker!" Well did he know that not a soul of them could whistle till he had "puckered." So with these barbarians. They have been all this while preparing for progress. They have never yet whistled the delightful melodies of civilization, but for several thousand years they have been "puckering," and it is but fair to conclude that we shall soon hear their rich tones ringing from the cliffs of Jibel Kumra, and swelling in full chorus from Behring's Straits to the Ural Mountains, and the sea of Ormus. The lips of some of them are even now quivering with nascent harmonies!

As regards those nations who have "advanced backwards," the argument is no stronger. While they have retrograded, others have advanced, and even eclipsed their meridian splendor. Look at us in America! Look at England and France, and Germany—to say nothing of the Auroral light, beautiful and blushing, that streaks the skies of Liberia! Look at the steamboats, railroads, magnetic telegraphs, printing-presses, sub-marine batteries, revolving pistols, pin, button and stocking factories; mowing and reaping machines; grist-mills, saw-mills, oil-mills, spinning-jennies, cotton-gins, and gin distilleries, together with divers other cunning inventions that do adorn our times; inventions which Egypt, and Chaldea, and Greece never dreamed of. Here is progress for you, O ye incredulous and argumentative! Greece may have lost her Plato, but we have our Emersons and our Brownsons, philosophers whom even Plato could not comprehend, and who have advanced where mortals less divine would be "blasted with excess of light." She may have no Solon in this age of her degeneracy; but there is not a village in this great country which has not several of them. There may be no Demosthenes now in her desolate capital, to kindle the Athenian heart with his eloquence; but we have dozens of them at Washington, who, whenever Texas or Oregon is threatened, exclaim with more than Demosthenean emphasis, "Let us march against Philip; let us drub him essentially!" Her bard, "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," may have gone down to "dusty death," but we have a Homer, and he is yet in the freshness of youth. Noble Ahasuerus!

stand forth, for thou art he! The Temple of Belus, too, may have crumbled, with its priestly sages, the learned and patient old Chaldeans; and the monument of Osymandias, with its golden circle, and earnest star-watchers, may exist no more; yet have we the prospect of a famous Observatory at Washington, some time during the present century; and astronomers do swarm in the land, of exceeding erudition, as their almanacs testify. Witness also our English and French neighbors, of whom it may be safely affirmed, that they know more before breakfast than did those ancient worthies after supper.

But there is another consideration which ought for ever to confound all sceptics, and convince them that this theory of progress has not been lightly taken up; and that is, that the retrocession of civilization in those older nations is by no means final. Like unto youths engaged in the gymnastic exercise of leaping a fence, they have only gone back *pour mieux sauter*; and if their energies are not exhausted by too long a run, they will yet clear hedge and ditch, and land gracefully in the green fields of intelligence and refinement.

Theory aside, however, it must be evident to all who are noting the affairs of this glorious little world, that the present age is one of most rapid progression. The past has furnished none like it. It is an age of ceaseless activity—an age of steam. The engine of thought drives fiercely on, tireless, heeding no obstruction; and ever the mental steam-whistle rings its shrill warning along the track, bidding loiterers beware. That engine drags a long train, too, freighted with sense, and folly, and the novelties of fecund brains. Books are written, read, superseded, and forgotten in a week. Everybody by that time is agape for something newer, something not quite so antique and musty, something that is neck and neck with the age. Theories in science, philosophy and government, are hatched like chickens in a modern eccaleobion. Many of them die unfledged, but some, with diligent feeding, grow up into goodly fowls, worthy of smoking on the best tables. Boys, long before their chins have bowed to the majesty of razors, become wiser than those who begot them. Right valiantly do they step into the shoes of their fathers, seize whip and rein, and, like that celestial rowdy, Phaeton, drive the old family vehicle till the axle takes

fire. No sooner are they fairly launched into being, than they rush from the cradle, like ducklings from the nest, and plunge into the deep waters of philosophy, where they swim about perfectly at home, much to the amazement of their reverend grandfathers, who stand at the margin "shaking their white aged heads over them," and wondering at their miraculous exploits. One can hardly help fancying this to be the period predicted by ancient seers, in which "the child should die a hundred years old." If this era is not exactly the millennium, it is yet such an approximation to it, that we can see its glories glimmering in the distance, and playing on the hill-tops; art, science, letters, ethics, theology, and politics, are all taking huge strides toward perfectibility. The human mind, which has been sleeping so long in the lap of Delilah, buried in voluptuous dreams, is at length awake; and any one, possessed of a tolerably nice ear, can hear the withs crack as it leaps up in the lustiness of manhood.

Perhaps some who are analytically disposed, may demur to this generalization, and demand that we show definitely wherein this progress consists. Nothing can be easier, but the phenomena are so apparent that we doubt whether the greater part of them will not take the attempt as an affront to their understandings. We profess, therefore, that if we proceed to specifications, it is only for the benefit of the incredulous few, who make it a principle of their creed to believe nothing if they can help it. The world has always had some such fellows in it, and a troublesome set they are. Nothing delights them so much as to attack a theory, and put its inventor to infinite trouble in defending it. Many a fine edifice have they battered down with doubts and hard questions, which would have stood for ever had they let it alone!

There are three items of knowledge which all will admit are of primary importance, to wit: a knowledge of ourselves, of each other, and of the world we live in. If those readers, then, who are so fond of demonstration, will give us their attention, we will show them that this age has developed, and is developing, this knowledge, in a manner, and to an extent entirely unprecedented in the history of the race; and has furnished the means whereby this knowledge may be brought to entire perfection. If we suc-

ceed in showing this, we suppose they will be bound, as candid men, to admit our proposition.

"*Ἰωάννης-Ἰωάννης*," said the wisest of Greeks; and the advice was excellent, but nearly useless, since no one in his day knew how to improve it; nor, indeed, until this present age, has any infallible means been discovered by which it could be put in practice. It was like advising a man, ignorant of astronomy, to calculate an eclipse. In endeavoring to achieve this knowledge, men have been obliged to rely mainly upon their own consciousness, which is exceedingly deceptive and uncertain. No one, in this way, can arrive at safe conclusions. He may set himself to note with great diligence his own feelings, proclivities and capacities, and yet fail to understand himself when he gets through. For instance, he may conclude that he is a very honest and clever fellow, when, in fact, there is within him a vast amount of undeveloped rascality, which lies coiled away in his heart like a viper in a flower-garden, ready, when provocation shall be offered, to start up and show its fangs. Or, he may judge himself a man of enlarged capacity, upon whom the people would do well to repose the trusts of government; when, really, the management of a plantation would fill the measure of his ability.

With regard to others, the difficulty is still greater. We can judge of them only by external manifestations, which are often mere masks. The real individual is not seen in the smooth public face he wears. Yet are we bound to judge of men as they seem, unless we have some means of detecting what they really are. If they carry at their mast-head the flag of virtue's republic, we must conclude their papers are correct, and that they carry that flag by good right, even though we know it sometimes covers the death's head and cross-bones.

These facts account satisfactorily for the great amount of friction in the machinery of society. Nine-tenths of it is occasioned by men not knowing themselves, and those with whom they are in relation. They thrust themselves into places for which the gods never intended them, and place others in positions for which they have no fitness. The consequence is, that wheels, shafts and bands, in rapid but disordered motion, "grate harsh thunder," and if they do not fly in fragments, at least make a most villainous



clanking. Nothing better could be expected. Individuals of opposite sexes meet, mutually misunderstand each other, and marry. There follow very naturally family jars, (not pickle jars, but something quite as acid,) curtain lectures, broken hearts and divorces *a vinculis*. Some, with slender wit, imagine themselves heaven-inspired, write in verse—"Soar aloft on wings of light, and come down on father's wood-pile." Others rush to the pulpit to mend morals, when they should have quietly seated themselves in their shops and mended shoes. Others still, gifted with rare genius for pruning trees, seize the scalpel and hack away with marvellous infelicity at sinews and bones. Many a plumed chief was manifestly intended for a butcher, but, being sent blindfold into the world, by mistake picked up a sword instead of a cleaver. Individuals, whose mission was to mend brass-kettles, and solder old tin, blunder into senates and commence tinkering the government. Hands, made for delving, wander from their duty to finger briefs, and soil the pages of Blackstone. Gifted pettifoggers are constructed into bad governors, and farcical presidents, while true men remain unknown to themselves and the public, in the obscurity of humble life, guiding only the plough when they should be guiding the state. The world has been full of owlish philosophers, who, at best, could but have made respectable pedagogues; of weak kings who should have been subjects, and of quiet subjects whose right it was to be kings. Those, who in reading its history, wonder why its affairs have always been in such a jumble, are here let into the secret. With cobblers in the pulpit, and tinkers in the senate, pedagogues in the chairs of philosophy, and pettifoggers at the head of government, he would be but an indifferent prophet who should predict anything like harmony and order.

Now, had there been, *ab initio*, some absolute test of character, men would never have got so egregiously misplaced. Each one would have perceived at a glance exactly where he was wanted, and gone, as in duty bound, about his proper business. There would have been a harmonious arrangement throughout all its sections and divisions; and, without doubt, this would have been a very respectable and quiet sort of world. The present age has supplied this desideratum. Phrenology unfolds the sublimely

simple truth, that the character of every man is written upon his cranium: and that its surface furnishes an accurate clue to the fibre and fashion of his soul. A man, intellectually and morally, can be as easily gauged and inspected as a barrel of whiskey. Fifteen minutes are sufficient to investigate the most intricate case, and determine whether the individual was cut out for a poet, or a coal-heaver; for an honest man, or a sub-treasurer; for a philosopher, or a fool; for a Brutus, or a Cæsar. Nor is the test difficult of application, though the world has been so long in finding it out. It is a mere matter of sight and touch—an operation for the eye and the finger ends. It involves no acquaintance with psychological or metaphysical subtleties. Any one who can finger a skull, and distinguish between a pea and a pigeon's egg, may be a phrenologist—may read his neighbor like a morning newspaper. Every bump is a standing advertisement, set up by the gods; and the whole together make up the inventory of his stock in trade! This discovery contains the germ of reformation, and the assurance of social order.

The discovery of animal magnetism, also, is another large stride in progress. Let not the reader sneer at our credulity, nor think that we are playing upon him. We predict great things for magnetism, the mysterious sister of phrenology. With closed eye and rigid features, she scans body and soul—distant objects and secret transactions; and, like an obedient slave, lays the fruit of her observations at the feet of her master. At present, however, we cannot dilate upon it. Our limits will only permit us to mention one particular in which we think it destined to important results; and that is, upon the diplomacy of nations. It is possible that some may not at first perceive its connection with matters of such high concern, and may even deem the proposition too ridiculous to be suggested in a grave argument like ours. But let them not judge hastily. For our part, we believe it, as fully as we do that phrenology is destined to grease the wheels of society, so that they will run without creaking.

Every one knows that diplomacy, as at present conducted, is a very secret and perplexed affair. Not only do the respective governments endeavor to keep their subjects in the dark, but it is the object of their diplomatists to mystify

each other, in hope of gaining some advantage; a proceeding not unlike that of two skillful jockies, each of whom is endeavoring to overreach the other. The diplomatic reputation of an ambassador, or minister extraordinary, would be destroyed at once should he let his antagonist into the secret policy of his government. He is expected to be as indefinite as possible, and, at the same time, to leave an impression of remarkable frankness. Being thus mutually be-fogged, they are often sorely puzzled how to proceed, and fear to accept submitted propositions—which perhaps may be fair enough—lest it should be found afterwards that they have conceded too much, or lost an advantage, or involved their government in ultimate embarrassment. To get at this secret policy is “a consummation devoutly to be wished” on the part of the plenipotentiary—especially when affairs are involved and stormy. To employ spies and eavesdroppers for this purpose, or to corrupt those in the confidence of the court, would be dangerous, and, if discovered, would result in the disgrace of the minister and his government. By means of magnetism, however, this object can be most felicitously accomplished, and, at the same time, all danger avoided. Let the minister keep a facile and practiced subject, and whenever there is to be a cabinet meeting, call him to his private apartment, make the requisite passes, put on his spiritual gear, and send him into the conclave. When there, by a strong effort of will, nerved by the greatness of the occasion, and held to its tension by patriotic devotion, let him fasten the attention of the subject upon the actors until the cabinet breaks up, while his confidential secretary notes down the revelations that are made, and with the nicest accuracy secures them all in black and white. We cannot conceive of a more admirable arrangement. Eavesdroppers, even, could such be employed at all, could furnish but inaccurate reports. Agents near the court might be unfaithful, or themselves deceived; but here is an agent under the entire control of the minister, who, without rattling shutters, or shaking locks, glides in among the premiers and privy-councilors, fixes his keen spiritual eye upon them, and brings away, unsuspected, their budget of state secrets! Look to it, ye Richelieus, and Talleyrands, and Peels!

How soon will ye not be the playthings of this scientific omniscience!

This political Ganymede of the ministers, for greater security, should be one of his lackeys, or his favorite page, and in daily attendance upon his person; but even if by some unlucky *contre-temps*, he should be caught at his manipulations, it would in all probability be little regarded, and only subject him to the imputation of being a somewhat curious speculator in mental science. The advantages of such an arrangement are so apparant that amplification is unnecessary. If our minister at St. James was at this time provided with a good subject, he might at once get at the whole British policy, and thus relieve the government and people from distressing doubts, and “thick-coming fancies” which trouble their sleep, and enable us to prepare for whatever action may be necessary. Great as are his talents for diplomacy, we venture to say that one such spiritual interview with Sir John and the Privy Council, would be worth more than all his observation, and official intercourse, during the next year. With these views of the matter we would respectfully suggest to the President and Senate the propriety of ascertaining hereafter that all our accredited ministers, in addition to the usual qualifications, understand the magnetic passes; and also of seeing that they are provided with suitable subjects. All appropriations on the score of these subjects, to avoid suspicion, can be charged to the account of secret service money!

We might multiply proofs *ad infinitum*; but those who are not already convinced that this is an age of progress, would not be, though folios were written. That there are such, we know well; but they are, for the most part, men who have lived in chimney-corners, and know little of the stirring times without, or who, in the silence of studious cells, have become worshippers of the past, and only smile when its familiar forms look in upon their solitude. They are lovers of the moss that grows on ancient monuments; men who would gather the fragments of an exploded dogma as piously as if they were those of a friend; and who would give more for a button from their great grandfather's breeches, than for a full suit of modern cut, turned off with the highest finish of Broadway. Plato informs us that all souls at their creation, were furnished with lodgings in the stars,

where they were to remain until bodies were prepared for them. If we were to judge of these men from their sympathy with the old and bygone, we should say that they were sleepy souls, who had nodded so long upon their celestial roosts, that, when they at length took wing and alighted upon this planet, they were several centuries behind their time ! Any attempt to bring them into sympathy with the present would be vain. They were made for an age that has past, and, though they appeared too late to act in it, their hearts still beat with its own peculiar pulse. Like the Greenlander beneath

the tropics, who, when the unwelcome sun beats down upon him, turns towards the North and pants for his icebergs, these worthy but belated souls, turn towards the elder times and sigh for their congenial airs. The regiment in which they were enrolled, mustered, and marched and fought its battle, long before they, were awake : and, inasmuch as they have done nothing since but skirt about the old battle-ground, and write eulogies upon the heroes who fell there, we would suggest, as we take leave of them, that, so far as the world is concerned, they might as well have continued to sleep.

### SECRETARY WALKER'S LAST REPORT.

We have another report from Mr. Walker on the subject of the Tariff in answer to the following resolution of the Senate :—

*“Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to report to the Senate on what articles embraced in the tariff act of 1846 the duties can be increased beyond the existing rates, so as to augment the revenue, and to what extent the said duties can be increased, and what additional revenue would accrue therefrom. And furthermore, that he be requested to report what articles on the free list may be taxed, and what amount of duty should be laid thereon ; and that he also report on what articles, if any, the rates of duty may be reduced below those imposed by the aforesaid act, so as to increase the revenue, the rate of such reduction, and the amount to which the revenue would probably be increased thereby, and whether, in his opinion, any tax which may be laid upon such articles will increase the price of the same to the consumer to any amount ; and if any, to what amount.”*

This document, like all others emanating from the same source, displays the most consummate ignorance of the first principles which govern the subject upon which the Secretary undertakes to give advice to the Senate. Instead of examining his subject with statesman-like views, and coming out manfully, and proposing an increase of duties, that would stimulate the industry of the country and augment its power of consumption, so as to insure a demand for foreign productions, commensurate to such power ; he goes into comparisons

of the imports in 1845 and 1846 predicated all his reasoning upon the amounts of the different articles imported, upon the rates of duty ; as though the quantity of goods imported depended upon such rates, when every tyro in political economy knows, that demand and supply are the great regulators of trade of all kinds, foreign and domestic. He tells us that “in order to reply to the resolution it became necessary to review every item embraced in the Tariff of 1846, to re-examine the imports of each article, with the rate of duty and revenue accruing thereon for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1845, and also to have prepared and considered new tables of a similar character for the fiscal year ending 30th of June, 1846, and to compare the results.” From the examination he deduces the fact, “that the equivalent ad valorem under the imports of 1846 generally approximate more nearly the present rates of duty, than the equivalent ad valorem of 1845 ;” and that therefore “a smaller augmentation of the present duties will be required to augment the revenue in cases where any duty under the last tariff produced a larger revenue on the import of any article, than the present duties on the same ;” and then gives the different rates on certain articles of iron. Pig iron paid in 1845 a specific duty equivalent at the then price to 48 per cent., and in 1846 but 44 per cent. ; rolled iron in 1845 paid equivalent to 75, and in 1846 but 53 ; round or square iron in 1845 paid an equivalent to 56, and in 1846 an equivalent to 51, &c. &c. This he says,

"was in consequence of the enhanced price at the latter period—which brings the duty estimated in 1846 by the imports much nearer the present rates, than the duty estimated in 1845." Hence he says: "*Unless in cases where there are other data, entitled to higher consideration, which have been presented since the estimates made last year,* the department would, as a general rule, in cases where any increase of duty would augment the revenue, estimate a smaller increase of the duties as necessary to produce in such a case the largest amount of revenue; judging from a comparison of the duties under the acts of 1842 and 1846; than when the tables were prepared last year, when the estimates were made by the tables of 1845." Now divest these details of all their verbiage, and what do they amount to. All the truth they contain, is, that when an article paying a specific duty raises in price in the foreign markets, the specific duty is less, when rated ad valorem, than at the reduced price. Thus if pig iron pay a specific duty of \$20 per ton, costing in England £6 sterling, the ad valorem equivalent will be much lessened if the same iron cost £9 sterling. Surely it required not a lecture from a Secretary of the Treasury, to convince the Senate of this self-evident proposition. But we ask the particular attention of our readers to the proviso which we have italicised, namely *unless in cases where there are other data entitled to higher consideration, which have been presented since the estimates made last year.* That is, unless the exchange or the freight be higher or lower, or the home product be greater or less; or in fine, unless the all-governing principle of trade, the demand or supply should increase or diminish. The Secretary's rule may thus be seen to have vastly more exceptions than examples.

But when Mr. Walker stumbles upon a truth in the affairs of trade, and avows it, he invariably upsets his whole theory, as we shall show he has done in this. For it is susceptible of the most indisputable proof, that so far as revenue is concerned, no calculation approaching to accuracy, when the duties are ad valorem, can be made of the amount to be received, on any one article, from the very fact he has stated, namely, the fluctuation in prices, influenced as they are, and as he admits them to be, by so many causes.

But one fact is worth all Mr. Walker's comparative statements, and we shall

take the liberty to state several, to show that on this very article of iron his proposed ten per cent. additional duty, is a ridiculous proposition, made with a view to manifest a disposition to favor Pennsylvania from political considerations.

The price of bar iron in England in 1839 was £10 sterling per ton, in 1840 it was £9, in 1841 it was £7, in 1842 it was £5. 10., and in 1843 it was £4. 10.

Suppose in 1839 the then Secretary of the Treasury had made his calculations upon £10 sterling per ton and laid an ad valorem duty of 30 per cent., would his revenue have been half as much in 1843 when it had fallen to £4 10. And thus it will always be. No such fall, it is true, is at present anticipated on iron, on account of the railroad mania; but this cannot last many years, and if it should, we know that the manufacture of iron is becoming more and more extensive, and can be increased in England to any amount. Bar iron is now worth £10 sterling, and if it should therefore fall twenty-five per cent., a thing by no means unlikely to happen, then the ten per cent. additional would produce no increase of revenue. And so of cottons and woollens. These latter articles, however, fluctuate much more in the quantities imported, from variations in demand and supply, changes of fashion, &c.

There is no term which so fully expresses the extreme folly of Mr. Walker's proposed alterations in the tariff of 1846, as shown in the report under consideration, as the word *tinkering*, and had not the late election in Pennsylvania resulted as it has, Mr. Walker would not have discovered before this Tariff of 1846 has been three months in operation, that to raise the duty on coal and iron would increase the revenue.

The country has unjustifiably been plunged into a war, and large revenues are required to sustain its credit and enable it punctually to pay the interest on the increased expenditure; the presses in the interest of the government declare the war to be popular; and all parties express themselves willing to place at the command of the Executive means to carry on the war with vigor, and thus, in the slang of the day, to "*conquer a speedy peace.*" Yet the Secretary of the Treasury, instead of manfully coming forward and recommending an increase of revenue sufficient to place the credit of the country where it was when he took office,



has so managed its fiscal affairs, by his tariff of 1846 and the sub-treasury, as to be obliged to resort to an issue of treasury notes; and failing as yet to procure a duty on tea and coffee, openly confesses in this Report that there is great danger of reducing the value of the public securities as they were reduced in the war of 1812.

If Congress believe the war to be so popular, why do they not, at once, take the proper means to revive the public credit? But this is in some degree departing from the object of this article, which is to show the fallacy of the principles laid down by Mr. Walker, who blows hot and cold in the same breath, recommending a higher duty on coal and iron, and a lessened duty of five per cent. on certain manufactures of iron, and upon cotton goods not exceeding in cost 8 cents per square yard. The latter (will the reader believe us?) to produce an increased revenue of *twenty-five thousand dollars*!!—scarcely enough to pay one hour's expenditure for the war—no matter at what sacrifice to all concerned, in the United States, in the production of low-priced cotton goods. What a burlesque upon statesmanship is such pettifoggery, if indeed it is not something much worse—a design to injure political opponents. To show the utter incompetency of Mr. Walker to meddle in any way with a Tariff, it is only necessary to say that he predicates the success of the Tariff of 1846, upon its operation since the first of December last—being at the time this Report was made up, about two months; because the receipts into the treasury under it have exceeded those for the same period last year, under the Tariff of 1842. We could excuse the ignorance in one so totally without knowledge, as he has shown himself, of the nature of trade, if it were not accompanied with the unfounded assertion, that the new tariff is advancing the interests of the country!—an assertion, we venture to say, not only without the slightest foundation, but at utter variance with the truth, as will fully appear as soon as the extraordinary state of things brought about by the failure of the crops of grain in Europe, the disease of the potatoe, and the short crop of cotton shall have passed away.

These new phases introduced into the commercial state of the world, have given great activity to trade; particularly the rise in grain, bread-stuffs, and provisions generally. Very large shipments have

been made from the United States, which have given greatly increased employment to our ships, and much better prices to our farmers, for the time being; which will continue probably for some time, and thus the evils of the new tariff may be overlooked. But the end has not yet come! and we caution Mr. Walker and his English friends not to be too confident. The Tariff of 1846 has no more to do with our present prosperity, than the war with Mexico, or the debt which it is fast entailing upon the country. Had there been an abundant crop in Europe, a full crop of cotton, and no disease in the potatoe, we should have seen a very different state of things; and something very different from past experience must occur, if this unnatural state of things shall pass off, and business again find its level, without proving how little the permanent prosperity of a country is promoted by extraordinary prices in a foreign market, creating an unusual demand for its staple productions.

Mr. Walker will find that the home industry of a country is its best reliance, and when he shall retire to private life—which assuredly he will do, as soon as the provisions of the Constitution will permit—he will be made to know that though official station may, for the moment, influence legislation, it cannot overturn settled principles; one of which is laid down by a great writer in favor of free trade called Adam Smith; and we commend it to his followers as being, like the accidental truisms of the honorable secretary himself, wholly subversive of the whole theory he proposes to prop up. We give the quotation in Smith's own words: "Whatever tends to diminish in any country the number of artificers and manufacturers, tends to diminish the home market, the most important of all markets for the rude produce of the land, and thereby still further to discourage agriculture."

Now, it is a fact well known that the Tariff of 1846 has diminished, and it will continue to diminish, the number of artificers and manufacturers; for the very reason, that, as Mr. Walker states, at lower duties it produces an increased revenue, by supplanting articles made at home with similar importations from abroad.

An appeal to some statistics of past years may not be out of place here, and we shall refer to them with a view to show the results of extraordinary import-



ations beyond the power of the country to pay for.

We commence with 1815, when, according to a table prepared by Mr. Walker accompanying his Report of December 3d, 1845, we *consumed* of foreign merchandize, \$106,457,924. In 1816, according to the same table, we *consumed* of imported goods, \$129,964,444.

Those who are old enough must remember the disastrous effects of these excessive importations, which were not fully realized till 1819, when, among other evidences of the distressed condition of the country, a committee appointed by the legislature of Pennsylvania reported as follows: that there were "ruinous sacrifices of landed property at Sheriffs' sales, whereby in many cases lands and houses have been sold at less than a half, a third, or a fourth part of their former value; thereby depriving of their homes and the fruits of laborious years, a vast number of industrious farmers, some of whom have been driven to seek in the uncultivated forests of the West, that shelter of which they had been deprived in their native State. An almost entire cessation of the usual circulation of commodities, and a consequent stagnation of business, which is limited to the mere purchase and sale of the necessities of life, and of such articles of consumption as are absolutely required by the season. The overflowing of our prisons with insolvent debtors, most of whom are confined for small sums, whereby the community loses a portion of its active labor, and is compelled to support families by charity who have thus been deprived of their protectors."

By the same table of Mr. Walker, we find the *consumption* of foreign merchandise, in 1835, was \$129,391,247. In 1836, the *consumption* of the same goods amounted to the enormous sum of \$168,233,675. These immense importations were in consequence of the inflation of the currency, consequent upon the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States, which prompted the loans made by the *pet* banks, as they were called. The memorable breakdown, and the suspension of specie payments which resulted, must be fresh in the recollection of all who were in anywise conversant with the business affairs of that period.

In 1839, the same table tells us, we *consumed* \$144,597,607, and the results were little less ruinous. In 1841, at the

close of what was called the "Compromise Act," we consumed \$112,447,096. At that time the duties were so much reduced that the net revenue for the year was but \$15,516,589, and the whole country groaned under the depression of home industry of every kind.

For the fifteen years previous to 1835 the *consumption* of foreign imports had scarcely exceeded \$80,000,000. During the periods of the large importations, which caused the heavy *consumption* stated above—while the foreign goods were coming in—the country wore the fallacious appearance of prosperity, until the catastrophe arrived and the bubble burst.

At each of these periods, as the importations arrived—when the amount of the duties were pouring into the treasury, as they did in all except 1841—the respected Secretaries might have congratulated themselves as Mr. Walker now congratulates himself in this Report—with this difference, that the evil day may be somewhat longer postponed in consequence of our increased exports, should they continue. But as certainly as such over-consumption of foreign manufactures produced the revulsions then experienced, so certainly, under like circumstances will the same thing occur again, sooner or later, under the Tariff of 1846.

The writer of this article does not feel it to be a source of congratulation, that specie is so rapidly, and in such quantities, crossing the Atlantic into the United States—not because when it comes, in the course of a regular trade, it is not desirable—but because that specie which is now coming is not the result of such trade, but arises from the unnatural state of things incident to the extraordinary demand in Europe for grain and provisions of every kind, and the consequent sudden rise in value and increased exportation of them.

It is very much to be feared that the continued heavy drafts upon Great Britain, for specie, will cause a financial crisis there, which will, inevitably, react upon us. There is also great danger that its introduction here will cause an expansion of our currency to the encouragement of speculations; so that when it shall return to England, as it assuredly will, we may find it very difficult to go back again to a regular settled state of trade. These, at least, are the views of the writer, who well remembers the trade of the country for forty years, and

painfully experienced the convulsions referred to.

Having, on several former occasions, in the *National Magazine*, fully reviewed Mr. Walker's principles of Revenue, the writer does not deem it necessary, at this time, to go more at large into them. Nor would he be understood as now mooting the question of Free Trade, or Protection. Causes may occur, and have occurred, under a protective tariff, when these over-importations have taken place, and the result has been invariably the same. The inflation of the currency caused by the loans of the pet Banks, after the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States, may be cited as a memorable instance of this; and, therefore, in what we have said on this occasion we desire to be understood as protesting against Mr. Walker's doctrines, *in the wholesale*, believing them to be most destructive to every portion of the business of the country, and not merely interfering with our manufactures. The Secretary goes for the largest revenues at the lowest duties—which can only mean the heaviest importations—while the experience of every individual, and every nation, always has been, that buying beyond the means of payment, *no matter at what prices*, must forever, in the end, prove ruinous to the nation or individual who shall continue in such practice. Mr. Walker must have no very exalted opinion of the intelligence of Senators, when he takes up so large a portion of this Report with the commonest axioms, such as that “the revenue necessary for peace is always inadequate for the extraordinary expenses of war,” and many others—equally self-evident propositions; but we cannot close these remarks without giving Mr. Walker the benefit of a paragraph near the conclusion of this *luminous* Report, which is in these words:

“In submitting at present only the articles mentioned in tables A and B, it is proper to remark that these tables are, of course, only estimates subject to correction by the actual operation of the Tariff of 1846, and that time, together with the results of that act, may indicate other articles upon which duties may be reduced (or augmented if indispensably necessary).”

This is a perfect surrender of the whole Report, as founded upon imperfect data—nay, it is much more: for it shows what the writer of this article has often elsewhere averred; namely, that

there is no fixed point at which the largest amount of revenue can be relied upon at the lowest rates of duties—since the quantity of any article imported varies, not in the rates of the duty assessed, but is governed entirely by other laws—such as the power to consume the quantity made at home, and the many and various causes regulating the all-governing principle of demand and supply. According to the above admission of the Secretary a tariff, founded upon the *ad valorem* plan, has no fixed principle, and may be altered every year without any certainty that the alterations will produce the desired effect.

We annex a list of the proposed alterations of the tariff, in the present Report, and a comparison of the receipts of the customs at some of our principal ports, for the first fifty-five days of the last and present year:

Correspondence of the *Courier and Enquirer*.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1, 1847.

The following are the articles upon which Mr. Walker estimates that an increase of 10 per cent. duty will give the following revenue as annexed, to wit:

Coal,	\$50,000
Pig Iron,	60,000
Bar Iron, (rolled,)	200,000
Round or Square Iron, as bra-	
zier's rods, 3-16 and 10-16	
inch in diameter,	27,000
Nail or Spike Rods,	500
Sheet Iron, except taggers,	15,000
Hoop Iron,	10,000
Wood Screws,	3,000
Band or Scroll Iron, &c., rolled	
or hammered,	1,000
Spikes, cut or wrought,	1,500
Cloths or Casimeres of Wool,	
exceeding in value \$4 square	
yard,	30,000
White and Red Lead,	1,000
That an increase of 20 per cent.	
on Sugar, white, loaf, and re-	
fined, will yield	900,000
That an increase of 5 per cent.	
on Cotton, dyed, printed, etc.,	
exceeding 30 per cent. per	
square yard,	10,000
From Cotton not dyed, exceed-	
ing 30 per cent. per square	
yard,	10,000

Upon the following articles he estimates that a decrease of 5 per cent. will yield an aggregate increase sum of \$30,000, to wit:

Drawing and cutting knives, hatchets, axes, and adzes; locket chisels, sickles, and reaping hooks; plane irons, scythes, spades, and shovels; ploughs, harrows, mattocks, rakes, cultivators, cross-cut and pit saws, gin saws, cut nails.

The same decrease (5 per cent.) is estimated to give the additional sum of \$25,000 on cotton manufactures colored and uncolored, not exceeding 8 cents on the square yard.

Upon the articles of linen and silk the Department gives no estimate, not possessing the requisite data.

The amount of imports, the past year, of iron and manufactures of iron, on which no change is proposed, was the sum of \$5,570,514.

The amount imported, on which it is proposed to increase the duty 10 per cent., \$2,077,898.

The amount imported on which it is proposed to lower the duty 5 per cent., \$63,610.

The following comparison is given of the receipts into the Custom House at the places named, for the first fifty-five days of the last and present year, to wit:

	1846.	1847.
Boston, . . .	\$674,107	\$862,494
New York, . .	1,971,406	2,374,827
Philadelphia, .	289,708	341,003
Baltimore, . .	43,061	89,900
Charleston, . .	41,176	61,862
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$3,029,457	\$3,730,117
The following is given as the amount of imports and duties for 1846:		
Specific, . . .	\$33,617,574	\$12,726,584
Ad valorem, . .	57,980,640	15,707,915
Free, . . .	19,676,778	.....
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$111,204,992	\$28,434,449

MISCELLANY OF THE MONTH.

CONGRESS is now within a very few days of its adjournment, yet no essential progress has been made, since our last review was issued, in the national legislation. The bill authorizing the President to raise ten additional regiments of regular troops, for the prosecution of the war with Mexico, has become a law, but no power has yet been granted for the appointment of the officers to command them. The bill placing three millions of dollars at the disposal of the Executive, to be used in re-opening negotiations for peace, is still under discussion. The Secretary of the Treasury has presented a schedule of desired modifications in the existing tariff, but no action has yet been taken upon it in either house. This extraordinary tardiness in legislation, under circumstances apparently so imperative, must be attributed to the serious dissension in the ranks of the administration party, caused mainly by the introduction of the Slavery question into the Congressional debates. We mentioned in our last the adoption in the House of Representatives of a proviso to the appropriation bill, forbidding the establishment of slavery in any territory which may be acquired by the United States, in the prosecution of the existing war. The question has since come up in the Senate, and has been met promptly and boldly by Mr. CALHOUN, who took the ground that the enactment of any such law would be an act of direct aggression upon Southern rights, and would be resisted by the South, even at the hazard of dissolving the Union. His remarks were apparently only introductory to a more full and elaborate discussion of the whole subject;—but they were evidently well considered, and lacked nothing in clearness, emphasis or cogency. They were answered by Mr. SIMMONS, of Rhode Island; but

the debate can by no means be considered closed. Mr. CALHOUN has taken ground against the further accession of territory; and it is probable that a considerable portion of the administration party will act in accordance with this position, in order to avoid the *abditæ scopula* of the slavery controversy. The great body of the people in all sections of the Union, are agreed that with slavery as it exists in the Southern States, neither the Federal Government nor the Northern States have any right to interfere. But with regard to the extension of our territory, and the consequent extension of slavery, there is by no means the same concordance. The North will be almost unanimous against such extension of slavery, though not opposed to an increase of territory;—while the South is desirous of adding territory to the Union mainly, if not entirely, in order to fortify and perpetuate their domestic institutions. Probably the best thing that can be done under the circumstances is, to seek no more territory, and so avoid the contest. And yet there are very many considerate and sagacious statesmen who believe that our government should embrace this opportunity to acquire at least a harbor, and some adjacent country, upon the Pacific coast. It is hardly to be expected that we should bear the expenses of the present war, without exacting some indemnity from Mexico. And under what form, except territory, can such indemnity be paid? These considerations greatly embarrass the solution of the difficulties which surround the present position of our public affairs; and these difficulties will be increased rather than diminished by the termination of the war, although its continuance can only postpone the inevitable crisis. They have very seriously retarded the cause of federal legislation, and have

in fact broken the strength of the administration in Congress.

Of other domestic matters there is little worthy of record. The movements of our army in Mexico indicate a speedy attack upon Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, under Major-General WINFIELD SCOTT, and we entertain the confident expectation that our troops will be in possession of that important fortress before the end of March. Whether they can hold it in the face of the yellow fever through the hot season, is a more doubtful point. The attempt, however, will probably be made, and then the campaign of next autumn may open by a march to the Mexican capital. Unless negotiations for peace can meantime be undertaken, this seems to be the most judicious step that could be taken. The capture and retention of the castle will of itself strengthen our position in urging negotiations; and, in the event of their failure, will be of decided importance to the effective resumption of hostilities.

The Mexican government is again in ruins. Congress, in order to effect a loan, mortgaged the property of the Church, and evinced a disposition, while declaring the right, to make of it an absolute seizure. This was, of course, resisted with clamor and vigor by the clergy, and they were seconded by Santa Anna. This unlooked-for event had created a new turmoil, of which the issue is not yet apparent. Congress, according to the most reliable accounts, was about to dissolve, leaving the Clergy and the people exasperated, the soldiers unpaid and of course discontented, and Santa Anna in a difficult, not to say perilous, position. Until there shall be in Mexico some stable and permanent government, even if all other difficulties were removed, it will be almost impossible to open negotiations for peace.

Of Literary intelligence we have none to record.

The Foreign advices of the month are interesting and important. The new English ministry have carried into full effect their measures for the immediate relief of Ireland—the abrogation of the duty on foreign grain, the suspension of the navigation laws, and the substitution of sugar for corn in the distilleries. These measures were all carried without serious opposition, and on the 25th of January Lord John Russell brought forward his scheme for the permanent improvement of the condition of Ireland. The most important feature of this scheme is that relating to the waste lands of Ireland, which are stated to comprise no less than 4,600,000 acres. None of this vast extent of land is at present cultivated. Its owners have neglected it, thinking that the cost of reclaiming it would be greater than its value,

or being satisfied with the rents of their improved estates. The Government has very wisely regarded these lands as the proper field for extending the resources of the Irish people; and purposes, in the first instance, to aid the owners in bringing these wastes into a state of cultivation, or, if this cannot be done, to take into its own hands the task of reclaiming them. If the owners will reclaim them, Government offers to lend them money for the purpose at 3½ per cent. interest for 22 years, to the extent of a million sterling. If the owners will not reclaim, but will sell, their waste lands, Government offers to purchase. If they will neither improve nor sell, then Government will seize them and attempt their reclamation, paying the owners a fixed valuation. When reclaimed, the lands are to be divided into lots of from 25 to 50 acres and sold. In this way, it is believed, a large addition may be made to the cultivable land of Ireland, and a class of small proprietors will be created, which will prove of essential service in the contemplated reformation of the country. The premier seems by no means inclined to despair of the regeneration of Ireland, although he does not conceal from himself or the public the obstacles to be overcome. He reminded the House of Commons that but a short time since the social condition of England and of Scotland was as unpromising as is that of Ireland at the present day; and drew therefrom ground for hoping that the same transformation might yet be witnessed. His propositions were received with almost unanimous favor by Parliament, and seem, indeed, worthy of approbation. Whether the plan will prove effectual for the end proposed may be doubted; but if any action of the Government can be efficacious, this seems certainly to have a good chance of success.

The distress in Ireland still continues, and increases rather than abates. Immense sums for the relief of the sufferers have been raised by private subscriptions in England, and more than \$100,000 has been sent from the United States for the same object. Above £7,000,000 have been expended by the English government in endeavoring to accomplish the same purpose; and yet scarcely any perceptible impression has been made in stemming the vast flood of misery which overwhelms Ireland. Immense quantities of grain have been purchased in this country and on the Continent, by English capital, to supply the deficiency of food, and more than seven millions of specie have already been shipped to the United States in payment of the debt thus incurred. This rapid withdrawal of bullion from the circulation, added to the large sums absorbed by railway speculations, has produced a



severe pressure in the English market, which threatens ere long an overwhelming crisis. The Bank of England has raised its rate of interest; and English consols, which usually afford an excellent test of the state of monetary affairs, have fallen within a few weeks 3 per cent., which is a greater decline than has been known for many years. This country, on the other hand, has escaped a crisis by the receipt of unusual quantities of bullion from abroad. The operation of the Sub-Treasury Law has withdrawn nearly three millions of dollars from the circulation, and had not this been replaced by the specie from Europe, we should inevitably have experienced a pressure equally severe with that which has visited England.

The rumor is mentioned in some of the English papers, that ministers intend to send a Royal Commission of Inquiry to Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Reform in both these institutions is said to be greatly needed; but there is room to fear that government interference in their direction would not be attended with good results. The project of a National Education is vigorously and ably discussed at present, and a good deal of feeling has been excited upon the subject. There would be danger, therefore, of enlisting or encountering deeply-rooted prejudices in any plan of education which could be submitted. And the question is one which ought not to be decided by any party strife, or in the midst of any general agitation. We think it very likely that Parliament will be called upon to make some declaration of principles in regard to the matter; but it is scarcely probable that any general scheme will be brought forward, or that the course of instruction pursued at the Universities will be disturbed. Lord Morpeth declared very explicitly at a public meeting, that the Ministers were not satisfied with the present educational condition of the people, and that they regard its improvement as a duty of the government. Sir George Grey has also declared that an attempt would be made to improve the sanitary condition of the people. Such a measure, should it prove successful, could not fail to have a marked influence on the habits and morals of the people. It seems probable, also, that the system of punishment for crimes, transportation, prison discipline, &c., will receive attention at the present session of Parliament. Government has already suspended all transportation of male convicts during two years, and that those who may remain in England are to be employed on the government works. Some action upon the subject has become necessary, in order to reduce the number of convicts in Van Dieman's land, which already reaches 30,000, and is recruited by about 4,000 a-year.

The entire colonial system of England is also likely to be remodeled, and Earl Grey, the Colonial Secretary, has granted a Constitution to New Zealand, which has elicited ardent and universal admiration.

The foreign Literary Intelligence of the month comprises little of interest. A new Life of JEREMY TAYLOR, by Rev. R. A. Willmot, has been published, which elicits high commendation from the best critical authorities. Another volume of O'CONNELL's speeches has been published, and a continuation of his Life, by his son, is also given. The book is one of little intrinsic value, and is stamped by the *Athenæum* as the "history of a politician, conceived in the narrow spirit of a monk, and addressed to the exclusive spirit of some pugnacious religious order." Another part of COUSIN's History of Moral Philosophy in the Eighteenth Century, has been published, which the author devotes mainly to a criticism of the Scotch School.

Prof. Mädler, of Dorpat, has published a pamphlet setting forth his belief that the centre of the nebula in which our system lies, or of the congeries of stars which form the Milky Way, is in the Pleiades; and that the star *Alcyone* is more likely than any other one to merit the appellation of the "Central Sun." The theory is cited, and used with great beauty and some force by TUPPER, in his "Probabilities—an aid to Faith."

M. F. SHOBERL, in the course of a controversy with the *Athenæum*, declares that he was the author of the "Life of Frederick the Great," recently published under the name of the poet Campbell, who was hired to lend his name to the work. This is only one of the many tricks which prevail in England among publishers. Book-making has probably become more thoroughly there than in any other country, a *trade*;—and not one of the most honorable or respectable.

A Turin paper states that 205 journals are now published in the Italian States, where, in 1836, only 171 were issued. The Papal States have the greatest share in this advance. In Austria the number of journals is 159; in Germany, 1,836; France, 1,294; Belgium, 140; Great Britain, 541; Russia, 139.

Among the deaths recorded is that of Mr. Joseph John Gurney, the brother of Mrs. Fry, and widely celebrated for his devotion to the philanthropic movements of the day. Mr. Gurney was one of the first of those who recorded in print his experience of the results of Free Labor in the West Indian colonies:—having undertaken a voyage shortly after the Compensation Bill passed, for the express purpose of observation. We may mention here the death, in Switzerland, of Count Frederick Gonfalonieri—a name which has a sort of



literary interest, as that of a companion of Silvio Pellico during his long imprisonment at the Spielberg.

The Belgian government has applied to

that of France for admission for the members of the Belgian Universities, into the French School recently established at Athens. Consent has been granted.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*History of the Thirty Year's War. Translated from the German of Frederick Schiller. By the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M. A. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1847.*

A history, by the faithful and accomplished Schiller, of the Great War of Protestantism against the Emperor and his priests, or of northern and western against southern and eastern Germany, in the period succeeding the Reformation. The work opens with a minute and rather labored account of the policy and position of the house of Austria, and of the political causes of the war, as far as it emanated from the mutual jealousies of the princes and the emperor, on the subject of reformation. Northern and western Germany favored the reformation, because with the power of the Pope they shook off the fear of the Emperor and the influence of the priests, who have been and must be his advisers. The Emperor, finding himself deserted by his nobles, and in danger of Protestantism in his own dominions, (for the Austrians were as ill-disposed toward Rome as their northern neighbors,) permitted the most powerful of his subjects, the Great Duke Wallenstein, to raise an army by his own authority, and, with the title of Generalissimo, to be master of the whole war. Wallenstein, commissioned with unlimited authority, raised several armies which he supported by ravaging the whole country over which he passed. After a series of disasters and successes, contending, with his hordes of licensed robbers, against the powers of western Europe, he began to entertain thoughts of a principality,—to establish himself independently of the emperor. The rise and termination of the career of Wallenstein, the Napoleon of his age, is made the principal topic of this work: on the whole one of the most agreeable histories extant, and full of instruction. Like the other histories of Schiller, it is very free from philosophy, and never wrests a fact to give color to any set of opinions. The most remarkable passage in the book is perhaps the description of the character of Wallenstein, which follows the account of his assassination by one of his own officers:

“Thus did Wallenstein, at the age of fifty, terminate his active and extraordinary life. To ambition he owed both his greatness and his ruin; with all his failings, he possessed great and admirable qualities, and had he kept himself within due bounds, he would have lived and died without an equal. The virtues of the ruler and of the hero, prudence, justice, firmness, and courage, are strikingly prominent features in his character; but he wanted the gentler virtues of the man, which adorn the hero and make the ruler beloved. Terror was the talisman with which he worked; extreme in his punishments as in his rewards, he knew how to keep alive the zeal of his followers, while no general of ancient or modern times could boast of being obeyed with equal alacrity. Submission to his will was more prized by him than bravery; for, if the soldiers work by the latter, it is on the former that the general depends. He continually kept up the obedience of his troops by capricious orders, and profusely rewarded the readiness to obey even in trifles; because he looked rather to the act itself than its object. He once issued a decree, with the penalty of death on disobedience, that none but red sashes should be worn in the army. A captain of horse no sooner heard the order than, pulling off his gold-embroidered sash, he trampled it under foot; Wallenstein, on being informed of the circumstance, promoted him on the spot to the rank of colonel. His comprehensive glance was always directed to the whole, and in all his apparent caprice, he steadily kept in view some general scope or bearing. The robberies committed by the soldiers in a friendly country had led to the severest orders against marauders; and all who should be caught thieving were threatened with the halter. Wallenstein himself, having met a straggler in the open country upon the field, commanded him to be seized without trial, as a transgressor of the law, and, in his usual voice of thunder, exclaimed, “Hang the fellow,” against which no opposition ever availed. The soldier pleaded and proved his innocence, but the irrevocable sentence had gone forth. “Hang, then, innocent,” cried the inexorable Wallenstein, “the guilty will have then more reason to tremble.” Preparations were already making to execute the sentence, when the soldier, who gave himself up for lost, formed the desperate resolution of not dying without revenge. He fell furiously upon his judge, but was overpowered by numbers, and disarmed before he could fulfil his design. “Now let him go,” said the duke, “it will excite sufficient terror.”

"His munificence was supported by an immense income, which was estimated at three millions of florins yearly, without reckoning the enormous sums which he raised under the name of contributions. His liberality and clearness of understanding raised him above the religious prejudices of his age; and the Jesuits never forgave him for having seen through their system, and for regarding the Pope as nothing more than a bishop of Rome.

"But as no one ever yet came to a fortunate end who quarreled with the Church, Wallenstein must augment the number of its victims. Through the intrigues of monks, he lost at Ratisbon the command of the army, and at Egra his life; by the same arts, perhaps, he lost what was of more consequence, his honorable name and good repute with posterity."

*The Scripture School Reader, consisting of Selections of Sacred Scripture for the use of schools.* Compiled and arranged by W. W. EVERTS and WM. H. WYCKOFF. New York: Nafis & Cornish.

The idea of this book is a very happy one. It is so aside from all considerations touching the question which has been so acrimoniously agitated among us by irreligious, Atheistical, Pantheistical, or Jesuitical people, whether the Bible, as our fathers have handed it down to us, should be tolerated as a book to be read in our schools. On the ground of this controversy, indeed, the compilation before us would be most acceptable. For the selections are by no means sectarian, or even doctrinal, so far as to relate to the many points in dispute between the various denominations that draw their religious tenets from the Bible. These are merely such as inculcate great but simple principles of morality, virtue, and social conduct, together with those delightful narrative passages, conveying the finest ethical lessons under the guise of story and parable; and those descriptive, prophetic, and lyrical portions, which, beyond question, contain some writings of the purest and loftiest poetry in the world. That such writings as these should be shut out of our schools, for any alleged differences of opinion on certain points of doctrine, is entirely absurd, and injurious to the well-being of a cultivated Christian community. But there is another consideration connected with this volume. The Scriptures, *as a whole*, cannot conveniently be used as a reading-book in schools. Many parts, from their didactic, narrative, or poetical character, are excellently suited for reading lessons. Others, again, are too abstruse, circumstantial, or obscene, to be of benefit to young minds. But these parts are often so mingled together that the teacher finds it difficult, except in the Gospels, to find connected lessons, calcu-

lated to leave definite and full impressions on the child's mind, which ought to be one of the chief aims in all reading-books. The selections in this compilation are made from all parts of the Bible, but judiciously classified under distinct heads. We hope the book may be introduced into all our schools.

*Lives of Men of Letters and Science, who flourished in the time of George III.* By HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S., Member of the National Institute of France, and of the Royal Academy of Naples. Second series. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1846.

Because a book is written by Lord Brougham, it does not necessarily follow that it is an admirable book, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. In this instance, however, the very skillful and very Baconian author has produced a volume as characteristic as it is elegant and entertaining. The tone of Lord B.'s biographical writing is moderate and discriminative. He seldom or never takes sides, and makes no effort either to exalt or to depress the subject of his narrative. This volume contains a life of Dr. Johnson, with a temperate eulogy, and a sharp criticism of his merits as an author and a man: a remarkable feature of this essay is the very gentlemanly treatment of poor Boswell;—A life of Adam Smith, with a temperate eulogy and an analysis of his great work on Political Economy, very useful, doubtless, to short-winded readers;—A scientific eulogy of Lavoisier, the chemist who discovered the law of the equivalents, &c., and first put chemistry on a philosophical basis: and who was, moreover, not only a chemist, but a man otherwise accomplished, and in life and manners elegant;—A life of Gibbon, with a pretty severe criticism of his style, which is, indeed, the very reverse of his lordship's, being as flowing and magnificent as the latter is dry and proper;—A life of Sir Joseph Banks, who, as all the world knows, was a very notable patron of science and the scientific;—lastly, and followed by a body of controversial notes, a geometrical account of D'Alembert, who, in connection with Voltaire and the King of Prussia, led on the revolution of opinion in Europe, from the first sapping of the awe of church and state, to the ruin of throne and altar; but of D'Alembert his lordship gives only a geometrical account, for the use of savans and lovers of the infallible sciences—namely, the mathematics.

The author of these biographies has long stood before the world as the supposed defender and propagator of the so-called Baconian Philosophy, which exalts utility,

or the desire of the body, above contemplation, or the desire of the soul. Without pretending to investigate the matter, we will only present the reader with a verbatim quotation from the veritable *Novum Organon*, a work for the most part tediously and ignorantly bepraised by narrow mechanical intellects, but in fact abounding with a quite superutilitarian wisdom: "Yet, (to speak the truth,) in the same manner as we are very thankful for light which enables us to enter on our way, to practice arts, to read, to distinguish each other, (and yet sight is more beautiful than the various uses of light;) so is the contemplation of things as they are, free from superstition or imposture, error or confusion, much more dignified in itself than all the advantages to be derived from discoveries." *Nov. Org.* i. 128. But in very truth we are free to suspect our biographer of being no such utilitarian after all; for we find him dwelling often on the *pleasures* of learning; though this again may be only a wise artifice of sugaring the pill for naughty speculative people.

*The Statesmen of America in 1846.* By SARAH MYTTON MAURY. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart.

To say the least disrespectful word of this naive little book would be sheer ingratitude in an American; for it is a series of eulogies, of the most flattering order, of the statesmen of this country, by an English lady-Boswell, of a most amiable and super-Boswellish temper. She describes her transient friendships with the "great men at Washington," in a surprisingly natural and lively style, and in the very spirit of a woman's admiration, without a touch of affectation, and with a scrupulous turning of her own vanity to the praise of her delightful heroes; which is the highest reach of magnanimity to be expected of the queen of the lady-Boswells. There is a great deal of exceptionable and ridiculous matter in the book, but it is absolutely too amusing to be quarreled with.

A few extracts will serve to give the reader a notion of this very innocent and very unsuspecting little volume:

"Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Adams are next door neighbors to each other in Washington, and are excellent friends. At a ball given by Mr. Adams, Mr. Buchanan conducted me to pay respects to the venerable host. The Secretary, with all the gentle, kindly courtesy which marks his manner, offered his cordial wishes, and added that he had given directions to be summoned to the House of Representatives, the moment Mr. Adams should begin his promised speech on Oregon. He was accordingly present.

"Of this ball I have some delightful memories of my own to record; for it was there,

and not five minutes after my entrance, that the idea of the present work originated.

"Mrs. Gouverneur (this lady is the granddaughter of President Monroe) reproached me playfully for having omitted to call upon her. I replied that I spent all day and every day at the capitol, hearing and seeing the distinguished men assembled there. And then, said she laughing, you will go home to England, and write a book, and abuse them and all the rest of the Americans, 'Never,' said Buchanan, on whose arm I leaned, 'never, I answer for her. If she puts pen to paper it will be to do us justice.' It was then my turn to speak, and to accept this generous challenge;—and to show, I quickly added, that an English woman has the sense to appreciate your virtues, to admire your greatness, and to return with gratitude your affection, permit me to offer to you, Mr. Buchanan, the dedication of such a book. 'Beautifully said,' returned the Secretary, 'and I accept it with the greatest pleasure, as a proof of your regard; but what will become of your dear friends, Calhoun and Ingersoll?' 'Mr. Buchanan,' I replied, 'the Secretary of State is the representative of the Americans in foreign nations, and therefore my guardian and my friend will both approve my choice.' This was the first time that the actual conviction ever suggested itself to my mind that I should write a book."

Mrs. Maury's description of Calhoun is the only good one we have ever seen; but it would be unfair to the author to give the pith of her book in a notice of it. The following is from her conversations with that philosophical statesman:

"'Mr. Calhoun,' said I, speaking of America, 'you' [that is, the American Republic, not Mr. Calhoun. *Ed.*] 'are a great experiment.' 'We are more,' said he, 'we are a great hit.'"

"'Will the Atlantic and the two Pacific States be divided into separate republics?' 'They cannot be; the Mississippi, a great inland sea, will keep them united. The union is indissoluble.'"

"'I have eight sons in England.'

"'Bring them all here; we are an exalting nation; let them grow up with the country; besides, here they do not want wealth. I would not be rich in America, for the care of money would distract my mind from more important concerns.'"

Here follows a capital reason for *free trade* for the South, *quotha!* but their food is our poison.

"'Give the planters Free Trade,' said Mr. C., 'and let every planter be the *parent* as well as the *master* of his slaves, &c. &c.; let industry and morality be taught them, and the planter will have reason to be satisfied; he will always obtain seven or eight per cent. upon the value of his slaves.'"

Morality is indeed a valuable commodity! The talk proceeds:

"Mr. Calhoun has great respect for such external forms as promote order and dignity; and I believe it was he who established the rule, that the members of the Senate should be addressed by their distinctive appellation of 'Senators.'"

"He said, 'We Americans are the most excitable people on earth; we have plenty to eat and drink, so we seek war for sport, that we may exhaust ourselves and our exuberance.'"

"He said, 'I refused the mission to England because peace was to be made *here*.'"

"From a singular coincidence of circumstances, I had the happy fortune," says our author, "to convey to Mr. Calhoun the testimonies offered to his worth by many leading men."

"The President declares that you possess his perfect confidence and his highest personal esteem. Buchanan pronounces you preeminent in talent and virtue. Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Benton, Mr. Hannegan, have all expressed for themselves and their respective parties, the highest encomiums that men can utter of each other."

Mrs. Maury has missed a great deal in neglecting her German. We conceive her to possess every element of a first-rate transcendental eulogist, lacking only the fashionable *tone*, which is the esthetic guttural; the puritanic nasal and the English labial having long since gone out of date.

*Lubé's Equity Pleadings; second American, from the last London edition, with notes and references to American cases.*  
By J. D. WHEELER, Counsellor-at-Law.  
New York: Banks, Gould, & Co.

This is a book of great use to a young solicitor who is just entering upon the practice, supplying to some extent, in Equity, the place which is, in Law, filled by Stephens, On Pleading—the best book ever written on that subject.

In the preface to this edition, Mr. Wheeler has set forth some of the distinctions between the practice in Courts of Common Law and Chancery, which will be interesting even to unprofessional readers, and tend to dissipate the prejudices existing against the latter tribunals. His notes, too, are, in the main, judicious; though there are some errors which indicate a theoretical, rather than a practical knowledge of his subject; but which we have not space to give in detail; nor would it be within our province to furnish that elaborate notice which it will doubtless

receive from some of the journals devoted to jurisprudence.

**MUSIC OF THE MONTH.**—The principal musical attraction during February has been the Opera, which has played *Linda* and *Lucia*, by Donizetti, and *Nina*, by Coppola, interchangeably. The music of *Nina* did not please as well as either of the others, not having so much beauty, force, or individual character. The only concert of any note was given by Madame ABLAMOWICZ, at the Tabernacle, on the 23d. This lady is a vocalist of much merit; she has a *great* voice, though not a rich or affecting one; good, though not graceful, execution; and a style, studied, but not very refined; in short, she sings extremely well, but with a natural hardness that renders her great cultivation of but little avail in affecting the hearer. She was assisted by Herr Dorn, the great horn player; he has acquired almost miraculous command over his difficult instrument, on which, as our musical readers know, the natural notes are the mere harmonies of a ruling tone, and very slight changes in the lips and bell hand produce different notes. He runs scales, makes trills, &c., and modulates into new keys with only the aid of valves. He has also great command of tone, and plays like an artist; but the horn is not fit for solos containing rapid movements, and all the skill in the world cannot make it *speak quick* enough for them. The opera singers also assisted Madame A. BARILI, the prima donna, is young, has a timid manner, and sings very well indeed, without much passion, and with a voice that sometimes *sharpens*. She has good execution, is well studied, and altogether a charming little *artiste*. She is no actress as Pico is, but her awkwardness is not obtrusive. BENEDETTI, the tenor, is the most finished singer of the company; he has truth, cultivation, conception—every quality of a vocalist in great perfection. BENEVENTANO, the basso, is faulty, delivering his voice in spasms, and tearing it to tatters by overdoing. All of these singers are obliged to task their voices at the opera in singing against an orchestra, which is, in the modern fashion, too brazen and too loud. They have all great merit, and it is owing to that as much as to their music that the opera is so well patronized. Their influence upon the taste of our singers cannot but be beneficial, and we heartily rejoice, on that account, in their general popularity.

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APRIL, 1847.  
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No. IV.

MR. SLIDELL'S MISSION TO MEXICO.

WE continue to occupy our pages to a considerable extent with the affairs of the present war. The time will come we hope, at no distant day, when we may feel ourselves at liberty to turn to other topics of great public concern—possibly, in the estimation of some of our readers, already too long neglected. But, for ourselves, we regard this war as the great political and moral crime of the period, and for which the administration of the day is to be held responsible before God and man. We must do our part to hold the guilty authors of it to their just accountability. It is true, that in many other respects and particulars, this administration deserves, in our judgment, the severest reprehension of the American people, and we shall not fail in due time to lend a hand, in our humble way, towards bringing *all* its extraordinary merits before the country, under the light of a calm, but thorough and searching, investigation and review. But at present, we confess, it is difficult for us to think of the administration in any other aspect or attitude, than such as has reference to this war. Whenever we turn our regards that way, we see its gaunt effigy before us in helmet and plume, and brandishing its bloody spear, instead of wearing, as it ought, the civic wreath, and the garments of peace. At present, therefore, we are forced to deal with it as a fighting administration; by and by,

we may help to celebrate its civic virtues. Nor do we feel any apprehension lest the sympathy of our readers, and of the public, should not be found to go along with us in the feelings we indulge of the paramount interest which attaches to the whole subject of the war in which we are involved. One thing we know; that no more fatal proof could be given that the country was ripening for disastrous revolution and ruin, than would be afforded by the passive and unconcerned acquiescence of the people in such acts and proceedings, so shocking to every notion of constitutional authority and every feeling of common probity, as have marked the conduct of the executive and administration in nearly every thing which concerns our relations with Mexico and the war.

The subject to which this article will be devoted, is the mission of Mr. Slidell to Mexico. The administration having led the way into this war, manifests, as is very natural, a particular solicitude to make the most of every occurrence in our relations with Mexico, which might seem to afford the United States just ground of complaint against that power. The rejection of our minister was such an occurrence. As a mission of peace instituted by the administration, we are every way desirous, as between us and Mexico, that it should be set down to the national credit; but we are not disposed to let



this affair pass before the American people, for one of the causes of the present war, or as tending to justify, in any the slightest degree, that military demonstration, under executive orders, which has brought the country into its present difficulty. We think, too, and we mean to show why we think, that this mission might have been, and ought to have been made successful, notwithstanding the conduct of Mexico in regard to it; that a little less pretension and a little more patience would have done the work; and, in short, that if the President had been as sincerely anxious to restore friendly relations between the two powers, and secure a peace, on terms which ought to have satisfied a just and magnanimous nation, as he was to wring from the necessities, or the fears, of Mexico, concessions to gratify the spirit of territorial aggrandizement on our part, we should then have had peace, and this discreditable war would never have been heard of.

This mission was instituted under peculiar circumstances, and no doubt, in its inception, is to be taken as evidence of a sincere desire on the part of the President to bring about an accommodation with Mexico. We had then a serious difficulty pending with England, and two wars at one time were more than the administration was anxious to undertake. Besides the administration persuaded itself, no doubt, that if Mexico would consent to open negotiation at all with this country so soon after annexation—the great measure of offence—without striking a blow, she was probably ready, from the same considerations of inexorable fate and necessity, not only to submit, without a word, to the excision of Texas from her empire according to its ancient limits, but to yield also, on easy terms, other large portions of coveted territory besides. The public have not been permitted to see the instructions furnished to Mr. Slidell; but we venture to say, when they shall come to light, it will be found that they contemplated the most important territorial acquisitions. In this, as in every thing else connected with this Mexican business, we believe it will finally appear that the administration has acted on the most erroneous and mistaken estimate of the Mexican character.

To judge correctly of this mission, we must begin with recurring to the very singular attitude in which the two countries then stood towards each other.

Mexico had denounced annexation by anticipation; she had declared that she should regard it as a hostile act towards her, to be met, on her part, with the most determined resistance. Her minister was withdrawn from this country, and she refused to admit Mr. Shannon, our minister in that country, to any official intercourse with that government, and he was finally, after several months' useless delay, compelled to return to the United States. "Since that time," says the President in his annual message to Congress of December, 1845, "Mexico has, until recently, occupied an attitude of hostility towards the United States—has been marshaling and organizing armies, issuing proclamations, and avowing the intention to make war on the United States, either by an open declaration, or by invading Texas." And this attitude of hostility on her part was met by corresponding preparations and movements by our government. An efficient military force was moved to the right bank of the Nueces, and thus took up a position quite across the extreme western boundary of Texas proper, and looking towards Mexico, while the Mexican coasts in the Gulf were occupied by our navy. Such was the state of things between the two countries when the attempt to bring about an accommodation was made by our government.

Information had been received at Washington, which satisfied the government that Mexico was not at all likely to make any actual warlike demonstration, though she still maintained, and probably would continue to maintain, an attitude of hostility. It was believed that she was ready to be conciliated; and such undoubtedly was the fact. The government was then in the hands of Herrera, who was sincerely desirous of coming to a satisfactory arrangement with the United States. This is testified to on all hands. Accordingly, in the month of September (1845), instructions were sent from Washington to our consul at Mexico, "to ascertain from the Mexican government whether they would receive an envoy from the United States, intrusted with full power to adjust all the questions in dispute between the two governments." In October, the proposition was submitted to the Mexican minister of state by Mr. Black, the consul, in the precise language of his instructions. The reply was promptly given by the minister, in terms which we shall

quote for the better understanding of the whole case. "In answer," says that functionary, "I have to say to you, that although the Mexican nation is deeply injured by the United States, through the acts committed by them in the department of Texas, which belongs to this nation, my government is disposed to receive the *commissioner* of the United States who may come to this capital with full powers from his government, to settle the *present dispute* in a peaceful, reasonable, and honorable manner". . . . . "As my government," he adds, "believes this invitation to be made in good faith, and with the real desire that it may lead to a favorable conclusion, it also hopes that the commissioner will be a person endowed with the qualities proper for the attainment of this end; that his dignity, prudence, and moderation, and the discreteness and reasonableness of his proposals, will contribute to calm as much as possible the just irritation of the Mexicans; and, in fine, that the conduct of the commissioner on all points may be such as to persuade them that they may obtain satisfaction for their injuries, through the means of reason and peace, and without being obliged to resort to those of arms and force." It was upon the acceptance of the proposals made by our government, in the terms here recited, that Mr. Slidell was sent to Mexico. A single glance at the language employed in this correspondence on the one side and the other, as we have quoted it, is sufficient to reveal at once to a casual observer, the very different views which the respective parties entertained in regard to the character of this mission; and yet it is quite probable—certain, perhaps—that this difference was not, at the moment, perceived by either of them.

On the one hand, the President and his cabinet were blinded to the true state of the case, and the character of the mission required by it, by the ambitious and covetous longings in which they indulged towards the proper possessions of Mexico. Their eyes were gloating over the lands of our neighbor, lying between the proper limits of Texas and the Great North River of the Mexicans; including parts of four other departments of Mexico, with Santa Fé, and then stretching away to the Pacific, and embracing the best portions, or the whole, of the Californias: and heaven knows how much more besides. Occupied with these visions of aggrandizement and glory, it

was easy for them to find—in the circumstance of the ready assent of Mexico to listen to proposals for accommodation, after all that had occurred to wound and dishonor her, taken in connection with the known distractions in her domestic councils—very sufficient evidence that her national spirit and power of resistance were already broken; her ancient Castilian pride bowed and humbled in the dust; or, at least, that nothing was left of it but the pompous and sounding phrase, falling on the ear like echoes from the hollow grave of her decayed and wasted greatness and glory. They saw in her, in short, a prepared victim; ready for whatever spoliation they might think it judicious and prudent to inflict upon her. But, of course, appearances were still to be preserved; and, under the arrangement made with our consul, the President prepared to honor Mexico, by sending her "an Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary, to reside near the government of the Mexican Republic!" Mr. Slidell received his letter of credence to this effect, and was forthwith dispatched on his mission; neither the President, nor the Secretary of State, nor the Envoy himself, ever once doubting that Mexico, who had a few months before, in the most formal and marked manner, refused to hold any diplomatic intercourse with the United States, and put herself on her rights before the world as having been deeply injured, was now prepared, without any change in the condition of things, to re-establish diplomatic relations with us, precisely on the terms and in the manner of the most friendly nations. They were, of course, much surprised and very indignant, when they discovered that nothing was farther from the thought of Mexico than to submit to such a humiliation—for so at least she regarded it. When the United States—tired of a state of things, which, if it was not actual war, certainly was not peace—proposed to Mexico to send her "an Envoy, intrusted with full power to adjust all the questions *in dispute* between the two governments," it was natural that she should understand, looking all the while at her own side of the case, that the United States were about to institute a special mission to remove, if possible, those obstacles which had stood in the way, and otherwise must continue to stand in the way, of a recurrence to their former relations of intercourse and

amity. There was one principal cause of the rupture between the two powers—for it was nothing less than a rupture—namely, the annexation of Texas to the United States; and Mexico unquestionably looked to be appeased, in some way, for that wrong (as she regarded it), before friendly relations could be restored; and she imagined, vainly enough as it turned out, that it was the special object of this mission, first of all, to offer her the atonement due to this offence. When the United States talked of sending her an envoy to adjust the questions in *dispute* between the two governments, she thought of nothing but annexation as having caused any dispute whatever, which had led to the interruption of the good understanding between them. The language of Mr. Peña y Peña's note, which we have quoted, bears unequivocal proof of this fact—though it had escaped, as we have explained, the observation of our government. The wrong which Mexico had received in the measure of annexation is especially referred to, and is spoken of in immediate connection with “the present dispute”—the one principal matter of difference—which “the Commissioner of the United States” was coming to settle. And the minister follows this up with the expression of a confident hope that the conduct of the commissioner would be such—so dignified, prudent and moderate, and so discreet and reasonable—that the Mexican people might see that they were about to “obtain satisfaction for *their* injuries”—namely, on account of annexation—by a voluntary reparation, without the necessity of an appeal to arms. In the correspondence on this subject, the Envoy, who was expected, was constantly called by the Minister, “the Commissioner,” and nothing but “the Commissioner.” And no diplomatic correspondence of the present day ever speaks of an ambassador, envoy, or minister, of any grade, regularly accredited, and *resident* near the government of a friendly power, as a commissioner. Such a thing is unknown in modern diplomatic writing or discourse. We venture to say that Mr. Slidell would have felt no little surprise, if, having been received in Mexico in the quality of a minister or envoy, *to reside* near that government, he had then been addressed in some official note, as the Commissioner of the United States. In short, it cannot, we think, be doubted by any one who will look attentively at the correspond-

ence in the case, that Mexico intended all the while to stand on the defensive—to maintain, at least in appearance, her attitude of hostility—and to receive a diplomatic agent, if one was received at all, rather after the manner in which such agents are accepted in time of war, with a view to negotiation and the restoration of peace, than in any other mode. It was her policy, and a point of honor with her, from the time she broke with this country, to regard herself, and to be regarded by the world, as in a state of hostility to us, only just short of actual and active war. And in this state it was that she was to receive, as she believed, a “Commissioner,” to offer terms of conciliation and peace, and not a minister to sit down at her capital as a resident, as if no interruption of the friendly relations of the two powers had ever taken place, to negotiate, at leisure, a treaty for the settlement of difficulties which had not interrupted, but which, if neglected, might, one day or another, interrupt the good understanding existing between them.

It was all very well, perhaps, for our government to offer such a mission as that which was sent to Mexico in the person of Mr. Slidell; but how it could have been expected that such a mission would be accepted, or how the administration came to imagine that Mexico had agreed to receive such a mission, after reading Mr. Peña y Peña's note, would pass our comprehension, if we did not know how utterly incapable it has constantly seemed, in the blind pursuit of its own objects, of understanding the first elements of the Mexican character, or the first principles on which its conduct towards that people should have been regulated. Surely nothing would have been easier than to have arranged this mission, in the first instance, on the basis of a special agency, exactly adapted to the peculiar relation in which the two powers stood to each other, with instructions to offer, first of all, definite terms of accommodation and peace. In this there would have been no sacrifice of national honor, and no want of self-respect. It would have been a mission quite as honorable in all respects to the eminent gentleman intrusted with it. Mr. Slidell might have borne also, and at the same time, if such had been his ambition, a letter of credence, as minister, “*to reside* near the government of the Mexican Republic, in the quality of envoy-extraordinary and minister-plenipotentiary of the

United States of America," to which it is more than probable effect might have been given at an early day, after his reception in the more appropriate quality of a commissioner of peace. But we have no hesitation in saying that this last is the only capacity in which he should have been instructed, or in which he should have attempted to present himself, in the first instance, before the Mexican Republic. Had this been done, and had his instructions allowed him to be moderate and reasonable in the tone of his proposals and his demands, we do not entertain a doubt, notwithstanding the characteristic instability and distractions which reigned at the time at the Mexican capital, that, with a proper stock of patience and some judicious humoring of Mexican peculiarities, he might have made a treaty with that power, averting the impending war, and securing a perpetual peace, on terms alike favorable and honorable to both countries. Certainly it was not the way to bring about so desirable a result, that Mr. Slidell must needs make a descent on the Mexican capital, as if he had alighted from some superior region of brightness, bearing a gracious message to a perverse people, and denouncing woe and vengeance on them if found slow to receive him, in whatever ineffable shape he might choose to present himself. To offer himself as he was instructed to do, and as he did, in the quality of minister, commissioned exactly in the ordinary form, to reside near that government, was just to say to Mexico in her teeth, at her own capital, while her people were breathing nothing but war: "We conclude you have now swallowed your resentment about the affair of annexation, and think yourself a fool, for having indulged any feeling on the subject, or at least for having shown any such feeling, or talked about war. You have come to your senses, knowing your weakness in the presence of Anglo-Saxons, and by consenting to receive a minister from the United States, and renew intercourse with that power, exactly on the footing of the most friendly nations, without even a word of apology or explanation, you mean to confess before the world, that you have been wrong in this matter from the beginning; that Texas belongs of right to the United States, and was rightfully acquired, and that nothing now remains for you but to hear what we have to propose in regard to boundary, and

perhaps some further unimportant slices from your territory, in connection with the settlement of the claims we have upon you, when, with only a becoming degree of submissiveness on your part, considering with whom you are dealing, the two powers will come to a good understanding in all things: and henceforward, as in times past, be the best friends in the world." We mean to say explicitly that, in our judgment, to send such a mission to Mexico as that with which Mr. Slidell was intrusted, was just to assume and proclaim, that Mexico had lost either the disposition or the ability to resent what she deemed, and had declared to the world, to have been an insult and outrage to her, and that she was willing to confess as much, by accepting a minister on precisely such terms as if nothing in the world had happened to interrupt the relations of perfect amity between the two powers. The only open act by which she had signified her sense of the injury she professed to have received, was that of suspending, in the most significant and marked manner, and with threats of war, all diplomatic intercourse with us; thus breaking the bonds of amity between her and us, and holding herself aloof, to be appeased and conciliated when we should see fit to approach her, in a proper form, for that purpose. If then she had received Mr. Slidell, in the first instance, as he insisted on being received, or not at all, it would have been a virtual withdrawal of that only act by which she had manifested any sense of injury, and a virtual confession that she was satisfied on that score; and, having no complaints to urge on her part, was now ready to enter on the subject of whatever complaints Mr. Slidell might have to make against her.

What we have now said is sufficient to indicate our undoubting conviction, that there was that in the manner of instituting this mission of Mr. Slidell to Mexico, which was every way calculated to defeat its object. We hold the Administration to blame for not having placed it on a different and more acceptable basis, and especially after what seems to us so very plain on the face of Mr. Peña y Peña's note, that Mexico expected to receive a "commissioner," and not a minister of the rank and pretensions of Mr. Slidell. But we have not yet done with the subject of this mission.

We have no special impeachment of motives to offer in regard to the sending



of this mission. We are willing to take it for granted that it was intended in good faith, and undertaken with a sincere desire to bring about an accommodation with Mexico, and avoid a war. Our impeachment has reference to what we hold to be palpable errors of judgment in regard to it, and, amongst other things, in reference to the tone and temper in which so important and delicate a mission should have been undertaken and conducted. We do not mean to say that under the best conduct and management it would certainly have resulted in success, because we do not know to what unreasonable lengths Mr. Slidell might not have pushed his demands, under the instructions of the government. Of course, we have little confidence in the moderation and justice of an administration that has shown itself capable of risking and sacrificing so much in its insatiable desire to enlarge the proper boundaries of the American empire. With, however, a proper degree of moderation and justice, we see no reason why this mission of peace, if it had been instituted in the proper form and conducted in the right temper, should not have been entirely successful.

Mr. Slidell arrived at Vera Cruz on one of the last days of November, and immediately pressed forward towards the capital. The news of his arrival on the coast had reached the city of Mexico on the 3d of December, and had thrown the Mexican government into great perplexity. Although the arrangement made with our consul, Mr. Black, by the government of Herrera, to receive a commissioner from the United States, had been an affair of the utmost confidence and secrecy, yet it had already come to the ears of the people, and was made a principal ground of assault on Herrera and his party. So long as no commissioner or minister was actually in the country, the government seemed able to stand up against the imputations of treason which were heaped upon it; but at this juncture, it expected to be utterly overwhelmed if such a functionary should suddenly present himself at the capital. Mr. Black was immediately informed of the alarm and embarrassment felt by the government at the arrival of Mr. Slidell at Sacrificios, and he was earnestly desired, if it was possible, to prevail on Mr. Slidell not to come immediately to the capital, or even to disembark at that time from his vessel. "His appearance in the

capital at this time," said the minister of foreign affairs, "might prove destructive to the government, and thus defeat the whole affair. You know the opposition are calling us traitors, for entering into this arrangement with you." The anxious desire of the government was for delay until the next month, when the new Congress, which had been summoned, would assemble, and when, under its countenance and protection, it might feel itself strong enough to enter on this delicate business. They declared that they had not expected the commissioner until January, and that his inopportune arrival and appearance at the capital would probably produce a revolution which would terminate in the destruction of the present government.

Mr. Black seemed every way disposed to do what he could in the premises; he set out immediately from Mexico, and met Mr. Slidell at Puebla, eighty-five miles from the capital. His representations, however, did not arrest the progress of the minister, who made his entrance into the capital on the evening of the 6th of December. This was Saturday, and, as if afraid of losing something of dignity or advantage, whether to himself or his country, should he indulge in the least delay, in spite of the warning and entreaty which had been conveyed to him, he addressed himself promptly, on Monday, to the minister of foreign relations, in a note as formal and severe as if the Pope's nuncio had written it to some Christian potentate who was suspected of "damnable heresy." It ran in this wise:

"The undersigned, who has been appointed envoy-extraordinary and minister-plenipotentiary of the United States of America, near the Mexican Government, has the honor to inform your Excellency that he arrived in this capital on the evening of the 6th instant, and requests to be informed of the time and place at which he may have the honor to be admitted to present his letter of credence (a copy of which he encloses) to the most excellent President of the Republic of Mexico, Gen. José Joachim Herrera."

So, Mr. Slidell had not only persisted in coming straight to the capital, where, he had been told, his presence at that moment would signally tend to the overthrow of the government of Herrera—a government admitted to be sincerely desirous of negotiating with the United States for a peace—not only had he come



to the capital, but he had, at the earliest moment, proclaimed his mission, and demanded to be received and his commission of minister-plenipotentiary publicly recognized. The only effect which had been produced on the mind of the minister by the revelations made to him at Puebla by Mr. Black, seems to have been to fill him with prepossessions against the Mexican government, as if it was playing a game with him, or meditating bad faith towards him; and anticipating, as he says he did, delays and difficulties in placing himself in relation with the government, he seems to have resolved to sound at once the depths of these delays and difficulties, and to know the worst. Nobody certainly can dispute the gallantry of his bearing on the occasion; our doubt is about its prudence and wisdom.

Mr. Black was the bearer of Mr. Slidell's note to the Mexican minister of state, and the minister took that occasion to repeat to Mr. Black that they had not expected the arrival of the commissioner at so early a day; that they were engaged in collecting the opinions of the departments with a view to strengthen themselves in regard to this mission; that the government was every way favorably disposed, but the opposition to the mission was very powerful and compelled them to proceed with great caution; that nothing positive could be done until the new Congress should meet in January, but that, in the mean time, they would receive the minister's credentials, examine them, and be treating on the subject."

To our apprehension, all this was uttered with perfect truthfulness and good faith; nor can we see, with the admissions and declarations made by Mr. Slidell in the course of his correspondence with his government, how he could have believed otherwise—if, indeed, he did believe otherwise. More than once he expresses the confident opinion that Herrera and his Cabinet were sincerely desirous of negotiating, and terminating all their differences with the United States. And he declares it to be his belief that "the great object of the administration is to gain time, to do nothing to compromit themselves, in the hope that if they can hold over until the meeting of the new Congress which will take place on the 1st of January, they will then be enabled to maintain their position." It is a little strange, we think, after all this, that Mr. Slidell should have borne himself towards

the Mexican administration precisely as if he had believed all the while, and from the very first, that they were actuated solely by bad faith towards him and his government, and a desire and intention to amuse him for a time with false pretences, and finally to rid themselves of him altogether. Some such impression must have taken possession of him, when we find him, notwithstanding the explanations already given to Mr. Black, and notwithstanding his own convictions of the policy and necessity of extreme caution and delay on their part, impatiently following up his note of the 8th of December by reiterated demands for an answer. On the 13th he sent Mr. Black to the minister of state with a verbal message to this effect; and on the 15th he addressed him another note, complaining of the delay, and desiring to be informed when he might expect to reply to his first note.

Now we are free to say that we think this importunity, under the circumstances, was unnecessary and very injurious to the interests of his mission. The policy which the administration had wished to be left at liberty to pursue was clearly indicated to Mr. Black; "they would receive the minister's credentials, examine them, and be treating on the subject." Their avowed object was to gain time until the meeting of the new Congress, when they hoped to be so supported in their position, as to be able to give effect and success to this mission. Delay was exactly what they wanted to save themselves, and save the mission; and delay was exactly what Mr. Slidell would not consent to—though apparently aware of its importance and necessity.

We think Mr Slidell committed a capital mistake in the first place, when he rushed on to the city of Mexico against the earnest solicitations of the government as conveyed to him by Mr. Black at Puebla. And then, we think, that having arrived at Mexico, he was too impatient to be recognized as "envoy-extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States of America." Considering the condition of Herrera and the state of the government at that period, a few weeks' delay would have been judicious, and could have done the minister no harm. Possibly it might have saved Herrera—confessedly the friend of peace—and might thus have brought the mission to a happy termination. As it turned out, the government of Herrera fell, as it had been confidently predicted it would fall if Mr.

Slidell then came to the capital; whether it would have been able to maintain itself, if Mr. Slidell had not done so, we cannot know; but so much is certain, the principal weapon used against it was drawn from this mission, and the appearance of the minister at Mexico.

We do not mean to say that Mr. Slidell would have been received and accredited by the Mexican Government, whether in the hands of Herrera, or Paredes, or of any body else, so long as he insisted on being admitted, if at all, as minister, *to reside* near that government. It is evident that from the moment a copy of his letter of credence was seen, this objection was raised, and it was constantly insisted on. It was, indeed, at last complicated absurdly enough with other things, after the usual manner of Mexican diplomacy; and the true force of this single objection to the reception of the minister was spoiled, and rendered nearly ridiculous, by the bungling manner in which it was handled. Nevertheless the objection remained. Mexico would not consent to receive a minister commissioned as Mr. Slidell was, lest she should be thought thereby to admit that she was reconciled to the measure of annexation, and reconciled to this country. It is not likely she could have been moved from this position. What the duty of Mr. Slidell was in such a case, and of our government, is plain enough, to our own mind. He should have stood still, and asked the President to send him a new letter of credence, by which Mexico might have been informed that he appeared there as a special commissioner appointed to negotiate with her for an accommodation of the dispute which had led to the interruption of the friendly relations between the two powers, and finally for the settlement of all their difficulties, and for peace and amity. With such a commission we believe Mr. Slidell might have been and would have been received, either by the government of Herrera, or that of Paredes. So, at least, both administrations solemnly declared and proclaimed. And we think it was exactly at this point that the golden opportunity was lost by our government—of composing all our difficulties with Mexico, and securing a peace on terms mutually advantageous and honorable. Certainly, we need not tell Mr. Slidell, with his shrewdness and ability, that no advantage could have been won by Mexico, if with the proper commission and instructions in his pocket, the subject of Texas and an-

nexation had been first brought under diplomatic discussion. Everybody understands how this sore place was expected to be salved over. And the consideration of that question could not have been more than begun, before it would have been discovered, that the question of boundary and its extension, and the question of our pecuniary claims, must come in of necessity, to help resolve the knotty point of annexation.

Annexation had been effected on such terms as to leave, of purpose, an open question of boundary between us and Mexico; and the Mexican government had been carefully and repeatedly informed and assured, from the first, that we were ready to adjust that question, in a manner the most liberal towards that country. This promised liberality had a meaning which could not have been, and was not misunderstood. We were willing to *pay* her liberally for Texas, *with a liberal boundary*—that was what we meant to say, and what we were understood to have said. And if Mr. Slidell could have thought it consistent with his dignity, to offer himself to Mexico, under proper instructions, as a “commissioner,” to tender to that country terms of conciliation to this effect, who can doubt that at least he would have been received, and listened to with respect? What the Mexican government wanted, first of all, was such a mission, and such reasonable proposals on our part, as might “contribute to calm as much as possible, the just irritation of the Mexicans,” and such as might “persuade them, (the Mexican people,) that they might obtain satisfaction for their injuries, through the means of reason and peace, and without being obliged to resort to those of arms and force.” We have not a doubt that a sum of money, equal to one-tenth, or even one-twentieth, of the amount already expended in our war with that power, tendered, at the period referred to, in a spirit of justice, of conciliation, and peace, and with some proper consideration for the temper of the Mexican people, and the embarrassments of the administration of the day, would have secured us Texas with any reasonable boundary which might have been desired, and kept us out of a war. In the same operation, it is not improbable that we might have acquired, by a little extra-liberality, a desirable port for ourselves out of her possessions on the Pacific. No public man in this country, who is well informed in

regard to the state of our relations with Mexico at that period, can doubt that she was then ready and solicitous to be appeased for the loss of Texas, through pecuniary considerations, if only they should be so addressed to her as to make it seem as if she was driving a free and profitable bargain with us, and was not selling her honor. As for fighting with us for the possession of the proper country of Texas—attempting to reconquer that country, and wrest it by force from the grasp of our firm hold upon it—that was a thing almost too absurd for her even to talk about, certainly it was the last enterprise she wished in earnest to undertake. What all her public men and leading characters agreed in desiring was, that we should afford them the means of offering to the Mexican people some justifiable, or at least plausible reason or pretext for giving Texas up to its destiny. Nor was this at all a difficult achievement for diplomacy, with all its boasted skill, to accomplish—else, assuredly, diplomacy is worth very little. Diplomacy was worth very little in this case, in our judgment, or it would have kept the nation out of this war. How easily it might have done so—how it failed, and why it failed to do so, it is the main purpose of this article to show.

Texas, as we have said, was annexed with an undefined boundary. It was annexed on terms agreed upon between the authorities of that country as an independent power, and the United States. Mexico was not consulted, nor her consent asked, though she still claimed that Texas was not free from her political dominion. But though Mexico was not consulted in regard to the question, or the right of annexation, yet the very terms of annexation proposed by ourselves, made Mexico in some sense a party to the transaction. We had got Texas, with so much territory as the independent republic of that name had a right to convey, and how much that was, was an open question, to which Mexico was confessedly a party. Here was a chance for diplomacy to step in, and, by fixing a boundary where every thing was vague and unsettled before, with a liberal compensation on our part to Mexico, for whatever claim or interest she might have, or should fancy herself to have, *on this side* of that boundary, take to ourselves whatever “outstanding title” there might be in the case, and thus at once satisfy our own sense of justice, and smooth down all asperities towards us on the part

of the jealous and offended Mexican. Strictly, we must know very well, that our title, derived from the Republic of Texas, gave us just so much territory as she had actually conquered, held and governed, in the progress of her revolt and revolution, and no more. So much annexation gave us, without regard to Mexico, and no more. But even how much this was exactly, was not undisputed. It gave us, doubtless, the ancient province of Texas proper, to the Nueces; and across the Nueces, Texas had some quiet settlements, along the narrow valley of that river towards the Gulf, over which her jurisdiction was successfully extended, and which we might justly claim as a part of our bargain. But there was here even nothing ascertained and certain; and then beyond, Texas had shot her paper pellets over a broad domain, to which she set up a certain kind of pretension. Here, at least, *our* claim, as succeeding and representing the Texan Republic—a revolutionary government—was slight enough. And here it was, just in this dim and shadowy region, where champions on the one side and on the other might have waged eternal war on each other in the dark, with no definite result—here it was that diplomacy might have come in, to shed her peaceful light, to reconcile blind enmities, allay fruitless jealousies, and bring in unity and concord to reign in the place of fierce hate and revenge. Why might not Mr. Slidell, content for a while to act the part of a Commissioner, specially deputed to offer terms of conciliation to our sensitive neighbor, in regard to annexation, have so managed this business as to make Mexico, and the Mexican people, sensible that we intended them, at least, no ultimate wrong? Annexation having become a fixed affair, a thing past and done, the people of this country were settling down upon it, and they would have been quite willing—glad even—to have seen something liberal done on our part, in the way of pecuniary gratification, to render Mexico comfortable under the loss of that valuable province, which, to the last, she persisted in claiming as her own. We should all have felt better and more respectable in our own eyes, if in the end, we had *paid* Mexico something for Texas. We paid for Louisiana, and we paid for Florida; and we are sure our people would much rather pay something for Texas than take and hold it against any claimant whatever, by force of arms. To Mexico, at least, Texas was lost *by conquest*, and as we

took the spoil to ourselves, even if our own men and arms had not been principally used in that conquest, as they notoriously were, it would, at least, have done our reputation for honesty and fair dealing no harm, if we had consented or endeavored to reconcile Mexico to this dismemberment of her empire, by offering to make her some pecuniary compensation for her excised province, wrested from her by violence, and found in our possession, without having cost the nation a dollar.

Nor was it necessary, if a false pride on our part, revolted at the idea of doing a direct act of justice to Mexico *post facto*, that a specific offer of payment for Texas proper should have been made. There was the open question of boundary to fall back upon. Texas was ours by our own title; but the sum of our rightful possessions under that name, was an unliquidated and variable quantity; and, besides, our government wanted more than any just man could pretend to claim of right. And with this door standing wide open, diplomacy might have entered here, one would think, without much difficulty, and with eminent advantage. It demanded no superior skill to frame a proposition to Mexico, at this point, which might have been just and conciliatory towards her, and not discreditable to ourselves. A new and liberal boundary—new, as never having been before recognized by Mexico—might have been agreed upon for Texas; and a fixed sum of money might have been stipulated to be paid by us for Texas, *with this new boundary*. Mexico might have renounced, or *ceded*, as formally as she might desire, all right and title to any part of the country this side of such boundary, to the United States, with full liberty on her part, if she chose, to hold up this treaty before the Mexican people, as incontestable proof, that she had not submitted to the wrongs of annexation, or yielded up Texas to conquest and force at the hands of any power, but had only consented, at last, at our solicitation, to allow the United States to purchase that country of her, and a peace with her at the same time, for a round sum of money. This, or something like this, was what the Mexican authorities wanted for the satisfaction of their own people; and we see nothing in the sort of arrangement here suggested, either impracticable in itself, or too much for Mexico to expect, or too much for us to yield.

It must not be forgotten that the Mexican authorities, at this period, were sincerely desirous of avoiding a war; that they were unaffectedly anxious that the United States should so approach the business of negotiation, and propose such terms of accommodation, as to make it safe for them, in reference to the state of parties in the Republic, and the temper of their people, to entertain and encourage the advance we were making. The point of difficulty which they had to contend with at home, was the prejudice and hatred towards us with which the Mexican people had been inspired, on account of annexation. The administration was charged with treason, when it was found, or believed, that a minister from this country had been invited, or allowed, to come to the capital, exactly on the usual footing of intercourse between the most friendly nations, and as if no offence or indignity had been offered to the republic, or as if she had concluded to swallow her resentment without a word of apology or explanation. It was perfectly clear that no administration could stand up against this popular sentiment. No administration could hold its place, which should not appear, at least, to take sides with the people in this embittered feeling. Mr. Slidell appears to have been perfectly aware of all this, and yet he seems not to have thought it worth while to give the slightest heed to the suggestions which came to him concerning the proper mode of relieving the administration of the embarrassment in which it was placed. He saw but one mode of conducting his mission, and that was, to insist on being received as a minister-plenipotentiary and *resident*, or to demand his passports. Perhaps his instructions, and the nature and character of the enterprise on which he was sent, admitted of nothing less; it is quite possible. We shall know more of this, if his instructions and the real objects of the mission shall ever be disclosed. But supposing—if, indeed, we are at liberty to suppose any such thing—that some degree of moderation prevailed in the counsels at Washington in regard to the objects of this mission, and that it was not instituted with the absurd expectation of dragooning Mexico, first into an unconditional submission to the measure of annexation with any far-off boundary for our Texan possessions which we might see fit to name, and next into such further dismemberment of her empire, on our own terms, as our own dreams of



avarice or ambition might prompt us to demand ; supposing, we say, that some sort of moderation, and some idea of common justice, prevailed at Washington on the instituting of this mission, we must be allowed, upon this supposition, to bear our humble but undoubting testimony against the conduct of the mission, as calculated, in every way, to create rather than allay irritation among the Mexican people, and to bring embarrassment and ruin on the Mexican administration of the day—confessedly friendly, as it was, and anxious to bring all our difficulties to a prompt accommodation and settlement. If this mission was not undertaken by our government with a sincere desire for a friendly accommodation, and on terms of common and equal justice, it ought to have been ; and if it was, or had been, so undertaken, we see no reason why it should have failed, except on account of the form in which it was instituted and so ungraciously persisted in, and of the lofty and uncompromising spirit and manner in which it was attempted to be conducted. We have not a doubt if Mr. Slidell had been permitted, or could have been contented, to present himself to Mexico as a “commissioner,” charged to bring about, by all proper means, the former friendly relations of the two powers, so unhappily interrupted by the measure of annexation, that he might then have purchased a most liberal boundary in the South and West for Texas, for the sum of five millions of dollars, or a much less sum perhaps, extinguishing at the same time, forever, every trace of troublesome resentment towards us on account of annexation, and, so far, placing the two Republics once more on a footing of peace and amity with each other. The subject of our unsatisfied claims might easily have been disposed of in the same arrangement. We do not say that a boundary could have been obtained to satisfy the ambition of the President. We do not say, even, that that boundary could have been carried quite up to the Rio Grande, though possibly it might have been ; much less do we say that we could have secured, in such an arrangement, as a part of our Texan possessions, the whole country of New Mexico, or Santa Fé, this side of that river, and much less still that we should have been allowed to run our western boundary across from the Paso del Norte to the Pacific by the 32d parallel, and thus bring the whole of Upper California within our limits

and jurisdiction. Possibly we might have secured a capital harbor in that region. But what we do say, and repeat, is, that this very mission of Mr. Slidell to Mexico, if it had been instituted in the proper form, conducted in a proper manner, and undertaken for proper and reasonable objects only, might, at that time, have been made to result in the acquisition, for a moderate sum of money, of a liberal boundary for Texas—pushed as far South and West as would have been just to Mexico or profitable to us—and of course in quieting completely and forever all resentment and irritation in reference to that grand source of trouble between the two powers, the measure of annexation. The adjustment of our claims on Mexico, and of all other differences, would necessarily have been included in this arrangement, or would have immediately followed. Of the truth of all this the history of the mission itself affords abundant proof. And we appeal now to our countrymen to say—men of all parties who love their country and its true glory—whether, when peace with Mexico, on such terms and with such advantages as we have here indicated, was within the power and grasp of the President, whether they think it was worth the while that such a peace should have been flung away, and the country plunged into such a war as we are now cursed with, merely because Mr. Polk was unwilling that his envoy should be called a commissioner instead of a minister, or because his own views of personal fame and political success led him to clutch at extended and vast possessions in Mexico, which he vainly imagined, as they could not be obtained by negotiation, might be easily and speedily secured by a military demonstration, or at any rate by a touch of our quality in actual war. To one or the other, or both of these causes, in our belief, it is owing, that peace with Mexico, on just and honorable terms, was not secured when it might have been, and that the dreadful alternative of war was adopted.

We have a right to conclude—the country has a right to conclude—that Mr. Slidell's mission would have terminated in the peaceable settlement of all difficulties and disputes between the two powers, if he had once been received, and negotiations fairly entered upon. The Mexican government, first under Herrera, and finally under Paredes, refused to receive and accredit Mr. Slidell, “as envoy-extraordinary and minister-



plenipotentiary to *reside* near it." In both cases the refusal was in the same terms, and on the same ground. At the same time, and to the last, Mr. Slidell was explicitly told, and so was the Secretary of State, that that government would, "with the utmost satisfaction," proceed to treat with the envoy for the settlement "of the *differences* existing between the two countries"—those, namely, having reference to annexation, which alone had caused the interruption of their friendly intercourse—as soon as he would present himself as a commissioner, charged specially with powers *ad hoc*; adding also this assurance, that, the way being thus opened, and friendly relations re-established, the government would then, of course, have no difficulty in receiving Mr. Slidell in the character of minister to *reside* near it. And who, we ask, would have been injured, whose dignity would have been compromised, or what interest of the country would have been sacrificed, if Mr. Slidell had received and presented a letter of credence and instructions to the effect insisted on by the authorities of Mexico? He lingered in Mexico after his first repulse, until new instructions were received; but unhappily he was only instructed to insist on his reception in the shape and character in which he had first presented himself. It must be that, or nothing; or rather, it must be that, or war!

War was the purposed alternative deliberately adopted in the case; and it was not a question between negotiation, and war. All the while Mexico professed herself ready and anxious to negotiate; what she promptly and constantly refused was, to receive, in the *first* instance, a minister-plenipotentiary to *reside* near that government. Still she offered to negotiate with a commissioner, invested with powers *ad hoc*; and to this the President of the United States refused to consent. On his part then it was not a question between negotiation and war, but it was a question between negotiation *through his minister-plenipotentiary commissioned to reside near the Mexican government*, and war. He insisted that the negotiator on his part should sit down at once at the capital of the Mexican Republic exactly on the same footing of an envoy from the most friendly nation, or there should be no negotiation at all. Negotiation should *begin* in this form, or it should not begin at all; and the alternative should be war!

It is manifest that it was the deliberate

purpose of the administration to take this terrible alternative, and make their appeal promptly to the arbitrament of war. War was denounced against Mexico by Mr. Slidell, as the *inevitable result* of her refusal to receive him just as he presented himself to her; and from the first to the last, he tendered his opinion to his government at home, that nothing would bring these Mexicans to their proper behavior but a little salutary chastisement; as if they were under wardship and pupilage to us, and we must flog them, like refractory children, to make them mind their manners! We are not surprised at any ignorance of the Mexican character on the part of Mr. Polk and Mr. Buchanan; but we confess that we are amazed that Mr. Slidell should have so mistaken that people.

But this purpose of war, rather than that Mr. Slidell should be received by Mexico only as a commissioner with special powers to treat of differences and for peace, we want the country to understand how decided and deliberate it was on the part of the President. Mr. Slidell was told by the Secretary of State: "You ought so to conduct yourself as to throw the whole odium of the failure of the negotiation upon the Mexican government." . . . . "The desire of the President is, that you should conduct yourself with such wisdom and firmness in the crisis, that the voice of the American people shall be unanimous in favor" . . . of war. "In the mean time, the President, in *anticipation* of the final refusal of the Mexican government to receive you, has ordered the army of Texas to advance and take position on the left bank of the Rio Grande, and has directed that a strong fleet shall be immediately assembled in the Gulf of Mexico." This was the fatal order of the 13th of January, given two months before the "final refusal" to receive Mr. Slidell and which precipitated and brought on the war. And so determined was the President on his purpose of war, or at least on a hostile demonstration, that this order was given and this warlike movement made, on the sole authority of the Executive, while Congress was in session under his eye, which alone has the power to make war. Congress was not only not consulted, but the profoundest secrecy was attempted to be observed at Washington in regard to this movement. It is perfectly manifest that the President did not dare to trust the subject with Congress—composed, though it was, of a large majority of his parti-

sans, in both Houses. He knew that Congress would not authorize war, or any warlike demonstration, either in *anticipation* of Mr. Slidell's return home from his bootless mission, or upon, or because of his return. He could not then, or at any time before the first blow was struck, have made a case, upon which Congress would have declared war. We believe he knew this perfectly well; and he sent an army to the Rio Grande, with the deliberate and full purpose that thus a case should be made, as with the sword of Brennus, which should admit of no alternative but war—unless, indeed, Mexico should be found to be frightened from her propriety by his military demonstration, and abjectly submit without striking a blow; for we believe the administration was weak enough to dream of the possibility of a bloodless achievement on this score! But so much, at least, the President was evidently resolved on; if the Mexicans will fight when their fields and peaceful firesides are invaded—if they will fight when we point a battery directly on the public square of one of their chief cities—why, let them fight; if it comes to that, they must lose, and we shall win.

And how was it that the President was so prompt and so resolved to take extreme measures against Mexico? He was not a soldier; was not bred in camps; had never "set a squadron in the field;" had not shown himself "sudden and quick in quarrel," or "sought the bubble, reputation, in the cannon's mouth." What did he want of a war in Mexico? Well, it was not, we suppose, so much the war that he wanted, but he wanted Mexican territory—a rich province or two, cut out of her dominion, with which to illustrate the *first* term of his Presidency; and as his first essay—the mission of Mr. Slidell—had been met in a temper to promise little for his plans of territorial aggrandizement through that mode, he resolved to try the other tack. We acquit him entirely of the sagacity to foresee to what a terrible war, how obstinate, protracted and oppressive, he was committing the country. We do him the justice to believe that he fancied that a demonstration of war, or at most a handsome "brush" with Mexico, just to make her "feel our strength"—as Mr. Slidell had advised—would be enough for his purpose; enough to make Mexico treat with him on his own terms, and dispose her to relax a little the firmness of her

grasp on some of those broad acres of hers, which seemed, in his eyes, so desirable a possession for the United States, especially if he might have the credit of making the acquisition. Still, he could not know to what lengths and straits the country might be driven in the war which he undertook to provoke, and he was willing to run all the risks and awful hazards of such an enterprise.

That it was territory—the vehement desire to extend the dominion of the Republic, as a measure deemed of all others most grateful to the Roman ambition of our people—which moved Mr. Polk to adopt his extraordinary line of policy towards Mexico, and finally to challenge her to the combat, has never been matter of doubt with us, and must now be apparent to every one who has taken the trouble to look into the whole history of this business. To take and *hold* New Mexico and Upper California, was a principal object distinctly avowed and earnestly insisted on, in the earliest instructions given to the military and naval commanders, sent out on their errands of conquest to these countries. These instructions included the command of the President forthwith to set up civil governments in the conquered countries! Proceeding from one audacious step to another; he actually sent out a *military colony* from the city of New York, under the name of a regiment of volunteers, for permanent settlement in California. And upon the success of these military enterprises, the President ventured, in his last annual Message to Congress, to congratulate the country on "the vast extension of our territorial limits."

Who could believe, in the face of facts like these, the President would venture to repeat, in the same message, the stale declaration, that the "war had not been waged with any view to conquest!" But it was sufficiently characteristic of the whole of that extraordinary document, that he should assert nevertheless, in the very same paragraph, that the war, since it had been begun, had been carried into the enemy's country, and should be prosecuted, to secure *there* "ample indemnity" for the expenses of the war, as well as for our pecuniary claims on Mexico. This, of itself, was a sufficient avowal that, in the convenient name of indemnity for the expenses of the war—a war demonstrably begun by the President himself—the contest had been and should be waged expressly with a view to the per-

manent conquest of Mexican territory, and the dismemberment of that empire by the sword. But this avowal has been recently repeated, in a still more explicit form: The President has asked and obtained of Congress three millions of dollars, to enable him to bring the war to a conclusion by a treaty of peace. How this money was proposed to be used, and with what object, was disclosed in the Senate by the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, on introducing the Bill. We had already taken military possession of New Mexico and Upper California, and the chairman declared that, in making peace, "he supposed no Senator would think we ought to get less" than these two provinces. And this grand object of the war was expected to be secured, as nearly as could be understood from the oracular explanations of the chairman, while some chief—probably Santa Anna—and some faction along with him, should be in the possession of temporary power in Mexico, by making a judicious application and advance of these monies "to pay the expenses of their army, and other expenses," and thus to purchase of them a peace, with a cession of these territories to the United States! In other words, the money was to be used, not to buy the territories, for which it was manifestly inadequate—but to *buy the men* who were to make peace with us, and cede us the territories, or leave them to become ours by the law of *uti possidetis*! Of course, it was only in strict accordance with the designs of the President in the conduct of this war, as thus at last openly avowed, that his party in the Senate rejected an amendment to the Three Million Bill, proposed by Mr. Berrien of Georgia, which declared, by way of proviso, "that the war with Mexico ought not to be prosecuted by this government with any view to the dismemberment of that republic, or to the acquisition by conquest of any portion of her territory."

We have now given the readers of this Journal an account of Mr. Slidell's mission to Mexico, according to our understanding of it, with the causes of its failure, and the fearful alternative of war to which the President so promptly turned, in the face of all constitutional impediments, and with objects so utterly reprehensible. They will judge of the whole matter for themselves. It is for the American people to say, how they like this being driven or dragged into a war, under such circumstances, and for such objects. We believe that the administra-

tion, or the country, one or the other, is preparing for a day of terrible retribution.

A very recent proceeding on the part of the administration furnishes a very apt commentary on the wisdom and dignity of its policy towards Mexico, and to which it so obstinately adhered, in the matter of Mr. Slidell's mission. The two countries then, though not at war, were in a state of hostility rather than a state of peace. To restore friendly relations, Mexico insisted that we must send her a commissioner, specially invested with powers to treat of the causes which had interrupted these relations; but the President refused to send a commissioner, or any other than a minister plenipotentiary, *to reside* near that government. And upon this he proceeded to actual war. But now it would seem at last discovered, after we have had the calamities and horrors of a war upon us for near a twelvemonth, that it may be quite a proper thing, as soon as we can find a door of admission open to us, to send a commissioner, one or more, with special powers, to treat with Mexico for peace and for the restoration of friendly relations between the two countries. It is understood that the administration applied to the Finance Committee of the Senate, near the close of the late session of Congress, to procure an appropriation of 50,000 dollars for this object, and expressly on the ground that though Mexico might be willing to treat with us, yet a diplomatic mission in the ordinary form might not be acceptable to her. If just this easy concession had been made to Mexico fifteen months ago, this war might have been avoided! How it is to be ended, now we are in it, is another question. In our honest conviction, we can have peace with Mexico only by abandoning, and disavowing, in the most explicit manner, every desire, and purpose, and plan of conquest. The administration must give up the policy it has so long cherished of dismembering that empire for the sake of aggrandizing our own. It must return to some sense, or some show, of honesty and fair dealing, before Mexico will ever treat with us for peace. Of this we have no doubt. Till this is done, our battles and military enterprises will give us brilliant achievements and barren victories—nothing else; while our intrigues with whatever Mexican chief, or faction, backed by a corruption fund of three millions of dollars, will bring us nothing but national disgrace and dishonor.

D. D. B.

## A P R I L .

With bolder step the climbing sun  
Begins in April's air to run ;  
The hills beneath him glow :  
And slopes where oozing waters glide,  
And vales where floating mists abide,  
A gladdening verdure show.

Now tiny brooklets tinkling sweet  
Embrace and murmur as they meet,  
Beside the sun-clad hill ;  
Above the marsh the blackbird cries ;  
And from the wood the jay replies,  
To echoes answering shrill.

I see the misty mountain shine,  
Afar, along its azure line ;  
And wide beneath me lie  
Brown plains which wintry leaves bestrew,  
And hoary woods, whose tenderer hue  
Reminds of verdure nigh.

Alone the opening year I view ;  
But rising joys, O friend, to you,  
As erst and always, turn ;  
Untaught, the bliss my fancies wear  
No friendliest soul, though loved, may share—  
Dark truth, and hard to learn !

Dear to the warm Italian dawns  
The sun-flood on his misty lawns,  
His soft cerulean day ;  
With equal joy the ruder Gael  
Beholds in blackening azure sail  
The frost-cloud, cold and gray.

Its own the bliss each fancy knows :  
And though mine own divinely glows,  
With you it cannot share ;  
Another heaven about you lies,  
Whose varying glories to your eyes,  
A different splendor wear.

'Tis love unites, 'tis honor blends :  
None ere through intellect were friends,  
Or high poetic mood ;  
We but revere, not love, the wise,  
Who seeks in science or the skies  
His own peculiar good.

But when through courteous acts and kind  
Shows the warm wish,—the generous mind ;  
Quick springs the infectious flame !  
Needs then no fine nor learned sense—  
Fancy's proud flight, or wit's pretence—  
Bland words, or sounding name !

As on one Alpine summit nurst  
 Two springs to light united burst,  
     But soon diversely tost,  
 From steep to steep a different way,  
 Each seeks the vale—one bold and gay—  
     One in deep channels lost :

So sprang the joys that bound our souls,  
 But each apart now alien rolls,  
     And marks a different bourne ;  
 Nor mingling e'er shall blend again,  
 Till lost amid that termless main  
     Where all to all return.

Lament I then, or weakly bear,  
 The fate that now forbids to share  
     My bliss, my equal woe ?  
 Still would I pour all gifts to waste,  
 Nor dare alone one solace taste—  
     One silent anguish know ?

Alone to front the dark afraid,  
 Like silly child or trembling maid,  
     Whom empty shadows scare ;  
 Subdued by each unlooked-for good,  
 O'erwhelmed by fortune's changing mood,  
     Swayed by the forceless air ?

Shame on the weakness !—grant me grace  
 O Heaven, thine every doom to face,  
     Through bliss, through anguish fell ;  
 Grant me thy strength to bear me free,  
 To be at one with Destiny,  
     Though grief, though death, compel.

And, as the Earth her verdure gains  
 By caverned fires and treasured rains,  
     Unseen of mortal eyes ;  
 Even as the Sea her force conceals,  
 Till time and fate the strength reveals  
     That in her bosom lies :

Such growth—such force—be't mine to know ;  
 Let secret strength within me glow,  
     With honor's fire upraise ;  
 And crown my life's perfected sphere  
 With acts and words, that—mortal here—  
     Shall win immortal praise !

CYONIDES.



## ON A CONGRESS OF NATIONS TO SETTLE NATIONAL DISPUTES.

It is proposed in this article to offer some remarks on that project of the "American Peace Society," which is indicated by its title. The writer is sufficiently sensible of the disfavor with which the project is likely to be regarded: "Utopian, chimerical, impracticable." are the terms doubtless which many will apply to it; and yet, if there is a Law of Nations, is it extravagant to ask, why there may not be a Court of Nations?

The world is slowly arriving at the conviction that there must be some other method than war by which reasonable beings may settle their disputes. Indeed, what *mode that is*, of adjusting the fair and equitable claims of nations, which obtains the solution of difficulties by violence—which brings in the sword to cut the Gordian knot—which marshals armies, not arguments, to decide every question, let common sense judge. Clearly, it is not, in any intelligible sense, a method of settling disputes. It does not even put an end to them. All the questions after the war are just where they were before the war; and are ready at any moment to be revived. All the difference is, that after the war, power may dictate, and weakness must submit. There is no pretence of right in the case; nor is there now any pretence of an appeal to heaven, as there was formerly in the martial encounter of single champions. It is a trial of strength, and nothing else. It is the strongest cause which is best, and not the good cause which is strongest, before this grim and bloody tribunal of martial justice.

Be it admitted, however, that war, in a sense utterly degrading to both parties, helps to a decision—that nations are willing to negotiate when they can fight no longer—that lost battles and exhausted finances, have a marvellous effect in clearing up the truth and right of things to the vision of kings and ministers, of governments and diplomatic agents. Still, if this method will not much longer do—if enlightened nations cannot bear it—if the worn and torn sinews of national strength and prosperity,—nay, and the worn and torn sinews of human heart and flesh, cannot and will not forever bear it, then some other method is to be devised.

Now let the reader consider, whether besides the martial trial, there is any

conceivable method of settling disputes but one. If force is to be laid aside, reason must take its place; this is the only alternative. If reason has any thing to do with the decision, it must take the form of a judgment. If there is a judgment, there must be a reference of the cause to it. If there is a reference of the cause, there must be a hearing of it—there must be an arbitration. If there is an arbitration, there must be arbitrators; or, to vary the statement, if there is a hearing of the cause, there must be an auditor, or umpire.

We have not yet, it is true, arrived at the point proposed. That requires another step, and it does not follow, to be sure, that if there must be arbitrators or an umpire, either must form a permanent Court, for the trial of causes between nations as parties. That is to say, it does not follow as a matter of argument; and the question is, whether it will not follow as a matter of easy transition, and as a matter of expediency. Meanwhile, we think it important to secure the position which we have thus taken, and to show that the progress of civilization and of civil liberty tends directly, if not inevitably, to this point.

Before we go farther then, let us see whether the ground to which we have arrived is strong—whether it is strong enough to bear up any practical principles: or is only of sufficient firmness to sustain a useless theory. The position may seem to be very clear, but it needs probably to be insisted on. What we say is, that the only alternative to the employment of force is arbitration.

Now is there any thing—let it be asked to test the practical value of this conclusion—is there any thing in the affairs of nations that must preclude them from being submitted, like other affairs, to the arbitration of disinterested persons.

Nations *have* resorted to this method of decision. They are doing so more frequently, as civilization advances. They can already do this without dishonor: and this I consider to be the most material point of all—the point of honor. Nations have frequently fought for this. They have often fought unwillingly, as individuals have:—fought only because there was no other way to save:

their honor. But let it become by usage, as much a point of honor, or at least as compatible with honor, to submit national differences to arbitration, and one of the most prolific causes of war is removed.

And such is the advance of public sentiment upon this point, that even now, if a bloody and devastating war should arise between two Christian nations from some meaner cause—from any slight and imaginary pretences—the signs of the times will disappoint us altogether if a thousand voices are not raised against it, if a thousand pens are not employed to set forth its folly and wickedness, and to stamp it as a resort, on such an occasion, fit only for barbarians. And the day has come, thank Heaven! when the pen is no contemptible weapon. It fought for the Poles, and in the only contest in which it professes to be strong, it prevailed; it spread a sympathy through Christendom for their character and their conflict, and it has prepared the world to cheer them in their exile. So true is this, that we do not believe there is in France, in England, or America, a sequestered hamlet, where one of that unhappy people could appear, without being regarded with the deepest respect and sympathy for his sufferings, or hailed with acclamation for his heroism. Yes, the world knows their story; the pen of indignant genius has graven it on the tablet of memory, for at least one century. Even Bonaparte, reckless as he was of most things, felt the power of public opinion, pointed and graven as it was, by the pens of the free journalists of England. There was no time, though the tide of success swelled to the highest—though Europe rung beneath the steeled footsteps of his armies—though kings followed in his train—there was no time when he could not be stung to the bitterest exasperation by a London newspaper. With anger if not with fear, we may say in the words of the poet, "he did shake, 'tis true, this god did shake." The artillery of a whole opposing army was not a thing he dreaded so much as a single printing-press.

Facts like these are omens of indefinite good to come. The diffusion of knowledge must raise the tone of public sentiment. Readers and literary men, the votaries of science and the liberal arts, have never as a body, possessed a high degree—have never possessed any thing like an average proportion, of the martial spirit. But the civilized world is becom-

ing a reading world, and is catching the spirit, if it is not sounding the depths, of science. It is becoming too comfortable, moreover, easily to bear the rude and shocking transition from peace to war. When men's houses possessed not many more comforts than the tents of a camp, the transition was less perceptible and less difficult. Life itself was an unequal contest with the warring elements, and with the rude passions of society; and where the wild uproar of anger and excess reigned, and the tempests of heaven swept through the dwellings of men, the storm of war might follow, and seem but slightly to vary the scene. But to the eyes of a civilized and refined people, who value more and more the blessings of existence, who venerate their temples and their asylums of mercy, who prize their seminaries of learning and their own fire-sides, who live more and more in their mutual affections, and are drawing closer and closer the bonds of domestic endearment; to the eyes of such a people, war must present itself as a ruthless destroyer, as a demon of hell, whose presence the earth cannot bear! Under influences like these, both of growing knowledge and refinement, public opinion must become at once more powerful and more pure; and in just that proportion war must become more and more unpopular, and amicable arrangement more and more popular. And if what is popular is to prevail and to have the ascendancy—if the people are to reign, as every sign of the times shows that they are; then it is inevitable that more and more frequent resort will be had, in national differences, to the method of arbitration.

If then it is probable, that the method of arbitration will be more fully introduced, and become more common, we are led to the further question, whether it will not be found advisable to assemble periodical conventions of nations, or to establish a permanent court for the trial of national causes? Would not that mode of adjudication very naturally pass into this? That is to say, would it not be likely to pass into something more regular and permanent? It is precisely thus that all regularly organized courts among every people, have arisen, by easy transition from the rude practice of referring causes between man and man to the decision of their neighbors, or of some disinterested parties. The first method indeed of settling personal

disputes was by the strong arm. The next was by arbitration. This led to the regular administration of justice. Why may not nations, which are but collections of individuals, pass through the same process? Or, to take a case more exactly analogous, why may not nations like counties or states in an empire, adjust their difficulties in this manner? I say, that this is the natural progress of things. Suppose that a Court of Reference were formed by representatives from two or three friendly powers. The case of an umpire, let it be observed by the by, does not materially differ from this; for it is not one man, after all; it is not the head of a friendly government, that decides, but a commission appointed by him to investigate the case; and there are cases, obviously, where it is desirable that the court should be composed, not of a commission in one kingdom, but of representatives from different kingdoms. Suppose a Court of Reference, then, assembled to settle some great national controversy. How natural would it be, that other and similar questions should be submitted to it! If the court were composed of individuals of great weight and dignity of character, we persuade ourselves that it could hardly happen but that some other causes would be brought before it. And thus in time there might grow up a great Amphictyonic Council, more worthy surely to decide between civilized nations, than the dread assize of battle.

There really are some pertinent and independent reasons why such a permanent court should be established. All law needs to be carefully defined, and regularly administered. This will never be done but by learned judges and responsible tribunals. There is a law of nations; involving immense interests and complicated relations; and it would seem to require its own tribunal, as much as any other branch of jurisprudence. In no other way, probably than by the administration of permanent and responsible courts, can the requisites of good and useful law, in any of its departments be obtained.\*

One of these requisites is certainty. This is held by civilians, we believe, to be only less important to the utility of laws, than their very rectitude. It is important that those who are to be governed by any laws should know what those laws

are, what line of conduct is conformable to them, and what will be construed as an infringement of them. Now it appears to us, though we would speak modestly, and under correction of those who are studious in these matters, that no sufficient certainty can arise from a mere code; that a code, however useful it may be, for other purposes, cannot fully answer this purpose; that it can only embody general principles, and that new cases constantly occurring, new relations arising, and perpetually varying circumstances, will continually require new applications and endless modifications to these principles. If then, there were any received code of international law, which there is not; if the books on this subject could be considered as codes; if they were precise and uniform in their decisions, which they are not; still, to fix down to a precise meaning that which is general, and to meet the ever recurring exigencies of national controversy, would require a body of authorized precedents, and a regular and uniform administration of the law of nations. If a Congress of Nations were now assembled to form a code, would not the work be left half undone if a court were not organized, to interpret and apply it? At any rate it is not easy to see why this is not as proper and necessary for nations, as a Supreme Judiciary is for our United States; or why a tribunal to judge between communities, is not as important as a tribunal to judge between individuals. Nay, not to say that nations are made up of individuals, and that all national controversies become unavoidably personal, and bear down sooner or later upon personal interests; the truth is, that they are individuals who are most frequently concerned, whether intentionally or not, in violation of international law, and whose interest it is to know what that law is. Merchants, and especially the merchants of neutral nations in a time of war, are continually taking, or wishing to take, steps in their foreign trade, for the safe direction of which they as much require an exact law, as for the steps which they take in their business at home. "The complexity of modern commerce," says Chancellor Kent, "has swelled beyond all bounds the number and intricacy of questions of national law, and particular-

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\* The position here taken is general, and has no reference, one way or the other, to the Admiralty Courts of different nations.

ly upon the very comprehensive head of maritime capture." How much has been suffered, for want of definiteness in this branch of law, by the citizens of every maritime nation, is sufficiently well known.

But there are other requisites in a system of good and useful jurisprudence. "Law," says Blackstone, "is a *rule*; something permanent, uniform and universal." Now, it is obvious that neither arbitrations nor the decision of Admiralty Courts in different nations, nor treatises on international law, come up to this definition. Upon the inadequacy of arbitrations to form a body of such law, it is unnecessary to insist; they are occasional; they have never settled any principles; nor do they usually leave any record indeed but of the simple results. Of the very exalted terms of praise in which the decisions of the English High Court of Admiralty are spoken of by the highest authorities among us, we are aware, as well as of the eminent merits of our own Admiralty jurisprudence; but whether the attribute of universality can attach to principles settled in a single country, whether other nations will submit to them, is questionable. Whether, in fact, such decisions are likely to possess that impartiality, which would commend them to universal adoption, must be doubted. Nations like individuals—judges as well as other men—may be influenced by interest and passion. Maritime nations and their courts will be likely to decide one way; and manufacturing and agricultural nations and their tribunals another way. It is precisely as in the case of our own Federal Union—the courts of South Carolina would be likely to pronounce one judgment on a constitutional question, and the courts of Massachusetts to pronounce another and directly opposite judgment. Can either of these judgments secure the concurrence of all the other States? Can it become, or ought it to become, a part of the body of universal and binding law among us? As to professed treatises on the subject, we have the highest authority for saying, that "there is no one work that combines, in just proportions and with entire satisfaction, an accurate and comprehensive view of the necessary and of the instituted law of nations, and in which principles are sufficiently supported by argument, authority, and example."\*

Many questions are raised upon the most important subjects; as, the rights of neutrals, the law of prize, the contraband of war, the extent of jurisdiction over neighboring seas, and the right of interference in the internal affairs of other nations, whether to guard against the efforts of revolutionary movements, or to assist those who have revolted against their own government—many questions are raised on these topics, which are not yet sufficiently settled, and which never can be settled, perhaps, in a manner universally satisfactory but in a Court of Nations.

Such a court would possess great advantages in its position and in its permanence. From its permanence, it would be in a situation to form a body of precedents to govern its decisions. It would also secure entire devotion to it of a body of learned judges, and would naturally awaken in them the highest ambition to bring the system of international law to perfection. Such a court would have a permanent character to support; and to support before the whole world. This would be its position; and such a position would give the greatest possible respectability and weight to its decisions. An institution like this would clothe the law of nations with an authority most needful to it; since it cannot possess the ordinary penal sanctions of law. Its voice would be the consent of nations; and although delinquent nations cannot be punished as individual aggressors can, yet the force of public opinion can be visited upon them, and proceeding, as it then would, from the High Court of Nations, it would come with concentrated power.

Let it be added, that provided the principle of arbitration is admitted as a reasonable one, in national controversies, such a court is necessary to give that method of pacification its full success. In all such controversies, it would stand before the world as the grand resort. It would thus turn away the minds of men from war. It is important indeed to observe that a Congress of nations would not propose itself as a judge of the question whether two countries should take up arms; it would not throw itself between two armies or two kingdoms, to withstand the power of exasperated nations—that would not be its position. It would not stand as the antagonist of the

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\* Kent's Commentaries, vol. i. p. 18.

war principle. It would not offer itself to breast the shock of the angry elements. But it would silently convey away from them the principle of destruction. It would operate as courts of law do, in a civilized community. It would lessen the number of quarrels by opening another method of adjustment, and making it common and familiar. Among a rude and barbarous people, not possessing any legal tribunals, all must perceive how desirable it would be, to promote as much as possible the use of arbitration in settling quarrels; but if arbitrators were to be chosen on every such occasion, that plan would obviously be much less effectual to the keeping of the peace, than would the establishment of a regular and permanent court of justice. Such an institution, then, do we propose as having some claims to be considered among the means for promoting the peace of nations.

Our proposition is now before the reader, and we must ask him not to set it aside at once, as extravagant, nor to be prejudiced against it as new, nor till he has examined, to reject it as impracticable.

—As to the apparent extravagance of the proposition, let it be remembered, that it cannot appear more extravagant, than to a rude people, did the first proposition of the trial by jury. There was doubtless the same incredulity about the plan; there were the same difficulties attending its execution; and there is, in fact, the same principle at bottom. What is the principle? That something of personal right and power must be given up for security,—for peace; given up, indeed, in particular instances, but to be returned in far fuller measure to the bosom of the whole community. Cannot the same thing be done by nations? If it cannot, why can it not? We seriously ask, why can it not? We cannot consent that the whole subject, solemn and momentous as it is in its bearings, should be dismissed, with a vague charge of extravagance or a summary phrase of contempt. Let it be remembered that neither civilization, nor religion, nor the arts, ever took any great step in the world, but the movement was regarded with precisely the same feeling.

That great step in civilization which would be taken by the establishment of a court of nations, the greatest—probably the most important that yet remains to

be taken—does really not present itself in a light as extravagant as have many successful projects for the improvement of the human condition. The universal diffusion of knowledge by any means, must once have seemed more impracticable than the universal diffusion of peace, by the means that we propose; inasmuch as to move the mass of the world must have appeared a mightier task than to influence the governors of a few nations. In short, all great projects, bearing the character of innovation, from that of Luther in the world of mind, to that of Fulton in the world of matter—the latter perhaps to exert as powerful an influence on society as the former—have in their day been accounted wild and extravagant schemes. Twenty-five years ago, it would not have been thought by any means so extravagant to propose the assembling of a permanent congress of nations, as it would to have undertaken to devise the means of conveying them to the place of meeting by steam. Nay, had war never been known in the world, the proposition to settle national difficulties by that means would have been pronounced to be an extravagance as monstrous as it would have been unheard of. To constitute a tribunal of six or ten grave men, is it considered an extravagant proposition by those who can marshal armies of six or ten hundred thousands of men? The muster of the military forces of Christendom in a general war, would be more than twice the largest of these numbers. And yet if such an awful crisis were to come, and two millions of men were to be armed and clothed, and provisioned, and half of them were to lose their lives in battle, and the countries of twenty nations were to be ravaged with fire and sword, and debts were to be accumulated, which, it might be evident, would take twenty generations to pay off by a system of the most grievous and grinding taxation, not a word would be breathed of the extravagance of *such* a proposition!

In the next place, against the proposition made in this essay, no prejudice ought to be entertained, on account of its seeming novelty; for the very good reason that it is not new.

Far back in the ages of Grecian story, so far, indeed, that its origin is lost in the shadows of antiquity, flourished, at Thermopylae, the Amphietyonic Council. "The most important business of the



assembly," says the historian,\* "and that which seems to have been with great wisdom and humanity proposed as the principal end of the institution, was the establishment and support of a kind of law of nations among the Greeks, that might check the violence of war among themselves, and finally prevent those horrors, that extremity of misery, which the barbarity of those elder times usually made the lot of the vanquished." We are informed by Æschines, the Athenian orator, himself at one time a member of the Council, as the representative of Athens, that twelve nations were represented in the Assembly, and the number was afterwards increased. We have, on the same authority, the form of the Amphictyonic oath, which bound each member, under the most solemn pledges never to subvert any Amphictyonic city, but to appease the angry passions and to mitigate the horrors of war, and to defend the sanctity of religion.† Here, then, is a prototype—and an age as early, it is probable, as the 15th century before the Christian era furnishes it—of the proposed congress of nations. Why may not Christian nations follow the humane example? It certainly will not be pretended that the Grecian cities and territories, though within a smaller compass, had not in that barbarous age as great difficulties to encounter as any nations at the present day can have.

We might go on to mention the Achean League in the later days of Greece, the Imperial Chamber of Maximilian in the 15th century, the League of the Hanse Towns, and especially the Swiss Confederacy. The Swiss wisely determined beforehand, observes Vattel, in all their alliances with one another, and often with other nations, on the manner in which their disputes, if any should arise, should be submitted to arbitrators; and to this wise precaution is to be referred much of their prosperity and of the respect they enjoyed abroad.‡ With regard to the utility of another of these institutions, we have the opinion of a distinguished civilian and statesman of our own country.§ "History," he says, "gives us a horrid picture of the dissensions and private wars that distracted

and desolated Germany prior to the institution of the Imperial Chamber by Maximilian towards the close of the 15th century, and informs us at the same time of the vast influence of that institution in appeasing the disorders, and establishing the tranquillity, of the empire."

These cases, though we do not care to insist much upon them, are nevertheless so far cases in point, that the parties to the various confederacies named, did not form, as our American States do, a single government or nation, but were separate and independent cities and states.|| They were not united under one political constitution, as is often supposed of the Greeks, Germans, and Swiss, from their common name; but they were united simply for the prevention of internal feuds and for defence against enemies abroad. These instances show, at least, that the history of the world, from its earliest periods, is not devoid of examples of that sort of combination which is proposed under the title of a congress of nations. Nay, and the various Congresses of Nations that have appeared in the History of Modern Europe, those of Cambray and Soissons, of Aix la Chapelle, of Laybach and Vienna, prove that such things may be; and it will not be denied that they may be used for good as well as for bad ends. There has been too an alliance within the present century, an alliance denominated "Holy," for the defence of royal and imperial prerogatives against popular encroachment; and without asking why a *Holy Alliance* may not be formed for the welfare of the *people*, by the preservation of peace, it may, at least be said, that a proposition to this effect ought not to be regarded as a strange and monstrous project, to be rejected because it is new. It is only to change the design, without changing the form, and the example becomes familiar.

But the *precise position* before us is not, in fact, new. It is well known that Henry the Great, of France, formed a design of this nature, in which he was joined, if not in fact anticipated, by Elizabeth of England. The plan, though marred perhaps by some admixture of ambitious motives on the part of the king, and certainly by some things visionary and im-

\* Mitford, Vol. 1. See also Vols. 6 and 7, *passim*.

† Law of Nations, § 329.

‡ This was *virtually* true of Germany in the 15th century. See Robertson's preliminary Dissertation to the History of Charles V. Sec. III.

§ Orations of Æschines.

§ Hamilton. Federalist. LXXX.

practicable in the detail, was nevertheless, as it would appear, an honest project for the permanent pacification of Europe, and justly deserving the title which was given to it, of "the Great Design." The evidence of Elizabeth's interest in it is given in the Memoirs of Sully,—the best, and indeed the only, authority on the subject,—who was sent by Henry to the Court of the English Queen, to confer with her; and who says that he found her mind much engaged upon the project, and that she had already drawn up a number of articles, conditions and different dispositions, evincing great wisdom and penetration.

"The design of Henry," says Sully, stating it in substance, "was to save himself and the neighboring powers those immense sums, which the maintenance of so many thousand soldiers, so many fortified places, and so many military expenses required; to free them forever from the fear of those bloody catastrophes so common in Europe; to procure them an uninterrupted repose, and finally to unite them all in an indissoluble bond of security and friendship, after which they might live together like brethren, and reciprocally visit like good neighbors, without the trouble of ceremony, and without the expense of a train of attendants. Does it not, indeed, he adds, reflect shame and reproach on a people who affect to be so polished and refined in their manners, that all their pretended wisdom has not yet guarded them from those barbarities which they detest in nations the most savage and uncultivated? And to destroy these pernicious seeds of confusion and disorder, and to prevent the barbarities of which they are the cause, could any scheme have been more happily or more perfectly devised than that of Henry the Great?"

"Sensible people, he continues, cannot be blamed for being prejudiced in favor of the scheme in question, from this circumstance only, that it was formed by two potentates whom posterity will always consider as the most perfect models in the art of governing."

Without going farther into detail, we subjoin from the Memoirs, the general statement of the plan: "The model," says Sully, "of this general Council of Europe has been formed on that of the Amphictyons of Greece, with such alterations only as rendered it suitable to our

customs, climate and policy. It consisted of a certain number of commissioners, ministers or plenipotentiaries from all parts of Europe, who were to be constantly assembled as a Senate, to deliberate on any affairs which might occur, to discuss the different interests, pacify the quarrels, clear up and determine all the civil, political and religious affairs of Europe, whether within itself, or with its neighbors." Whatever may have been the imperfections of the plan we are tempted to adopt concerning it the words of Henry, in a letter of his which still remains, and which is supposed to have been addressed to Queen Elizabeth, and to exclaim with him: "the most excellent and rare enterprize that ever the human mind conceived!—though rather divine than human!"\*

*But is the project feasible?* This, doubtless, is the great question. Let us at once clear it from all extraneous matter and see distinctly what it is.

It may be asked, "Will nations submit to this great court of appeal? Will the nations all on fire for war, pause before such a tribunal?" That, let us say, is not exactly the question; nor is it the manner in which a great moral proposition ought to be met. It is not the question; because it is the feasibility and reasonableness only of a proposal that we are required to consider: its compatibility with the relations and duties of nations. Whether men will submit to it, we know not; but whether they can submit to it and prosper, and be happy, and fulfill all the purposes of national existence, is the question. If all sound, wise, and humane discussion is to be foreclosed by the consideration that human passion and folly threaten to resist the conclusion, then there never had been written a book on Natural Law, or the Law of Nations. But it is doing injustice to the world to say that such discussions are useless. They do, indeed, meet the tide of human passion, but they resist it too. Propositions which commend themselves to the reason and conscience of the world slowly make their way, and at length take their place among mankind as authoritative principles. It is a striking and encouraging fact that there is such a thing as a Law of Nations, a law which no authority enacted, a law strong in nothing but its own reasonableness and justice. We have always looked upon a writer

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\* Sully's Memoirs, Book xxx.

on public law as standing among his fellow men in an attitude which is scarcely less than sublime. He puts himself upon the world for its verdict, and the world without any legislation to command it, without any judge to instruct it, gives him acquittal and honor. He does not suffer the question to be asked, will the nations submit? But he announces to the nations what is true, and just, and right, and calmly leaves the cause before the tribunal of reason, of conscience, and of God.

Now let the project be presented in its naked simplicity, and let it be considered whether there is any thing impracticable in it. Suppose that the governments of England and France and of the United States, sincerely disposed to cultivate peace, sensible of the dreadful evils of war, and desirous of putting an end to them, should agree to refer all questions arising, or likely to arise, between them to the most august and impartial tribunal which they are able to form. Let it consist of two representatives or judges appointed by each power, either for life or for a term of years, to hold their court either permanently or periodically, and to sit in one place, or in several places, as might appear most advisable. Let the power of this tribunal be simply and solely a judiciary power. Let it be authorized to make no decrees but upon subjects regularly brought before it. Let it not undertake to raise up one, or to crush another, of the nations around it. Let its simple object be to promote the harmony and welfare of the nations represented in it. Let each of these nations, in the mean time retain its entire independence. Let it retain all the powers which natural law concedes to independent nations. Let it retain, even, the abstract *right* to make war, or at any rate the right to break off from the general union, and to pursue its own course. Such a *natural* right all communities of men possess. Each one of our United States, bound together as we are, maintains it. There is a right of revolution; there is a right of extremity. Let not this be denied. Let no Utopian bond of harmony be proposed, no plan which overlooks either human rights or human passions. Let the qualification for belonging to this confederacy of nations, be a simple desire expressed to substitute arbitration for bloodshed. Let the simple bond of union be a pledge to submit to the constituted tribunal. Let the

simple penalty of refusal to submit, on the part of any confederated kingdom, be the loss of its place in the Union, and of all the advantages resulting from it. This forfeiture, let it be observed, by the by, might itself prove a heavy penalty. Meanwhile, let other nations be permitted to join in this alliance, and to send their representatives, on the simple conditions above stated. Let them be invited to do so. The united influence of the governments before mentioned would be powerful with any court in Europe. The very example would be imposing, and we cannot help flattering ourselves that it would be attractive. The people, at least, if not the governments, would be in favor of it; and governments *must* yet become the organs of the popular will.

What now, is there in this simple plan that is impracticable? We do not profess to go much into details. It would be for profound politicians to settle these.

But it is obvious to remark, that such a Court or Congress of Nations, if it were assembled, might be empowered as a measure preliminary to an entrance on its judicial functions, to discuss some general measures of a pacific nature and to offer the result of their deliberations to their respective governments. They might propose a plan for the gradual reduction, in a fair ratio, of standing armies and navies. They might agree upon that humane measure of making the sea a neutral element, of making those highways of nations safe for all the purposes of simple commerce. And why, to use the words of the sage Franklin: "Why should it not be agreed to as the future law of nations, that in any war hereafter, the following descriptions of men should be undisturbed, have the protection of both sides, and be permitted to follow their employments with security? viz:

"1. Cultivators of the earth, because they labor for the subsistence of mankind.

"2. Fishermen, for the same reason.

"3. Merchants and traders, in unarmed ships, who accommodate different nations by communicating and exchanging the necessaries and conveniences of life.

"4. Artists and mechanics, inhabiting and working in open towns."

In other words, let the soldiers, if they desire, fight it out by themselves. "Your young military men," says the illustrious Washington in one of his letters, "who want to reap the harvest of laurels don't care, I suppose, how many seeds of war

are sown ; but for the sake of humanity it is devoutly to be wished, that the manly employments of agriculture and the harmonizing benefits of commerce, should supesede the waste of war and the rage of conquest ; that swords might be turned into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks, and as the Scripture expresses it, *the nations learn war no more.*"

But to return ; what is there in the project, we ask again, that is impracticable ? Are the controversies of nations such as, from their very nature, refuse to submit to reason or to compromise, such as can submit only to arms ? Of the two hundred and eighty-six considerable wars which have been waged in Christendom, two hundred have arisen from questions of territory, commerce, title to crowns, prerogative or precedence, or from controversies of a civil or religious nature. These surely are questions for logic, not for tactics to settle. Let, then, the nations that boast of enough civilization and intelligence to comprehend so plain a proposition, agree to submit their differences to the investigation and judgment of a common tribunal. The occasions for war that would remain would be few or none. Ebullitions and outbreakings there doubtless would be, now and then, in one quarter and for one cause and another. But this dreadful business of a solemn and authorized levying of war,—to be waged for years,—to spread gloom and woe over half the world—this dreadful business, this horrible custom can, if mankind are willing, be done away.

Are they not willing ? Methinks, when the spectacle of a grave and venerable tribunal presents itself before me, the resort of peaceful nations, its sacred ermine never to be ruffled by violence nor spotted with blood, that it must draw to it the grateful homage of the world. If that blessed vision were turned into reality, if it were once announced that, by the intervention of friendly governments, that august court were actually established, methinks, it would not be the voice of objection which we should hear, but the voice of jubilee spreading through the nations. Men would greet one another in the streets and in the market-places, with a new feeling of the tie of brotherhood, and call themselves happy that they had lived to see such a day. A joy more universal than was ever before known, would be diffused through all the dwellings of civilized men. In many a

land which bears the memory of war as of an indescribable horror, millions would draw a freer breath ; the aged man would rejoice that he should die in peace, and the mother would press to her bosom the child of many anxious fears, baptising it anew in the tears of hope and gladness. The song of deliverance, of hoped-for deliverance, from violence and blood, would spread through every valley and by every shore in Christendom. And processions would go forth,—with instruments of music, with harp and psaltery, would they go forth, to celebrate the great era of a new and wonderful age. And temples would resound with the voice of eloquence and of anthems,—repeating the song of angels and saying, "peace,—peace on earth ; good will,—good will to man."

But alas ! that era has not yet come, and we must check the words of gratulation to listen to the words of doubt and objection. There are still objections which apply not to the general organization, but to the particular action and efficiency of such a court.

Some of these objections, if not all of them, will be found to be such as apply to all human institutions,—such as lie with equal weight against all form of government and social order. The great measure which we advocate is not proposed as one that is perfect, or free from difficulties, and it would certainly be unreasonable to demand of it a perfection which belongs to nothing human. It is peculiarly unreasonable, though it is common, to demand of a new and untried experiment that it should be wholly clear from all those difficulties, which nothing but long practice can remove, and which, in human affairs, even the longest practice cannot remove entirely.

Thus the presence of national partialities in the proposed tribunal, and the danger of bribery, may be considered as objections to the institution, but they are objections to which all earthly councils are equally liable. Nay, an equal representation with equal power, from each member of the confederacy would be a safeguard against the operation of partial interests, stronger than ever was devised for any court of law. The danger of bribery would be less than it is in ordinary cases, from the character of the parties interested. The parties are nations, or the governments of nations, and if a sense of their dignity did not restrain them and make them fear, to

"Contaminate their fingers with base bribes  
And sell the mighty space of their large honors,  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ;"

yet the very difficulty of the transaction would operate as a check. Bribery is secret ; it can do nothing but under the veil of concealment ; but the transactions of governments must pass through the hands of several agents, and must have the privity of a number of officers and other individuals, and are therefore peculiarly liable to exposure.

It has been suggested that the plan proposed might endanger the national liberty of the weaker parties to it. But it guarantees the independence and integrity of each one of the confederated kingdoms and would therefore be the special protection of the weak. And if it be said that guarantees are feeble restraints upon national ambition, yet certainly they are better than no pledge or protection. Besides, in the august and open court of nations, it would be difficult, if not impossible to carry on any unconscientious scheme for the oppression of a humbler power. No ; it must be in some dark conclave of diplomacy that such deeds shall be done.

But further, it may be said, that nations who should reduce their standing armies, who should be confederated together for the preservation of peace, and who should remain for a long time in a state of peace, would be exposed to the attack of military powers, or to the incursions of barbarous tribes around them. It is not proposed, let it be remembered, to destroy the weapons or munitions of war. Let them stand, and be carefully kept and regularly used, against the day of need ; for, in the present state of the world, we would by no means throw away the means of defence. Let them stand, dread magazines of power, harmless but to the invader. And that they would make a nation strong, where there are strong hearts and hands to wield them, we appeal to the example of our country. We have no standing army ; we have lived for almost half a century, with slight interruption, in a state of peace. But let the most disciplined legions of Europe invade the land that holds every thing dear to us, and what burning heart among us does not exclaim, "we are ready to meet them, standing before our altars and firesides !" And what cold

philosopher looking on, and understanding human nature, would not say, "the breasts of such a people, fighting for their homes, will make a phalanx firm against any mercenary troops that war ever marshalled in the field of battle !" It is not the muster of military forces that can save any people. The Roman Empire wanted not these in the great day of her need.

"When feeble Cæsars shrieked for help  
In vain, within their seven-hilled towers."

The northern barbarians when they poured down, in undisciplined hordes, upon the fated empire, found towers and troops, found arms and armor gleaming in every city, and the imperial eagle lifted on high above a thousand battlements ; but they met nowhere the living bulwark of strong and manly hearts. Rome had sunk beneath her own vices, and partly too, beneath vices engendered by her own military system, before she sunk beneath the arm of the barbarian invader. The example, in fact, is *for us*. Let those vices of the social condition, glaring inequality of lot, grinding oppression, abject poverty, dissoluteness and crime—let such views of the social condition, which war contributes more than any other definite cause to create, be done away ; let the arts of peace be cultivated, let its comforts be multiplied, which they would be in proportion as the waste and exactions of war ceased to devour the substance of industry ; let all its blessings and virtues flourish and the consequent love of country and home be fostered ; let men become intelligent and learn to value and to use the blessings of existence ; and in such a state of things, and in such a state of things alone, will nations have a permanent safeguard against domestic feuds and foreign aggression.

But the greatest objection of all, perhaps, remains. Where is the sanction to be found for the decrees of this great court of nations ? It may decree, but who is to execute its decrees ? It cannot cite a kingdom to appear before it, on a charge of high treason ? In fine, what authority will it have ?

We answer in the first place, that *no* earthly institution possesses any thing that can be called absolute or unquestionable authority. Take the case of our own supreme judiciary. It possesses an authority as high and august as that of any judiciary upon earth. Yet is it not questioned ? May it not be re-



sisted? But, it may be said, the government has power to enforce its decrees. In all ordinary cases, it is true that it has; and in all ordinary cases, the decrees of a court of nations, too, would meet with no violent resistance. The difficulty about enforcement would arise only in extreme cases; and for these, no human institution can provide. Suppose that the Southern States of this Union, or the Western States, should refuse obedience to a decision of the Supreme Court. What would follow? Would the other States march to enforce that decision at the point of the bayonet? We presume not. What, then, would follow? Simply, that the disaffected States would withdraw from the Union. And this is what disaffected nations would do. There is a point, indeed, to which the enforcing power can go; but beyond that, it cannot go, neither in our own, nor in the British, nor in any other empire. There is more in the sound of this word, authority, than in any sense that can be affixed to it. It must always be limited and imperfect; and among liberal and enlightened nations, it must ultimately depend upon the wisdom and moderation with which it is exercised.

That is to say, it must depend on public opinion; and on this point turns my second answer to the objection we are considering. For it is obvious that in this kind of power, a court of nations might be as strong as any other court. It was upon this ground that the Amphictyonic Council stood for centuries. It is upon this that the law of nations stands. And if the decisions of Admiralty Courts, interpreting this law, in different countries, are quoted with respect in other countries, how much greater weight would attach to the decisions of a court established by several nations in concert! What tribunal could contribute so much to enforce the authority of public law!

With regard to the sanction of that law we cannot do better than quote the following language of one of our most distinguished jurists. "Nor is it to be understood," says Chancellor Kent, "that the law of nations is a code of mere elementary speculation, without any sufficient sanction. It is a code of present, active, durable, and binding, obligation. As its great fundamental principles are founded on the maxims of eternal truth, in the immutable law of moral obligation,

and in the suggestions of an enlightened public interest, they maintain a steady influence, notwithstanding the occasional violence with which that influence may be disturbed. The law of nations is placed in the first place, under the protection of public opinion. It is enforced by the censures of the press, and by the moral influence of those great masters of public law, who are consulted by all nations as oracles of wisdom: and who have attained by the mere force of written reason, the majestic character and almost the authority of universal law-givers, controlling by these writings the conduct of rulers, and laying down precepts for the government of mankind."\*

What follows is equally corroborative of the final answer which we intended to make to the objection before us, "No nation can violate public law, without being subjected to the penal consequences of reproach and disgrace." Add to this, that expulsion from the confederacy; and perhaps also, the withdrawal of commercial privileges, might be made to any nation a most serious and sensible disadvantage. But without deciding on the expediency of coercive measures, we may say that the power of public opinion has not only a sanction at its command, but even a penal sanction.

Men seem to be able to think of nothing as penalties but blows, and fines, and imprisonments. But the severer part even of these inflictions is often the disgrace that attends them. And it is public sentiment, and that alone, which inflicts disgrace. It holds the power, then, of punishing, as well as judging. And the most powerful organ of public opinion as well as of public law, that ever was devised, would be a court of nations. In ordinary cases, no people could easily resist its decisions. And be it said again, that these are the only cases which can be provided for by any fixed and regular establishments, either of government or law. All beyond is, necessarily, force, violence, disorder. Before such agents all human institutions fall. The very power that is brought to control them, is not law, but force. But within the limits where the law holds sway, within the range of moral influences, the high court of nations would operate with an authority and power, such as never perhaps belonged to any other tribunal.

We have now gone through with the

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\* Commentaries, vol. i. p. 169.

principal formal objections, and we trust they appear not to be stronger than those which lie against most human institutions. They are not stronger certainly than those objections, which were opposed to the union of our own States, or of the German States, or of England, Ireland and Scotland, under one government. We believe, indeed, that they are not so strong; for the alliance which we propose would be far less strict; it would impose no burdens—for the expense incurred would be too slight to be seriously thought of as a burden, not to say that it would save the tremendous expenses of war; and finally this alliance would interfere with the independence, policy and interests of the parties, far less than the union which takes place in a consolidated empire.

And if the objections are not invincible, then the plan has, theoretically speaking, a free course. For let it be observed, that this is one of those propositions, where almost the whole force of the opposition lies in objection; where, in other words, it is not so easy directly to assail the plan and to show that it is, in the very elements and on the very face of it, bad, as it is to find slight and inconsiderable flaws in the plan. Or shall we not say rather, that the principal feeling of objection does not lie against the plan at all; that there is, in fact, another sort of objection that goes deeper than any that has yet been mentioned; and that is, *a deep distrust of human nature*. Nay, and there is a still deeper distrust of those vast and unwieldy masses of human nature, so to speak, called nations. There is a feeling which does not come at human nature in this shape; which does not dissect these masses, and separate them into the individuals that compose them; which does not find the element of individual responsibility in them—a feeling, in fine, as if nations could not be controlled by any ordinary laws or principles. There is a feeling as if their rulers, like corporations, had no souls; as if they were official automata, not subject, nor required to be subject, to any moral principle: as if they were expected only to act on nations, as the magicians of an eastern tale are supposed to act on a world of matter, and that the masses on which they act are, in like mysterious and unresisting manner, to roll at their bidding. This blinding delusion, this mist before the eyes of nations, is passing away; and the time

must come, when this fatal distinction between official and personal conscience, between public and private morality, will be utterly discarded from the moral code; when it will be settled that nations ought, as far as they are able, to do for the common welfare what individuals ought to do; and that rulers ought to act as conscientiously, to say the least, as private persons.

What *are* these bodies of men, composed of rulers and subjects—what are nations? Let the interpreter of Natural Law answer. “States, or bodies politic,” says he, “are to be considered as moral persons, having a public will, capable and free to do right and wrong, inasmuch as they are collections of individuals, each of whom carries with him into the service of the community, the same binding law of morality and religion, which ought to control his conduct in private life.” Ah! fair and fine sounding distinction! beautiful morality of the statute-book of nations!—says the scorner. But for our own part, we would repeat his exclamation in good earnest, and say, this beautiful morality only is wanting in practice, to make every feasible project for the peace and improvement of the world, as welcome and easy, as it is now difficult and doubtful. For what is it, that, after all fair and formal objections are answered, still hangs around the mind like an indefinable mist of uncertainty? What is it, that prevents the argument from being clear, and the conclusion certain, and the way open to glorious results? What is it, that checks every aspiration and chills every hope of philanthropy? It is this. It is the fear that nations will not recognize their interests and duties, as individuals do. It is the fear, that rulers cannot be brought to act for the people, as they would act for their own families or for themselves. It is the fear, that although it may be easy to form a court of nations, it may be impossible to create a conscience of nations.

But in the spirit of that religion which Christendom professes, in the spirit of that great law of nations which knows no exemption from its bond, in the spirit of those sublime law-givers who have spoken in the court of the assembled world, let it be said to all people, to all rulers, *you are bound*. Religion, morality, conscience, bind *you*, as truly as the humblest votary that ever kneeled at their altars. No exaltation can raise you

above this solemn judgment; no amount of numbers, no multitude can break the supreme obligation. What you can do to help the cause of feeble and suffering humanity, struggling with its earthly load, you are bound, as men, as Christians, as citizens, as rulers, to do. As you shall give answer at the judgment bar of God, you are bound. The dread inquisition of heaven must find responsibility somewhere; and to whomsoever among men—to whomsoever is owing that effusion of human blood that has dyed every shore, those tears that have flowed freely and bitterly in every land, those woes unpitied that have wrung the hearts of millions—they shall answer it to the beneficent God, and to outraged nature. It is not a humble and unknown individual that says this; it is universal reason, it is eternal truth; it is the all judging Deity. The great heavens look down upon us with pity! that seeth the world passing away, the high and mighty and the mean, passing to one common bourne; that seeth the eye that gazes on splendor and empire fast fading into darkness; that seeth the cloud of destiny, surer than that of the pestilence, sweeping away the whole living generation; and yet that beholdeth our hands armed and fighting for transitory power, our garments rolled in self-avenging blood, and the children of ten thousand plundered and bereaved dwellings sitting in sackcloth! When some happier age shall look back on this, it will look upon it with pity and wonder. When some higher state of civilization shall arise, it will class this as among the dark ages. When the record of its history shall be written, it will be written within and

without, with mourning, and lamentation and woe.

Might it also in the mercy of heaven, but carry down the record of *one effort*, one great, and honest, and strenuous effort, to turn back the overwhelming tide of these calamities! By that pity of heaven, which we have dared invoke, and by all the ties and pleadings of human pity, do we implore the wise, the great, and the powerful to give heed to our appeal. "O men! if ye be men!"—spare the world these inhuman butcheries; spare the strength and beauty of manhood from being cut down in these disastrous battles; spare the eye of helpless innocence and shrinking infancy from ever again gazing, horror-stricken, upon the bloody hand and the sword dyed with carnage; save mankind, already enough oppressed and borne down with the ills of life, this ruthless infliction, this unmitigated woe, this cup of trembling and of wrath without mixture. By all that is dear to man in human welfare, do we again implore the rulers of nations, and the intellectual guides of the world! by all that is precious in human happiness, by the long ages of sorrow, by every holy altar of religion, by the spirit and the blood of the Prince of Peace, poured out to heal the bleeding wounds of sinful and suffering humanity, by the coming hour of final audit before the throne of God, do we implore all men, and those chiefly who sit in places of influence and power, to stay this desolating plague, to save unborn millions from this unspeakable curse, to save the coming annals of the world, from being, like its past history, steeped in blood! D.

## ENGLISH UNIVERSITY LIFE.

### NO. I.—THE BOAT RACE.\*

"Row, brothers, row!"—*Lady of the Lake*.  
 "Go it, ye cripples!"—*Hock-Walk*.

"DEAR BENSON:—To-day the first race of the season comes off. Be at my room not later than two, and I will show you the way.  
 D. I. H."

Such were the contents of a curiously twisted note which I found upon my breakfast table one morning on returning from lectures. The writer was a bache-

\* This article was originally prepared for a College Magazine some years ago. As it then contained several mistakes in statistics and facts it was judged best to re-write it.

lor fellow of Trinity, who knew more about America and Americans, than any other Cantab then resident. Poor fellow! He had rather too much intercourse with us for his own profit; when the U. S. Bank blew up, "*Dunny H.*," was in for some £1000, or it may have been more; he never would own how much.

But I am digressing. There was not much time to lose, for it wanted but a quarter of two, and "*Dunny*" was a punctual man. So, arming myself with an umbrella, (it has a habit of raining *at least* once a day in England,) I sallied forth to witness for the first time, that exciting spectacle, a University boat-race.

There is one great point where the English have the advantage over us: they understand how to take care of their health. Not that the Cantabs are either "*tee-totallers*" or "*Grahamites*." There is indeed a tradition that a "*total-abstinence*" society was once established in Cambridge, and that in three years it increased to two members; whether it be still in existence, however, I have not been able to learn. But every Cantab takes his two hours exercise *per diem*, by walking, riding, rowing, fencing, gymnastics, &c. How many colleges are there here where the students average one hour a day real exercise? Our Columbia boys roll ten-pins and play billiards, which is better than nothing, but very inferior to out-door amusements: in New England (at least it was so ten years ago at Yale,) the last thing thought of is exercise—even the mild walks which are dignified with the name of exercise there — how unlike the Cantab's constitutional of eight miles in less than two hours! If there is a fifteen days' prayer-meeting, or a thousand-and-first new debating society, or a lecture on some *specialité*, which may be of use to half-a-dozen out of the hundred or two who attend it, over goes the exercise at once. And the consequence is — what? There is not a finer looking set of young men in the world than the Cantabs, and as to their health — why, one hundred and thirty freshmen enter at Trinity every year, and it is no unfrequent occurrence that, whatever loss they sustain from other causes (accidents will happen

in the best regulated colleges,) death takes away none of them during the three years and a half which comprise their undergraduate course. Whose memory can match this at Yale? If our youngsters exercised their legs and arms just four times as much as they do, and their tongues ten times as little, it would be the better for them every way. But I am not now reading a lecture on dialects, so let us come back to the shores of the Cam.

Classic Camus being a very narrow stream, scarcely wider than a canal, it is impossible for the boats to race side by side. The following expedient has therefore been adopted: the boats are drawn up in a line, two lengths between each, and the contest consists in each boat endeavoring to touch with its bow the stern of the one before it, which operation is called *bumping*; and at the next race the *bumper* takes the place of the *bumped*. The distance rowed is about one mile and three quarters. To be "*head of the river*" is a distinction much coveted and hard fought for. Each college has at least one boat club; in Trinity there are three, with three or four crews in each. About nine races take place in the season; they are of great use in preparing the men for the annual match with Oxford, in which the Cantabs are generally victorious.\* Indeed, they are the best smooth-water oars in England, if not in the world.

The Caius† boat at this time was head of the river, the First Trinity second, the Third Trinity the third. Some hard pulling was expected among the leading boats. The Third Trinity were confident of bumping the first.

While you have been reading the above, you may suppose K — and myself viewing the scene of action, distant about two miles from the town. The time of starting is at hand, and gownsmen (*not* in their gowns,) are hurrying by us on all sides, some mounted but the greater part on foot; some following the beaten track, others taking a shorter cut over fields and fences. Here comes a sporting character, riding his own "*hanimal*." See with what a knowing look man and horse approach the fence. Hip! he is over and six inches to spare. Ab! here

\* But once the Oxonians beat our eight oars with *seven*, which is rightly judged equal to half a dozen ordinary defeats.

† Familiarly pronounced *Keys*. There is an old joke about a man named Bunch having belonged to this College, and being called accordingly, "*Bunch of Keys*."

is another, who, though not very well mounted, must needs show his dexterity at the same place. Not quite, stranger! The horse has his fore feet clean over, but it by no means follows that he will do the same with the hind ones. Crack! he has hit the top bar and carried it off several yards. Not so bad after all. He might not do it again so neatly.

Bang! there goes the first gun! In three minutes there will be another, in two more a third, and then for it! What are those men laughing at? Ah! I see; no wonder. An ambitious character on a sorry hack has driven his rosinante at a ditch. No you don't, mister! The horse, wiser than his rider, refuses the leap with a sagacious shake of the head. He is hauled back for a fresh start, and the whip applied abundantly. Same result as before. The tittering of the passers-by reaches our hero's ears; he waves wrathful and discharges on the reluctant steed a perfect hurricane of blows.

Spla-ash! with the utmost composure imaginable the old horse has stepped into the ditch, say three feet deep, casting his rider headlong by the abrupt descent. Serves you right, my friend. We can't stop to see what becomes of you, for there goes the second gun and we must make haste to secure a good place. Well, here we are, at the upper end of "the Long Reach." We can just see the head of the first boat below yonder corner. As the hardest pulling always begins here we shall have a good view of it. Ha! do you see that pull? The eight stalwart Caius men bent to their oars the moment the last gun flashed and its report reaches our ears as they are stooping to the second stroke. Here they come at a rapid rate and with them the whole *cortège* of horse and foot running along the bank and cheering the boats. Take care of yourselves! A young colt, frightened by the uproar, is exhibiting some very decided capers, to the manifest discomposure of those around him, and finishes by jumping into the river, fortunately not near enough to the boats to disturb them. His rider maintains his seat throughout and they emerge somewhat wet but otherwise apparently uninjured. And whether they were or not, no one cared, for the leading boats were now rounding the upper corner of the Reach. On they come at a good rate, the Caius men taking it quite easy, and pulling leisurely, as much as

to say, "what's the use of hurrying ourselves for *them*?" Indeed the First Trinity had lost half a length, and were therefore in some danger themselves.

Caius passed me, for I was far from a good runner, so did the two Trinity boats and "Maudlin," (Magdalen,) when suddenly there uprose a mighty shout, "Trinity! Trinity! Go it Trinity!" and there was First Trinity shooting forward with a magical impulse, away, away, from the threatening Third Trinity and up, up, up to the head boat. The poor Caius crew looked like men in a nightmare: they pulled without making any headway, while the others kept fast overhauling them at every stroke. The partisans of the respective boats filled the air with their shouts. "Now Keys!" "Now Trinity!" "Why don't you pull, Keys?" "Now you have 'em, Trinity!" "Keys!" "Trinity! Trinity!" "Now's your chance, Keys!" "Save yourself, Keys!" And it did really appear as if the Caius men would save themselves, for with a sudden, mighty effort, they made a great addition to their boat's velocity in a very short time. I began to fear they had been "playing 'possum" all the while, and could walk away from us after all.

The uproar and confusion of the scene were now at their height. Men and horses ran promiscuously along the bank, occasionally interfering with each other. A dozen persons might have been trampled under foot or sent into the Cam, and no one would have stopped to render them assistance. The cockswain of the Caius boat looked the very personification of excitement; he bent over at every pull till his nose almost touched the stroke's arm, cheering his men meantime at the top of his voice. The shouts rose louder and louder. "Pull Trinity!" "Pull Keys!" "Go it, Trinity!" "Keep on, Keys!" "Pull stroke!" "Now, No. 3!" "Lay out, Greenwell!" (for the friends of the different rowers began to appeal to them individually. "That's it, Trinity!" "Where are you, Keys?" "Hurrah, Trinity! inity! inity!!" and the outcries of the Trinitarians waxed more and more boisterous and triumphant, as our men, with their long slashing strokes, urged their boat closer and closer upon the enemy.

Not more than half a foot now intervened between the bow of the pursuer and the stern of the pursued, still the Caius crew pulled with all their might. They



were determined to die game at least, or perhaps they still entertained some hope of making their escape. Boats have occasionally run a mile almost touching. But there is no more chance for them. One tremendous pull from the First Trinity and half that distance has disappeared. They all but touch. Another such stroke and you are aboard of them. Hurrah! a bump! a bump!

Not so! The Caius' steersman is on the look out, and with a skillful inclination of the rudder he has made his boat fall off — just the least bit in the world — but enough to prevent their contact. The First Trinity overlapped but did not touch.

Exulting shouts from the shore hailed the success of the dexterous evasion. Enraged at being thus baffled, the pursuers threw all their strength into a couple of strokes. The Caius men, knowing that this was their last chance, were doing their best to get away, but the

other boat was upon them in a moment. Again the skill of the cockswain was brought into play, and again the pursuing boat overlapped without touching. But it was now clear that they were only delaying their fate, not averting it, for the Trinity men going four feet for their three, were running them into the further bank in a way that left no room for change of course. "Hurrah for Trinity!" shouted I, in the fullness of my exultation, and at that moment a horse walked against me and nearly threw me off the bank.

When I regained my feet, it was all over. Both boats had hauled off on one side, and ours had hoisted her flag. Trinity was head of the river once more, and great was the joy of her inmates.

Alas for human expectations! When the season ended Caius was first and the First Trinity — No. 4.

CARL BENSON.

## MUSINGS IN MOONLIGHT.

LADY, a wild and wizard power pervades  
 An evening scene. The moon is a magician,  
 And o'er the earth, at the dusk hour of shades,  
 She spreads, with her white wand, a robe Elysian.  
 She decks the tapering spire with silver sheen,  
 She hangs the sleeping tree with leaves of pearl;  
 O'er ocean, as each wave its crested curl  
 Uplifts in homage to his peerless queen,  
 She smileth, proudly beautiful. I ween  
 She hath besides a power o'er mortal hearts:  
 Beneath the alchemy of her pure beams,  
 Each darker thought, averse to love, departs:  
 Passive, we yield to the sweet spell, and gleams  
 Of heavenly joy on earth, glide by like blessed dreams.

HUGH BRIDGESSON.

1839.

## ITALY IN 1846.

BY G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI.

TRAVELLERS who pass through Italy with their monarchic and religious prejudices about them, are apt to see only her defects and her miseries; but a more philanthropic spirit, such as might lead to a sincere inquiry into the real condition of that country, the causes of its decline and those which are now operating for its good, would perhaps have taught them a strain of condemnation not so abusive, as well as a less pitiful tone of lamentation over its fallen greatness. Men, in Italy, have not ceased to be men; nor is the country itself to be forever a butt for esthetic sentimentalism.

The Italians were not originally a nation of one blood, or one language, and could not therefore be required, in the nature of things, to fall easily into a single republic; nations originally unlike and unsympathising, require a despotism to unite and harmonize them; for there is no example in history of a free republic composed of nations wholly different in language and in origin. In the gradual effect of time, the nations of Italy have acquired a common speech and a common sympathy; that sympathy has itself grown out of the accumulated evils and sufferings of ten centuries of disunion. Those divisions and dissensions on which the papal abuses have rested from the first, like Chaos, where

"He umpire sits,  
And by decision more embroils the fray,  
By which he reigns,"

have been slowly but effectually stifled by the pressure of universal despotism, and the whole nation fused and moulded into unity. But by this process the spirit of a just liberty, instead of perishing, has gathered a more effective strength.

This gradual strengthening and swelling of the national spirit in Italy, has not gone on unperceived by the united despots of Europe, and their aim has been and yet is to keep the country in a broken condition.

There is a tacit and necessary understanding between the governments of

France, of Russia, and of Austria, that no nation of Europe shall detach itself from the general system, or set up a government opposed in spirit to their own. England herself has her part in this alliance, which, be it open or tacit, is most evidently natural. The question is not whether the despotic system will graciously confer liberty, or whether the nations are able, by force of threat or otherwise, to extort it from them, but whether, indeed, the constitutionalists are ready and able to shake off the terror of their rulers, and in despite of slavery and superstition, to set up a liberal government.

Neither Austria nor Russia, nor any other European powers, have respected the famous project of non-intervention; which, indeed, would be equivalent to respecting the rights of all nations against their more powerful neighbors; since it is found, on trial, that neither oaths nor agreements can hinder the meddlesome prime ministers and officious Jesuits from their work. Louis Philippe is charged with having incited the Italians to revolt, and then suffering, or even encouraging, Austria to imprison and persecute them, and this too in contradiction of his oath to the charter of 1830.

Even England has repeatedly become a tool in the hands of the combination of despots, and the petty princes of Italy who hold their plans under that combination. The letters of Italian exiles have been stopped and read by the government officers in England,\* that the projects of their friends in Italy might be made known to the princes.

With England, France, Austria and Russia against her, it is easy to understand why Italy is not a republic—why she has not liberty. These monarchies uphold her princes under the old system, for the same reason that they uphold each other: not through any malice against Italy, but for the reason that the princes of Italy are members of the European family of princes, and the freedom of Italy a part of the freedom of all Eu-

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\* Letter to Sir James Graham, by Joseph Mazzini. London, 1845.

rope, against which, as a body, and for the best of reasons, the kings and prime ministers have set their faces.

The Italians might be the bravest and proudest people under heaven, and with such a league against them of half the power and all the wealth of Europe, what could they do?—What could the American colonies have done?

“*Servi siam sì, ma servi ognor frementi.*” *We are slaves, but forever chafing under our bonds.\** The Italians, so far from lacking courage, are a fierce and brave people; it is not courage they need, but organization and freedom;—give them these, and the world should see them take their place among the nations.

In the wars of Napoleon, in Germany and Russia, wherever the cry of victory was heard, Italians had been foremost; the conqueror wrote, that the old Roman courage had revived again in Italy. He said the Italians were good soldiers, and could not be beaten.

In the late Spanish war, Italians fought nobly for the emperor; their bones lie scattered thickly over the Peninsula. Everywhere they have shown themselves faithful and fearless, when commanded by a brave leader in a noble cause.

Italy is, without doubt, the Volcan of revolution and political conspiracy. Her tyrants are powerful and merciless, and have religion and the church on their side. In Italy, more than in any nation, the desire and necessity of reform and of liberty is felt, and a change imperiously demanded. In 1815 she became the prey of several foreign governments, who were compelled, as a defence against the torrent of popular indignation and the spirit of liberty, to resort to tortures and imprisonments, and exile; holding twenty-three millions of people in an odious bondage. From that period until the present time, the Italians, who got their first taste of liberty and good government under Napoleon and his marshals, have shown by their restlessness that they cannot submit to a government without law—that there cannot be concord between Austrian despots, and the free children of Ausonia.

The spirit of freedom, which now animates all the people of Italy, began first to show itself in 1790, when Republicanism passed from America to France, and from France over all Europe.

Hitherto liberty had been a name, and nothing more, in her so called Republics, where riches, insolence and corruption maintained as powerful a sway over the multitude, as force did in the open despotisms. The Italian Princes were the protégés of the northern powers. The princes of the ancient house of Piedmont thought only of enlarging their own territories; the consolidation of the Italian states did not enter into their thoughts.

The Court of Rome, holding an absolute sway over all the religious bodies, indulged in luxury and sloth, laying the whole peninsula under tribute, to maintain her carnival riots, her masses, and her shows. She filled the dignities of the church without advice of kings or people. Her debts had accumulated from the time of Leo X. and the Reformation, (for be it known, that among other blessings which the Papacy has conferred upon mankind, the pledging of taxes, and the creation of a national debt party, governed by their interest in the funds, is not the least of her priestly inventions†.) To increase and extend an evil that had already become incurable from its enormity, she laid the lesser principalities of Italy under contribution. Add to this a grinding aristocracy, wasting the lands of Campania, and from a fertile garden, turning the whole into a vast common for their herds of cattle;—a multitudinous crowd of priests and unproductive friars, living from hand to mouth on the superstitions of the people; a legion of beggars and pauper artists hanging upon the rich; and what could Rome do for the consolidation of Italy, or the liberties of her people? The pretended “Reformation” of Catholicism of the 16th century had but strengthened the tyrants and the priests, and depressed the multitude.‡ Letters, sciences and arts retrograded; public instruction was in the hands of the priests, who had violently destroyed or driven out of Italy, in this their Catholic reformation, not less than thirty thousand of her men of letters.§ These ghostly philosophers preferred the Aristotelian to the Socratic philosophy, because it served as a more convenient organon for the propagation of their dogmas, than the method of Plato, which leads beyond the letter to its heart. To the ancient logic they added the ancient astronomy

\* Alfieri.  
‡ Editor.

† Consult Ranke's History of the Popes.—Ed.  
§ Ranke

which taught that the earth stood fixed in the centre of her system; as they would have us think their outward observances, the earthy part of religion, to be the centre about which our great Sun of Faith must revolve. In the same spirit they taught the mortification of the body, as they denied its political freedom, and for the works of faith, which are the duties of a just man's proper life, they substituted works of superstition, penances, ceremonies and the mumbling of Latin prayers; sanctifying their beaten formulas by the addition of almsgiving for the diminution of future punishments, and outward morality for the sake of a heavenly reward; as though God's grace might, perchance, be measured by a price, and bought in a bargain.

Such was Italy about the middle of the eighteenth century. This chaos of tyranny, abuses and ignorance, could not certainly accord with the progress of knowledge. But in the general diffusion of liberal opinion throughout all Europe, in the times previous to the Revolution, Italy did not fail to receive her share of the common benefit. The writings of Voltaire began to shake the faith of the people in their priests. Liberal ideas began to be formed in the minds of all classes. Philosophers and lovers of their country reminded the Italians of their ancient greatness, and called upon them to build for themselves a future of not inferior grandeur. Everywhere there seemed to be a feeling and anticipation of the revolution. The extreme parts of Italy conversed with and understood each other, on the question of national unity, and on all sides there began to be a movement of union and combination. The secret societies extended their lines of fellowship along the peninsula; writings were circulated, ideas extended, and the missionaries of liberty added thousands of proselytes to their cause.

Toward the end of this period, there appeared in Italy two men who stood forth as stars in a nebulous firmament;—

these were, the Marquis Cesare Beccaria, and the Chevalier Gaetano Filangieri; statesmen and jurists, whose writings in the cause of law and of humanity, were felt not only by their countrymen but by all other parts of Europe.

The work of Beccaria\* on Crimes and their Punishment, and that of Filangieri† on the Science of Legislation, furnished ideas and principles for codes and systems of polity. It is from this period that the spirit of reform and liberty began to extend and gather strength in Italy.

Pierre Leopold, Duke of Tuscany, led the way by reforming the laws and judiciary of his own states. He reduced them to an uniform system, abolishing provincial and customary abuses. He discontinued the inquisition, disused the torture, and abolished confiscations and the punishment of death. He did away with many common abuses, and lightened the burden of taxation. He committed instruction to the care of lay teachers, and it was not long before the arts, literature, and industry began to grow and to thrive in his dominions. He designed also to reform the Church, and was encouraged in his project by the Bishop Scipio Ricci, the Italian reformer of his century, even against the wishes of the Pope and the influence of the religious houses.

He abolished the censorship of books, and the tribunal of the Holy Office. He would not allow the ordinances of the Pope to be published or executed without permission from the government. In Tuscany the Pope was no longer in effect the supreme head of the Church.

Naples followed the example of Tuscany. This kingdom had been a seat of mere anarchy, not only in regard to the execution of laws, but through clerical and aristocratic abuses.

Tanucci, the prime minister, began the reform by attempting to make his government independent of Rome, refusing to pay the feudal tribute which that power had heretofore exacted.‡

His next successful endeavor was to

\* Cesare Bonesana Beccaria, (Marquis Beccaria,) born at Milan, 1735, died Nov. 1793. His work, "*Dei Delitti e Delle Pene*," on Crimes and their Punishment, opposes capital punishment and torture, and suggests the defence of society and the reformation of the criminal, as the sole ends of punishment. He contends against the law of retaliation, and the opinion that the arm of the law is the direct executive of Divine vengeance. He is quoted by the jurists—even by Blackstone.

† Filangieri Gaetano, born at Naples, 1752, died there in 1788, aged 36. At the age of 20, he had already planned two works, one on public and private education, and one on the education of princes, to be founded on nature and the constitution of society. He took up the practice of the law, and wrote "*La Scienza della Legislazione*," the Science of Legislation—in seven books, which examines and explains the fundamental principles of government in general. The work met with very great success. He wrote other important treatises of a philosophical character.

‡ The tribute of the white horse—a relic of feudal, perhaps of heathen antiquity.

extend the benefits of the reform to the dukedoms of Parma and Piacenza, under the administration of the minister Dutillet. The order of Jesuits was suppressed in those cities. It was soon after made a law, both in these dukedoms and in Tuscany, that no person should execute a papal order, or leave a legacy or property to the church.

The example was followed by Lombardy, Modena, and a part of Piedmont.

The Church, meanwhile, held fast to its principle, and conceded nothing to the reformers. It even trifled so far as to throw out vain and ridiculous threats of excommunication; but having lost its old foothold in the affection of the multitude, was compelled at last to submit, and follow the example of reform.

Such was the condition and such were the hopes of Italy at the breaking out of the French Revolution. Her people at once embraced the doctrines of Republicanism, and struggled to be foremost in the strife for freedom. But they could not instantly take their place in the rank of independent nations; they had to contend with internal causes of disunion more difficult to be met than all their enemies from abroad. The idea of union had not yet thoroughly worked itself into their minds. Popular and sectional jealousies, which had been politically cherished by the princes, prevented the desired consummation.

In this state of affairs the old government, that continued to be despotic, taking alarm at the rapid progress of Republicanism, began to threaten, to persecute, and to suppress its demonstration. Still more severe were they against the secret societies which propagated liberal opinions.

By a change of the ministry in Naples, the reformer Tanucci, and Carlo di Marco were ousted from the government, and a vigorous police was instituted over the movements of the people, breaking their combinations by the effects of fear and mutual suspicion. It is not probable that any nation of Europe has offered more victims to the cruelty of despotism, than did Naples during the sixty years of the Bourbon tyranny. It is computed that more than a hundred thousand persons perished in various ways in the political persecutions of this period.

When the French army crossed the Alps, many of the cities of Italy received them with too evident a pleasure. They had suffered under their tyrants, and were

therefore ready and eager to join with republicans; wishing with the aid of these bold allies to free their friends and neighbors from their old burden of tyranny, and if possible utterly to expel the Austrian from their peninsula.

It was a very common opinion and assertion at that period, that the States of Italy were not ripe for free institutions; that the people, left to themselves, would adopt ultra democratic forms; in fine, that they would fall into anarchy, being quite incapable of self-government. Such representations are easier to advance than to disprove. That they did not succeed in their first efforts at self-government—that the elements of confusion, ignorance and poverty, do exist in a great degree in the cities of Italy, no one can deny; but to oppose the arguments of tyrants by insisting that the people they oppress are fit for self-government, is like endeavoring to dissuade a robber from spoiling a defenceless traveller, with the plea that he is of age and fit to have his own property. A government of terror and persecution laughs at opinion; it is only by the fear of the people, that liberty can be attained and preserved. Those tumults, says Machiavelli, of the Roman populace, which historians describe as dangerous to the state, were, on the contrary, the only means of its salvation; they intimidated the aristocracy, and checked their usurpations.

Now, if the people of Italy have shown a vehement and tumultuary spirit at the first prospect of liberty, are we therefore to conclude them unfit for its enjoyment? The endurance of a long and bitter slavery, may well breed in men a fierce and vindictive joy, at the first snapping of their chains, making itself manifest in shouts of defiance and threatenings of revenge. But in the choice of evils, between the violent cruelty of a despotism, spiriting away, torturing, imprisoning in remote dungeons, exiling, suppressing, silencing, and in every conceivable method overwhelming a nation; and those transitory violences of a popular tumult, the mistaken outpourings of a just and long-cherished wrath—what wise man will hesitate a moment? The most temperate people are guilty of excesses upon every sudden accession of freedom, as men are lavish of suddenly-acquired wealth. The principal cause of the enormities committed by a people struggling to throw off their tyrants, lies in the example of those tyrants.

No sooner were the first violences



over, and the republican government established on the French model, than the jealousies of the separate States began to be forgotten. Each town sent its deputies to Milan, the seat of government. The names of Lombard, Romagnol, Genoese, Piedmontese, were forgotten; all were Italians, neighbors, friends; met for the common good, speaking the same language, citizens of the same land. Italy arose free and strong. There were no more monks or Jesuits; the Pope's triple tiara was returned to its casket. Many citizens of those States which had not yet recovered their liberty, became voluntary exiles, for the satisfaction of breathing a free air. Secluded scholars quitted their solitudes and repaired to Milan, as to the great sanctuary of letters, and here for the first time new names became at once celebrated. Thither came Parini, Ugo Foscolo, Monti, Rasori, Gioja, Beccalossi, Romagnosi, and other sages and savans since famous in the world—born into reputation and usefulness with the new birth of freedom.

Who would have thought, while Italy groaned under the yoke, and science and letters were supposed to have left her forever, that she concealed in her bosom so many, learned, wise, and powerful by the gifts of nature?

Tourists passing through Italy, see but little of her intellectual wealth. The censorship of the press, and the jealousy of the police prevents the exhibition of talent or of original minds. Those who speak slightly of her sons, forget how many worthy successors of her poets and philosophers are destroyed, suppressed, or exiled by the tyrant: nay, how many able Italians are at this instant living, solitary and forgotten, in every part of the world: for it is the policy of weak-minded despots to drive away, and if possible destroy, those spirits who are most valued and cherished by liberal rulers.

Where there is liberty there is progress, with the spirit of industry, and combination for private and public gain; but under a despotism, there can be no other conditions but only suspicion, fear, disunion, and sluggish ignorance.

Let the defenders of Popery and despotism, compare the free nations with the enslaved, and conclude impartially: England with Austria—make the comparison, and consider it patiently—France with Spain; Belgium with Portugal;

Switzerland Protestant with Switzerland Catholic; *Austrian* Italy as it now is, with Italy republican at the time of the Revolution. After this comparison, the considerate politician will easily see the causes of the present misery and depression of the Italian States.

Under the French domination, they were treated with suspicion and indignity. Unpardonable error of the Italians, to have always depended upon the arms and promises of foreigners!\* The French descended into Italy as conquerors and not as allies: the Napoleonic was substituted for the republican government, and the country treated as a vanquished province, the people themselves, as in other instances, becoming answerable for the personal quarrels of their rulers. Then began that system of pillage which more than all other transactions fixed the stain of dishonesty and tyranny on the government of Napoleon. The pillage of towns, palaces, and churches, for the sake of enriching the picture galleries of Paris; the removal of the chief ornaments of Italy, the great works of painters and statuaries, for the amusement of the loungers and copyists of Paris; which was to be converted into a receptacle of all that was most admirable in Europe, and Europe itself to be parcelled out into provinces, under its Robber Emperor.

In the general crash of republics under this rolling weight of despotism, Venice,

Queen of cities,  
Goddess of ocean,

disappeared utterly from the rank of States.

“She shall be bought  
And sold, and be an appanage to those  
Who shall despise her.”

No longer a republic, she fell under the sway of her odious aristocracy, who, like so many little demi-gods, ruled her divided multitude and crushed them into submission. The government of the Ten, and of the Forty, triumphed, and the mob of her citizens had the appearance of a crowd of timorous slaves: for when the calamity is common, even the bravest will seem to cower and submit.

When Bonaparte divided the spoil of Europe with Austria, she bargained for and bought the city which she could

\* A result of disunion—the nation never knew its strength, because it never was united.—Ed.

never conquer, giving as the price of it her power over Netherlands, Milan, and Mantua.

In the Cisalpine Republic which was then formed, the Venetian territory was divided, and the city fell to Austria. "When will the world cease to expect justice from kings? *Self* is their law—*force* their argument."

This great wrong, the first of the series, of which the recent assumption of the Republic of Cracow by Austria is the last in order, and not the least, remains a stigma on the memory of Napoleon; but to call it a disgrace to Austria, would be to call a single robbery a disgrace to a hoary robber.

After the crowning of Napoleon, the Italians, like the Poles, engaged freely in the wars of the Emperor, with the hope and promise of a liberal government or the establishment of a general peace. While the empire lasted, they suffered a severe censorship, and labored under many restrictions, imposed by the vigilance of the emperor. That there was not a true and perfect liberty in Italy, appeared by the exiling of writers who, in their works, neglected to compliment and approve the emperor. For his tragedy of *Ajax*, Ugo Foscolo was driven from Milan: and he afterwards died in exile and poverty, being of too proud and stern a temper for the time he lived in. There was something in him of the antique Roman virtue: he even refused the decorations and honors of the sovereign, caring only for the honor and liberty of his country.

Notwithstanding these particular instances of tyranny, Italy might be called happy under the Emperor, by comparison of what she suffered under previous and succeeding tyrants. The citizens were protected by a code which made them all equal before the law. Feudalism, abuses, and privileges, were abolished; any person, by ability or courage, might attain the highest offices of the State. Everywhere the arts and sciences, industry and public education, were sustained, and prospered. The tribunals gave impartial judgments in private causes, and crimes were suppressed or punished.

The battle of Leipsic struck a damp into the hopes of the Italian people, and reminded them what they had

to expect. The crown of Italy was offered to Eugene Beauharnais, but he dared not accept of it. Ugo Foscolo, then chief of a squadron, prepared a liberal constitution, and Beauharnais was urged to accede to it, and put himself at the head of the movement. The attempt failed through his fears; and the arrogance of the Milanese nobility put an end to all hopes of liberty. The nobles retired, stupidly confident of the promises of the Holy Alliance. Meanwhile the Austrians invaded Lombardy with a great force, under pretext of restoring peace. To put a finish to their hopes, came the defeat of Waterloo; for there is reason to believe that had Napoleon gained that field, the Italians would have recovered at least the degree of freedom which they enjoyed under him.

The victory completed, European diplomacy, the familiar of Despotism, began to busy itself with its dear princes, to crush out the last sparks of liberty in every corner of the old world. At the Congress of Vienna, nations were portioned out and bargained for like flocks of sheep, without so much as a thought of consulting their wishes or their interests.

With a solemn hypocrisy, as weak and ridiculous in its aspect as it was fatal in its results, the monarchs undertook to "give unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," binding themselves by a personal bond "to govern according to the laws of Justice and Charity;" in the exercise of which justice they began by enslaving millions of freemen; and for charity, took from all Europe the freedom of speech, and all real political rights.\* By the dispositions of this Congress, the world was let into the true spirit and intentions of its rulers;—through a profound sympathy with despotism they gave up Greece to the Turkish Sultan; rather than suffer a spirit of rebellion in a people, they would sacrifice that people to a Mohammedan despot. Poland, always a spirited, and once a free nation, was divided—quartered between the powers. Italy was consigned to the tender care of Austria; the world beheld itself in a relapse—it fell back into the old condition.

This monstrous Congress having fin-

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\* The Holy Alliance had taken a lesson from the Corsican, to regard that as their own, which they could seize upon with impunity.—Ed.

ished its consultations, the royal members of it took an oath to support each other in its decrees; they swore to maintain peace and monarchy throughout the world, as the French Republicans had once sworn to establish everywhere the principles of liberty and equality. Some years elapsed after the birth of this coalition against the liberties of the souls and bodies of all mankind, when it became necessary to consolidate it with the blood of Greeks, of Poles, of Italians, and of Spaniards, perishing by thousands on their native soil, in the cause of liberty and right.

The counsels of the Congress at Vienna revealed their destiny to the Italian cities. Thenceforth they were to be slaves of Austrian and other despots foisted upon them by the cold decree of their masters. The imperial forces had entered Milan some months before, under pretence of keeping guard over property against the "Jacobins," as they styled the Republicans; but really as a preparatory step toward the subjugation of the whole peninsula.

In 1817, the Teutonic government began to close the doors of the universities which were nurseries of liberal opinion. Every art of corrupting influence was exerted to debauch the minds of persons of influence, and to draw them with offers of wealth and office from their allegiance to their country. When all efforts of the kind proved unavailing, threats were resorted to, or the refractory liberals were driven into exile.

Soon a new plan of education for the Italian Universities was got up in Vienna, and the lecture rooms were thrown open again to be occupied by venal professors, sworn to act as spies upon their pupils and companions, or upon such writers as favored free opinions, to the disadvantage of Austria. Italian literature was neglected, and the German language made a principal branch of education. The history of the Austrian emperors was to be especially taught, for the purpose of impressing the youth of Italy with an awe and love for that most part dull and stupid line of despots. Nay, he would educate his Italian slaves into Austrian subjects, a metamorphosis as like to happen as that dogs by educa-

tion should be turned to wolves. As were the Turks to Greece, so were the Austrians to Italy, ferocious masters, illiberal and stupid teachers.

The miserable fate of Milan and its territory, is but a copy of what was suffered by the other states of Italy. These were committed to the mercy of their treacherous princes, who had formerly pledged themselves to the freedom of their people, but now gladly became the subordinates of Austria, and resting upon her strength committed every species of invasion upon private liberty. Piedmont, ruled by a sovereign fitter to be head of a convent than master of a nation, consented to the old laws of his kingdom, which restored their privileges to the insolent aristocracy, and ejected the ministry of the revolution. Quickly the whole of Piedmont was overrun with gens d'armes, Jesuits, and monks, the miserable king believing, or seeming to believe, that by this inundation of antique wickedness he conferred a new blessing and happiness upon his people.

Ferdinand VI. assuming the title of Ferdinand I. of the Two Sicilies, began his career (1816,) after the execution of Joachim Murat, with an extravagant and sanguinary persecution of the Liberals. He favored the Calderari,\* protected them, and assisted by the fierce and unprincipled prince Canosa, persecuted all who fell under suspicion of entertaining liberal opinions.

All the republics had now disappeared, Lucca, the last and least, having been given to a Bourbon.

Rome fell again under the power of the Ecclesiastics. Pius VII. the head and the tool of the Holy Alliance, seemed inspired with an emulation of the Asiatic and heathen despotisms; assisted by his cardinals and bishops, he published a series of edicts worthier of the Russian autocrat than of the viceroy of God. The Code Napoleon gave place to the papal one, of *eighty-four thousand laws*, accumulated from the origin of the Papacy. Instead of a free constitution, the people had inflicted upon them a mysterious and terrible despotism of priests, accountable to no constituency.

The territory of the Pope was divided

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\* I. e. The Copper Smiths—a secret association, formerly a branch of the Carbonari, or secret society of Liberals, but afterward separated from and opposed to them. They became violent monarchists, and being composed of the lower orders, with whom Ferdinand was always popular, favored and executed his will against the Liberals.

into twenty provinces, six legateships, and fourteen delegations; these were subdivided into archbishoprics and bishoprics. The administration of the state was partially directed by eight cardinals, eighteen prelates, eight archbishops, and fifty-nine bishops; these ninety-three small despots governing each his portion of the 2,732,000 inhabitants of the papal territory.

The Inquisition was re-established. The Jesuits were recalled out of banishment. It was their business to convert the confessional into a religious police and espionage system.

The meanwhile the governments of all the Italian principalities, laboring to break the unity of the nation, used every means to foment the old provincial and popular jealousies; either by granting more privileges to one town than to another, or by reminding them of their old hatreds.

To favor still more the new movement, Pius VII. revived the old sect of the Santafedisti, or Holy Faith; of which the Duke of Modena, (a modern Nero,) and his Holiness, became the heads. This society had secret ramifications in all parts of Italy and even in foreign countries. De Maistre, the famous writer of the Neo-Catholic reaction of late years, Charles Felix of Piedmont, Don Miguel of Portugal, and other of the prelatical or princely order, together with commissaries of police, composed the high committee; while the lower ranks were filled with ruffians, bigots, and wretches reprieved from the gallows. The members wore a medal with the head of the Pope and of the Duke of Modena stamped upon them; and bore permissive letters from the holy congregation to sanctify their violences. They knew each other by signs, like the Masons, and enjoyed indulgences, with promise of money and booty. They took an oath on the Gospels "to sustain the *altar* and the *throne*; and to exterminate the enemies of these, *without pity for the cries of children, or of men or women!*"

Notwithstanding all the fearful preparations against them, the patriots did not lose courage, but continued to act and correspond in secret; they were even bound more closely together by the terrible pressure from without.

Soon it began to be observed among them, that they had been guilty of an oversight in not perceiving the enthusiasm of the people!

The Carbonarismo began now to be proud and terrible; the genius and power of Napoleon had kept them down; the Holy Alliance only roused them to new life.

Counting in their societies great numbers of the best men of Italy, they had the control of many governments, and could have easily overthrown them, but the time was not yet ripe; liberal principles were not sufficiently diffused and understood among the people.

The society of the Carbonari was composed of the wisest, and most truly Christian, (though not the most truly Romanist) of the enlightened orders. They wished to propagate liberal opinions on all subjects, and to that end favored and aided the distribution of the Holy Scriptures, as a means of emancipating the many, and of weakening the authority of priests and bigots. They were consequently persecuted, not only by the papal, but by other hierarchal and despotic governments. In 1817 and '18, numbers, accused as Carbonari, were condemned to death by the Cardinal Parra; but their sentence was commuted by the *clemency* of the Pope, to a twenty years' imprisonment in the Castle of San Leon—a dungeon comparable with the Spielberg of Austria.

The insurrections of 1820 and '21, were guided by Carbonari; but their want of success was owing to the ignorance of the multitude who were not sufficiently enlightened to sustain their own liberty. Since that period they have only gathered strength for a new effort.

In Naples, they compelled Ferdinand VI. to give them a constitution, but imprudently suffered him to go to the Congress of Laybach, from which he returned with an Austrian force, and abolished what he had been sworn to sustain.

In Piedmont, they confided in the treacherous Carignano, who called an army together in Lombardy to oppose the Austrians, and deserted it at the critical moment.

These defeats were owing to a want of united action among the Carbonari of the different States. Had they risen unanimously in Naples and Piedmont, those of the other states would have risen with them; they should then have declared the liberty of all Italy, and have maintained it as a nation, depending on their own strength, and not upon foreign aid. In every instance where the Italians have looked to foreigners, they have

been deceived and betrayed. Their hopes for the future must rest upon their own exertions, and not upon the promises of kings and prime ministers, with whom it is a maxim, that promises are to be made as they are to be broken, when policy directs.

After the fatal issue of these attempts of the Carbonari, the fury and malignity of the priests and oppressors vented itself in the most horrible persecutions. Hundreds of families fled into banishment; whole towns were abandoned by their inhabitants, to escape the prying and persecuting police of their tyrants. In the kingdom of the two Sicilies, multitudes were seized and executed on mere suspicion of favoring the liberals: women even, and children, were thrown into dungeons, and submitted to the torture, to extort confessions. In the Roman State, Cardinal Pacca, the handle of this devilish enginery of despotism, subjected hundreds to the *cavalletto*, an instrument constructed for the infliction of an agonizing death. (This was in 1817-'18, and in an European nation! under the most Holy Pontiff!) The dungeons overflowing, churches and convents (!) were converted into prisons for the liberals.

In Piedmont properties were confiscated, and the bodies of voluntary exiles hung in effigy, and families subjected to the odious scrutiny of the police.

In Lombardy the persecutions were secret, but severe and unrelenting. The judges condemned many to death merely for the sake of extorting confessions. All kinds of vile information was encouraged and acted on. Many were condemned to the galleys on mere accusation, after suffering years of rigid imprisonment. Men of learning and influence, the true guides and fathers of the people, were snatched away silently, and buried alive in the dungeons of the Spielberg in Austria.

Such were the woes inflicted upon Italy by Austria, the eternal and bitter enemy of liberty.

Before the revolution of Naples and Piedmont, the Carbonari of Lombardy thought it possible to regenerate Italy by science and letters. Silvio Pellico, with a view to this regeneration, published the *Conciliatore*, a periodical paper: but this was kept under censorship by the Austrians, and instead of liberal articles, was made a vehicle of monarchism. The police of Milan finally prohibited the journal. Several of its contributors were sentenced for twenty years to the Spielberg, or for life to severe imprisonment. The best men of Lombardy were spirited away to a dungeon in Moravia, to perish slowly by hunger, cold, and misery. Among these noble prisoners were Gonfalonieri, Silvio Pellico, Borsieri, Maroncelli,\* Doctor Felice Foresti, at present in New York,† and many other excellent Italian authors. Some perished in the Spielberg, others preferred exile at the conclusion of their imprisonment, to a subjection to Austria.

It was now the intention of Austria to consolidate the Italian States into a confederation of despots. Toward this end the whole peninsula was occupied with Austrian troops. Great sums of money were exacted from the princes, in support of these measures.

By a profound stroke of policy, insurrections were excited by the police against the princes, who were thus thrown into a condition of dependence, and compelled, by the requisition of their master, to use cruelty toward their own subjects.

In 1823, the Roman States gained a new sovereign, but not a new constitution. Everything remained as before. Finances were at a low ebb, and many branches of revenue fell short by twenty-five or thirty per cent. Ecclesiastics, (employés,) defrauded the government. Among these was the same Cardinal Pacca, who promised Pius VII. to reform his government. The new pope was cruel and implacable, using only violent means to obtain his ends. Under him everything fell backward. The Jesuits

\* Piero Maroncelli, a poetical and musical genius, the companion in prison of Silvio Pellico. He lost his left leg by the weight and galling of his fetters. The surgeon who amputated his leg was the barber of the prison. His remains lie in the Greenwood cemetery of Brooklyn, with neither stone nor sign on his grave to show the stranger that there rests an Italian exile! Oh, Italians! *Vox ex tumulo clamat.*

† Doctor Foresti, in his youth, enjoyed a splendid law practice, which he sacrificed to his love of liberty and honor, and after fifteen years of suffering, in *carcere duro*, preferred exile in the New World, to base promotion and baser profit at home. He is a true and worthy representative of the ancient Ghibellino, and consecrates his life to the good cause. He is President of the Italian Benevolent Society, for the relief of his countrymen in misfortune, nor could that Association have chosen a more beneficent head.



were re-established in the Roman College, with a revenue of 10,000 crowns, the library, the observatory, and the college of the nobility. The Jews were persecuted. The Latin was substituted for the Italian language in courts of justice, and commerce crushed by imposts. The Pope then directed his rage against the secret societies, persecuting with excommunication and death. The cardinals were permitted to publish cruel edicts, ruining and crushing the people. Never were the executioners so busy as under this Holy Father and Vicegerent of God.

Cardinal Rivarola being legate at Ravenna, began his mission with exciting the parties there to a civil war he raged against the *Carbonari* with unequalled persecutions. He made a distinction between the Papists and the Liberals; the one were called *Cats* and the other *Dogs*. An ordinance was proclaimed, forbidding any person to pass along the streets at night without a lighted lantern, under pain of seven years in the galleys;—the Turkish law is more humane, imposing only a few hours of detention. If a light was extinguished by accident, it was reckoned an offence; if the offender proved to be politically a *Cat*, he was discharged. In the midst of such puerile pretexts for tyranny, the people grew uneasy. Rivarola found his life in danger, and after a shot had been fired at him without effect, his rage knew no bounds.

Ten thousand piastres were offered to any person who would give information of the assassin. All the suspected liberals were arrested. In the city of Ravenna alone, eight hundred persons were led to prison, loaded with chains, to experience the ferocity of their religious and political rulers! Death-warrants were issued without a judicial process—five or six persons were hanged at once! Finally, the finishing stroke was given to this arbitrary procedure; two more persons were executed, and about six hundred condemned to the galleys. In Rome itself the citizens could not endure the papal oppression. A conspiracy was organized under the name of *Vendetta*, with a design to blow up the palace of the Vatican on the festival of Corpus Domini, when the cardinals, priests, and soldiers were assembled; but the contrivers of the plot were discovered, judged with closed doors by an ecclesiastical tribunal, and condemned to the scaffold.

In 1827 came the Congress of Ve-

rona, where the Holy Alliance was assembled, to establish the European equilibrium, as it was in 1818. The petty princes of Italy were also there, beseeching the protection of the great powers, against their own subjects. Notwithstanding every effort of the despots, Europe was secretly undermined by the popular volcano, which burst out some years after in different parts of Europe. In 1830, France overthrows at a blow the throne of the Bourbons, and breaks the yoke of the imbecile Charles X., who was ambitious only of being the first Capuchin of his kingdom. Belgium follows the examples of France; Spain and Poland revolt; Germany is in commotion; the Tory party in England is shaken; Switzerland is agitated by a popular excitement; Greece regains her independent footing, and Italy attempts a general revolution. Such was the result of the Congress of Vienna and Verona, not forgetting those of Aix la Chapelle, of Trousseau and Laybach. How much blood might have been spared by a judicious body of representatives, eager to promote the interests of nations! The French Revolution of 1830 re-established the hopes of the Italians—the principle of *non-intervention*, so solemnly proclaimed and promised by the French ministry of July—dissolved the Holy Alliance of 1815, separated Italy from Austria, reduced to nothing the patronage of Vienna, and left the princes of the peninsula to their own resources. Gregory XVI. assumed the tiara at the very moment when the revolution in the Roman States was discovered. Every eye was now fixed on Rome with anxious curiosity, to discover to what party the new pope would attach himself; whether he would join the conspiracy of potentates against the people, or endeavor to make himself independent; for while a cardinal, he was believed to be anti-Jesuit and an enemy of Austria: but as a pope, he showed himself the contrary.

It was left to 1831 to offer anew the scandal of a sacrilegious and monstrous alliance between the court of Rome and the eternal enemies of Italy, with the design of suppressing every trace of liberty and nationality, every germ of glory, and every noble and generous sentiment. It was thus that Gregory XVI. began to cultivate the respect, veneration and love of his people, and by such means did he expect to establish his power in public opinion;—his tottering

power which might in a single moment be destroyed to the very foundations.

The revolution had commenced at Bologna, February 1st, 1831. Umbria, Marca, and the Duchies of Parma and Modena, had imitated its example, and in less than four days the pontifical tyranny was destroyed, north of the Apennines. The Italians had risen against their oppressors with the intent of having the principle of *non-intervention* respected and sustained by France—that their tyrants could be protected only by their own feeble and inefficient forces—and that Austria should not violate it without danger of a war with that nation. But the Italians, like the Poles, were betrayed; the French government, which began already to neglect the principles of the revolution of July, and violated other professions under the mask of liberalism, contented itself with threatening and sending despatches, while Austria invaded Parma, Modena, and the Pontifical legations with a great force. The French minister Sebastiani, an illiberal timeserver, told the chambers that Poland was quiet, and made no more complaints; that Italy was returned to her former allegiance. It was true! The heroes of Poland lay under the ruins of Varsovia, while the patriotical Italians were already in chains, or in the grave!

The conduct of the insurgent people towards their tyrants and their followers, was moderate. They respected private property; religion was not attacked, either by writings or by acts; they indulged in no instance in any deeds of rapine or vengeance; not a drop of blood was spilt in this *popular* revolution. But how different was the conduct of the sovereigns who had lately been enemies! Massacres and actions, more worthy of heathenish tyrants, than of the kings of this century, were committed at their command. Austria was called once more to invade Italy. Maria Louisa, the unworthy widow of Napoleon, went, at Vienna, to throw herself at the feet of the executioner of her husband. The infamous Duke of Modena, expelled from his own States, had taken refuge in Mantua, taking with him the brave citizen, Ciro Menotti, in chains, whom he had destined to the scaffold, that he might bury in the tomb with his martyred body the secrets which lay between them.

Gregory XVI. implored, wept, and protested against the revolutionary gov-

ernment; sent commissioners to Austria to carry her the *holy sword* taken from the arsenal of Rome, the same which was used by Clovis and Charlemagne to convert the Saxons, Germans, Longobards and Gauls to the Roman faith! Italian blood was shed at Firenzuola, near Piacenza, and on the 15th of March, 1831, a battle was fought at Novi, where the wounded and prisoners were indiscriminately put to the sword by the soldiers of the Duke of Modena. The Austrians entered Bologna with a strong army, and the Bolognesi, betrayed by France, seeing that they had shed their blood and sacrificed victims in vain, submitted to necessity. The more resolute of the patriots left Bologna and advanced towards Rimini, assembling in small parties with the hope to make a stand against the enemy. The Austrians pursued them, and notwithstanding the great disparity of the combatants, an action took place, and victory was warmly contested. In want of necessary means, exhausted by exertion, privation and wounds, the patriots gave up the field, leaving proof behind them that Italians still knew how to fight, and could sell their lives at a high price.

Having retired towards Ancona, the Liberals made a capitulation with the Cardinal Benvenuto, by which it was agreed, “that all who had borne arms against the government should be pardoned; that those who wished to leave the country should have their passports; and that private property should be respected.” This was agreed and signed by the Cardinal Legate, and sealed by the Pope; but the ratification was refused. The patriots sailed for a foreign country in a merchant vessel, but were captured on the Adriatic by an Austrian frigate, in violation of the laws of all nations. They were taken to Vienna, and suffered all the vexations and distresses which tyranny and a cruel policy could lay upon them. The fortress of Spielberg received new victims that year—new martyrs of Italian liberty.

Gregory XVI. now firmly fixed on the throne, the revolution being to all appearance suppressed, violated all treaties, and began a new series of persecutions, condemnations, arrests, and executions. This tyrannical policy appeared to rouse the great powers, who, indignant at the infamous proceedings of the papal government, solemnly, and with imperious menaces, demanded ameliorations in the

State, in the name of the poor suffering people. The ambassadors of France, of Great Britain, of Prussia, and even of Austria and Russia, gave the Pope an *ultimatum*, in the name of their respective governments, by which he was obliged to take the path of toleration and pardon. Gregory, frightened and trembling, conceded to the foreign ministers "a free election of the municipal council of Rome; the institution of provincial councils; new codes; the reform of the tribunals, and of the administration of finances; the admission of laymen into the higher offices and the council of State: in fine, Pope Gregory XVI., in his own words, promised 'A *new era* to his subjects.'" But after the Austrians had withdrawn, Gregory annulled these promises, assigning, as reasons, that his subjects ought to remain as they were and had always been! This incredible edict gave rise to a new insurrection, and many cities of Romagna revolted again. The people, without consent of government, organised a national guard to resist the papal forces. The *Holy Father*, in this extremity, enlisted more Swiss soldiers, and took men of all kinds and nations, robbers, assassins, and banditti, into the service of the State, and this militia swelled to a numerous company, and invaded several cities and provinces, and even advanced upon Bologna, the centre of opposition. The civil militia of Bologna, joining with that of other cities, marched resolutely out to meet the enemy, under their patriotic General Paluzzi.

The two armies found themselves face to face on the plains of Cesena. The combat was fierce, and victory for a time doubtful; but the death of General Paluzzi, who fell mortally wounded, decided the day, and the pontifical troops remained conquerors. The cities of Cesena and Forlì, were destined to be the scene of horrible crimes, atrocities, and butcheries, for the honor of the *throne* and *tiara*! The Santafedisti, with images of the Virgin Mary suspended at their necks, with apostolical warrants in their pockets, and making the sign of the cross, ransacked those devoted cities, like tigers let loose, and committed every crime which lust and fury could dictate. Property was seized, churches were pro-

faned, houses sacked and ruined, and those suspected of connection with the Liberals, were killed wherever they were seen. Even the houses of God were made slaughter-houses! Women were violated, and even children; aged people were massacred, infants butchered like lambs, feeble women torn open with bayonets when they endeavored to protect their husbands and children; the dead even were brutally violated by wretches with images of the Virgin about their necks, and papal indulgences in their pockets.\*

Austria once more interfered in the Roman States; and France sent a fleet towards Ancona; the Pope seemed preparing to oppose the French. A crusade was preached, but there was not courage for an attack; and Gregory XVI. contented himself by excommunicating the French and the inhabitants of Ancona. But this proceeding excited nothing but contempt. The Anconians, who on the arrival of the French had expected something better, were soon betrayed by them: for the Austrians and the French had interfered only to defeat the revolution and to favor the Pope! *Emigrants who had taken refuge under the French flag, were arrested by their seeming protectors, and given into the holy hands of the Pontiff.* Such was the end of the famous project of *non-intervention*.

The Duke of Modena, restored to his place, used every possible cruelty to revenge himself. He entered the capital of his dukedom in triumph, protected by several thousand Austrian bayonets. The *Te Deum* was sung by the Jesuits on his arrival; the churches resounded with hymns of jubilee, while many families mourned in sorrow and terror: while hundreds of citizens went into banishment to avoid the implacable fury of the duke, others fell into the hands of the conqueror, and suffered death. The Jews were forced to pay a great sum for having tolerated the revolution. Entire families were ruined, divided, deprived of parents and property, exposed to misery, persecutions, and horrible punishments. The duke took for his example, the policy of his neighbor, Gregory XVI. The year after his fatal triumph, he signaled himself by greater violences. An earthquake made its appearance in his duchy,

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\* Vide, *Chronique politique de l'année, 1832, publiée à Paris.*

and the Jesuits proclaimed it in the churches as "a scourge sent by God to punish those liberals who had dared to conspire against the person of the *most benign and paternal* duke, and that as long as the liberals existed, God would not cease to punish that State with evils yet more terrible." Then they invoked on his account, not the true God, but a god of war—a god thirsting for the blood of human victims. Blood flowed—martyrs fell to satiate the rage of the duke. Innocent victims were immolated on the very altars which it is pretended had been erected for the presence of Christ in the Eucharist; and the tyrant published successive edicts of a tenor not to be believed in our days; while his soldiers and partizans beat, arrested, robbed, and assassinated, as they thought fit!

Such a monster, in human form, was one of the Cæsars of the Holy Alliance—a champion of Catholicism in Europe!!

In 1834, Piedmont saw other victims of liberty immolated by her present king: the same who in 1821 pretended to be a *Carbonaro*, and who at present labors to gain the sympathy of the Italian people, declaring himself against Austria. A new political society was organized at that epoch, called *Young Italy*. This society, organized by the valiant patriot Giuseppe Mazzini, now an exile in London, intended to extend ideas of republicanism—to establish Italy in one government, free and independent—to form of Italy a large republic—and to destroy, in the mean time, all monarchical and ecclesiastical power in that country. This society has also furnished its martyrs; but since its foundation, Italy has acquired new strength, and republicanism has made great progress. The *Young Italy* is a popular institution, moral, and based only on the Christian code; and it without doubt is the only political party which can free our unfortunate country.

About the year 1836, Italy was invaded by the cholera; and in the Roman States, as in the two Sicilies, it made many victims. During that terrible period, let us consider what was the paternal administration of the papal government.

Ancona presented the most frightful aspect of desolation and death; the victims fell by hundreds; and a still more terrible scourge appeared necessarily to accompany the sufferings of that city. The government, with its stupid and barbarous measures, seemed really desirous of extending the evil; for the troops by which

Ancona was on all sides surrounded, added famine, and another kind of epidemic, to the plague itself. The government, as a philanthropic act, had taken upon itself to bury the dead, *gratis and for the love of God*, and to separate the sick. Ridiculous edicts advised the people, who were deprived of bread and of work, to eat *roast meat* rather than *boiled*, and *chickens* instead of *fish*. This was all that the most disastrous circumstances could draw from the local authorities. This advice was crowned by an addition worthy of those who gave it—it was absolutely forbidden the physician to draw near enough to the sick to feel the pulse—the sacraments were not administered to the dying—it was ordered to whole families to leave their houses as soon as any one of them should be *infected* with cholera—and in case any should not wish to abandon the bed of the dying, they were ordered to perform *quarantine near the corpse*! Such is the political and liberal government defended by the foolish Brownson, of Boston, and by the fanatical Bishop Hughes, who believe and preach, "that liberty and republicanism cannot be sustained without the dominion and influence of the Roman Church!" Can there be a worse policy or a more stupid doctrine?

In 1837, in Sicily, the cholera made more victims than elsewhere, and it was believed by the people that they were poisoned by the physicians, by order of the government. Certainly such an opinion was absurd and erroneous, but the Sicilians had so long experienced all kind of evils and sufferings under their tyrants, they believed that disease to be their work! The people had risen against the authorities, murdered several of them, but the government of Ferdinand VII. surpassed them by much, shooting, hanging, and condemning to the galleys *thousands* of innocent persons. The Marquis del Caretto, the executioner-in-chief and slaughtering companion of the present king, was entrusted with the kingly business of killing off the Sicilian population.

In 1840, '43 and '44, partial insurrections were made in different parts of the peninsula, but above all in Romagna, where all the liberals seemed to have risen at once. In Calabria the people were ready to rise, but surrounded by great forces, they were obliged to remain quiet. The brothers *Bandiera*, and their companions, were shot in Calabria, by

order of the present King, while Pope Gregory XVI. executed and condemned to the galleys the most noble and learned men of the Roman States. Gregory XVI. was like a machine, managed by his Secretary of State, the execrable Cardinal Lambruschini; by his barber Gaetano, and even by the same barber's wife. All Italy knows this scandal!! He would not endure the mention of railways or of newspapers. "Let me die first," he would often say; "after that establish, if you wish, those devilish inventions." He died cursed by Italy, and by Poland, which he excommunicated, because the brave Poles had risen against the horrible Nicholas; and his memory will be remembered as that of a tyrannical, vicious, and bloody ruler.

A new era seems to have begun for Italy, and at the first insurrection, the Italians will appear united and patriotic. Italy has given too many victims, and still in many parts of it she continues to present martyrs, and those brave Italians go to the execution with the same courage and cheerfulness as if they were marching to a triumph. Always faithful to their oaths, the humblest man who has been seized and examined, has never yet betrayed the higher conspirators. Threats, promises, and tortures have proved vain.

Calm and intrepid, the accused have ascended the scaffold; neither the fear of punishment, nor the hope of pardon, have drawn from them a single confession. Victims continue to succeed victims; yet nothing can discourage or terrify them: "*Vivere liberi o morire*," (to live free or die,) is the motto of "*Young Italy*." It is indeed necessary to cross the Alps to learn to die: yes, I say to die, for all that is most sacred, and that can make the heart of a nation beat strong—her liberty and independence. "Let us conspire!" say the Italians; "let us make insurrections! We shall be unsuccessful, but new victims will encourage the hatred against the government."

"Chi per la patria muore  
Vissuto ha assai:"

that, who dies for his native country, he has lived well. This state of things continues in Italy, and nothing can deter the Italians from trying all possible ways to free themselves from the yoke by which they are oppressed.

We shall speak again of Italy, and much more of her present and future state.

"Sempre nel cuor l'Italia."

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TO I \* \* \* S \* \* \* .

AMONG the foremost in the radiant crowd,  
Of smiling memories that around me dance,  
Comes one, a lovely child, whose roguish glance,  
Bright, careless smile, and bearing free and proud,  
Are pleasant to my heart, as is the sun  
To the deep dungeon. I have bow'd  
My heart to listen as she sings. 'Tis one  
Whose voice was always music, soft, not loud,  
E'en like the brooks, whose waters gently run,  
Purling and prattling still so joyously—  
My heart steals softly back to other days;  
And lo, I hear again those happy lays,  
I heard from thee, in times, O, long gone by,  
For thou art the fair child whose memory is nigh.

1841.

HUGH BRIDGESSON.



## THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## REPUBLICANISM.

WHAT with hunting, fishing, and *sauvanteries*, the time glided away pleasantly enough with us. After a week passed in the vicinity where I first met with my friend, we moved westward a few miles, to the shore of a great sound, or inland sea; for the land on which we were, was a narrow island lying along the edge of the continent for a distance of two hundred miles, and enclosing between itself and the mainland the waters of the sound. Our way thither lay over sandy plains covered with stunted pine and scrub oak. The pines and oaks were not intermingled, but alternated in bands and fields. The silence of these wildernesses worked upon me like a charm, producing loneliness and terror, preceded by, or mingled with, a feeling of passionate delight. To this day I can never cross a barren of scrub oaks, or enter a pine forest, without sensations composed of fear and of pleasure; whether by a natural effect, or through the recollections of those first impressions, I cannot tell.

We wandered for three days through these woods, lying at night under the shelter of a bush, for there were no houses in the direction of the route we took, which was not so much for expedition as for the gratification of learned curiosity. On the morning of the fourth day, following the shore of the sound, we came upon open cultivated fields, and soon entered a village, which, as the first I had seen on the new continent, fixed itself very strongly in my memory. Our path, gathering itself out from the underwood, began soon to show wheel-tracks, and was presently a broad, green, road, fringed with thistle and millefoil, and having fences of trees grown together in an irregular manner, to the density of a hedge. At short intervals this natural enclosure had stems of a kind of wild cherry alternating with young elms, and rugged apple scrubs, and was wholly over-grown with vines, and made thick with flowering kinds of

bushes, among which I remember some that gave a delicious odor. The grass of the lane was fine and small, with the trampling and nibbling of sheep and geese; and to this day the clangor of these creatures, or the sweet-rank smell of millefoil, wakens in me the memory and the pleasure of that delicious morning.

We walked leisurely through the lane, to where it opened on a common set with elms and gnarled maples. Under a great elm, in the middle of the common about which the cottages of the village stood at regular intervals, we saw a party of young girls at play; for there was a swing suspended from the tree, made of grape-vine stocks, for cords, of a surprising length and thickness.

As we approached they left off their sport and regarded us with a curiosity which embarrassed me; and seeing that they were all beautiful in feature, and full of natural grace, I was struck with anxiety and perceived a scorching shame and pleasure tingling in my veins.

Pantol, however, with a singular boldness went near and addressed the tallest of the group, which made me expect no less than to see him converted on the spot into a deer, or other timid creature, for his presumption; for the nymph we addressed was of a beautiful aspect, with smiling, scornful, eyes, and a mouth of terrible sweetness.

I have no recollection of what passed between my friend and the handsome villager, but in conclusion we crossed the common to a cottage at the extreme angle of it, which stood in a peach garden, and in the shadow of a broad elm.

We opened the wicket of the garden with some difficulty, for it was weighted with a great stone hung by a cord to a post within; going farther under the peach trees we came to the door of the cottage, at which, in a curiously carved arm-chair sat an old woman knitting. It was high noon, and the eaves of the cottage cast a narrow shadow over the door-

way. Without any particularity, or Dutch neatness, this old woman, with her cottage and garden seemed to be deficient in nothing necessary to a summer's happiness. The plat extended backward, it seemed about an hundred paces, to a field of wheat that was already rank, and waving humidly in the noon sun. Beyond that, I saw the brows of a grove of great trees, of which I knew not the name, and on either side the view was shut in by boughs of peaches and plumb stocks, from some of which the blossoms were but lately fallen.

Here the murmur of bees made a perpetual sound. Under the fruit bushes of the garden the common fowls hiding themselves from the heat, kept up a muttering and crowing;—blue martins, sitting on the eaves, uttered their gurgling music; and high in the air the swallows darted like flies, circling before the sun. There was no wind, or only a breath.

My companion accosted the dame of the cottage in a kind and familiar tone, and without further ceremony she rose and led the way into the house. Imagine to yourself a straight figure of an old woman, with a harsh, haughty face, square in feature, brown and wrinkled, plain, and even rude, in dress and manner, with such an icy air of authority as the mother of the Gracchi might have worn, or that harsh nurse of Coriolanus. We followed her without affecting any deference; to be otherwise than respectful in such a presence was impossible.

A hall about three paces in width, fitted like a room, divided the house, which was of a size admitting two rooms on either hand. A narrow stair, with a carved baluster of oak, led to a second hall and chambers above. The roof ran up to a peak, and in the rear aspect was extended over an outhouse. You would have said the walls had no depth, had not the posts of the doors undeceived you; so far did the huge beams of the framework project within. The walls were neatly whitewashed, but the woodwork of the angles and wainscoting was of a smoke color; nor did the complexion of the mistress appear of a much less antiquated hue, but by comparison with the blackness of her dress, unrelieved by any particle of white, or by the least ornament.

Without a curtesy, or any token of emotion, the old woman motioned us to sit, and then retired through the hall.

We took each of us a rush-bottomed chair, and sitting down opposite to each other on either side the hall, waited what might happen.

After a silence of some minutes, during which I noticed the astonishing multitude of flies which ranged about, rushing in and out at the door, and keeping a perpetual murmur, Pantol addressed me, laughing, in an undertone:

"Well, Master Yorick, what think you of the old woman?"

"She seems," said I, "to be a very terrible old woman; I am afraid of her, I assure you."

"Ah! ha! you may well be so. She has six sons and twelve grandsons, all soldiers or seamen. The eldest of her sons, a man of substance and authority, past the middle period of life, is but a child to this piece of inflexible stuff; she governs them all when they come near enough to feel her influence."

"What is her name?" said I.

"Her name? names are nothing! Do you set her down in your mind for an example of the heroical kind of woman. She is a terrible aristocrat; controls every one that comes within her reach, men, women and children, dogs and horses, farm and garden; she rules all; and so, for the consequence, those who mean to enjoy a little liberty of their own get away out of her sphere; but they learn the art she practices, and make themselves felt. I make bold to say this beldam governs more persons by deputy than there are subjects in some German Principalities. She has educated, directly or indirectly, some forty or fifty families, and they are felt, in turn, wherever they are; and so her dominions widen as time goes on, and may go on enlarging till doom's day, for aught I know to hinder it."

"But how," said I, putting a question beyond my years, "did she acquire this art?"

"I suppose," replied he, laughing at the earnestness of my manner, which proceeded mainly from ignorance of the spirit of my own question, "she had it from her parents. Ask her about it; perhaps she will impart the secret: it might be valuable."

As I was about to reply, the subject of our conversation appeared at the door, preceded by a very aged man, who supported his feeble steps with a staff. His rough red jacket and loose trowsers of brown stuff, accorded well with the plain-

ness of his face and manner; but neither the man nor the woman discovered any traces of that amazed expression of fear and ignorance which we call rusticity; nor did their appearance permit the rise of that pretty sentiment of the country which fine-bred people take such pleasure in indulging.

The old man saluted Pantol with a dignified cordiality, and made an evident effort to testify his respect; his guest, on the other hand, bowed low in acknowledgment, and with a grace and presence that astonished me, who had seen nothing but familiarity in his manners, paid his respects to the old man, inquired of his health and of his children, and finally led him to recount some anecdotes of his own life and adventures. He had been in the war against the French and Indians, and received a wound which disqualified him for service; was then made a judge, rather from his natural parts than from knowledge of the law; was nearly hanged by the British for being a rebel, and barely escaped tarring and feathering for not being a Jacobin. I inquired of his origin. He said he was the fourth in direct line from a younger son of an English family who traced their origin to the days of William the Conqueror. It appears from Domesday Book, that the first of this name had possessions in Westmoreland, where he married a Saxon heiress. Though the family had never risen above the rank of esquires, or gentlemen, they were among the oldest and proudest blood of England.

"I see," said Pantol, "that your 'pride of ancestry,' as it is called, has no necessary connection with pride of title."

"No," said the old man, "that is a very common error. We have always prided ourselves on the courage and virtue of our fathers; do ye hear, young gentlemen? not on our own; God forbid."

My shame rose to my throat when the old man said this; for, as for me, curse my unlucky stars, thought I, *I* am a nobody, and must not give myself airs.

"The family," continued the old man, "were not always rich; at three several times, the wars ruined them, and then they went into trade, or served in armies abroad. But their pride of ancestry always sustained them; shame made them industrious, and pride of character kept them honest; there was but one rogue among them and he was a courtier."

A silence ensued, during which I heard what seemed to be preparations for dinner in the room behind me, and presently the dame appeared at the door and quietly invited us in. The room which we now entered gave no more evidence of luxury than the hall. A clean sanded floor, windows hung with bunches of herbs, instead of fly nets, two or three coarse lithographic pictures of battles hung against the walls, not forgetting a dusky wainscoting that rose on all sides to the sills of the windows, and a huge beam overhead and in each angle, were all the features of the room.

Without further ceremony we took our seats about a square table in the midst. In a dish of yellow pottery on the coarse white cloth smoked a moderate mess of pork and potatoes, that seemed to have been boiled together; a tin cup with salt, mugs of cider, slices of rye bread, white plates, an iron spoon in the dish, a horn handled knife and two pronged fork by the side of each platter, completed the service of the table. Pantol being invited, pronounced a very impressive grace, during which the old woman sat upright and motionless; nor was the patriarch himself less attentive, though with eyes more wandering; but for my part, amazement swallowed me up.

The old lady then took the spoon and filled my plate out of the mess, which I confess to you smelt deliciously; then came my companion's turn, then the patriarch's, and after a pause, she very moderately helped herself. I was curious to see her eat, but she disappointed me; there was a something in her manner which defied observation.

All the windows of the room (there were two toward the south and two toward the east,) were open, and the perfume of sweet-briar, drawn out by the hot sun, came in with light puffs of air. The little chickens flew up to the window and with piping voices solicited crumbs, they skipped down upon the floor, picked a few which the old man threw them, and fluttered out at the door when they heard the voice of the mistress. A dirty yellow dog and a large grey cat leapt in at different windows, and seating themselves on either side the patriarch, received food from him, till a word from the mistress sent them quickly out at the door.

Presently a loud barking gave notice of some person's approach.

"It is Ned," said the old patriarch, and Ned entered; a strong built and

rather handsome man, elegantly dressed. "Mother," said he, bowing to the beldam, "I am made candidate and shall be chosen to Congress."

"Very well," said the mother, "be careful not to promise too much."

Seeing Pantol and myself, and the table full, he bowed and retired. Silence followed.

"Ned will not fail of his duty, I think," said the old man quietly.

"He is too popular," replied beldam.

"Popular is not good, I know," replied the patriarch, "yet I have a good opinion of Ned."

Here, said I to myself, are a people, with a vengeance, who conclude "popular is not good," and think "tolerably well" of their children, with a vengeance on their cold blood!

Not so Pantol; he showed an evident delight; rubbed his hands, looked at me with a forced gravity, and did, he knew not what. His pleasure seemed to me monstrous—portentous—for, indeed, I would have had the good parents rise, and, with tears of joy, embracing their son, congratulate him on his well won popularity and distinguished honors. This, thought I, this cold indifference, is the just consequent of that deep seated pride of ancestry. This old couple imagine because they have fifty generations of *virtue* at their back, that no man can serve or praise them; they are independent, forsooth! And I—Oh, I had a vile trick of making comparisons; every moral came home in those days.

"Pray, sir," said Pantol, addressing the old man with that forced gravity, peculiar to his subtler moods, "what is your opinion of this new liberty we have here, or is it a sham at bottom?"

"I know of but one kind of liberty," replied the patriarch; "If we have *that*, it will last long enough. I remember when *gentlemen*, as they were called, governed everything; they were the rich, the educated, and the people of family; then there was no 'liberty' for the ignorant, the poor, or the mean. But now there is liberty enough, such as it is, but it seems to me very few know how to use it; I would as soon sell my vote to *one* man for money or favor, as to many men."

Pantol replied with an observation on the weakness of human nature and that no constitution or privilege would make men free, but only the natural liberty of the mind; with other prosaics. The

patriarch listened attentively, and when he saw that his guest had said all that he desired, took up the thread of his remark and followed it in such a strain as the following.

"Our people enjoy a great deal of liberty of one kind and another under the law, but very few of them take the pains to consider of it. If you ask the rich in what it consists, they will tell you, perhaps, that 'to be free is to do what one pleases.' The poor will say, that it is 'the having no aristocracy.' Politicians that it lies in 'the right of voting the ticket;' and so they talk, but it has sometimes seemed to me possible even for an apparently free people to be robbed of all real liberty by their leaders or demagogues, who contrive to lump them into feuds and parties and lead them to and fro by false persuasions, false prejudices, and hopes of office.

"Now it is highly probable that human nature is the same to day that it was yesterday; and if the clown and the courtier could be robbed of their liberty by love of favor and money, why, so can the same sort now-a-days, and in all countries. Politicians say, that the art of governing is 'the art of creating wants with the ability of supplying them.' A king who can first starve his people and then supply them with food, may work his own pleasure. All that the king desires is to establish and perpetuate himself and his race: and to that end he wishes to subject all men's desires to his will, that they may acquire a habit of looking to the king as the source of office, of honor, and of wealth: this habit their children inevitably inherit from them; and so the monarchy becomes more and more despotic. But in a republic the contrary effect follows;—for here the body of the people finding that the demagogues look to them as a source of profit and of power, and of fame, contract a habit of thinking themselves individually contemptible, but unitedly of great authority; they are terrible in masses, but singly of no account; and this goes on, till every thing must be done by acclamation of a number. Money must be voted, peace and war declared, *justice* exhibited, and men even condemned to death by acclamation. As it happens with the king that by and by he comes to have no will of his own, but commits every thing to a company of adroit slaves whom he names his ministers, so the people by a much more rapid

process learn to commit every thing to a few persons, who to a smattering of law add a vast deal of cunning and impudence. These persons pick out the prudent and substantial men of their party and confer lucrative offices upon them. An office is easy, and gives an air of importance. Prudent and substantial men, not over honest, love particularly to be obeyed—they cannot give up the pleasure they have once tasted of issuing an order and seeing it executed; the greatest pleasure indeed of which human nature is capable. To this taste they sacrifice every thing,—hopes, conscience, religion and liberty. So it goes with the people's office-holders, and so with the sovereigns; the same cause destroys both.

"I am inclined to believe, therefore, that liberty does not lie in the ballot-box at all. You will then ask, perhaps, where it does lie? and why, if it does not lie in this form of government, freemen should be so fond of republics?

"It seemed to me evident, that liberty is a quality of each man singly, and consists in his ability to guide himself aright, and live virtuously, trusting to no priest or demagogue for his opinions, but carefully forming and practising his own laws and constitution. Such a man will read the Bible, Blackstone, and the Constitution, without commentary.

"Now it usually happens that men judge others by themselves;—and where there is a great number of these true freemen, such as our fathers were, and as some of us are, they will take it for granted there is a majority of their own sort; and because they do not wish to be insulted and impoverished by a court and aristocracy, they propose 'a constitution of the people,' trusting that the majority being honest men, will choose honest men to be their rulers; I thought so when I was young, and I think so now; only now I know a little more of liberty—that it consists in the character of the man himself, and that the constitution is no more than a kind of deed, or record of it, and not the thing itself.

"Freedom is of no value to a lame man, or civil liberty to a rascal or a fool. The most unhappy creatures on this earth, are these slaves of a number; these creatures of opinion, who dare not say they have anything of their own, but all is the State, the people, the majority, the nation. Why, sir, my farm, my cattle, my

house, my books, my opinions, my liberty of speech, and my bodily freedom, are mine by Divine right, and indefeasibly. No man's *will* can grant or take them from me; nor the will of a majority; no, not the nation, though with one voice, shall force me to acquiesce in a wrong. When I hear men say to the multitude, "Your will is law," I say to myself—you, demagogue, are a knave and a liar, or at best a coward; do not you know that there is no law but justice, and no law-giver but God?"

This rude statesman put a finish to his speech by tapping the table with his hand, not violently, nor with compressed lips, but as if to indicate a decided opposition to certain popular views just then imported from France. Pantol explained afterward, that his son Ned had great differences with his father and mother, he being a Jacobin and full of the majority, and they very old-fashioned republicans.

The old man rose as he finished his speech, and led the way into the garden. He showed us his maize and potatoes, his cabbages, his onions, his peas just in bearing, his peach stocks, his apple orchard; his barn, his cattle; and when all was seen, and admired—though heaven knows I saw nothing remarkable—he took us into a kind of office, where was a writing-table and an old-fashioned book-case set upon a case of drawers. Pantol in a whisper bid me note the titles of the books; and, pray, what do you guess they were? One large quarto Bible, well thumbed; one copy of Blackstone with Edmund Burke's autograph on a fly-leaf, well thumbed and noted; one set of British Classics—including Addison, Steel, Sterne, Fielding, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Pope; a Shakspeare, in two vols. large octavo, very much worn and thumbed; Robinson Crusoe, worn to tatters; a Milton; two copies of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, 6 vols.; a Translation of Tacitus, of Livius, of Virgil, of Polybius, of parts of Cicero, of Fenelon's *Telemachus*, of Grotius, and of Reaumeau's *Emile*; a Prayer-Book of the Episcopal Church, dated 1630; Bacon's works, in folio, 3 vols.; a volume of Devotional Essays; a folio Body of Divinity; the works of Leighton, 7 vols. octavo; Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*; several histories, Colonial and English; an English grammar; a spelling-book; an almanac; a file of old Boston papers



of the Revolution; several law-books, and a pamphlet copy of the Constitution.

Pantol glanced his quick eyes over the

collection, and I saw the tears gather in them. "Pugh!" he said, "our modern philosophers are charlatans."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AUTHORSHIP.

JOHANN SLAWKENBERG, with whose writings, as bound in gratitude, I have made you acquainted, in the general preface to the tenth edition of his *Treatise of Genealogies*, entertains the reader with a history of his family by the father's side. He declares himself to be fourth in the direct line from the great Hafen Slawkenbergius, with whose commentary of Noses, and its facete tales, the learned are well acquainted. Though he admits that his father was but a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler, in Amsterdam, his grandfather he declares to have been a vender of light literature, in that good city.

That his great grand-parent, the son of Hafen, did busy himself in letters, he labors to prove from the contemporary archives of the city court, where is registered the name of one Christian Nasutus Van Slawkenberg, a rich bookseller, who appears on this record as defendant against a certain Pierre Plumer, for a matter of five shillings, due on account of two title-pages composed by said Plumer for the use of defendant. The plaintiff gives a very clear account of himself; says he was employed as hack writer and common scribbler by defendant, for many years; had a knack at title-pages, and could make a very good index; said he had contracts with several booksellers and authors, to furnish title-pages at two and sixpence apiece, and could do them for less. The judge asked for what kind of books he made them; he replied that he never troubled himself to inquire; that was the publisher's business, and not his: that saddle-makers made saddles without seeing the horses, and why not he title-pages without seeing the books; a title-page, he said, was a title-page, and that was all he knew of the matter.

Defendant, on the other hand, urged that this Pierre was but a poor scamp at best, and his business no business, but a mere knavery: that he had agreed with him for two title-pages, one for *Mistress Bile's Letters*, and another for *Mynheer Koft's Parody on the Revelations*; that the things he furnished were no titles at

all, but a mere sham; that it was clear he made them without regard to the matter they stood for. Defendant here produced the papers, which the judge commanded should be read aloud by the clerk. Herr Slawkenberg gives them in full; the first being translated, runs thus: "Money makes the mare go; being the peregrinations of a female in breeches;" with which, saith defendant, *Mistress Bile* was justly offended, both for the comparison of the mare, the allusion to money, and the mention of breeches, which she claimed was indecent, allowing it were true. Plaintiff, on the contrary, claimed that himself was innocent in the matter, he having no notion of the contents of *Miss Bile's book*, or of the character of its author.

The other title was as follows: "All for cash; or the deuce is to pay; by a young clergyman;" against which *Mynheer von Slawkenberg* did loudly protest. *Mynheer Koft*, he said, admitted he wrote his *Parody on the Revelation for cash*, said he, swearing at the same time that any man who would undertake so silly a matter for any *other* consideration, would be no better than a simpleton; but that for all that, it was not his intention to make proclamation of his reasons through the country; if he did so, nobody would believe him; the work itself being a performance of such a nature as no man would think of getting fame by."

Now this is positively all the evidence extant that this same quiddling *Mynheer* was the true and veritable ancestor of our learned friend; to wit, the fact of his being an Amsterdam bookseller, engaged in a paltry suit with a paltry title-page maker. On what profound analogies, sympathies, or coincidences of character, our learned analogist could have founded his claim to the relationship, I am ignorant.

The tracing of the line backward from this supposed ancestor, through the two Hafens, father and son, to a certain *Tigellius de Slawken*, of Gascony, a noted pirate, even to the *Slawkomovie* of Lombardy; and by lawful conjecture to

periods more remote, he found less difficult. For the last four centuries, the Slawkenbergs of this house were all either booksellers, compilers, or tallow-chandlers. Their occupations antecedently to that date are not clearly ascertained.

In this account of his family, which I am forced to say is rather tedious, Slawkenberg introduces a great number of prosy observations on the trades of authorship, tallow-chandlery, and bookselling, in general. Duty obliges me to subjoin a part of them, for I confess I owe them many valuable suggestions.

"In the abstract idea of tallow-chandlery," he remarks, "I find the analogon of bibliogeny, or book-producing; not only by observation of the alternations of my ancestors between these trades, but by consideration of the nature of things. Bibliopoly, or bookselling, on the other hand, I regard as the true analogon of master-tallow-chandlery; for as your poor devil of a literary journeyman does but heap together and cast in moulds such scraps of matter as he can pick up, to be disposed of by his superior at an advantage: so your journeyman tallow-chandler does but melt up the fat and pour it about the wicks, for *his* superior to dispense to the community. It is by no means required of the master-workman in either case, that he put his hand to the work, or indeed that he have any mechanical knowledge of it."

Again, alluding to the idle humor of such authors as pretend to write for fame, or the public good, rather than for money, he delivers himself thus, in a strain of bitterness and sarcasm: "Is it not clear, that if the price is paid, the commodity is sold? What mean these canting hypocrites, who affect to say that a clergyman's salary, or an officer's pay, is not the whole matter for which the one preaches and the other fights?"

"The very hound, do you say, hunts not for the game, but for the pleasure of hunting? the horse runs not for his oats, but for the pleasure of running? what of that?—are men to be compared to dogs and horses?—I scorn the comparison! Find the salary, and you shall have the priest with his sermon; hold out the fee and the doctor will instantly appear with his physic; starve your author well, and he will bring you the book; endow your office and lo! here is legion to fill it! But who is this subtle gentleman with his remark, that the sermon

is not for the salary, but the salary for the sermon? or, in other words, that the man of God is supported that he may preach, and not that he preaches to be supported, with other cant of the sort. Now," says our author, "if any sane man will look fairly at the question, I think he will see more knavery than sense in it; for, as far as my experience goes, I find it the exact contrary;" here follows a rather subtle argumentation which I dare not quote, for fear of growing tedious: consult Slawk. *ibid.* i. v. Then follows a very general treatise of authorship. Pantol calling my attention to it, delivered himself as follows.

"In this treatise I find an old topic handled with a new skill. Authorship is treated as it should be, as the trade of trades, the work of works, the trick of tricks. Here are no circumventions of you with enticements of glory, honor, and a place among the worthies. Bread is the theme, 'when truth is told 'tis all for gold.' 'Logic is the handle and money the blade.' 'Chalk is good for nest eggs,' and a dry book will bring good money; and be a white lie at worst. But be bold and make a good hit before they find you out, for when they do find you out, you must skulk; and then comes the devil and the bookseller; therefore, say I, be bold and throw out a brave trick," &c. &c., which is stark nonsense, and the direct contrary; for I know Pantol as my own soul, and sooner than cheat, or lie, or steal, he would cut his fingers off.

Slawkenberg enters very gravely upon his treatise of authorship. He considers it a species of moneymaniacal affection; the itch of writing, by metastasis from the palm of the left hand to the tips of the right fingers, like a skipping rheumatism. "Boys discover a propensity to daub and deface paper with colored liquids; by giving a right direction to this effort of nature you create writers and authors." "All authors were formerly cuttle-fishes, the natural food of the shark, and carried an ink bottle in their bellies; when attacked, they retired into oblivion behind clouds of their own making, as they now do under like circumstances behind an impenetrable fog of arguments, answers, and replications; sharks alone, of all fish, having no eyes to speak of, but an unquestionable nose, dart through the artificial night and snap them up infallibly."

Pantol commenting on this wonderful treatise made a number of observations in his manner, of which I took notes of the following; "Bookmaking is to other trades as an alms-house to a work-shop; a refuge for the lame, the blind, the insane, and the imbecile. The greater quantity of lies, fury, and drunkenness, a man has latent in him, the more evident his destiny to authorship." "We foolishly imagine that authors devour books; books on the contrary eat up authors."

Or this on Lying—suggested by the same treatise.

"Machiavelli treated tyranny as an art; there is a Pirate's Own Book, and a Manual of this and that, by Aretine and others, but why have we no Liar's Vade Mecum? for who, of mortals, rest more on art than your falsifiers? We have treatises of things in general, and of things in particular; we have sciences of that which is, but none of that which is not. It grieves me to the soul, reflecting on the multitude of benighted practitioners of this unvalued, inestimable, indispensable, immeasurable, unconfineable, pragmatical, imperfectable, high-political; auctorial, pictorial; fanciful, pleasant, pliant, pretty, pet 'science of that which is not,' or of the false, should have had no critical exposition; bating a few precepts of my Lord Bacon, (whose universal genius did not fail to touch the confines of this art,) and

a few poor instances in Aristotle and the Athenian sophists."

"Now," continued Pantol, "when I reflect on the increasing necessity for skilful lying in affairs of state—church—law—incident to the rapid advances of science and the impossibility of carrying the multitude along with us, in consequence of which, all grades and sects of the learned are driven to the alternative of positive or negative lying; to say nothing of the growing appetite for wholesale lies, under the name of Novels of Society, and the like, in which the art *lies* not so much in the assemblage of incidents, as in giving impudence and vanity the air of lofty virtue and graceful enthusiasm;—nor of that newly invented apothegmatism, which gives a blank falsehood the air of Orphic wisdom; nor of those less elegant but not less useful practitioners, whose modesty aspires not to an immortality in lying, but is content in the exercise of a daily and hourly production of 'false facts;' nor of the venders of all kinds of quackeries, noted for solid lying; nor of demagogical liars eminent, who practice the difficult and honorable art of corrupting the corrupt, and deceiving that which loves to be deceived."

"I say, reflecting upon all this, I am not without hopes of seeing this volume, and that no less remarkable one of the Universal Liar, reckoned among those which every gentleman should have in his library."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### SLAWKENBERG'S INFERNAL EXPEDITION. DEMONOMANCY.

I have often had it in mind to give you some account of Slawkenberg's Expedition to the Nether Regions, and of the wonderful things he saw there. I should long ago have given the world a translation of that surprising Expedition, had it not been for an untoward circumstance, which was, namely, the difficulty I found in coming at the true meaning of the original. For you must know, that Slawkenberg is the inventor of a new and wonderful method of conveying ideas, which for want of a better word, I will call the *symbolical* method; though that word expresses but the half of what it should. To understand this method, you have only to know, that nature and the world were originally composed out of analogons, which are like the skins

of a snake, lying one under the other. Beginning for example, with a grub; when it casts its analogon it becomes a beetle; the soul of the beetle, sloughing its analogon, (i. e. its carabaceous husk, or body,) becomes a butterfly; the butterfly, by a similar process takes on the figure of a bird; the bird of a rabbit; the rabbit of a dog; the dog of a monkey; the monkey of a carib; the carib of a negro; the negro of a man: the same soul, observe you, remains in the series from the first; and if you reckon on any other immortality than this, you are no Slawkenbergian. It must be observed that this hypothesis does not admit of making that vulgar distinction between the human and the animal soul, of which my friend Pantol is so absurdly

fond ; for as by merely sloughing its skins or analogons, or bodies, or what you will, the paltry little soul of a grub at last comes to possess the body of a man, and to all intents and purposes becomes the soul of a human body—that is to say a human soul : Whereas, by Pantol's hypothesis, which he took out of some old book of the middle ages, or perhaps from Pythagoras, the human soul is a Divine image, lodged by Divine grace in a human body, and using a human brain and none other for its instrument, or organ. But this is a very dry topic, and by no means suited to the light and comical strain of these memoirs of mine, which, you will think are in some danger of being no memoirs at all, but a mere canto of common places out of Pantol and Slawkenberg ;—have patience with me, nevertheless, I pray you ; there is Life and Opinions to come.

The universe, I said, may be compared to a nest of boxes, each of which is the analogon or similar of the one it contains, or by which it is contained ; a comparison, when I consider it, very gross and unapt ; for, to apprehend spiritual matters, you must dissolve yourself and become fluent and permeant ; letting the imagination pass into the whole, and be at the same instant everywhere present in thought ; as when one dreams of a city, and sees everything that is transacted behind walls and in cellars as well as in the streets ; which is the true condition of philosophizing on human affairs.

Now you will be able to imagine a very curious and difficult thing, no less than that every atom of matter is absolutely *alive*, and vivified by a soul ; and farther, that these monads, or atomic souls are assembled into groups, under the captaincy of certain vegetable monads, which were formerly in their condition, but since promoted for good conduct to the rank of mushrooms and polypuses. This system of promotion goes on through exactly 999 grades, up to man, who is generalissimo.

Now let me warn you, that if you deny this, you betray yourself to be in the negative or unbelieving state. For all men are either negative or positive ; infidel or faithful ; those who scoff or deny, are infidel or negative : but fortunate are they who confide, and with a child-like confidence accept what is set before them without examination.

The series of visible things ends in

man, but with the detachment of the promoted spirit from its case, the body, the system of invisible, or of spiritual things begins. The number of ranks, or grades of visible forms is exactly 999, but that of invisible is infinite.

Nevertheless, of these spiritual orders there are two kinds, the wicked and the good ; their grades are marked by the number of inferior orders which they embrace or govern. But the order of the negative or wicked souls is reversed ; none are superior to man, and none are inferior to atoms. Thus, there are devils of all degrees, from particles of dirt and grubs, up to lions, apes, caribs, and men. For the present let us speak only of the negative or evil kind.

Now, as to these, they are divided into five ranks, or orders ; of which the lowest occupy the inferior Hades, or Tartarus, and the highest flit to and fro over the earth and other planets. With the subdivisions of these five orders we need not just now concern ourselves ; enough that they correspond with those of the animals and men on the earth and other planets ; for Slawkenberg declares, and I cannot deny, that the planets are inhabited.

Now the gist of all this is, that Slawkenberg, by a happy fate, discovered a method of intercommunication with these spiritual beings, and came to a perfect knowledge of their characters, businesses, and modes of life ; nay, he knows their names, and can at any moment put himself in communication with the rascaliest devil of them all. Have patience with me, I say again, and by the love I bear you, and by my respect for this immortal sage, I protest, vow, and promise, as I am a true Slawkenbergian, you shall hear the whole secret ; so complete, you may be able, with but very little exertion, to accomplish as much as any seer or wizard could desire, without the least fear of being bamboozled by an over active fancy.

Having first resolved yourself into infinitude, letting imagination be to sense as greatest is to least, stick a pin in the toe of your slipper and fix your eyes upon it for two hours without stirring a muscle. It is necessary to have taken nothing inwardly but vegetables and water for three months previously, the effect of that diet being to weaken the animal and excite the spiritual functions, in a very surprising manner. The thing may best be done in an easy-chair, before a

sea-coal fire, having first locked the door; or better still, between two and five in the morning, after a vigilant meditation on the sacred numbers. Let the pin be nearly erect, with a slight inclination toward the west. At the end of the first hour, you will see the head of the pin double and treble itself; by-and-bye, sparkles and beams of magnetic influence will appear to stream from it towards your nose. Soon an arc of light will construct itself between the head of the pin and the tip of your nose, like the arc between the points of the calorimotor; this will enlarge and sparkle, and finally break into flashes and disappear; leaving a burr of blue light on the tip of your nose, with which you may retire to your bed, with no apprehension of setting fire to your curtains.

Now, to tell you the truth, and to speak soberly, the d—l is in this burr, as you will discover; for instead of falling asleep, no sooner are you well snuggled in the sheets, when lo! Brigo and Honoklomen, the soft-skinned Krankogon and little Bildog, whose voice is like the creaking of wheels, will wait upon you. Listen to Totsvanim, give ear to Sapligotag, mincing spirits! how they play! Brigo will talk through your elbow, Krankogon through your sacrum; Bildog will dance on your glandula pinealis, and go a swimming in water of the posterior ventricles. Totsvanim will tickle your cerebellum, and play a tune on the cords of your *χαμαριων*.

Brigo appearing in the ventricle of the septum makes all things of a green color; knocking on the septum with his wand, he causeth flashes of green light to flow through the body; then can a man see as well with his heels as with his eyes.

If I were to tell you all that Brigo can make you see when he tickles your septum, it were a trial of your faith. Dare I say that the back of your hand shall be as visual as your eye, and with the

tips of your fingers you may see through any hypocrite's devices; nay, penetrate the seven-fold shield of sanctimony, and through a philosophical and pious disguise detect the atheist and the charlatan? Pleasant little Brigo can whip off the roofs of houses in a twinkling! He is your true clairvoyant; he can see into the middle of most mill-stones and take his pretty little oath there is nothing there but a grit or a flaw. Trust the devilkin! hath he not an eye?

Slawkenberg saw Caesar die in the capital, and soon after witnessed with equal distinctness a great fire that is to happen at London in the year 1900. But that is a mere bagatelle to what he heard; for when Bildog entered the left ventricle, then was the creaking of Nebuchadnezzar's shoes quite audible. He heard a Quaker swear at his horse, though no man else did; he heard a firm believer whisper a doubt, though no man else did; he heard a smart scholar confess ignorance, though no man else did; but this was chips and straw to what he heard Thomas Carlyle say to himself about orthodoxy and the Scripture Miracles, which no man else did; nay, he heard Premier Guizot say the oddest things about Protestantism, which it were a shame to repeat; but if I were to tell you all that he heard, there were no end to the telling.

Soft-skinned Krankogon sitting at the root of the cerebellic tree gave a nicety of touch; then did Slawkenberg, says he, "touch the edge of the world where Nothing begins." "I felt the spinning of the globe, and its motion; I felt the sun rise and the waters flow; nay, as I live, I felt the rise and fall of stocks, and the flow of specie in the market; there was no motion that I did not feel, not excepting the down-slide of radicalism, the back-slide of the church, the slip-up of republics, and the onward surge of tyranny."



## MAJOR ANDRÉ'S EXECUTION.

## GENERAL WASHINGTON'S CHARACTER FOR HUMANITY VINDICATED.

HISTORY is a legacy which every generation bequeaths to posterity. Circumstantial evidence, often overlooked at the time of recording the history of memorable events as immaterial to the main purpose, is apt to slide away upon the ebb of time, though most important to the elucidation of the narrative.

The history of the American revolutionary war, in its minute, as well as in its broad features, challenges the watchful guardianship of every American, especially of those near of kindred to the dauntless spirits who, braving the alternative of life or death, embarked in a struggle for the vindication of their social rights, and the establishment of the fundamental principle of liberty. Every particle of truth, associated with a nation's birth, and substantiated by undeniable evidence, the country has a right to demand, and it ought not to be withheld by any consideration of personal delicacy or the apprehension of being charged with vanity and egotism. Before we proceed to consider the facts which led to the catastrophe of Major André's life, it may be proper succinctly to review the histories of English writers on the subject, from which we shall perceive the false light in which the transaction is recorded, and the efforts still making to perpetuate an impression unfavorable to the character of General Washington.

Mr. Adolphus, the Old Bailey barrister, as he was called by way of distinction, is the author of the continuation of Hume's and Smollet's history of England, embracing the reign of George III. In his account of the capture, trial, and execution of Major André, he entirely omits the important fact that Major André, upon his own application to the Commander-in-Chief, was respited upon the day appointed for his execution. Mr. Adolphus cannot be accused of falsifying facts, but he may be accused of suppressing a part of the truth, and thereby giving a false coloring to the whole transaction—of leaving upon the mind of the English reader an erroneous impression of haste and inhumanity. The concealment of important circum-

stantial facts, lead to conclusions as entirely fallacious, as if the main facts had been incorrectly recorded. Nor is there anything in this to contravene the current character of history. All nations look with critical nicety upon the authority and credibility of history recorded by writers whose sympathies, prejudices of education and of thought—whose preference of country—aversions of politics and religion—and whose party animosities, may overbalance the judgment and control the pen. We may trace the effects of Mr. Adolphus' deceptive history upon the mind of the present generation in Great Britain, in the eagerness with which the event of Major André's execution is seized, to disparage the moral character of General Washington, and to cast a cloud over his spotless fame. Dr. Basset, in vol. iii. c. xxv. of his history of George III., remarks that André, Adjutant General of the British army, and aid-de-camp of Sir Henry Clinton, the Commander of the British troops then occupying New York, "sensible that in war stratagem is less necessary than military prowess, could find nothing in the employment assigned to him which was inconsistent with the character of a gallant soldier." Therefore, stimulated by his loyalty and patriotism, he entered boldly into a scheme which he conceived would redound to the glory of the British arms, the subjugation of the American Colonies, and the gratification of his own ambition.

To avoid suspicion and facilitate treachery, the Vulture sloop of war was stationed near the post of Arnold, at West Point. André embarked on board the sloop of war on the 21st Sept., 1780, and in the night of that day was conveyed in a boat to the beach where he met the traitor Arnold, and with whom he spent the night in planning their future operations. Daylight approached before the work of darkness was completed. André therefore, was concealed during the day at a place within the American lines, with the view of returning to the Vulture at night. It was here that the treason was ripened for final execution by furnishing André with plans of the

fortress, strength of the forces in garrison, the most favorable points of attack, and the disposition Arnold would make of the troops under his command, the most effectually to ensure the total destruction or capitulation of the American army. Unfortunately for André, but most providential for the Americans, the Vulture was compelled, by an artillery fire opened upon her by the Americans from the shore, to abandon her position and remove further down the river. André's retreat by water was thus cut off. Passports, in the fictitious name of Aderson, were granted to him by Arnold, a change of apparel, and country equipments provided, to disguise André for his contemplated journey, by land, to the head-quarters of the British Army.

Dr. Basset affirms in the most unequivocal manner, "that the *only evidence* of the fact of André's being a spy, was his own admission;" was it no evidence, his being taken in a disguised habit? was it no evidence of his being a spy that the documents furnished him by Arnold were found concealed in his boots? was it no evidence, that he offered bribes, even the highest reward his captors could name, for permission to proceed on his journey to New York? was it no evidence that he caused an express to be dispatched to the traitor Arnold apprising him of his arrest? was it no evidence that in consequence of this communication Arnold made his immediate escape to the enemy? what business could a British officer have with Arnold if the spyship and the traitorship were not mutual? André admitted what he could not deny. This admission was an unnecessary confirmation of the most conclusive evidence against him, and formed no part of the ground of his condemnation.

But continues Dr. Basset, "his, André's, delaration of *pure motives* ought to have been admitted by the court in his favor. Such relentless inhuman rigor could answer no purpose of policy, as it certainly neither enhanced his (Washington's) character nor forwarded the interests of the Americans. It was evidently an effort of revenge which failed in its object. The death of André, which Washington could easily have prevented will certainly in future ages be regarded as a dark spot on the bright character of the American General."

This historian, as well as Adolphus, suppresses the fact that André was respi-

ted in compliance with his own application to the commander-in-chief. A most material circumstance, to show that so far from inhumanity, every opportunity was afforded to André, even after his conviction, to express his views,—as well as for the deliberate consideration of General Washington, aided by the advice of the general officers of the American army comprising the court martial.

Pure motives, indeed! The motives of a spy cannot be mistaken. He is one who secretly, and steadfastly, and disguisefully, in the darkness of night, as well as in the light of day, lurks about the camps or fortifications of an enemy to gain information, in an unsoldier like-manner, for the guidance and advantage of his employers. In the treachery of his designs he differs from an open, manly enemy, who boldly and courageously reconnoitres the position, force, batteries, and fortifications of an enemy, and fearlessly exposes himself to the assaults of his adversary and the perilous chances of war.

A spy divests himself of the honorable character of a soldier—throws himself without the pale of national law—devotes himself to the commission of crimes which society cannot pardon—and draws upon himself the highest penalties which can be inflicted by any human tribunal. In the judgment of international law he is an outcast, an enemy to the human race—so utterly destitute of *purity of motives*, that his dark and treacherous heart endangers the peace of society, and conspires to dissolve the bonds which hold together the commonwealth of nations, and therefore demands by the concurrent sanction of all nations, that his career should be abridged by the forfeiture of his life.

As supreme judge in military cases, General Washington undoubtedly held the power to confirm or absolve the verdict of condemnation pronounced by the court.

But is there a man so blind as not to see the degregation of power in confounding virtue and vice? so deaf as not to hear the burst of indignation which follows an unequal administration of justice? so insensible as not to perceive that the public safety compels the execution of public law? and so destitute of intelligence as not to know that between the restraints of law and universal anarchy, there is but a single step?

André, without compensation, would have washed his hands in the blood of our

fathers. His own blood must be shed, not "in revenge, but in vindication of national law and honorable warfare." We may weep over the weakness of humanity and commiserate the fate of André, but we cannot deny the justice of his sentence.

—But without multiplying instances of the distortion of historical truth by English writers of an early date, we find the same disingenuous spirit equally manifest at the present period.

The *Edinburgh Quarterly Review* of Oct., 1846, contains an article upon the lives of eminent lawyers. The reviewer in the course of his remarks observes that the only blot in the career of judge Hale is the sentence of death passed upon the women for witchcraft in 1664. "The fate of these women," says Mr. Morivale, the author under review, "is in the life of Sir Matthew Hale what that of André is in the life of Washington, and that of the Duke d'Enghein in the life of Bonaparte—the chapter to which the reader returns with most exultation or with most regret according as he is in the vien to depreciate or exalt the character of his subject." It is difficult to imagine that the mind of any enlightened gentleman of the present age can be so far palsied by national prejudice, as to place in juxtaposition three transactions so dissimilar in every respect as those mentioned of Judge Hale, Bonaparte, and General Washington. The murder of two women, convicted of witchcraft, in an age when credulity and superstition, held an ascendancy over the minds of men—the ruthless butchery of the Duke d'Enghein by Bonaparte—and the execution of Major André, an acknowledged and convicted spy—are considered by Mr. Morivale as parallel cases.

The charge of cruelty and inhumanity, craftily thrown out by Mr. Morivale, is so palpably unjust, that one naturally looks around for some plausible ground of excuse. We must in common charity suppose that he was not well informed respecting the facts and circumstances of Major André's execution, or that he was carried away by popular opinions originating in the partial histories of the times, or we must come down upon him as the calumniator and traducer of a character whose virtues he had neither magnanimity to acknowledge, nor spirit to emulate. Nor can we entirely exonerate the reviewer himself from a participation in the slander to which he has gratuitously given currency. His silence, after

making the offensive quotation, speaks as loudly in confirmation of the author's sentiments, as if it had originally been the reviewer's own. The motive and design are too apparent to admit of a doubt that he felt a secret pleasure in selecting a passage from the work under review, agreeable to his taste, and then leaving it, without comment, to work its pernicious way into the popular mind.

The character of General Washington for valor, wisdom, and humanity, is too well defined, and too generally recognized in Europe, to be successfully assailed. But if the charge of cruelty can be fastened upon him by crafty delineations and insidious attacks, the malignant passions of hostility may be gratified, and the purity of character which adorns the founder of a mighty empire, tarnished. It may therefore be proper to look a little more closely into the facts and circumstances of the case, and to examine the practice of the British army itself, to see how far that corresponds with the principles now advocated by the enemies of General Washington.

From the historical narratives of English writers, and the comments of reviews on this subject, the people of Great Britain receive their impressions. The multitude follow in the trail of popular opinion, and have none of their own. They might as well be without mind, and without sight, for aught of any good that flows to them from the possession of either.

On the 4th July, 1825, in compliance with an invitation from General La Fayette, I waited upon him at his house, Rue D'Angou, in Paris. We were alone in his private apartments. In the course of an interview of more than an hour, I embraced the opportunity of introducing the subject of the trial of Major André, by remarking that, if my memory was correct, he was one of the general officers who composed the court-martial upon the trial of that officer. He replied, "that he was, and that *all* the general officers of the army there present, were members of the court:" a fact of which I was not before aware. "That it was a painful duty, in consideration of the gallantry and accomplishments of that officer, but the court was impelled, not only by the rules of war, but by the example of the British army itself, in the execution of Captain Hale on Long Island, for a similar offence, to pass a like judgment."

I asked him if he remembered the fact of Major André's respite? He replied, "perfectly," but could not exactly recollect for how long a time, but thought for two or three days. I had Mr. Adolphus' History of England in my view, and was desirous of correcting an unfavorable impression which I conceived the suppression of that fact would occasion upon the public mind.

My uncle, Ebenezer Smith, was a captain, enlisted during the war, in the Massachusetts line, and commanded the guard appointed to attend the execution of Major André, on the 1st of October, 1780. From him I received the particulars of Major André's person, and of his behavior on that day. He describes him as graceful in his deportment, and intelligent in conversation; but remarked that the agony of his mind, as he walked the room, was most distressing, and it seemed to him that his very flesh crawled upon his bones. His respite came before 5 o'clock on that day—the time appointed for his execution. The relief from the painful duty imposed upon him, my uncle remarked, was one of the happiest days of his life. It was during my uncle's presence with Major André on that day, that his servant, on coming into the room, burst into tears, and was ordered out by Major André.

My father, Major General David Smith, of Litchfield, Connecticut, who served his country during the whole period of the war, was, at the time of which I am speaking, Brigade Major in Colonel Chandler's regiment, Connecticut Line. His camp papers were preserved in a regular camp box, which, I believe, was never opened from the close of the war, until his death in 1814. My father kept the camp orderly books for several years, and fortunately those books were preserved after his decease. The remainder of his camp papers, letters, &c., fell a prey to carelessness and the depredations of time, as most manuscripts do, after they have served their original purpose. He was present in the army when the treason of Arnold occurred, and I find recorded in his own handwriting in the orderly book of 1780, the following entry:

"HEAD QUARTERS, *Orange* }  
*Town, Sep. 26, 1780.* }

"Treason of the blackest dye was yesterday discovered. General Arnold, who commanded at West Point, lost to every sentiment of honour, of private and public

obligation, was about to deliver that important post into the hands of the enemy.

"Such an event must have given the American cause a deadly wound, if not a fatal stab. Happily the Treason has been timely discovered to prevent the fatal misfortune. The Providential train of circumstances which led to it, affords the most convincing proof that the Liberties of America are the objects of Divine Protection. At the same time that the Treason is to be regretted, the General cannot help congratulating the Army in the happy discovery. Our Enemies despairing of carrying their point by force, are practising every base art to effect, by bribery and corruption, what they cannot accomplish in a manly way. Great honour is due to the American army that this is the first instance of Treason of the kind, where many were to be expected from the nature of the dispute. And nothing is so bright an ornament in the character of the American Soldiers, as their having been proof against all the arts and seductions of an insidious enemy.

"Arnold has made his escape to the Enemy, but Major André, the Adjutant General of the British Army, who came out as a spy to negotiate the business, is our prisoner.

"His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief has arrived at West Point from Hartford, and is no doubt taking proper measures to unravel fully so hellish a plot."

"HEAD QUARTERS, }  
 "Oct. 1st, 1780. }

"The board of General Officers appointed to examine into the case of Major André have reported—

"1st. That he came on shore from the Vulture, sloop-of-war, in the night of the 31st of September last, on an interview with General Arnold, in a private and secret manner.

"2d. That he changed his dress within our limits, and under a feigned name and a disguised habit, passed our works at Stony and Verplank's Points, the evening of the 22d of September last, and was taken the morning of the 23d of September last, at Tarrytown, in a disguised habit, being then on his way to New York and when taken, had in his possession several papers which contained intelligence for the enemy.

"The board, having maturely considered these facts, do also report to His Excellency General Washington, that Major André, Adjutant General of the British Army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy; and that, agreeable to the law and usages of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death.

"The commander-in-chief directs the execution of the above sentence in the usual

way, this afternoon, at five o'clock, precisely.

*" Evening Orders.*

" Major André is to be executed to-morrow, at twelve o'clock precisely. A battalion of eighty files from each wing to attend the execution.

Fourteen general officers of the most honorable and unimpeachable character, constituted the court martial, viz :—

Major General Green, President.

Major General Sterling.

Major General St. Clair.

Major General La Fayette.

Major General Howe.

Major General Steuben.

Brigadier General Saml. H. Parsons.

Brigadier General James Clinton.

Brigadier General Henry Knox.

Brigadier General John Glover.

Brigadier General John Paterson.

Brigadier General Edward Hand.

Brigadier General John Huntington.

! Brigadier General John Stark.

" JOHN LAWRENCE, Judge, Advocate General."

*The execution of Captain Hale, on Long Island, contrasted with that of Major Andre.*

Captain Hale was a young man, a native of Connecticut, a gallant soldier of Colonel Knowlton's regiment, of religious character, of superior education, and in every respect, qualified to shine in arms. When brought before General Howe, for there does not appear to have been any court martial or regular trial, he did not conceal his motives for a moment, but confessed at once that he came to the British lines to gain information of the position of the British army, and so far as practicable, of their future operations. General Howe, without a single day's delay, in the most barbarous, unfeeling, and unchristian manner, hurried him to the gallows at once. His request to have a clergyman attend him in his last moments denied, his application for a Bible rejected, his letters to his family connections destroyed: and the ordinary sympathies shown to a convicted murderer utterly suppressed. No marvel that General La Fayette, in a view of those extraordinary circumstances, still vivid in his recollection, referred at once to so inhuman a transaction. Agreeably to the laws of nations, and the practice of war, Captain Hale's condemnation was undoubtedly

just. But the manner and circumstances of his execution are revolting to every feeling of humanity, and repugnant to every sentiment of civilization. This is only one out of a countless multitude of outrageous acts perpetrated by the British army. But the American historians have wisely passed them over, and allowed them to slumber in oblivion. Not so with our transatlantic neighbors. After the lapse of more than half a century; after the passions have had time to cool, and reason to reassume its dominion, there lurks in their bosoms an ignoble disposition to asperse the character of one whose virtues "transcend example," and whose fame shall live forever.

There can be no controversy with respect to the fact that Major André was captured in the capacity of a spy. His execution was rendered imperative by the rules of war—by the sense of mankind—by the acknowledged laws of nations—by the universal practice of belligerents—and by the example of the British army itself. The charge of cruelty is a bold charge, inasmuch as it is equally applicable to those who make it, as to those against whom it is made. If the individual case be cruel, the general sense of mankind must be cruel—the law of nations must be cruel—reason, the foundation of all law, must be cruel—and the British army must be cruel. There is no alternative but to fall back upon total moral and mental darkness—blotting God from our creed, and man from our fellowship.

There is something strikingly sublime in the idea of a universal law, of human origin, equally obligatory upon all nations, and carrying with it the same penalty; and something presumptuous in the idea of any individual, however exalted, assuming the authority and responsibility of abridging that law, and sanctioning its virtual repeal by abolishing its punishment.

General Washington, acting under the sentence of a court martial of general officers, and in the last act of confirmation, under their special advice, gave an august moral example of obedience to the law of nations, perfectly compatible with his exalted character, and thus sustained its rigour, instead of weakening its force.

J. S.



## GILFILLAN'S LITERARY PORTRAITS.\*

WE have no patience with stilt-walking. It never was a favorite amusement of our own, nor did we ever like to see it practised by others. Dangerous feats have no interest for us, except the interest of dislike. Not that we are remarkably nervous; but that we eschew any unnecessary waste of sympathy. With the victim of an unavoidable accident we can sympathize, to the full, and congratulate ourselves on the readiness with which our kindly feelings are stirred. The crushing of a limb, by the fall of a spar on ship-board, or by the upsetting of a wagon through the viciousness of an unruly horse on a country road, we consider a legitimate subject of commiseration; but where danger is purposely courted, and mishap ensues, we deem ourselves cozened out of whatever pity we may feel. If a tight-rope dancer chance to break his neck, or an *aéronaut* tumbles some thousands of feet to the earth, and is picked up by the handful, we are chagrined that our nature compels us to pity him. When a man's natural altitude does not serve him to hang himself on a horn of the moon, or if his legs are not long enough to allow of his personating the *Apollo* of Rhodes, we cannot perceive any good reason why he is called upon to do either. A pair of stilts, it is true, may enable him to succeed in both; but what if he does not know how to balance them?

There are writers of a certain class, who are never so much at home as when abroad in the regions of episode. Delighting in freedom, no sooner are they through the gateway of their exordium, than, like unfettered colts, they leap into foreign enclosures, and nibble whatever comes in their way: although it be not half so good as the pasture they at first entered. To be sure, at times, they return, but only for a moment, and then are off again, the reader scarcely knows where. A betrothed coquette is a fool to them. The theme in hand is used simply as a point of departure; and they take good care to keep their "whither bound" as discreetly hidden as they

would a sailing order in the "secret service." It is in these excursions that they develop their peculiarities still more fully. To show any knowledge of the topic on which their pens make a show of being busy, does not content them. They must needs lug in by the ears, everything else that bears the remotest affinity: the link of association being all the better for its being invisible. If *Stirling Castle* is sitting for its portrait, straitway upon the canvass start out, in the foreground, the wharves of *Rotterdam*, or the steeples of *Geneva*; while the connoisseur stands on tiptoe if he would catch a glimpse of even the topmost stone upon the towers of the Scottish fortress. Is there a sailing party on its way, for a day's sport, to the *Isle of Man*, you may see the little fleet whisking round *Donagheda Light*, up the *North Channel*; and, after running in among the *Orkneys*, and balancing on the edge of the *Norwegian whirlpool*, gracefully sweep round within hailing distance of *Mount Hecla*; and then, touching at *Belfast* for a fresh supply of crackers and pale ale, reach *Douglas* somewhere about nightfall. As for our own tastes, we like to know a little of the route which a writer intends to travel, before we trust ourselves in his company, or pledge ourselves to accompany him to the next inn; for who wants to make the entire circuit of a country, merely for exercise, when one is longing for supper, and the tavern sign-post is in full and distinct view? It may be that we yield too much to mere animal instinct, and give too little play to the spiritual part of our nature; but we are hugely fond of progressing in strait lines; and dislike all deviations, whether on land or paper. A true sportsman always whistles his dog off the track of a hare, lest he should get bewildered; since the trail begins anywhere and ends nowhere. One of these hare-brained writers, if you but follow him, makes the same bewilderment. If you ever chance to find his "form," it is not through any fault of *his*; for he has as many turns and windings, and cuts as many right angles and indescribable

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\* Sketches of Modern Literature and Eminent Literary Men, (being a Gallery of Literary Portraits,) by George Gilfillan. Reprinted entire from the London edition. New York and Philadelphia: Appletons. 1846. One volume, 12mo. pp. 492.

curves, as a school-boy on his first map of the British Isles. Such a writer strives for our admiration, and succeeds in obtaining our pity. "Poor fellow!" we exclaim; "poor conceited embodiment of weakness! thou hast many good natural parts, but thou lackest common sense, which is the rudder of thy intellectual craft. Go to! let us have thy thought, whatever it may be—however poverty-stricken thy maudlin brain—let us have thy thought, we say, without the sorry pantomime and harlequin caperings, which make thee so supremely ridiculous. If thou canst say 'Booh!' say it, and be off: for we much prefer the natural cackle of the aquatic saviors of Rome, to the gibberish of thy jackdaw tongue. Thou thinkest, very likely, that we are too hard upon thee. Heaven save the mark! Too hard? Why, we have not given thee the moiety of what thou deservest. Thou settest thyself up to be somebody, and, behold, thy own mouth beliest thee. If thou hadst the brains of a wren, thou wouldst, amid all thy chattering, at least build thy nest; and lay thy little eggs and quietly hatch them. Pray, sir wren, do not make such a show of building that tiny thing, and then leave at the first frost, without so much as adding a single straw to the beginning thou madest in the spring-time. Even as a wren, thou owest a duty to the world. Perform it. Thou pretendest to be a teacher—hast ability to be a teacher, in thy humble way, and shouldst do thy work, even though it be that of giving lessons in the art of wren-architecture. Chatter, if thou wilt, but build the while, and thy readers will thank thee. Gather thy small materials and lay them together; and then chatter, to thy heart's content, if thou hast no eggs to lay; but, for thy own sake, at any rate, *build first, and afterwards play*; and not, during thy labor, hop about the top of the wall, or in among the mulberries, nor task thy wing by long flights to the roof-tree and skylights, or up to the pigeon-cote, to say that thou art busy. When thou hast got through building thou mayest depart, anywhere, and we shall not miss thee." Thus do we apostrophize writers of this sort, who, with no definite plan, go hither and yon, discoursing of everything but the legitimate theme they pretend to write of.

With all due charity, and the largest allowances for his peculiar temperament, we must aver that Mr. Gilfillan is the most flagrant example of the *episodical*

that we ever happened upon. No leap is too magnificent for him. Had he power equal to his wish, he would swim the Hellespont, and, without taking breath, hurry up the loftiest peak of the Olympus, and then, at a bound, clear half the countries of the Orient, and alight on the snows that gird the mountains of the moon: and this, for pastime merely, while making a promenade from the Tuilleries to the Place de Vendome. When we took up his book, and traced him through the sketch of Jeffrey, we rather liked him; but after bearing with his "*sophomorics*" to the sketch of Coleridge, we lost all patience, and wrote him down an ass. Yes, poor Dogberry had not half done justice to himself had he been George Gilfillan. Not that this same writer has not a considerable share of a certain sort of genius, as we shall hereafter show, yet so vain is he and *protrusive*, that it requires a large degree of Christian charity to segregate his faults from his excellences, and give the latter their full weight in the balance of our judgment. We can very readily pardon faults in one writer, that in another vex us excessively. The robin-notes and sucking-pig squeakings, with which a hurdy-gurdy player interlards the tunes of his instrument, are by no means greatly out of character; but surely no violincellist would venture the same accompaniment in full orchestra. So, indeed, there is no good excuse for an essayist trying his skill at tricks of jugglery and legerdemain, while engaged upon a refined literary or scientific theme; whether those tricks are intrinsically ridiculous, or only made so by the time and place in which they are introduced.

The style of a writer is always indicative of his general habits of mind. If a man is egregiously vain, his pen catches the disease. Vanity is never at a loss for a safety-valve of some kind, through which to puff, and whizz, and stream out, between somebody's vision and the sun. If Mr. Gilfillan were a writing-master, we could, with tolerable certainty rely on an extra flourish, lambent about the capitals of every line. Were he a singer, each bar would contain some pretty variation: or a public speaker, you would find half the known world laid under contribution to illustrate his favorite hobby. Indeed, we have so exalted a notion of his peculiar tendency, that we imagine if he were called upon in America, to figure as an orator on the "glorious Fourth," or were to discant on peace be-

fore an audience of Friends, he would ransack the whole pile of ancient and mediæval lore for parallel views and pointed apothegms; and were the select men to honor his disquisition with print, we should feel some surprise not to find the margin loaded with references in Greek, Latin, Chinese, and, perhaps, South African. He is only an essayist, at this present, and must seek some other mode of gratifying his relish for display.

We should be doing our writer manifest injustice, however, if we charged him with what is termed pedantry; for, whatever may be his classical acquirements, it is not for any boastful show of learning that we find fault with him. He chooses a narrower field, that of English literature, from which, and in which, to trick out his gallery of sketches. Modern and recent writers are those whose portraiture he has attempted: and, for the most part, the "ground and lofty tumbling," of which we have hinted a complaint, does not meddle with a very wide range of authors or historic facts. Indeed were it not for a hint, carelessly dropped, of his having been at Glasgow College, we should not have suspected Mr. Gilfillan of any very intimate acquaintance with even the pages of Lampriere; although from the character of his style we more than half suspected that he had practised forensics and theme-writing in the second collegiate year, somewhere or other. No, it is not for pedantry that we would take him to do. A pedant, in the usual sense of the term, he is not; at least in the book before us. What, however, we *do* take exception to, is the iterated, reiterated, and thrice three thousand times repeated attempt to catch the massive antithesis of Burke, cage it in Johnson's tumid roll of reverberating periods, and hang it out at the window to excite the wonderment of passers-by. We do not by any means object to antithesis or to well-turned and sonorous periods, if so be that they come naturally; but it vexes us to the core when we encounter imitation. It is neither manly nor truthful, this strutting about with a borrowed swagger, this bull-frog ox-bellowing and swelling of the throat. Better, a thousand times were it, that the frog stick to his more modest croak and natural dimensions, than to strive to pass for an animal some hundreds of scores larger than himself.

We recollect the captain of a militia company, not a thousand miles from —, who, in our younger days, used to wear

his epaulettes and white *pompon*, and flourish his sword about, with the air of a Wellington. He was a little man, hardly larger than he of the nursery rhyme, whom, in a pint-pot, his wife imprisoned for some flagrant misdemeanor. Our captain was, indeed a very little man; his head—hat, feather, and all—scarcely reaching up to the shoulders of his company; and he had such a diminutive, squeaking voice, that it could scarcely be heard from one end of a bayonet to the other; yet, by constant practice, he had succeeded in getting up quite a passable gruffness for the usual words of command on "training days," but even then it would not do to rise into a very loud tone; for, as sure as he did, up would go his voice, a full octave, without so much as, "by your leave, sir." Most generally, however, he succeeded to get through the drill without any serious accident: but one review-day, as ill-luck would have it, the brigade inspector rode on to parade, unlooked for, and set our little captain in a complete fluster of importance; and he strutted this way and that, and gave command from the very bottom of his diaphragm. All went off very well until the last exercise, when, relying too much on his previous success, and venturing to speak unusually loud, he shouted—"SHOULDER *arms*!" The "*shoulder*" sounded like the suppressed bellowing of a year-old bull, but the "*arms*" came out so thin and reedy, that the spectators, company, and even the brigade inspector himself, burst into a hearty laugh at the little captain's expense; and so generally did the sense of the ludicrous seize the general mind, that for six weeks after, you might have heard the smallest school-boys, as they went through the streets, crying "SHOULDER *arms*!" The captain resigned his commission.

There are not a few little captains in English and American literature, to whom the reading world would give a bounty, if they also would resign their commissions and retire into private life.

In addition to the strutting character of Mr. Gilfillan's episodes, aside from the fact that they usually occupy somewhere about two-thirds of every sketch, they have a very singular and characteristic peculiarity, that of referring to the preceding sketches and episodes; giving to the whole book the air of a child's "cat's cradle," or a tangled skein of sewing-silk, where every thread is interlaced and dependent—the writer only knows

wherefore—on every other thread of the puzzling entanglement. The concluding paragraph of the ingenious history of the “House that Jack built,” will give a faint notion of what we intend to convey. As we have said before, the range of episodical illustration is remarkably limited, and it is wonderful with what dexterity the changes are rung upon a dozen or two of names embraced in less than a hundred years of the history of English literature. “The great French drummer, formerly chief drummer in the Imperial Guard,” if he fulfils to the letter the promises of his delightful programme, would be unable, though he capered about from drum to drum with a thousand and one drum-sticks, to perform the tithe of the dexterous evolutions which the pen of our author compasses.

Until this book appeared, we had never heard the name of “George Gilfillan.” Very likely nineteen-twentieths of the reading public of these United States were in the same blissful ignorance. Who he is, or what he was, we are ignorant of at the present time. He has been pleased to point out, in a casual way, the university at which he probably graduated, leaving it to his readers to “guess” how many years have elapsed since that interesting event; an event, by the by, which it would seem, from the evidence of his style, is somewhat recent. Mr. Gilfillan is evidently a young man, with the intensive *very*. That he is of Scottish blood his Alma Mater and his ancestral name both testify. Whether his paternal home is in the Lowlands, or among the crags and fastnesses around the Highland lochs, we have no reliable means of ascertaining—though information touching this particular would, doubtless, afford his readers a certain degree of pleasure, inasmuch as people in general like to know all they can of every great man's personal history. If this latter averment be true with regard to great men, it follows—since there are many gradations in greatness—that even the history of a little man would interest some one or more, to whom he, being a step or two higher than themselves, seems great by comparison, and is so, to all intents and purposes.

There is a certain class of minds this side the water, with whom, for the reasons above mentioned, we should imagine the author of these sketches would become immensely popular. If so, it will

not be long before some additional facts, valuable in this connection, will creep over to his admirers, and be given by them to whomsoever has a taste for scraps biographical.

Whether it be the author's youth and inexperience, or a constitutional want of discernment, or a desire to ingratiate himself with the subjects of his sketches who are now living, and the friends and admirers of those of them that have passed away, we know not; but, added to all his sins of style is another and greater one—he is an inveterate *culogist*. There are twenty-six writers of various celebrity whose portraits he has attempted in the volume before us, every one of whom, if our author is sincere, he regards as little less than a demi-god. Now, at a cursory glance one would naturally conclude that in a schedule embracing some of the first British orators and poets of the last and present century, that there would be a slight difference between the manner of treating them, and the manner of treating an obscure anonymous story-writer in the reviews and magazines. Yet these portraits are nearly all of them sketched *con amore*, and the same rose-colored tints appear upon the canvass, and the same gaudiness of gilding on the frames. All are heroes in the eyes of this hero-worshipper. He erects a pantheon, and in the spirit of religious democracy, so to speak, makes all his gods of about equal rank. For him there appears to be no pre-eminent deity; but all share equal worship. Jupiter Olympus stands in no grander niche than does wooden Priapus.

If our author is, as we have supposed, a young man of narrow experience, he is in a measure excusable: if of middle age, with a constitutional blurr of perception in his mental vision, he is still to be borne with; but if, as at times we have suspected and then banished the suspicion from our minds—if, we say, he has written under the slightest influence of the desire for the good will of those whom he has attempted to sketch, we shall be mortified that in the simple credulity of our hearts we have suffered the book to pass under our notice without severe condemnation. It is not in our nature, however, to give way to suspicion, nor to speak in terms of severity. On the contrary, we are amiable, and credulous to a fault, and are always disposed, when there is the slightest room for any doubt at all, to look upon the



bright side of things ; nor shall we depart from our natural tendency in the present instance. Having, in a general way, premised thus much, we will proceed to a more particular examination of Mr. Gilfillan's work, rapidly glancing at some few of the sketches, and considering them in detail, so far as the limits of our article will allow.

The first sketch in the volume is that of Lord Jeffrey, the celebrated conductor of *The Edinburgh Review*, and as such, more generally known in the United States, than as either a politician or a lawyer. A writer of more than ordinary abilities, and a gentleman withal, whom no occasion has ever caused to unbend from that habitual self-reliance and contemptuous firmness which so eminently distinguish him. Notwithstanding the odium which his earnest, bitter, yet in the main truthful attacks upon the poets of the Lake school, raised up for him, he has been at all periods, the idol of a select coterie of personal friends, whose numbers have steadily increased, until now, in the decline of life, he is considered on all hands as one of the most brilliant of the brilliant men who give such a lustre to Scottish literature.

This first sketch, starting off at the outset, at a hand-gallop, although possessing many excellences, and developing less distinctly than most of the succeeding ones, the peculiar faults which so offend us, is, on many accounts, unworthy of the favor with which we regarded it in the first perusal ; not only for its inflation of style, its flippancy and hollow pretension of illustration and comparison, which are often drawn from local and obscure sources, appreciable alone by those familiar with the North British bar, but for its downright want of discrimination, and misapprehension of the peculiar *forte* of the powerful writer in question.

It is not from any success in politics, or any argument at the bar, nor from any decision while on the bench, that Lord Jeffrey's fame will ultimately rest. It is as the editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, and as a critic, that future times will know him, if they know him at all ; and that they will know him is as certain as the continuance in English mind of a taste for acuteness, brilliancy, refined sarcasm, and daring fearlessness of utterance ; more of which no writer of the present century has possessed. Francis

Jeffrey has never been a cringing spaniel, following and fawning at the heels of public opinion. He has, like the Roman tribune, both led and defied it. The works of Wordsworth bid fair to retain their present popularity for at least a half a century to come ; and so long as they do, there is no danger that their admirers will forget the *critiques* of a writer, whose bitterness and severity lay more in the truths they conveyed, than in any form of their expression.

Albeit our sketcher thinks differently, the sphere of criticism is where the mind of Jeffrey moves with the largest freedom. Peculiarly fitted, both by temperament and cultivation, for this field of exercise, he enjoys the unrivalled honor of being, and of being called, the "prince of critics." Neither Hazlitt nor Macaulay approach him in this line of effort. To be sure they both are critics ; but not in the sense in which the title belongs to him. Hazlitt was a subtle and imaginative writer of some wit and a certain dazzling brilliancy ; apt, however, to err more on the side of emotion than on that of a too refined severity of thought. Macaulay, so far from being in reality a critic, is, always, a *special pleader*. There is no fairness either in his praise or condemnation. Starting from some extraneous prejudice or partizan resolve, his whole aim is to accumulate arguments on the side of his previous position. Jeffrey has never condescended to this abuse of criticism. Hazlitt was possessed with a smiling devil of rather good natured vanity. He delighted in *fine-writing* ; more for the name of it, than for any thing else ; and when this was out of his head, and he really gave loose rein and natural play to his mind, he discovered genius a-plenty, but a lack of that clearness of mental vision, and that strength of judgment which are essential to the great critic. Macaulay is possessed with a devil of vanity too, but it is an ambitious devil, that prides itself on the power of argumentation, it matters not how false or unjust the conclusions at which it arrives. Jeffrey, on the contrary, without the glow of Hazlitt, or the semi-antique and admirable egotism of Macaulay, has always surrendered himself to the guidance of perfect truthfulness. What he has thought, he has written without gloss or perversion ; and you see in his efforts the efforts of a clear, strong, acute, and brilliant mind ; working naturally, and for the love of



working; and seemingly unconscious that there existed any one in the wide world to give it praise. For such a mind we feel instinctive reverence; and although we may find at times that it overlooks some important feature of the work or author it is busied with, yet, as we are convinced that the oversight does not proceed from any intellectual or moral obliquity, we are satisfied, and still preserve undiminished our confidence and admiration.

Sweeping and indiscriminate as many now deem them, and triumphantly as the objects of them have emerged from the obscurity into which they were cast, even before popularity had fully arisen, yet Jeffrey's searing criticism of "the Lakers," will be, we doubt not, finally accepted by the world. Southey, already, is beginning to be laid on the shelf, although the author of two such thrilling poems as *Thalaba* and *The Curse of Kehama*—poems that will challenge comparison with any, for the sustained flight of the imagination which inspires them. The trouble with Southey as a poet is, that in these two poems—on which we think (the whole drift of general opinion to the contrary, notwithstanding) the greater portion of his fame is founded—he wearies the attention of his readers by an uncouth and arbitrary metre, which savors too much of contempt for the taste of those to whom his poetry is addressed, and whose good-will a writer should at first, and always, endeavor to secure. Wordsworth as surely, but more gradually, after another quarter of a century, when the reaction of which Mr. Gilfillan speaks shall have subsided, will also seek the dusty neglect of the upper shelves, or only be preserved in heavy binding, as a memento of the false taste of a remarkable era in the history of English literature. We do not say this hastily, nor in the spirit of contradiction, but from a deliberate conviction that the rage for softly sentimentalism is even now subsiding. There are, indeed, some few things of Wordsworth's which will live, but the great majority of his poems must inevitably fall into oblivion. Coleridge has a better chance of surviving; inasmuch as there is more of interest thrown around him as a poet, by the contrasted grandeur of intellect and pitiable weakness of character which appear in his history as a man. Take from him the fame of his remarkable powers as a conversationist,

his depth and originality as a prose writer, and the halo of poppy-leaves which surrounds his memory, and there would be little left of his poetic celebrity. *The Hymn at Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni*, his sweet poem of *Genevieve*, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, a few minor pieces, and the fragment of *Christabel*, which, like Schiller's *Maiden from Afar*, is full of enigmatical interest, are his only poems of any worth. All which he has written beside these, are but little better than so much trunk-lining or medicine-envelope; and, barring the ink, would be excellent for cigar-lighting. We are aware that his translation of *Wallenstein* possesses great merit; but every day is now making us better and better acquainted with German literature, so that translations from it have become a drug.

The torpedo shocks which these three writers received from the *Edinburgh Review*, have been compared with the fatal blows which Keats received from the *London Quarterly*, but while the former were subtle and electric, the latter were rough and murderous, as if inflicted by the knotty war-club of a gigantic savage. Keats was at times weak, but his was the weakness of excessive beauty, not a studied and feeling sentimentalism. Keats was in love with Nature and with Greece; the Lakers with *themselves*. Keats was of different and finer stuff than they. He had more of unaffected simplicity and overflowing sense of the delicate and lovely, and less of self-exaggeration and pride of intellect. While the "Lakers" were only experiencing legal chastisement from the lash of an honest, though unpitying functionary of the literary realm—whose duty it was to clear the streets of vagrants with trussed-up limbs, seemingly out of joint and crippled, accompanied by whining brats that snivel to excite pity—Keats was dying from the assaults of a highway bully, whose only warrant was that of brutish might, and whose finest sensibilities were coarser than those of a hippopotamus. We do not say this with any allusion to the style of the article in the *Quarterly*, which ruined the literary hopes of the hapless poet; we refer simply to the inbred coarseness of the writer's soul, who could thus wantonly assault one whose whole nature thrilled and shuddered at even the glance of rudeness.

The plain truth, with regard to this attack on Keats, is, that he consorted with

those who were obnoxious, on account of the boldness of their heretical opinions, on both politics and religion, and as they were his friends, he was suspected of favoring their views, and so must be impaled. A ruffian was hired to do the work, and he did it well, and pitilessly! Many a time—this was in our earlier days—have we shed tears over the fate of this sweet dreamer, the delicate, classical John Keats. Ah! what a rare flame it was that shone through the fragile vase of the boy-poet's attenuated frame! The vase broken, and the flame gone out—a fragrance as of eastern perfumes remains eternal! Truly didst thou sing, O sweet Endymion—

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”

Thou wast no canting hypocrite, taking thy fill of the goods of this life, the while thou condemnest them in others. Thou livedst humbly, poorly; seeing from thy master's shop-window the pageantries of the great go-by, yet thou didst not wrong thyself, nor them, by decrying the luxuries and pomps thou couldst not share. With the loveliness of thy own soul thou wert content, and thou wert hated for it, hunted to the death before thou hadst seen thy manhood! But God loved thee if man did not, and shed upon thee without stint the spirit of true poesy. Thou hast gone to thy immortality—to the presence of thy Heavenly Friend, and the company of “the pure in heart.” And can it be that a ruffian mercenary crushed thy life away! It is as if a buzzard had slain an angel of the sun!

It is said that Lord Brougham was the brutal writer in the *Quarterly*.

We agree for the most part with Mr. Gilfillan's estimate of Keats and Shelley, but we utterly despise the affectation of sanctity, and the pharisaical whine with which he concludes the sketches of both. Out upon thee! thou narrow soul! Thinkest thou because bigots arrogate to judge these beautiful spirits, that God loveth not the choicest works of his creative skill? When the heavens are rolled together as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat, thou wilt know who of the race of man are most beloved by the Father of Spirits!

The great and distinguishing difference between the criticisms of Lord Jeffrey, and those of others who aspire to rival him, is the difference between honest opinion and deliberate misrepresentation; the best illustration of the result of which, will be the world's estimation

of Wordsworth and Southey, compared with its estimation of Shelley and Keats, some half century hence, when its judgment of these poets will be completed.

In the sketch of Carlyle, our author seems like an antiquarian traveller in the East, who has just discovered some grand old temple, whose history is not even hinted at by tradition, and whose existence no other traveller had even suspected; and so capers about clapping his hands and shouting to the passing clouds, stopping every now and then to sketch its outlines in his portfolio, and enter a helter-skelter description in his note-book, full of magniloquent episode and sublime, half-contradictory comparisons. At first Mr. Carlyle is, “*the truest Diogenes of these times*,” whose “*tub is towering into an oracle*,” and whose “*rugged flame-words are fast becoming law*!” Then he is “*the chief interpreter between the German and the English mind*,” and “*having shot upwards like a pyramid of fire*,” rises into “*a gigantic original*,” and becomes—tell it not in Gath—“*a separate and independent principality in the kingdom of letters*,” again, “*he is a hybrid*,” the “*main tissue of his mind*” being “*homely worsted*,” and anon, he is erected into a huge “*ccho-cliff*” and is “*the prophet of the AGE OF FOOLS*!” Much as we admire the lofty genius of Thomas Carlyle, we never dreamed that he was such an agglomeration of earth, air, fire, and granite before; but we will accept the description of his eulogist, and travel on towards the far off “*Beulah*,” whither it would seem, from his using it for a constant watchword, Mr. Gilfillan is directing his pilgrimage.

Had we time or sufficient space, we should in this connection allude to the sketches of Professor Wilson, Thomas De Quincey, John Foster, Lockhart, and the inimitable Charles Lamb; and side by side compare them with this greatest of living writers, who, born in Annandale, has, as Mr. Gilfillan tells us, “*become the British Richter*!” There is enough in Mr. Carlyle to admire and exalt, and enough to condemn and cast down from the world's great estimation, to make a paper so full of piquant contrasts and inconsistencies as to prove quite satisfactory to the readers of modern criticism, whose palate has been educated on spices.

Marked with the same tumidity of style as the last, are the sketches of Robert Hall, Edward Irving, Dr. Chalmers, the “*Delta*” of Blackwood, Thomas Aird, and

those of Pollock and Ebenezer Elliott. Our portrait sketcher seems to snuff the terrible, as the war-horse the battle afar off, and rushes on as precipitately to mix himself in the smoke, and din, and horrid tumult of the conflict. It would not be a wonderful display of shrewdness, if we were to infer that Mr. Gilfillan is extraordinarily fond of excitement. In childhood, we used to be troubled with a night-mare, which, if he could experience a few times, we think it would do him a vast deal of good, and thrill him into a moderate degree of soberness, for at least a month thereafter.

Much as it vexes us, we must pass by unnoticed, the sketches of Goodwin, and those of Campbell, Allan Cunningham, and Walter Savage Landor. We intended, also, to animadvert on the coarse fling at the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and the slight passed upon Croly, the author of *Salathiel*, in the sketch of Shelly. We are, however, scarcely leaving room for our remarks upon the strangest portion of the volume: namely, the sketch embodying an encyclopedic view of *American literature*. But, before we pass to the consideration of this last, let us glance at the evident plan and compass of the sketches of *British* writers.

Here let it be distinctly understood, that in despite of all the faults of style, and occasional crookedness of mind, which the book before us displays; and although we have spoken freely and sharply concerning the matters which offend us, yet, at the same time, we recognize a great facility of superficial thought, and power of expression, united with much warmth and brilliancy, and ready command of the few facts which it was the design of the book to embody. It is certainly a "readable book," and will help to while away many after-dinner hours, that would be otherwise spent less profitably. We doubt not that it is passably popular in Britain, and that it may be found on the centre-tables of quite a number of literary ladies of thirty and upwards, and in the easy-chair of not a few study-rooms of the *munses* in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

We like Mr. Gilfillan for one apparent feature of his plan, which was evidently that of sketching only those writers who, to "him appeared possessed of some earnestness of thought and character. This shows a pleasant tendency of his own mind; and we feel that however he may be misled by the love of stalking in bus-

kins, and straddling about on stilts, he still has considerable fire and warmth of soul, that lead him to sympathize with such as also exhibit them. If he is a young man, as we have surmised, both from his style and the *quasi* admission of his preface, this ardor of temperament, and love of naturalness in others, evinces the possession of a good share of native, but still latent genius. Much discrimination, or strength of intellect, we do not accord him, nor, indeed, is he consistent. He loves naturalness, that is, truthfulness, of expression in others. This is well. If he likes truthfulness of expression, he should also like that trait of character of which it stands as the index: to wit, the love of truth. Now a consistent love of truth would lead one to truthful statement of facts; and a statement of facts cannot be truthful, unless one has previously examined into their foundations. A man of truth makes no decided and unqualified assertion without this previous investigation, unless betrayed into a hasty statement by the excitement of the moment. When one is *always* excited, and has beside a pretty vivid imagination, he is apt to depart from the truth every day of his life, in word of mouth. This may be pardoned, however, by those who know his peculiar temperament and character; but if he sits down, and deliberately commits to writing his statements, in the same unqualified way, he very soon loses the confidence of even his friends, and runs the risk of being considered a common liar. We have little doubt that if the veriest falsifier in the world—we mean, of course, one who does not warp the truth from private enmity or personal interest—were thoroughly understood, and his true character fairly got at, we should find that in his heart there was as great a natural love for truth in the abstract, as in the heart of the most truthful—the difference between them being, for the most part, the difference of temperament.

When Mr. Gilfillan penned his sketches of *British* authors, he had all the materials ready to his hand, floating about in the public mind; and could hardly escape stating facts—if he could not make inferences from them—correctly. And, moreover, if he had wished to falsify,—which is far from our belief,—he would have been restrained from doing so, by the reflection, that once published, his sketches would be before the eye of the contemporaries, acquaintances, and per-

sonal friends of the writers whom he was about to sketch. A falsification of fact would be instantly detected, and marked down against him. Want of judgment in arranging his facts, or in drawing conclusions from them, would only render him the object of pity. False glitter of style, or pompous stridings, would only excite a smile of derision. False statements of fact, however, would expose him to contempt: and a more than fool would he have been, to have thus exposed himself, in a book written for the British market. He well knew that to show any want of truth, or of information, touching the subjects of his sketches, would have been fatal to him.

Let us here repeat that we do not suspect him of even the slightest *desire* to warp the truth: for after what we have promised, our remarks, which follow in this connection, might be, possibly, misunderstood.

Very different was the state of affairs when he came to pen the article on *American* literature. The environment of the subject was entirely unlike that which surrounded his other sketches. Few American writers are very generally known in the British kingdom *personally*,—perhaps not more than a half dozen, to a half dozen literary men in England or Scotland. There was no check, then, existing in any widely extended friendship or sympathy. A few uninterested reviewers were all that could, if they would, detect any error of statement. And beside, there is no very great cordiality towards American literature anywhere in Great Britain. Ten to one, any thing that should depreciate, however unjustly, would be received with favor, there. We know that there are honorable exceptions to this; but this is the general fact. Now if Mr. Gilfillan had omitted the sketch under present consideration, and published only those touching *British* contemporaneous literature, we should have conjectured, from these alone, what kind of an article would have been the one relating to *American* writers. The *superficiality* which appears in the other sketches would have led us to expect that, where it would cost him any labor of research, or any taxing of his discrimination, our author would run on after his own mad fashion; just as he has, in point of fact. Throughout the article is that recklessness of statement, which, restrained in one direction, by the circumstances of the case, found vent, in

the other sketches, in random comparisons, drawn from the common store, not of his own individual thought, but of that which was the property of the literary public:—floating as we have said, in the general mind, and already manufactured to his hand. And, now, briefly, let us advert, more particularly, to the different portions of this singular effort; which, from its pretended familiarity with its theme, is likely to be received in the British kingdom, or least for a little time, as embodying a faithful, but, of course not elaborated view of American literature.

With a coolness of assurance peculiarly his own, Mr. Gilfillan has assumed to place *Ralph Waldo Emerson* at the head of American letters! A writer whose claim to that distinction is so slight, that the assertion of it, if made by any in this country, would be so manifestly absurd that even his most devoted admirers would shrink from attempting to sustain it. He himself must have blushed with mortification when he first saw—if he ever saw—this precious volume. Who but the sapient George Gilfillan, would have ventured the thing? Surely not even Thomas Carlyle; who did Mr. Emerson the honor to superintend the English edition of his essays.

We readily see how our excellent sketcher came thus to dignify a New England Lecturer,—who, beside his lectures, has written a few brilliant pantheistic rhapsodies, with the highest seat in our literary synagogue. Both the sketcher and the sketched were admirers of the same great man; or, more properly speaking, the sketcher *worshipped*, and the sketched *admired*, Carlyle; and he liked both; and whom his hero *liked* the *worshipper* incontinently *admired*, in his own headlong unreflecting way. The reason why Carlyle liked Mr. Emerson is easily perceived. It was that the American admired *him*; and, at times, affected his style and phraseology, and, moreover, was a *pantheist* into the bargain. The lord clothes his servants in livery; and thereby gives outward token of his own consequence. If the footman dresses more gaudily than his master, it in no way detracts from the master's consequence: only adds to it.

The readiness with which writers and artists extend the hand of fellowship to even their humblest imitators and admirers, shows how accurately and delicately adapted to the preservation of *truth*, are all things in the economy of human



nature. Even vanity itself subserves this great end. Vanity, in many instances, impels *genius* to publish its thoughts to the world. Vanity serves to give them wider prevalence, by drawing the admirers of *genius* around its possessor by the cords of personal friendship: and thus, perchance, one single new idea creates a sect or school; whose voluntary work it is to elucidate and defend it. At any rate the charm of numbers renders it respectable: and although the new idea is one which is unsuited to its own times, yet history, taking cognizance of the sect or school which embodies it, transmits to future ages what, in the higher progress of the world, may be of incalculable value.

Mr. Emerson is described in this book as being a "fair-haired," youth, at the time he visited Carlyle at Craigenputtock. Perhaps he *was* "fair-haired" at the time of his visit: or Carlyle, looking through the clouds of his German tobacco-pipe, *thought* he was: but at any rate his hair is black enough now; and we hardly think it could have had at twenty-seven, much difference of color from what it now has, at forty-five. His face in speaking is described as *phosphorescent*, "and as the face of an angel!" Does good, simple Mr. Gilfillan not know how things grow by transmission? Mr. Emerson's features, when excited, light up a little; just as does the face of even an idiot when a transient glow of momentary intelligence flashes across it. Any man's countenance, when excited by the delivery of new, or beautiful, or interesting thoughts, will become radiated: although we rather doubt that anything very particularly wonderful could be noticed in the play of Mr. Emerson's features, if his face did not usually appear so glum and meaningless when his eyes are partially closed and his lips are at rest.

"Mr. Emerson has also founded a school of Transcendentalists, in New England." So he *has*: and no great merit is it, either, to lead a set of silly women and conceited boys into all manner of outlandish offences against good taste and literary decorum. "The Dial"—now deceased—was the organ of this new school, awhile: and it was their oracle. It was in their pockets, and on their tables: and from it they read aloud, as if they had been Persians, and were reading the *Zendavesta*: so that you were forcibly reminded of the answer of the "melancholy Jacques" to the exclamation,

"What! you look merrily," when he says:—

"A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i'the forest,  
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—  
As I do live by food I met a fool;  
Who laid him down and basked him in the  
sun,

And railed on lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.  
Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No sir,  
quoth he,  
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me  
fortune:

And then he drew a DIAL from his poke;  
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says, very wisely: *It is ten o'clock*:  
Thus may we see, quoth he, *how the world  
wags*:

*'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;  
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;  
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and  
ripe,*

*And then, from hour to hour, we rot and  
rot,  
And thereby hangs a tale.* When I did  
hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep contempla-  
tive:

And I did laugh sans intermission,  
An hour by his DIAL. O noble fool!  
A motley fool!—Motley's the only wear."

Not that the *Dial* did not contain many beautiful essays. It did. Nor that Mr. Emerson is not a man of genius. He is. But we are surprised at the ignorance of an author who has thus ranked Mr. Emerson so immeasurably above the position he really occupies.

We should have found no fault with Mr. Gilfillan, in this connection, if he had given the pre-eminence of rank to Edward Everett, or William H. Prescott, or Washington Irving: all of whom have undisputed claims to our admiration. But instead of this, Mr. Gilfillan has not only placed Mr. Emerson in a ridiculous position, but ignorant, or reckless, has entirely omitted any notice of such men as Adams, Legaré, Bancroft, Sparks, Story, and Marshall. Bryant, Dana and Percival, are sneeringly alluded to, in passing, and Longfellow is not even named. The whole catalogue of American writers is contrasted with the name of *Emerson*, and a quotation from Robert Hall is used to class all, but this one "*native man*," as "those who appear to go about apologizing to every body for the unpardonable presumption of being in the world;" but he adds, America "still has



numbered the following great names in its intellectual heraldry:—Edwards, Dwight, Brockden Brown, Cooper, *John Neal*, Moses Stuart, Daniel Webster, Channing and *Emerson*!" To say nothing of the contradiction,—for contradictions in this book are as plenty as blackberries,—what a delightful state of presumptuous ignorance does the collocation of these names display! The veriest little urchin in the land could make a more fortunate show of literary discrimination. And then, too, Moses Stuart is styled the "prince of American Exegesis"—which we will not now controvert—and Noyes and Robinson, two as profound oriental scholars as he—not even hinted at. But we cannot longer weary the patience of our readers.

If the editorial courtesy is extended to us, we will, in a future article, descant, somewhat at length, on the subject of American literature and literary men: leaving our author to enjoy the unenviable distinction which this particular sketch will inevitably give him. He has talents: let him study *truth*. We advise him to get accustomed to speak intelligently and truthfully, before "girding up his loins for some other more manlike, more solid, and strenuous achievement." It irks us to part with thee, most excellent George Gilfillan, but we have held levee with thee too long already: so

"Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remembered in thy epitaph."

### MILL'S LOGIC.\*

THIS work was first published in London, in two thick octavo volumes, in 1843. It is now republished in one large closely printed octavo, of 593 pages. We had feared that no American house would venture upon the undertaking, and for having done it, we thank the publishers most cordially, in the name of all poor scholars. The writer of the book is the son of the distinguished author of the "History of British India," and of the "Analysis of the Human Mind." He is yet a young man, and was characterised some years ago, by very high authority, to a friend of ours, as "the best educated man of his age in England." The mental power—the reading—and the iron reflection evinced in this book are prodigious; and the book itself will repay, as it certainly demands, close and protracted study. It will be a favorite book with all the thinkers of this country, to whatever school in philosophy they may pertain, who believe in examining the foundations of their opinions, and who rejoice in a scrutinizing and closely reasoned "logic."

We had intended to prepare an ex-

tended notice of this work, differing in the aim and in the method of its criticism from any that we have yet seen, and such as might meet the wants of some students in philosophy. But we are deterred by various considerations, and among them is the fact, that the limits and general character of a monthly magazine, seemed to us to forbid an article so severe and so long as we had proposed. Yet the proposal has hindered us from giving it earlier attention. At this rather late period for a brief notice, we shall speak of the prominent characteristics of this treatise.

*Its aim and object* are peculiar, and set it apart as unlike any other English work on logic. It gives the science, as well as the art of reasoning, the philosophy as well as the technics of logic. The design is to explore all the processes in which the reasoning faculty is employed—to classify them, to show them in their order, and in a good measure to test their validity and soundness. It does not aim to teach the dialectic art merely, i. e., the art of reasoning so as to convince another; but it proposes to

\* A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive; being a connected view of the principles of evidence and the method of Scientific Investigation. By John Stuart Mill. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.

itself the far higher aim, of criticising the mind in its discovery of truth, and to guide it in all scientific investigation. In fulfilling this latter object, it goes over the ground surveyed by Bacon in his *Novum Organon*. It seeks to show how the mind proceeds, and on what it bases its conclusions, in physical philosophy, and in the moral sciences. The field whence the illustrations of its principles are drawn, is of course boundless; and the opportunities to show how that true methods have been employed in the most splendid discoveries in the physical sciences, are well nigh infinite. Of these the author has availed himself, and the familiarity and readiness with which he has pressed them into his service amazes the reader at the knowledge of the writer, and rewards him by the information which he receives.

The thoroughness of the work is noticeable. The Germans complain of our English writers, on these topics, that they are deficient in *Gründlichkeit*; but they would have no occasion to bring the charge against Mill's Logic. For if it is marked by any one feature, it is by the strong and commanding purpose to strike and hold to the bottom. The author endeavors to confine himself to the appropriate province of logic, as distinguished from the higher metaphysics. He professes to give no opinion—certainly to enter into no controversy—in respect to the origin of human knowledge, &c. But he also seeks to carry himself and his readers back to the veriest beginnings to which he is allowed to go, and analyzes all our scientific processes into their primordial elements. In this respect the book indicates a very considerable advance in the views of English thinkers and a deeper, if not a *sub-soil*, ploughing, in their investigations in intellectual and moral science. The time was, when the speculations of Kant were scouted and stigmatized in England, as dreaming and unintelligible, and his attempts to attain the ultimate laws of the human intellect, was pronounced well-nigh *Quixotic*. Our author is very far from being a *Kantian*. Indeed, he would be ranked nearly at the opposite extreme. But he recognizes all the objects proposed by Kant, as legitimate and scientific, and boldly plunges into the turbid and chaotic stream, determined to find if there be a fording place, or at least to follow to the farthest point, where neither the foot

nor the sounding line can longer strike the bottom. We may congratulate the students of intellectual science, who are not familiar with the German language, and even those who are, that in "*Whewell's Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*," and "*Mill's Logic*," they have what are termed the spiritual and the empirical systems, ably expounded and defended by English writers. Indeed, a very considerable portion of this work was written as a counterpart or reply to Whewell's work, as the most successful exposition and the ablest vindication of the Kantian principles which has ever been written in the English language. The two ought to be read in connection, that either may be thoroughly appreciated, and the student may have the means of understanding and of adjusting the question at issue. We hope that the publishers of Mill's work will bring within the reach of our American students the work of Whewell. They would certainly receive the thanks of that not now inconsiderable body in this country, the poor American scholars. The established reputation of Dr. Whewell, his clear and elegant style, and the popularity of his opinions with many of our countrymen, as well as the direct and confessed value of the book, to the mere natural philosopher, would ensure to it a sure and steady sale. To the cause of mental science it is needed as an accompaniment to this work of Mill.

The subject matter and the division of this work are worthy a moment's notice. It is divided into six books, each of which is an extended and thorough treatise on a distinct topic. The first book treats of names and propositions, and aims to be a thorough analysis and classification of the subject matter with which logic has to do. The book is fundamental to the entire treatise, and the subjects under it are handled in the manner of a thorough-going thinker. Book II. treats of reasoning. Under this head, is a vigorous and protracted discussion of the old and vexed question, concerning the nature and the value of the syllogism in reasoning. Our author allows its great usefulness; but asserts, and we think with triumphant success, the doctrine that in the discovery of truth, the process on which our knowledge depends and with it our capacity to employ the syllogism, is that process, one or more, by which we have previously arrived at the major and the minor. Or, in other words, he establishes

and vindicates the distinction so often overlooked and confounded between induction and deduction. Under this book will also be found, in chapters v. and vi., a discussion of demonstrative and necessary truths, which brings up one of the great questions in modern metaphysics, whether the axioms in geometry are truths necessary to the mind and received by it, as the conditions of its being a mind at all; or whether they are generalizations from experience on this subject. Mr. Whewell and Mr. Mill take opposite sides.

Book III. treats of Induction, and is at once the longest and the most important book in the volume. Here is discussed the whole subject which Bacon essayed in his *Novum Organon*—both the right method of interrogating nature, and the true ground on which we rest upon our conclusions in physical science. This book is divided into twenty-five chapters, and treats of the profoundest subjects about which philosophy ever ventures to speculate, e. g.—Of the law of Universal Causation—Of the four methods of Experimental Inquiry—Of Hypotheses—Of Chance—Of Analogy—Of the evidence of the Law of Universal Causation—Of Probable Evidence—and last, though not least, Of the Grounds of Disbelief—under which is an examination of Hume's doctrine of Miracles. Book IV. is of operations subsidiary to Induction, which treats *in extenso* of the language of philosophy and of classification. Book V. is on Fallacies. Book VI. on the Logic of the Moral Sciences—under which is handled the question of Liberty and Necessity, and others of no less interest.

The value of this book is great. No book can be prepared on such subjects as these, and in so thorough a manner, without being of the highest worth. Whatever may be the soundness of its doctrines, or the general direction of its philosophy, it can be no other than useful to every student in philosophy. This work, however, has other and higher merits than of being a masterly treatise. No work in the English language can be compared with it, or can be put in place of it, as a fresh and thorough "posting up" of the newest researches in moral and intellectual science. It everywhere shows new materials, as well as the skill of a new artist. It gathers up, and arranges, and uses for a new advance onward, all that has been scattered here and there in the desultory

and occasional efforts of many writers in England, and on the continent. To the students of natural science, the work has an especial value, as it has for them an especial adaptation. We hope to be pardoned, also, for the suggestion, that it has been quite too common, if not almost universal, with the devotees of these sciences in this country, and to a great extent in England, to prosecute them in a very superficial manner, with almost exclusive reference to the discovery and the classification of facts, and with but little recognition of the principles of science. No words are more commonly employed, it is true, than the Baconian or the Inductive system, Laws of Nature, Ultimate Principles, &c., and yet no phrases seem to be less understood. The attempt to ascertain their meaning, and to test the grounds of their reliableness is almost uniformly stigmatised as metaphysics. It might be well for these so-called, or rather the so *mis-called* natural philosophers, to know that the logic of the natural sciences is as severe and refined as that of mental and moral philosophy. It would be still better for them to recognize the legitimacy and the value of this logic, in its application to physical philosophy. It was with great delight that we first read the following very striking remarks of Sir John Herschel, in his introductory address before the British Association, at their fifteenth meeting: "A great deal of attention has been lately, and I think very wisely, drawn to the philosophy of science, and to the principles of logic, as founded not on arbitrary and pedantic forms, but on a careful induction, inquiring into the grounds of human belief, and the nature and extent of man's intellectual faculties." On both these subjects, [the philosophy and logic of science,] works of first-rate importance have of late illustrated the scientific literature of this country. On the philosophy of science we have witnessed the production, by the pen of a most distinguished member of this university, [Dr. Whewell,] of a work so comprehensive in its view, so vivid in its illustration, and so right-minded in its leading directions, that it seems to me impossible for any man of science, be his particular department of inquiry what it may, to rise from its perusal without feeling himself strengthened and invigorated for his own special pursuit, and placed in a more favorable position for discovery in it than before, as well as more competent

to estimate the true philosophical value and import of any new views which may open to him in its prosecution. "From the peculiar and *a priori* point of view, many may dissent, and I own myself to be of that number, &c." \* \* \* "In the other work, to which I have made allusion, and which, under the title of a 'System of Logic,' has for its objects to give a connected view of the principles of evidence, and the methods of scientific investigation, its acute, and in many respects, profound author—taking up an almost diametrically opposite station, and looking to experience as the ultimate foundation of all knowledge—at least of all scientific knowledge, in its simplest axioms, as well as in its most remote results—has presented us with a view of the inductive philosophy, very different indeed in its general aspect, but in which, when carefully examined, most essential features may be recognized as identical, while some are brought out with salience and effect, which could not be attained from the contrary point of sight."

*The style in which this book is written*

is sufficiently clear and precise, easily expressing the thought, and everywhere showing the mastery of a scholar, over the capacities of his mother tongue. It is not, however, so easy to read as we could desire. It may arise from the training of the author in the school of Bentham, whose writings are the most unreadable of those of any English author living or dead—or it may be a fancy of ours that he has imbibed some of the same hard and unrelieved abstractedness of expression. But we are certain that it is a book which demands attention, rather than one which invites it, and one to the perusal of which must be furnished the constant stimulus of the reader's own effort, rather than a book which itself awakens and stimulates attention. This is the only serious objection to a work which should be procured and read by all the thinking men of the country. Let this one book be pondered and mastered by all for whom it was written, and the result cannot well be computed in hardening the intellectual strength, and the maturing of the national mind.

## INCIDENTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

### NO. I.

#### THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA.

On the 7th day of October, nine and sixty years ago, was fought the so-called battle of Saratoga. In passing near the field of contest, the past summer, we had the curiosity to spend two or three hours in examining the different points of interest in the neighborhood, each one of them made famous by some skirmish, attack, resistance, or defeat, during that day. The remains of the British fortifications are still pointed out, and can be easily traced through nearly their whole extent. The American breastworks have not entirely disappeared, and the curious observer can follow without difficulty along their irregular and circuitous course. But this is all, or nearly all, which re-

mains upon the ground to denote that great struggle of the Revolution. Neither the camping-place, the line of pickets, nor the battle-field, have left traces of victory or defeat; the plough of the husbandman has effaced all the signs of warfare, and in the breeze of autumn waves the rich harvest, made richer, perchance, by the best blood of the Old World and the New.

On the morning of the 7th of October, General Burgoyne began to move about fifteen hundred of his men to the northern extremity of a low ridge of land about three-quarters of a mile from the American camp, in the hope of being able to advance upon and turn the left

wing of the American army. In the course of this movement, the Indians upon the flank of the columns fell in with the American pickets, whom they drove in, a large detachment from the main body following in pursuit. It was here that the first action of the day took place, which, though tending little to the ultimate result, evinced the bravery, vigor, and determined spirit with which the contest was to be waged.

It was nearly two hours past noon before General Burgoyne had completed his line-of-battle. Major Ackland had command of the left wing, composed of grenadiers and artillery; Lord Balcarras of the infantry, composing the right wing, and Generals Phillips and Riedesdel, of the British and German battalions, in the centre. General Frazer was posted with one thousand men in advance of the right wing, for the purpose of falling upon the American rear when the attack had been made upon their front.

As soon as General Gates had observed the movements of the British troops, he instantly penetrated Burgoyne's design, and directing Colonel Morgan, with his rifle corps of fifteen hundred men, to the situation and probable design of General Frazer, he ordered General Poor to advance with his brigade upon Major Ackland's division upon the left. Poor drew up his men in order of battle, addressed to them a few words of encouragement, issued strict orders not to fire until the ascent of the hill was gained, and at half past two o'clock gave the word of march. Advancing in the midst of a thick fire of grape-shot and musketry, the whole body of his force pushed rapidly across the plain and up the hill, until having gained nearly a level with his opponents, he opened upon them a most destructive fire. For more than thirty minutes, the contest was tremendous. The grenadiers, under the immediate command of their general officers, fought with unflinching bravery, heroically holding their ground against fearful odds, while the New York and New Hampshire troops, inspired by former success, rushed on, firing and opening from right to left, and again forming on the flanks, with most terrible and destructive aim. In the hottest of the contest, Major Ackland fell from his horse, wounded. This turned the fortune of the day. The grenadiers, missing the presence of their commander, and being more vigorously pressed by the advancing col-

umns, broke and gave way, leaving the ground thickly strewn with the dead and dying.

In the mean time, Colonel Morgan had attacked the British right wing. Meeting their advance upon favorable ground and rushing upon them impetuously with his whole force, he succeeded in throwing their whole line into confusion. Attempting to charge their front, they were met by Major Dearborn, who arrived at that moment upon the field, with two regiments of New England troops, whose fire poured rapidly into their flank and rear, increased their consternation, made resistance vain, and forced the whole line into a broken and rapid flight.

While these two attacks were simultaneously made and carried on upon the right and left wings of the British army, General Arnold advanced upon the centre, composed of German troops, with three regiments of General Learned's brigade. Arnold had been suspended from his command, in consequence of a bitter quarrel with General Gates, some days before. Of course none of the orders of the day had been given to him. His part was a volunteer one; but it was well acted. Heading the troops not yet brought into action, he advanced upon the British centre under cover of a heavy cannonading of the artillery, in the hope of breaking their column. After a sharp and irregular attack, his troops were driven back, the Hessian ranks standing firm upon their ground. Maddened by the failure, he again formed his men, and dashing at their head upon the very bayonets of the enemy, with his characteristic impetuosity, and at the same time pouring upon them a fire every shot of which told upon the crowded columns of the Hessians, he succeeded in turning their line. At this critical moment, three thousand fresh troops under the command of General Ten Broeck, arrived upon the field, the attack of whom, directed by Arnold, decided the fate of the day. The three attacks of the American army had each been successful. The whole line of Burgoyne's army was broken. The right and left wing, finding no assistance from the centre, precipitately retreated, while the latter, overwhelmed by the auxiliary force brought against them, fled rapidly to their entrenchments, hotly pursued by the Americans.

The battle now assumed a different character. The British troops, partially protected by their works, poured a heavy



and uninterrupted fire upon the advancing columns of the Americans. The latter, elated by success, assailed the entrenchments upon every side, with a fury and determined ardor that nothing could resist. In the midst of this dreadful scene of carnage, Arnold was pre-eminent. Finding the attack upon the entrenchments likely to be protracted, he put himself at the head of a portion of one of the brigades, and dashing with the ferocity of a tiger into the camp of Lord Balcarras, upon the fixed bayonets of the soldiers, he drove them completely from their ground. Augmenting his forces from Gen. Root's division, he then gave orders to advance upon the extreme right, where the Hessians were encamped under the command of Colonel Breyman. Still advancing in person before the columns and exposing himself in the thickest of the fight, he bore down with irresistible impetuosity upon the breastworks, driving the men from their guns, dashing through every obstacle, and by the very fury of his onset bearing down every resistance. In a few minutes from the commencement of the attack the provincialists had been driven from their guns, the Hessian flank uncovered, the whole line assailed, broken and driven from their ground, their gallant commander mortally wounded, and all their tents, baggage, and artillery in possession of the victors. It was here that Arnold received his wound. While rushing into the sally-port, he was shot through the leg and his horse fell dead under him. The success of the assault, however, was complete, the day belonged to the Americans, and the fate of the great expedition of General Burgoyne irrevocably sealed.

Nothing can be gained by doing injustice to the memory of even Benedict Arnold. No braver man than he ever drew sword from scabbard. General Gates has received the glory of the northern campaign of 1777. To him the glory undoubtedly belongs. But the victory of the 7th of October was mainly achieved by Arnold. He was the highest officer in actual service on the field during the whole day. His various attacks upon the enemy were each one successful. His personal courage, always undoubted, was never more clearly exhibited. His presence at the head of the troops inspired them to bear down every obstacle. His penetration of the designs of the enemy, his knowledge of their points

of weakness, his combination of numbers at the places where he was least expected, his promptitude in availing himself of the confusion which followed his attacks, and his brave and gallant conduct in every encounter, were at the time fully acknowledged. It was for his heroic services on this day that he was promoted to his command, and though he afterwards proved himself a traitor, and bears justly among posterity a traitor's name, history cannot fail to award him the reputation of a sagacious captain, and a brave and gallant soldier.

It was in this battle of October 7th that General Frazer lost his life. We know of no incident of the war of the Revolution more touching than this. He was the idol of the British army. Brave, generous, noble, gifted with rare powers of intellect, and endowed with as manly and gentle a heart as ever beat in man's bosom—slow, judicious, cautious, reserved, and yet in battle impulsive, energetic and impetuous to a degree equalled by none in command—he gained, as he deserved, both in counsel and in action, an influence throughout the whole army immeasurably beyond any other. Next to General Burgoyne—perhaps we might not even except him—there was no man in that expedition whose loss would have been so deeply felt. In the early part of the engagement he was observed on one side to be mounted upon a gray horse, actively engaged throughout the whole line in encouraging his men, and often exposing himself in the thickest of the contest. Arnold, noticing his activity, and knowing the importance of his life to the British army, rode rapidly down to Colonel Morgan's detachment, and suggested the necessity of picking him off by a rifle shot. Morgan at first objected, but the heat of the contest and doubt of how the day would turn, enforced Arnold's advice, and Timothy Murphy, with two others of the sharpshooters, was deputed to do it. Almost instantly a ball was observed to cut the crouper of General Frazer's saddle, and another immediately followed grazing his horse's mane. An aid, who stood by, said, "You are evidently singled out by the enemy's sharpshooters. Had you not better go to the rear?" General Frazer replied, "Not from my duty." A moment after he fell from his horse, mortally wounded. The interesting narrative of the Baroness de Riedesel, now unhappily well nigh forgotten, so well fills

up the story that we copy from it *in extenso*.

She was at breakfast with her husband, and heard that something was intended. On the same day she expected Generals Burgoyne, Phillips, and Frazer, to dine with her. She saw a great movement among the troops, and inquired the cause; her husband told her it was merely a reconnoissance, which gave her no concern, as it often happened. She walked out of the house and met several Indians in their war dresses, with guns in their hands. When she asked them where they were going, they cried out "War, war," (meaning they were going to battle). This filled her with apprehension, and she scarcely got home before she heard reports of cannon and musketry, which grew louder by degrees till at last the noise became excessive. About four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the guests whom she expected, General Frazer was brought on a litter mortally wounded. The table which was already set, was instantly removed and a bed placed in its stead for the wounded general. She sat trembling in a corner; the noise grew louder, and the alarm increased; the thought that her husband might perhaps be brought in wounded in the same way, was terrible to her, and distressed her exceedingly. General Frazer said to the surgeon, "tell me if my wound is mortal; do not flatter me!" The ball had passed through his body, and unhappily for the General, he had eaten a very hearty breakfast, by which the stomach was distended, and the ball, as the surgeon said, had passed through it. She heard him often exclaim with a sigh, "Oh! fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! Oh! my poor wife!" He was asked if he had any request to make; to which he replied, that if General Burgoyne would permit it, he should like to be buried at six o'clock in the evening on the top of a hill, on a redoubt which had been built there. She says she did not know which way to turn—all the other rooms were full of sick. Towards evening she saw her husband coming; then she forgot all her sorrows, and thanked God that he was spared to her. He eat in great haste with her, and his aid-de-camp, behind the house. She had been told that they had the advantage of the enemy, but the sorrowful faces she beheld told a different tale, and before her husband went away he took her one side and said every

thing was going very bad—that she must keep herself in readiness to leave the place, but not to mention it to any one. She made the pretence that she would move into her new house the next morning, and had every thing packed up ready.

Lady Harriet Ackland had a tent not far from her house; in this she slept, and the rest of the day she was in the camp. All of a sudden a man came to tell her that her husband was mortally wounded and taken prisoner. On hearing this she became very miserable; the Baroness comforted her by telling her the wound was only slight, and at the same time advised her to go over to her husband, to do which she would certainly obtain permission, and then she could attend to him herself. She was a charming woman and very fond of him. The Baroness spent much of the night in comforting her, and then went again to her children whom she put to bed. She could not go to sleep, as she had General Frazer and all the other wounded gentlemen in her room, and she was sadly afraid her children would awake, and by their crying disturb the dying man in his last moments, who often addressed her and apologized "for the trouble he gave her." About 3 o'clock in the morning she was told he could not hold out much longer. She had desired to be informed of the near approach of this sad crisis, and she then wrapped up her children in their clothes, and went with them into the room below. About 8 o'clock in the morning he died. After he was laid out and his corpse wrapped up in a sheet she came again into the room, and had this horrible sight before her the whole day; and to add to this melancholy scene, almost every moment some officer of her acquaintance was brought in wounded. The cannonade commenced again; a retreat was spoken of, but not the smallest motion was made towards it. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon she saw the house which had just been built for her in flames, and the enemy was now not far off. General Burgoyne would not refuse the last request of General Frazer, though, by his acceding, an unnecessary delay was occasioned, by which the inconvenience of the army was much increased. At 6 o'clock the corpse was brought out, and she saw the generals attend it to the hill; the chaplain, Mr. Brudenel, performed the funeral service, rendered unusually so

lemon and awful, from its being accompanied by constant peals from the American artillery. Many cannon balls flew close by her, but she had her eyes directed towards the hill, where her husband was standing amid the fire of the Americans, and of course she could not think of her own danger. She says, General Gates afterwards said that if he "had known it had been a funeral, he would not have permitted it to be fired on."

General Burgoyne, in the simple and beautiful style which characterizes all his dispatches, thus speaks of this burial-scene :

"The incessant cannonade during the solemnity, the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the chaplain officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the shot threw up on all sides of him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain till the last of life upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing darkness added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture, that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master, that the field ever exhibited. To the canvass and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend, I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress, and their period, find due distinction, and long may they survive after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten."

Scarcely less touching in tender interest is the story of Lady Ackland, the wife of Major Ackland who fell wounded during General Root's attack upon the right wing of the British army. In the rapid retreat of the British forces from the field, he was left behind. One of General Gates' aids, Wilkinson, riding rapidly after the flying foe, heard a cry at his side, "Protect me, for God's sake, from that boy!" Reining up his horse, he saw an officer, wounded, lying in an angle of a worm fence, and apparently unable to move. Just on the other side stood a boy of twelve or fourteen years old, raising his gun with the intention of shooting the wounded man. He immediately sprang from his horse over the fence, knocked up the boy's musket, and upon learning the name of his prisoner, had him immediately conveyed to his own quarters.

Among the ladies who had accompanied their husbands upon General Bur-

goyne's expedition, was the wife of Major Ackland. She is represented to have been beautiful, accomplished, and of great simplicity and gentleness of manner and heart. Her narrative of the campaign shows her to have been a good scholar, and a writer of much vivacity and cleverness. Upon learning that her husband was wounded and a prisoner, she requested a pass from General Burgoyne to go over to the enemy and take care of him. Burgoyne was astonished at the request, but knew not how to refuse it. Accompanied by Rev. Mr. Brudenel, the chaplain of the army, her husband's valet, and Sarah Pollard, her waiting-maid, she started in an open boat during a violent storm of wind, and proceeded the whole distance exposed to its fury through the night. She arrived safely within the lines of the American army, and was immediately conducted to her husband's quarters.

The letter of General Burgoyne to General Gates, which follows, has been frequently remarked upon as admirable for its felicity of style and great propriety of expression, considering the circumstances under which it was written :

"SIR—Lady Harriet Ackland, a lady of the first distinction of family, rank, and personal virtues, is under such concern on account of Major Ackland, her husband, wounded, and a prisoner in your hands, that I cannot refuse her request to commit her to your protection. Whatever general impropriety there may be in persons in my situation and yours to solicit favors, I cannot see the uncommon perseverance in every female grace and exaltation of character of this lady, and her very hard fortune, without testifying that your attentions to her will lay me under obligations.

"I am, sir, your ob't serv't,  
"J. BURGoyNE."

Major Ackland was removed to New York, where he recovered from his wounds. While a prisoner in the city, his high moral rectitude and deep sensibility gained for him many friends. No man during the war did more than he to alleviate the sufferings of the American prisoners. His death was tragical and sad. At a dinner table where he was present, after his exchange, the courage of the Americans was called in question. Major Ackland defended them. Some personal allusion was made in reply, to which he gave the lie. A meeting followed, in which he was shot through the head.

Lady Harriet lost her senses, and continued deranged two years; after which she married the Rev. Mr. Brudenel, the same gentleman who had accompanied her from the camp of Burgoyne to that of General Gates, when in pursuit of her wounded husband.

We cannot better close this desultory sketch, than by another quotation from the very clever narrative of the Baroness de Riedesdel. We should be glad to see her whole work republished in this country, where it has long been out of print. As a spirited and vivid sketch of the incidents of that unfortunate campaign, about which volumes have been written, it has no equal. It gives also a better insight to camp life than we have elsewhere seen. Free from the prejudice with which an English woman of that day would have regarded things on this side of the water, full of the home affections which a German woman brings from Faderland and rears in the little nursery which she will make wherever she sojourns,—generous in her feelings towards friends and foes—loving adventure much, but her husband and children more—always contemplative, but never sad—hopeful even to the last, and joyous in every new prospect before her—possessing virtue without censoriousness and chastity without prudery—she was the woman among a thousand whom the wise King of Israel lamented he could not find.

“On the 17th of October, the capitulation was carried into effect. The Generals waited upon the American General, Gates, and the troops surrendered themselves prisoners of war, and laid down their arms. The time had now come for the good woman who had risked her life to supply them with water, to receive the reward of her services. Each of them threw a handful of money into her apron, and she thus received more than twenty guineas. At such a moment, at least, if at no other, the heart easily overflows with gratitude.

“When the Baroness drew near the tents, a good-looking man, she says, advanced towards her, and helped the children from the calash, and kissed and caressed them; he then offered her his arm, and tears trembled in her eyes. ‘You tremble,’ said he; ‘do not be alarmed, I pray you.’ ‘Sir,’ cried she, ‘a countenance so expressive of benevolence, and kindness which you evinced towards my children, are sufficient to dispel all apprehensions.’ He then ushered her into the tent of General Gates, whom she found engaged in friendly conversation with Generals Bur-

goyne and Phillips. General Burgoyne said to her: ‘You can now be quite free from apprehension of danger.’ She replied that she should indeed be reprehensible, if she felt any anxiety when their General felt none, and was on such friendly terms with General Gates.

“The gentleman who received her, she says, with so much kindness, came and said to her: ‘You may find it embarrassing to be the only lady in such a large company of gentlemen; will you come, with your children, to my tent, and partake of a frugal dinner, offered with the best will?’ ‘By the kindness you show to me,’ returned she, ‘you induce me to believe that you have a wife and children.’ He informed her that he was General Schuyler. He regaled her, she says, with smoked tongue, which were excellent, with beef-steaks, potatoes, fresh butter and bread. Never did a dinner, she says, give so much pleasure as this. She was easy, after many months of anxiety; and there was the same happy change in those around her. That her husband was out of danger, was a still greater cause of joy to her. After their dinner, General Schuyler begged her to pay him a visit at his house, near Albany, where he expected that General Burgoyne would also be his guest. She sent to ask her husband’s directions, who advised her to accept the invitation. As they were two day’s journey from Albany, and it was now near five o’clock in the afternoon, General Schuyler wished her to reach on that day a place distant about three hour’s ride. He carried his civilities so far as to solicit a well-bred French officer to accompany her on the first part of her journey.

“On the next day they reached Albany, where they so often wished themselves. But they did not enter that city, as they hoped they should, with a victorious army. The reception, however, which they met from General Schuyler, his wife and daughters, was not like the reception of enemies, but of the most intimate friends. They loaded them, she says, with kindness; and they behaved in the same manner towards General Burgoyne, though he had ordered their splendid establishment to be burnt, and without any necessity, as it was said. But all their actions proved, that at the sight of the misfortunes of others, they quickly forgot their own. General Burgoyne was so much affected by this generous deportment, that he said to General Schuyler: ‘You are too kind to me who have done you so much injury.’ ‘Such is the fate of war,’ replied he. ‘Let us not dwell on this subject.’ The Baroness remained three days with that excellent family, and they seemed to regret her departure.”

## TO ELIRIA

## I.

CREATURE of the elements  
 Kindled to a sense divine,  
 Of a being mild, intense,  
 Tremulously fine,  
 Yet with serious brightness on thee, and a soft surprised air,  
 As of one serenely wondering at a world of things so fair!

## II.

Scarce we can remember thee  
 Not a part of all that is—  
 So encompassing and free  
 Flows thy radiant bliss ;  
 Like the influence of the sunlight or the subtly flowing wind,  
 Which for unregarded seasons sweetly hath imbued the mind.

## III.

Bright and solemn are thy dreams ;  
 Bounding beats thy sinless heart ;  
 Where thy morning presence gleams  
 Shadows all depart :—  
 Stars above thee, winds around thee, waters by thee, happy be,  
 Floats thy spirit, like the halcyon, on contentment's silent sea.

## IV.

When thou walk'st among the flowers,  
 Fairer, sweeter, purer they—  
 And thy playing with the Hours  
 Makes more glad the day :  
 Then the realm of sunlight fadeth, twilight misteth wood and lea,  
 Come the starbeams swift and stilly—but the silence breathes of thee.

## V.

Yet we gaze into thine eyes  
 In the hours of grief or mirth,  
 And we mark that soft surprise  
 Which is not of earth !  
 Through whatever scenes or stillness, gliding gently, bright and slow,  
 Memories sudden, strange, uncertain, seem to flit across thy brow.

## VI.

And thou lookest quickly round  
 Skies and earth with gentle start,  
 Till we feel, without a sound,  
 Thee and them depart :  
 By the cloud, the wind, the streamlet, fear we thou wilt pass from sight,  
 In some smile or breath of Nature wrapt into the embracing light !

## VII.

Well we know thy place is Heaven—  
 But because we love thee so,  
 We with sins yet unforgiven  
 Cannot let thee go !  
 Stay a little ! be thy presence yet a little longer here,  
 That thy beauty and thy pureness make us of thy natal sphere !

EARLDEN.



## TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.—NO. IV.

BY MRS. ELLET.

R Ü B E Z A H L.

“Come l’Araba Fenice,  
Che ci sia — ognun lo dice,  
Dove sia — nessun lo sa.”—*Metastasio*.

“Shapeless sights come wandering by—  
The ghastly people of the realm of dream.”—  
*Prometheus Unbound*.

THE legend of Rûbezahl, the Robin Goodfellow of the Germans, has afforded material for many popular tales and poems. The best known of these is that of Musäus, in his “*Volksmärchen*,” Wenzel has it also in his *Legends of the Riesengebirge*; and the “*Book of Rûbezahl*,” and a dramatic tale founded on the same tradition, have found no little favor in their own land, though they have never reached this country. A sketch of some few of the superstitions current, respecting this mountain spirit, may not be unacceptable.

The ancient spirit, so says the legend, to whom God at the creation gave the sovereignty of the Riesengebirge, (giant mountains,) saw at last that the hour was come in which he must depart from his kingdom, and experience the *change* to which all created beings are subject, and which among mortals is called death. He called his son to his presence, and gave him his parting counsel to abide by his precepts, and show himself worthy to rule over the race of gnomes.

“And forasmuch as I know,” continued the spirit, “that thou hast an inclination after companionship with men, I warn thee to shun them! They are false as the serpent that beguiled their first mother; and will repay thy kindness with ingratitude. Avoid them!” Once more he embraced his son, bade farewell to the gnomes who surrounded them, and disappeared from their midst.

The son mourned sincerely for his father; but all mourning must have an end; and ere long he labored cheerfully with the goblins of the mountains, forming the shining metals, and controlling and guiding the subterranean fires. For a long time he remained faithful to his sire’s command, to stay in his hereditary

kingdom and shun the upper world. At last the old desire returned upon him, and he could no longer withstand the wish to visit regions lighted by the sun.

“I must go up!” he said to his friends. “Work for me, meanwhile; for I shall soon return.”

A moment after, and he stood on the highest point of the Riesengebirge, looking down on the varied and cheerful scene of human life. At the first glimpse of the sun he was nearly blinded; but he soon became accustomed to the rays, and was able to gaze at it undazzled. Thence he descended from the lonely height, invisible to the eyes of men, to observe more closely the race which his father had assured him, were dangerous even to more powerful spirits.

He halted in a beautiful vale at the foot of the mountains. It was spring-time, the odor of flowers filled the air; the hum of insects mingled with the rustling of boughs, stirred by the morning breeze. The spirit sighed—he had never felt so happy;—and yet he felt there was something wanting.

The rustling among the bushes on one side grew louder; the boughs were parted, and a maiden came forth, of such wondrous beauty that the spirit knew not at first if she were a child of earth or an angel. It was Livia, the daughter of Prince Barzanuph, who at that time reigned over a part of Silesia.

The companions of the princess, lovely girls also, joined her, and they sang sweet songs, and played games till interrupted by a wonderful concert of nightingales, that at the bidding of the earth spirit, warbled with a melody never heard before. The Princess could hardly express her surprise and delight, when a new miracle called her attention; where-

ever she moved, violets and hyacinths sprang beneath her feet, and roses bloomed on every side.

"Princess!" exclaimed her companions; "this is not right! This is the work of some spirit; and surely he loveth thee."

"Yes—I love thee!" answered the king of gnomes, becoming visible. The young girls, terrified, would have fled; but the surpassing beauty of the youth enchained them to the spot. "I love thee, daughter of man," said he, approaching the princess. "Give me thy love in return." But the fair one looked on him scornfully, and answered, "I am the Princess Livia; who art thou, who darest speak thus to me?"

"Pardon," cried the mountain spirit, "my ignorance of your customs! I only know that I love thee! Come with me, beauteous one, hence from this valley into purer regions—to reign over mightier beings—over me, the mightiest of all! Let me but see, in thy sweet eyes, that thou lovest me!"

Herewith his arm encircled the princess, and he soared with her to the summit of the mountain. Her companions, full of terror, ran back to the castle, and told all that had happened, to Prince Barzanuph, who was overwhelmed with grief for the loss of his daughter.

The mountain top, whither the spirit bore his fair prey, was sterile and desolate; but became a garden of beauty at his command, and a stately palace, furnished with more than eastern luxury, rose for the princess' dwelling.

She had fallen into a swoon, according to the custom of frightened maidens; the mountain spirit, who knew naught of such things, believed that she slept, and laid her on a divan in the palace, kneeling beside her and kissing her white hand. At length Livia recovered her senses.

"Where am I?" was her bewildered question. She learned then that she was the bride of the king of gnomes. She threw herself in tears at the feet of her captor, and besought him to restore her to her father—protesting that she could never love one of another race than her own. The spirit refused to release her till he obtained her love: the maiden, in anger, bade him depart from her presence. Instantly he vanished in a light mist, and the princess, scorning him more than ever, seated herself, in a sullen mood, upon the sofa.

Three days she remained thus: the spirit still invisible, though hovering near her, and fulfilling her every wish—save one. At length, tired of weeping in solitude, Livia called him. He stood before her in an attitude of humility—and asked—"What would my mistress?"

"Must I die here with ennui?" cried the princess, sobbing. "Go bring me company—but none of your goblins—I want society of my own species!"

The spirit bowed low and vanished. Presently he returned with a small rod of gold, and a basket of fresh turnips. "Here is company for thee," he said, offering them to the lady.

Livia looked at him in surprise, and said: "It is well, to steal me first from my home, and then to mock me!"

"Not so, fairest princess;" said the arch gnome. "I do not mock thee. But I may not bring into this enchanted place any of human race save thyself. Touch one of these turnips with the rod, however, and call up whatsoever form thou wilt."

Livia took the staff, and commanded the presence of a maiden. Instantly one of rare beauty stood before her. Again she bade her return to the state of a turnip, threw it from the window, and touching the others, summoned her lost companions. The vegetables instantly assumed their shape, and looked and spoke so like them, that the princess herself was half deceived. Her spirit lover made himself invisible, and watched with delight her sports and conversation with these mock damsels.

Several days this continued, till one morning, when Livia went into the hall of the palace, where her attendants were usually in waiting, she saw, instead of fair young girls, a group of withered old women, apparently in the last stages of feebleness and disease. Affrighted, she fled from the hall into the garden, and summoned her lover.

"False spirit!" cried she, weeping, when he appeared; "thou hast changed my companions! Restore them to youth!"

"That is impossible!" answered the gnome king. "I cannot check the course of nature, though I may command her strength. Thy maidens continued young, so long as there was juice in the turnips; but must fade and die when that is gone. But thou mayest return them to their former state, and I will fetch thee fresh vegetables."

Livia was perforce content with this;

and returning to the hall, did as he requested. The spirit brought her a fresh basket of turnips; this time, however, scarcely half filled. The princess asked wherefore he had brought so few.

"These," replied he, "grow on a small spot of ground, on the highest point of the mountain. Thou hast been somewhat wasteful of them; and must wait some days, till those I have sown anew have time to grow."

"How many hast thou sown?" demanded Livia.

"There will be enough."

"I will know how many are sown!"

"How can I know?"

"Count them!" cried the haughty princess. "Go, and if I find none wanting, I shall know that thou truly lovest me, as thou sayest."

The spirit smiled, and disappeared, to fulfill the command of his capricious mistress. Livia smiled also; and the instant he was gone, took from the basket the largest turnip, and changed it into a winged horse, which at her bidding bore her, swifter than the eagle, back to the valley, and her father's castle. Loud huzzas from the people welcomed her, and she told Prince Barzanuph all that had happened.

Meanwhile the gnome king, having three times counted over his field, to make sure, returned to his magic palace, and sought his bride in vain. He caught a glimpse of her as on her winged steed she swept over the boundary of his domain; and in his anger he rolled up a heap of clouds, and sent thunder, stone and hail after her. But she was already beyond his power, and his bolts only shivered the old oaks that had stood a thousand years. When his first vexation was past, he resolved to win back his lost bride by entreaties. Taking the form of a beautiful youth, he went to the prince's castle, and mingled among the guests at the banquet given in honor of her return. Throwing himself at her feet—"Return, Livia!" he cried; "return! for I love thee, and without thee must in despair abjure the high nature that denies me thy love!"

The beautiful princess only laughed scornfully, and answered "Fool, I would never love thee, even wert thou in fairer form than that thou wearest now! I despise thee! Away! and hide thyself in thy mountain's deepest pit, "Rübenzähler!" (turnip counter.)

And all the assembled guests burst in-

to laughter, repeating her words—"Rübenzähler—Rübezahl!"

The rejected lover sprang up and flew back to his mountain on the wings of the storm.

Such is the story of the first appearance of Rübezahl, told in the nursery tales of the region about the giant mountains. Many a boy has climbed to the summit, and shouted the popular name given to the spirit, in curiosity or defiance; and tradition reports that he has sometimes revealed himself. An anecdote is given of him that serves as a continuation of the first.

After the lapse of centuries, it was the pleasure of the mountain spirit to resume his studies of human life. But he determined never again to yield to the power of love, and to abjure sensibility forever. His capricious humor alone should govern his actions.

As he again looked forth from the mountain crest, he saw the whole scene changed. Numerous dwellings were built on the slope; the woods had been cleared away, villages were thickly scattered; and here and there appeared the towers of a city. The castle of Prince Barzanuph had been destroyed, and his principedom was extinct.

"They have planted themselves on my ground," murmured the spirit, "as if they and not I were lords of the soil! Perchance they know not of my existence. I will observe some of their doings."

He descended to the valley, in the form of a stout peasant, and hired himself as a laborer to a countryman. So valuable were his services that his employer treated Hans—so he called him—with great consideration, and he liked his abode well enough, till an accident changed his mind. The farmer one day bade him go of an errand over the mountain, to a distant village. He was ready for the journey—his knapsack on his shoulders, and his stick in his hand, before the door—when the farmer's pretty wife came out and said kindly: "Be careful, Hans, to be over the mountain before night, so that Rübezahl does not molest you."

Hans stood astonished, to hear the nickname given him by the Princess Livia three hundred years before, thus repeated by the handsome countrywoman. "Rübezahl!" he muttered between his teeth, "who is he?"

"You know not who Rübezahl is!"

exclaimed the farmer's wife; and she called to her husband and the boys and girls in her employ, who came toward them—that here was a lad who did not know who Rübezahl was. They all burst out a laughing, repeating the name. Hans grew angry, and asked again: “Who is the fellow, then?”

“Do not call Rübezahl *fellow*!” cried the young woman, in alarm: “He may do you a mischief! I will tell you all about him, that you may be on your guard!” And she told him the whole story, and ended by saying that the ugly giant Rübezahl now plied his works at night on the crest of the mountain, where he frightened people, and sometimes pushed them over the precipice.

Poor Hans was much disturbed at hearing this mixture of truth and falsehood. He ventured to say it could not be that the spirit of the mountains would seek to injure harmless wanderers; it was more probable they had ventured too near the precipice in stormy weather, and perished from their own heedlessness.

The woman insisted, however, that the evil gnome had done it. Nay, the foreman was bold enough to assert that he had met Rübezahl in the shape of a sooty coalman, with fiery eyes, a tail like a cow's, a horn on his head, and a long red beard. By good luck, he (the foreman) had a rosary with him, and had put the evil one to flight.

Hans laughed aloud. “You are a shameless liar!” cried he to the foreman, “You have never seen Rübezahl!”

The man's face flushed, and he answered furiously: “Liar yourself—how dare you say that to me?”

“Well,” said Hans, “would you not know Rübezahl again, if you had seen him once?”

“That would I,” cried the foreman, “but he knows better than to appear to me again, I have taught him manners!”

“I will teach *you*, then,” exclaimed Hans, and gave him a cuff on either side of his head, where there instantly appeared a pair of asses' ears.

The foreman stood petrified with fear: the others screamed, when they saw the miracle.

“Now you can say truly,” said the mountain spirit, with a scornful laugh, “that you have seen Rübezahl, and you may swear by your ears, if they will not believe you. Thank my good humor that you come off so well! As for you,” to the others, “the spirit will wring the

neck of any who dare call him by his nickname!” So saying, he walked away, leaving all who heard him speechless with amazement and dread. The unfortunate foreman kept his asses' ears as long as he lived; for as often as he cut them, they would grow again.

After this time, it was Rübezahl's fancy to play off jokes of his own upon men, little heeding whether for their good or their harm. As he had been represented among them as a black coalman, with red beard and fiery eyes, he frequently assumed that disguise, without the addition, however, of the horn and tail, except when they were necessary to produce the greater effect. It was soon known that it was not so safe to venture upon the mountain. Till now stories had been told of the spirit and his wild doings, but they had been witnessed by no one; and the few, who, like Michel the foreman, declared they had seen him, pretended to possess the power of driving him away. Nobody now ventured, as far as his domain extended, to boast at his expense; and mindful of his warning, the peasants called him no longer by his nickname, but by the more respectful title, “The Lord of the Mountains.”

Rübezahl was a good-humored spirit, and his pranks were like those of a willful child, who knows no law but his own caprice. He played all manner of tricks on many who came into his power, adapting them to the persons and their occupations. He was particularly mischievous towards the peasant girls, who talked continually of him, and stood in great fear of his wayward humors. Whenever a young girl ventured to cross the mountain, he would cause the wind to make sad disorder in her dress, while his company of gnomes stood round, and enjoyed her embarrassment. If a pair of lovers came, and ventured to seat themselves on the green moss by the wayside, Rübezahl changed the moss into a bog and shrieked with laughter as they fell backwards into it, and struggled out covered with mud. He would frighten the old women by showing them hideous faces; in short he assumed as many different shapes as there were different sorts of people, on whom he practiced his pranks, and could not be recognized by reason of the variety of his disguises. At one time, as a guide, he led a learned professor, who was surveying the land, round and round the moun-

tain, while he believed himself going straight to the top, and put down in his book a very erroneous account of its height. Again, in the semblance of a woodcutter he encountered a botanist and showed him a great variety of rare plants, to which the botanist gave learned Latin names, that sounded strange in Rübezahl's ears. Impatient at this scientific display, after an unusually tedious lecture, he suddenly said:

"You are a very learned gentleman, sir, and know almost everything; tell me to whom belongs the ground we are treading on."

"As far as I know," replied the professor, "this is Silesian ground; Silesia is a province of the Prussian crown: ergo, or consequently, it belongs to our gracious sovereign, the reigning king of Prussia."

"It is false!" cried the pseudo-woodcutter, "it belongs to the Spirit of the Mountains vulgarly called Rübezahl!"

The botanist shook his head incredulously: "You should, as a reasonable man, pay no heed to such idle fables. They may do for old women at their distaffs. The Rübezahl people talk of, has never really existed, but is a sickly creation of fantasy—a nonentity—that is, a nothing."

Scarce had the man of science uttered the last words, than Rübezahl, towering like a giant, stood before him and, angrily snatching away his book of plants, slapped him in the face, and then chased him through bush and bog, sending a shower of stones after him, down the mountain. He reached a place of shelter half dead with fear and his bruises, and swore he never again would go upon the Riesengebirge, the abode of all the kobolds, dwarfs, trols, and gnomes in existence!

The following tradition is preserved in the collection of Musäus:

On the spot, in the Riesengebirge, where now stands a celebrated watering-place, there once lived a poor peasant named Peter. He was very poor, and found it hard, by the labor of his hands, to give bread to a sick wife and five hungry children. He toiled day and night, but could barely supply their most pressing wants, while privation and hardship were fast destroying the life of his helpmate.

"If I had only a hundred dollars," sighed the heart-broken man, "that I

might buy a piece of ground and a pair of oxen. Could I not find among so many rich people one who would give me that sum as a loan and save us all? I would be so thankful—and pay it back in a year."

"Try it," said the feeble voice of his wife; "I have often begged you to go to my relations beyond the mountain, and tell them of our need."

"They have no heart," said Peter bitterly, "or they would have inquired after you, knowing us to be in such poverty."

"Rich people," answered the wife, "like to be applied to; you must try them."

Peter resolved to do so, and rising, took up his hat and stick.

"I will go this very night," said he, "and to-morrow be home betimes. Should I fail, God have mercy on you, Anna, and the children, for I know not who will help us!" So saying, he embraced his wife and little ones, and set off on his way to her kindred.

He arrived the next morning, weak and weary at the village where his wealthy cousins lived, and stopped first to rest himself at the inn, and dry his clothes, for it had stormed during the night. He had no money, and could not ask for any other refreshment.

It fell out as he had feared. Nobody would help him! Some made frivolous excuses, some treated him rudely, and abused him for being in such want. The last at whose house he applied bade him begone, with threats and execrations. Peter turned away in despair; but a poorly-dressed man took him by the arm and said: "Come away, these are bad people. I cannot help you, indeed, but your wretched looks tell me you need food and rest, and you shall find both at my hut."

Peter followed the herdsman to his hut, took a piece of bread and a cup of brandy and water, and started on his homeward journey without stopping to repose. When he reached the crest of the mountain, just half-way, he could go no further from exhaustion, and sank, half swooning, under a fir tree. After a few moments' rest, the horrors of his condition rose vividly before him. To return to his starving wife and children, and tell them there was no hope! He would have fed them with his heart's blood!

Suddenly he started from a gloomy



reverie. "There is one means yet!" cried he. "Rich men have no mercy; but a mountain spirit reigns here! often capricious and mischievous, it is true, but goodhumored and generous!"

He stood up, and removing his hat, called as loud as he could, trembling as he did so: "Master Rübezahl! be so good as to show yourself!"

There was a powerful rush of wind that threw poor Peter to the ground, and when with difficulty he got up, he saw Rübezahl, in his well-known form of a coalman, standing before him.

"Miserable peasant!" said the spirit in a voice like low thunder, "knowest thou not that he must die who dares to call me by that hateful name? Choose now, whether I shall wring thy neck or break thy fool's skull with my club!"

Peter's teeth chattered, but despair gave him courage. "Do what you please, master spirit," answered he, "though my fault was from ignorance only. But before I die, I have a petition."

"Speak!" said Rübezahl; and Peter then told all his sad story.

"A hundred dollars," he concluded, "would save me and mine. It would be only a joke to you, sir, to furnish me that sum; and if you will lend it me for a year, I will give you my note and the usual interest, and my best thanks into the bargain."

"Fool!" growled Rübezahl, "am I a Jew, that thou talkest to me of interest? I will give thee nothing!"

"Nay," said Peter, pleadingly, "you know, good sir, how wretched we are; you give me life; you will give me also the means of living."

"Thou art a fool," answered the spirit; but he smiled. "Well, be it so; I will lend thee a hundred dollars; but mark me: it must be repaid in a year!"

"Be assured of that!" said Peter.

"Follow me!" commanded Rübezahl.

The poor man followed, with a beating heart, for they plunged into the deepest recesses of the wood. At length Rübezahl stopped by a steep rock, before which stood a gigantic fir tree blasted with the lightning. This he pointed out to Peter that he might know the spot again. Then he stamped on the ground, and the wall cleaving, discovered the entrance to a large cavern. They descended into it, and having at last reached the bottom, Peter found himself in an immense rocky vault, lighted by a

huge lamp suspended from the lofty ceiling, whose light was gleamed back from thousands of precious stones, imbedded in the walls. In the centre stood a monstrous caldron, filled with shining Wildman's dollars, and all around stood smaller vessels holding ducats of gold.

"Take what you want," said Rübezahl, "and I will write out the note of hand!"

He turned away for paper, pen and ink, not once looking at Peter, who, however, was too honest to be tempted to take more than the hundred dollars, which he counted, and then told the spirit he was ready.

"Read and sign!" said Rübezahl; and he signed the note promising to pay in a year and a day, with heart-felt thanks. Then they ascended to the earth's surface, and Peter ran homewards as if borne by the wind, only stopping at the next village to purchase medicine for his wife, and a few articles of food. He arrived at his home about noon.

"Bring you help?" asked the sick woman; and the children asked, "Bring you bread, father?"

Peter laid a bag full of bread on the table, and showed his wife the money, the sight of which gave her new strength. She thought her relations had lent it, and Peter allowed her to remain in that belief.

The poor man speedily purchased a piece of ground, with stock and implements of husbandry, and seed to sow it, and worked hard from morning till night. The wife soon recovered, and labored also within doors, while the children did their part. Their industry met with due reward. The ground produced abundantly; their wares sold well; in short, a blessing seemed to have come upon the house with the money so mysteriously obtained. When winter came, Peter owned a cow and three goats, besides his oxen: and in the spring the cow had a calf, and the grain he had sown looked as flourishing as possible.

The time now arrived for payment, and Peter found that the produce of his harvesting, Anna's spinning, and the children's labor, had yielded one hundred and twenty dollars. It would have been basely ungrateful in him not to prove honest, when such blessings had followed him.

Early in the morning of the day on which the money was due, he awakened his wife and children, and bade them put on their holiday clothes, to go and thank

the person who had succored them in their distress. This was soon done, and after morning prayers, they all set out on the journey.

When they had reached the top of the mountain, and the place where Rübezahl had first appeared to Peter, he bade them stop, and said:

"You think, all of you, that we have to go down into the valley, to the village, where our rich cousins live; but you are mistaken. Those rich cousins, one and all, drove me from their door, and I found our benefactor here! We shall now all thank him; and do not be afraid when I tell you he is no other than the spirit of these mountains."

Anna was terrified when she heard this, and the children trembled also and glanced fearfully at the bushes around them. But Peter encouraged them, and bidding them wait quietly till he returned, plunged into the depth of the wood, not regarding his wife's entreaties to stay. He soon arrived at the rock, and taking off his hat, and holding out the money-bag with the other hand, he called aloud upon the mountain-spirit, informing him he had come to pay back his loan.

But he waited in vain for the spirit's appearance. He saw and heard nothing! He called again and again, and stamped on the ground, to open the entrance to the cavern; but all in vain! Then disappointed and troubled, he returned to his wife and children.

"I will try once more," said he, after he had told them of his ill-success; and he cried out loudly, "Rübezahl! Rübezahl! come forth, Rübezahl!"

"There he is!" exclaimed the youngest boy.

"Where?" asked Peter, quickly.

"There!" cried the boy; "behind that tree; he is peeping at us!"

But neither Peter nor the others could see anything; though the child insisted that *he* did; and described him so accurately that the father doubted not he saw the spirit.

At last he gave up the attempt, and set out homeward.

"To-morrow," said he, "I will come again, and rest not until I get my note of hand."

As he spoke, they came out of the woods, and a gentle whirlwind blew dust over the way. The youngest boy saw a bit of white paper fluttering in the dust, and running after it, caught and

brought it to his father. No sooner had he unfolded the scrap of paper, than, with tears in his eyes, he cried, "Oh, most noble, generous spirit!" and showed the paper to his wife. It was nothing less than his own note of hand, torn in the middle, and on the margin was written, "Received payment in thanks." Both then saw that Rübezahl must have been near them, invisible, and meant to make Peter a present of the money. They uttered a shout of thanks, which was repeated by the echoes of the wood.

In a short time afterwards Peter was a prosperous man, with horses, wagons and servants. He never cared to trouble his rich cousins; but he sought out and rewarded the poor herdsman who had given him refreshment, taking him into his house and supporting him as long as he lived. The descendants of this fortunate peasant now live in the neighborhood of the Warm Springs, are in good condition, and often relate the strange history of their ancestor.

Rübezahl's generosity, says another tradition, was soon known the country round; for though Peter kept what had passed a profound secret, his wife communicated it, under a promise of silence, to several of her friends, who did the same to theirs; and thus it became the common talk. The mountain was resorted to by a great many persons desirous of experiencing the spirit's liberality; and Rübezahl played his pranks upon several. Some, for instance, discovered heaps of treasure, secured and carried it home, and next morning found it turned to ashes. This did not discourage others, however, who, impatient at the non-appearance of the spirit, ventured to call him by the prohibited name. Rübezahl lost patience at this, and greeted the next comer with a shower of stones, pelting him so severely as he ran home, that he had no mind to venture on the mountain again, and the spirit, as before, got the reputation of a mischievous goblin.

As he belonged not, however, to the class of persons who are anxious about the opinion of the world, Rübezahl cared not for this talk; though he did not like the absence of all visitors on whom he might practise his jokes. Seeing how frightened people were at his last sally, he resolved to show himself good-humored again. He went down the mountain in the shape of a traveller, with wallet

and tin box on his shoulder, a thorn stick and green umbrella, and a cap on his head; in short, bearing a close resemblance to that hapless botanist whose nose he had once flattened with his book of plants.

He took the road to Hirschberg, and in the market of the town saw a high house with a huge picture for a sign, representing a black coalman with glowing eyes and red beard, with the inscription under the picture, "The Mountain Spirit's Inn." Rübezahl knew that no other person than himself was meant; and though the portrait was by no means a flattering one, it pleased him to see himself, in common with great heroes, and remarkable animals, painted to attract travellers.

"I will see what accommodations they have at my house!" muttered he, and went in.

The landlord, a fat, good-natured looking man, received him, and called to the waiter to "serve his worthy guest." The sparkle of a large diamond ring on the finger of the new comer, convinced him he was some distinguished person. A handsome young man came to wait on him. His face pleased Rübezahl the more, as he saw in it an expression of melancholy, in spite of his smiles. Having handed him refreshment, the youth took his cap, stick, and box, and carried them into his chamber.

"A fine young man," observed Rübezahl to the host.

"Ha, ha!" was the answer; "well enough; but the deuce knows what has come over him of late, he mopes about, and sighs so."

"Ask him his ailment."

"I have, but it does no good; I believe he is a fool."

"Or in love," thought the guest.

And just then came in a young girl, so beautiful that Rübezahl could not take his eyes from her face.

"My Rose," said the landlord, "my little daughter—a comely girl—ha!" and he laughed till his fat sides shook.

Rose blushed, and the guest answered: "Yes, a pretty maiden. I wish you joy—but what is the name of your smart waiter?"

"Henry," replied the girl, casting down her eyes.

"Yes, his name is Henry," said her father.

"So, so," muttered Rübezahl with a

smile. "Well, master, at supper we shall meet again; I have some little business in my room."

He went to the chamber, where he found the waiter putting things in order.

"Henry," said he, "how long have you been in this house?"

"Three years, sir," replied the young man.

"So, and how long have you been in love with the pretty Rose?"

Henry started at so strange a question, and answered in some embarrassment: "You mistake, sir—how could it happen that I should fall in love with that young lady?"

"How could it *not* happen so?" retorted the guest. "Rose is the handsomest maiden I ever saw; and I can tell you, young man, I have seen many handsome ones."

Henry looked surprised, but pleasure at this praise could be seen in his eyes. Rübezahl continued: "You see I am a practical man, and speak to the point. What hinders you from marrying her? You are handsome, honest, and faithful, as the landlord just now said. I am rich and liberal, and will give you money for your note, and never trouble you for payment."

"How good you are, dear sir," cried Henry, seizing his hand. "But it is all in vain, there is no help for me. Rose is lost to me forever."

"Get away with your whining!" exclaimed Rübezahl, "what is the reason there is no help for you, you fool?"

"I will tell you all, sir," replied the youth; "for your generous kindness deserves my confidence. But I pray you not to concern yourself further about me, and to betray my secret to no one."

"I promise the last," said the guest.

"I will not deny, sir, that from my first coming into the house, I loved Rose; and she, I thought, preferred me to all the other young men in Hirschberg. I waited long for courage to make known my attachment, but believing that I should not be considered unworthy, having come of respectable parentage, I resolved to declare myself to her, and if she permitted me, to ask her father's consent."

"You were too long about the business," muttered Rübezahl, for he thought of his own first love.

"That might be true," said Henry; "for the very day I meant to speak to

Rose, there drove up a cumbrous travelling carriage, with extra horses. The under-waiter ran out; the landlord called for me; the postillion blew his horn, and cried out—"Help for his excellency, the Baron Zebedaus von Quarz, out of the carriage!" I opened the door, and saw a pair of spindle arms stretched towards me, by which I helped the baron out. Fancy a little figure scarce three feet high, with thin legs and arms—head set awry upon his misshapen shoulders, withered face and leather-colored skin, a long sharp nose, and a pair of small twinkling gray eyes, wearing a scarlet robe with gold lace and buttons, a plummed hat, and a sword at his side, and you have before you the Baron Zebedaus von Quarz."

"I see him," said Rübezahl, "go on."

"I have not much to say," said Henry. "The little baron stayed here days, weeks, months; he was immensely rich, and threw away money like water; in short, he is betrothed to Miss Rose, and her father is delighted at the prospect of a baron for his son-in-law. Rose cared nothing for me, that is certain, or she would not have let herself be given away to such a little monster, notwithstanding his title. I loved her—I shall always love her—but I will not be made a fool of by any woman. She shall never know what I have felt, and on her wedding-day I will leave this house, to wander through the wide world."

"And break the girl's heart?" asked the guest.

"I have told you, sir," said Henry, "that she cares nothing for me; she is vain and heartless."

"You are a fool!" cried Rübezahl, impatiently; "and blind also, not to see the truth! No maiden in her senses, be she ever so heartless, would give up a comely youth like you, for a monster such as you have described the baron. From what you say, I am of opinion, that the Baron Zebedaus von Quarz is not a man, but a nonentity, as a learned man once said to me—a nothing—or rather a gnome, who without asking leave of the Spirit of the Mountains, has come out into the world, and bewitched the girl."

"How can you think so?" asked Henry, smiling. "You believe as little as myself in witchery and gnomes."

"Do you not believe, then, in the Lord of the Mountains?"

"In Rübezahl, you mean?"

"Whom else?" asked the guest, impatiently.

"No, indeed, not I!" cried Henry, laughing.

Rübezahl felt some inclination to convince the young man of his existence, in the same fashion as he had done the botanist; but he checked his anger, and laying his hand kindly on Henry's shoulder, said: "He has best right to laugh, who is in the right. Keep up heart, and trust *me*! Now pack yourself off!"

Henry obeyed.

"A strange but generous man," muttered he. "Oh, Rose! how I wish it were as he said!"

He went sadly about his work, while he heard Rose singing cheerfully in the garden.

Meanwhile Rübezahl went back into the hall, where the table was set for supper, and several guests assembled; the host busily arranging flasks and cups.

One young man with a handsome but pale face, and dark, wild-looking eyes, nudged the landlord as he passed him, and said: "Ha, Master Tobias Preller, tell us where is your noble son-in-law, that is to be?"

Tobias answered with some show of vexation: "I know not what the painter Theobald can have to do with the Baron von Quarz, that he inquires so particularly after him."

Rübezahl drew near the young man, and asked: "Do you know the Baron von Quarz?"

"As well as I know you," replied the youth, with a strange significant smile, surveying his questioner.

"Me!" replied the latter.

"Yes, by sight."

At the same moment the door opened, and there came in, the Baron Zebedaus von Quarz.

The little man precisely answered the description given by Henry, and Rübezahl could hardly suppress his laughter, as he saw him nod so proudly to the company, and mutter his salutations. The guests offered him the most distinguished place; but none except the painter and Rübezahl seemed inclined to converse with him. The baron, however, repulsed their advances.

They all now seated themselves at the table, the baron taking the best place,

and eating and drinking a great deal, without noticing any of the rest.

"Master landlord!" at length said Rübezahl.

"What do you wish, sir?" answered the host, promptly.

"I should like to know how you come to think of having Rübezahl painted on your sign?"

The little baron frowned and grunted—

"It is forbidden to call the Lord of the Mountains by that name."

"I spoke to you, landlord," said Rübezahl, smiling.

"Well," answered the host, "the Lord of the Mountains is a famous person; and the less people are inclined to meet with him upon the mountain, the more they like his picture in front of all houses of entertainment."

"And besides," said the painter, mischievously, "the former name of this house was not so fine; it was called 'The Fat Blockhead.'"

There was a general laugh, and the painter turning to Rübezahl, added:

"You see what can be made out of a blockhead!"

Rübezahl bit his lip, and muttered: "Rascal! but I will spoil your sport presently."

The talk being of Rübezahl, the subject was not dropped; and the guests told stories, true and fabulous, about him; generally entertaining ones, so that the hero himself had to laugh over some of the jokes.

"Champagne!" cried the painter. "Here's to the Lord of the Mountains!"

Rübezahl nodded assent, and Henry and the other lads in waiting filled the glasses. The company became exhilarated; the mirth and talking were universal, and hardly a guest knew well what he said, only the baron, though he drank deeply, remained stern and distant. The painter and Master Tobias made friends and drank together so amiably, that the host at last yielded to his urgent request, to fetch his daughter Rose to make one at the feast. Her father went himself after her, and returned in a few minutes, leading her by the hand. The baron rose from his seat, and went forward to greet her, muttering words of endearment, and taking her hand, which she snatched away so quickly that the little man fell backward between the legs of Master Tobias, who, also losing his balance, tumbled on the

slippery floor, where he lay sprawling like an inexperienced swimmer.

Both were soon helped to their feet, Tobias laughing good-humoredly at his mischance, and the surly baron calling his affianced bride a "silly goose," for having been the cause of his fall.

"Fair Sir Baron von Quark!" said Rübezahl to him; "Is it seemly to give the bride words that are commonly reserved for the wife?"

"Von Quarz is my name;" growled the baron, fixing his cat-like eyes, sparkling with rage, on the other.

The painter laughed, which increased his fury.

"Pretty toadlet!" cried Rübezahl, taking him up—in spite of all his kicking and struggling—and holding him in his arms like an infant; "take my advice—it had best not marry! Give up such thoughts, and go back to its barony—to its barony—eh! popinjay!"

"What are you doing—what are you doing with his excellency?" cried the landlord in dismay; while the rest of the company were laughing immoderately. The baron shrieked: "Let me go—let me go! I will scratch your eyes out! I will bite your nose off!" and he tried to suit the action to the word. His tormentor threw him against the wall; the end of his coat caught, and he hung for a moment dangling in the air; then, slipping out of his clothes, lay a misshapen goblin at the master's feet!

All save the painter stood amazed; and Rübezahl said to the detected culprit: "Wretch, who hast dared without my permission, to leave my kingdom, and act thy follies upon earth—what punishment hast thou deserved?"

"Ah—ah!" groaned the gnome; "great master! have mercy! Love—love has driven me to disobedience!"

Rübezahl gave him a cuff. "Down with thee, misshapen cur, to the lowest pit, and hew quartz there, till thou hast recovered from the malady!" The floor opened as he spoke, and the goblin sank down and disappeared.

"You know now," said his master to the shuddering and affrighted guests, "that I am no other than the Lord of the Mountains! Fear me not; it is because I wish you well that I have dealt so severely with my subject, who ventured to intrude himself between you and your happiness. To you, Henry, I promised that you should know me as something better than a mere bugbear. Take your



bride and be happy! As for you," turning to the painter, "do me the favor to bear me company, till this couple are united by the blessing of the church."

"I am at your service," answered the young man, with a mischievous smile; and the next moment he had disappeared with the mountain spirit. It is not necessary to say *who* he was.

The reader will guess that Henry and Rose were a happy pair. Master Tobias never ceased to wonder at the strange things that had taken place. One of the strangest was that the picture of the little baron or goblin was indelibly impressed on the wall of the room where he had hung; and could not be even painted over. It may still be seen by any traveler who takes the trouble to visit the inn "Rübezahl" in the town of Hirschberg, which is kept by the descendants of master Henry Waldheim.

One more legend of the mountain spirit is all we have space to give.

On a beautiful summer afternoon Rübezahl reclined in the shade on the slope of a hill. A poor peasant woman came by carrying on her back a large basket, in which sat a child about two years old, and holding an infant in her arms, while an elder one held by her apron, and a fourth ran on before. The woman was tired, and set the basket down on the grass, close by Rübezahl, who of course was invisible, while she nursed the youngest child, and gathered dry leaves to put in her basket. The little fellow who had been in it began to cry and scream at being placed on the ground; the mother offered him berries; but as he refused to be pacified, she lost patience, and to frighten him, called loudly—"Rübezahl! come and eat up this naughty boy!"

Rübezahl instantly stood before her in the shape of a coalman, saying—"Here I am! where is the boy?"

The mother was dreadfully terrified, as might be expected, at this sight; but controlling herself, she answered that she only meant to quiet the child.

"Ho! ho!" cried the spirit, laughing, "ho! ho! and know you not better than to call me by my nickname. You wanted me to eat up the boy—give him here—he is a fat morsel!"

The woman, shrieking, threw herself between him and the children, crying out that he should kill her before hurting one of them.

Rübezahl stepped back, "Well, well," he said, chuckling to himself, "it was only a joke. Be quiet—I am no child-eater!"

"It is cruel," said the woman, trying to smile, "to jest thus with a mother."

Rübezahl continued: "I like the boy—give him to me and I will give you money enough to last your lifetime."

"I do not wonder that the boy pleases you," answered the mother, "there is not such another clever little rogue in the world. Look at him, as he sits there, laughing and looking so cunning—he knows well enough we are talking of him. But, sir Spirit, I would not let you have him for all your kingdom!"

Rübezahl was pleased to see so much motherly affection, but he said: "Are you not a fool? I will make a man of the boy and treat him royally; you shall have no further care, and shall have enough to keep you and the others. It will be better for him."

"That may be," replied the woman, "but a mother cannot part with her child. We are poor—very poor—it is true, but Heaven be praised, I am healthy and willing to work; my husband also can use his hands—that I feel right often."

"How," cried the spirit, "the fellow illtreats you—such a wife—such a mother! I will—"

"No, no," interrupted the woman, "he only does as many other men do, and I am oftentimes stupid and deserve a mauling."

"What does your husband?" asked Rübezahl.

"In the winter he works at home, but in the summer peddles glass-ware, and goes back and forward into Bohemia. It gives him a deal of trouble. But it is late and we must go. If you really like my boy, sir, please give him a couple of batz to buy a loaf."

"Nothing at all," growled the coalman.

"Will you not help me load my basket?"

"Oh yes," and Rübezahl gave his assistance.

The woman thanked him, took her child on one arm, and they all went down the mountain; the two oldest running before; while she sang a cheerful song.

She felt her basket grow very heavy.

"I have packed it too closely," said she, and threw out some of the leaves; but she had gone but a few steps further

when the weight almost pulled her to the ground. "Ah," cried she, "Master Rübezahl has played me a trick, and put in stones instead of leaves."

She set down the basket, but found only dry leaves, and packing them in again, walked wearily home. She laid the infant in the cradle, and carried her provender—the leaves—to her goat and three kids, then prepared their afternoon meal for her children.

When she went to milk the goat, what was her surprise to find her and two of the kids stone dead, while the third was in the act of strangulation. The poor woman wept aloud; for these were all her possessions, and she had depended on the sale of the kids for winter clothing and provisions. What would her husband do? he would punish her for neglect of the animals!

As she rose from the ground, where she had first thrown herself in despair, she saw something glittering at her feet. It was a bright rand ducat, and, glancing by accident at the crib, she saw it half full of the same!

A light broke upon her: "Rübezahl!" she exclaimed, "thou has done this, excellent spirit! I know now what killed my goats." And running to the house, she fetched a knife and extracted heaps of the coin from the stomachs of the animals, in all more than two thousand.

What to do with her new wealth was the next thought. Her husband was very avaricious, and he would not be likely to let her children profit by it. He would besides be drunk every day, and beat them all. She carried the money to the village priest, to keep safely for her. The priest was an honest man, and gave her a receipt; while her first coin was changed to procure a comfortable meal to welcome her husband on his return.

Meanwhile Hans, the glass pedler, was on his way over the mountain, laden with the glass he had brought from Bohemia, where he had made a good sale of his wares. He stopped to rest on the top of the mountain, set down his load, and refreshed himself under the shade of a fir tree, while he counted his gains. "Fifteen dollars for my wares, twenty in the chest at home; another such a journey and I can buy a donkey to carry my load in future. A donkey will carry three times as much as I can, so that I can triple my gains, besides riding myself: I can then buy some

ground for a garden, and Lise do something with her goats: what with the garden produce too, I can in time have two or three asses to load with glass, and—"

Here there came a sudden gust of wind, and overturned the basket full of glass: it rolled down the declivity, and the wares broke into a thousand pieces. Hans heard amidst the rush of wind a peal of mocking laughter, and the next moment all was still.

He saw now who had played him the trick, and in a rage filled the air with execrations against the hateful gnome Rübezahl, calling him all manner of names, and bidding him defiance. The spirit would not appear; but a pair of invisible hands began to beat and maul the poor glass merchant so mercilessly, that his passion speedily gave way to fright, and he fled with all his speed down the mountain, being completely black and blue with bruises when he reached home.

Lise was frightened to see her husband in such a condition; but when he told her what had happened, she understood that Rübezahl had been giving him a little correction for his treatment to her.

"You must sell the goat and kids directly," said Hans; "and as soon as I get well, I will go back into Bohemia for more glass."

"Ah! dear Hans!" cried his wife, "the goat and kids are dead!"

"Dead—the goat and kids!" repeated the man; "then you and the children may go and starve."

Here the priest came in, to tell Hans he brought good news; but he first read him a lecture on his brutal behavior to his excellent wife, and his avaricious temper. "You are rightly punished," said the good man; "but an unknown, rich relation of your wife has left her a legacy of two thousand ducats, under the condition that the pastor of the place shall keep it for her use, and you have no control over it, as you do not know how to treat her!" The priest here drew out a paper, and showed it to the peasant. Hans went on his knees to ask pardon of his wife, and from that time, it is said, was the most exemplary husband in the range of the giant mountains. The pastor bought them land and stock; they lived prosperously; and their descendants always honored the generous Rübezahl as the founder of their fortunes. The story is often told in the Riesengebirge, to illustrate the obvious moral.

## THE PRECIOUS METALS.

As there is no little excitement at the present time, in consequence of the large importations of specie, and as an attempt is making to connect them with the tariff of 1846, the projectors of that measure congratulating themselves and the country upon its beneficial effects, it is proposed to examine somewhat into the history of the precious metals, their increase and decrease.

No man of business can for one moment doubt that one of the most important elements of the prosperity of a trading community, is a sound and well regulated currency, which is to commerce of all kinds what a wholesome supply of blood is to the human system. Nor will it be questioned that such an amount of the precious metals as will meet the growing wants of trade must be provided and supplied.

There is no sure method of doing this, but by selling more than is bought, where there is no sufficient home supply of gold and silver. A diversified industry, therefore, must be resorted to, and the cultivation of the useful arts becomes absolutely necessary in the present advanced state of society.

In the examination we are about to make into the existence of various periods of the precious metals, we propose to show the amount, as it was estimated by those whose calculations have been admitted as most accurate, namely, Jacobs, Humboldt, and McCulloch, &c. &c.

Before, however, commencing to do this, it is deemed important to say a few words in relation to the existing state of things, and to show how, from the most obvious causes, such large importations of the precious metals are daily taking place. Not that we for a moment doubt that these causes are well known to all in any wise connected with trade, but to give the most positive denial to the false assertions made by political demagogues, that the operations of the tariff of 1846 have been instrumental in producing the exportations which have led to the influx of specie.

The harvest of the last year, in the United States, it is well known, was a very abundant one, having yielded an almost endless supply beyond our own wants; so much so, that until the present scarcity of potatoes, and of the farinaceous pro-

ductions in Europe became fully known, the price of all kinds of grain was very low. Flour had been sold in this city in the month of May, 1846, at about \$4 per barrel, and there was every well founded reason to believe it would still further decline, so that the prospects of the grain growing States were gloomy in the extreme—and all persons who had debts due from the storekeepers in the farming districts, were trembling with fear that, from the extremely low price of farming products, the farmers would be unable to pay their debts—that from this cause the cities would go unpaid, and great losses must thus fall upon our merchants. Acquainted as we have been, for forty years, with the trade of the country, we never remember a period of deeper gloom from this cause, and this was much increased by the passage of the Tariff of 1846.

All must remember the stagnation of trade incident to the passage of that law, and that money was becoming very scarce, when accounts reached this country of the almost total failure of the potato crop, and the scarcity of all kinds of grain, throughout insular and continental Europe.

It is wholly unnecessary to dwell upon the change which then took place, a change as sudden, and, we venture to assert, as unexpected, as any of the mutations in commercial affairs within the last half century.

The consequent rise in bread-stuffs and provisions of every kind spread new life and activity throughout the northern and middle States. Exchange on Europe soon began to decline from the immense shipments which took place, nor was it long before it rated so low as to make it profitable to import specie, which soon began, and still continues, to flow into the country. And although not exactly belonging to our subject, we cannot forbear in this connection to remark that the anti-tariff doctrine of there being *no such thing as a balance of trade*, never was more completely refuted, than from the events which have been transpiring for the last few months—and they prove beyond all controversy still further, that such balance must be paid in the precious metals.

But to return to the currency.

We have before us some statistical

tables on that subject, prepared by Mr. Ezra C. Seaman, with great care, from the calculations of Messrs. Jacobs, McCulloch, and Humboldt, which have been universally accredited, and we ask attention to them as very important to the full understanding of the subject under consideration.

The estimates of Mr. Humboldt, we find in the Commercial Dictionary of McCulloch, under the title, "Precious Metals." They are as follows :

The whole quantity of the gold and silver obtained from all the American mines, up to 1803, was,

From 1492 to 1500,	8 years,	\$250,000 per annum,—Total,	\$2,000,000
" 1500 " 1545,	45 "	3,000,000 "	135,000,000
" 1545 " 1600,	55 "	11,000,000 "	605,000,000
" 1600 " 1700,	100 "	16,000,000 "	1,600,000,000
" 1700 " 1750,	50 "	22,500,000 "	1,125,000,000
" 1750 " 1803,	53 "	35,300,000 "	1,870,900,000

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\$5,337,900,000

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Equal at \$4,80 to the pound sterling to . . . . . £1,112,062,500

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Mr. Jacobs' estimates are as follows :—

Gold and Silver in Europe at the time of the discovery of America,  
in the year 1492, . . . . . £34,000,000  
Obtained in 108 years from the mines, after making allowance for the  
loss by wear, &c., . . . . . 138,000,000

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£172,000,000

Deduct what has been conveyed to Asia and what is supposed to have  
been used in plate, watches, jewelry, &c. &c., of all kinds, . . . £42,000,000  
Leaving this sum, as the stock of the coin in Europe, at the end  
of the year 1600, . . . . . £130,000,000  
Deduct for friction and loss during the 16th up to the 17th century, . . . 43,000,000

Leaving in existence in the year 1700, . . . . . £87,000,000  
Product of the mines the 17th century, . . . . . £337,800,000  
Shipped to India and China, . . . . . 33,250,000

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£304,250,000

Converted to other uses than coin, . . . . . 60,250,000

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£244,000,000

Wear and tear deducted, . . . . . 34,000,000

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210,000,000

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Leaving in Europe and America, . . . . . £297,000,000

The product of the mines in 110 years, from 1700 to 1810, exclusive in sterling money :

Buenos Ayres, . . . . . £96,250,000  
Chili, . . . . . 19,532,166  
Columbia, . . . . . 57,341,666  
Peru, . . . . . 100,169,524

Amount stated as having paid duty, . . . . . £273,293,356  
Produced without paying duty one fourth of the same amount . . . 68,323,339  
Produce of Mexico which paid duty, . . . . . 304,039,783  
Contraband product, estimated by Humboldt at one-fifth, . . . . . 60,807,956

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£706,461,434

Total amount from Portuguese America, . . . . . 80,000,000

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Total from all American mines, . . . . . £786,461,434

Or an annual product of	7,146,767
The gold and silver of Europe and the gold dust of Africa, annually,	853,233
Precious metals produced annually,	£8,000,000
At £8,000,000 per annum the whole quantity in 110 years was	
£880,000,000.	
Total coin in the year 1700,	£297,000,000
Deduct loss and friction in 110 years,	71,000,000
Stock on hand,	£226,000,000
Whole product of all precious metals and coin in 110	
years, according to above statements,	£880,000,000
Exported to Asia two-fifths,	352,000,000
Leaving	£528,000,000
Used in various articles of watches, utensils, &c.,	352,000,000
Remaining for coin,	£176,000,000
Deduct for wear and loss,	22,000,000
	154,000,000
Leaving as stock, Jan. 10th, 1810	£380,000,000

Mr. McCulloch agrees with Mr. Jacobs that there has been a great falling off in the products of the American, as well as the European mines, since 1810, and that during the twenty years ending Jan. 1st., 1830, the product was but little more than half as much as during the twenty years ending Jan. 1st., 1810.

The latter, however, estimates the products of the American mines, from 1810 to 1830, at more than £80,000,000 sterling, while the former states them not to have exceeded £65,000,000 sterling. Mr. Jacobs estimates the wear and tear, annually, of gold coins at one part in six hundred, and of silver coins at one part in two hundred, and the aggregate at one part in four hundred, one-fourth part of one per cent.; but Mr. McCulloch estimates the aggregate loss at four times as much, or one per cent. Mr. Brande, in his Encyclopedia of Science and Art, agrees with Mr. Jacobs in estimating the wear and tear of coin at one-fourth part of one per cent.

Mr. Jacobs estimates the proportion supplied by the several American States, in the twenty years from 1810 to 1830, of the precious metals as follows. These estimates, as will be seen, are in dollars :

Mexico,	\$220,043,200
Guatemala,	2,893,710
Columbia,	33,564,267
Peru,	64,688,429
Buenos Ayres,	30,000,000
Chili,	16,618,880
	£367,808,486

Or in sterling money at 4½	
per £,	£76,626,768
Produce of Brazil mines,	4,110,000
	£80,736,768

Product of European and	
Russian Asiatic mines,	23,000,000
	£103,736,768

Very little exceeding five millions annually, and but five eighths as much as during the whole of the 18th century.

From the £380,000,000 of coin left,	
Jan. 1st., 1810, deduct for the wear and	
loss at the rate of one part in 420 each	
year, and which in twenty years would	
amount to £18,095,220, thus leaving, 1st	
of Jan., 1830,	£361,904,780
Add the supply from the	
mines during that time,	103,736,000

Thus showing	£465,640,780
From which deduct amount	
exported to Asia in twenty	
years, estimated at	
£40,000,000, and about	
£4,000,000 sterling, annually	
consumed in	
plate, watches, &c., making, in all, in the twenty	
years,	£120,000,000

This leaves for coin, in Europe and America, Jan., 1830, nearly ten per cent. less than existed in 1810.

This slightly varies from Mr. Jacob's statement, in which he estimates the amount made into plate, watches, &c., at



£5,612,611, annually, and thus makes the decrease of coin, during the twenty years, £66,611,410, sterling, or about seventeen per cent.

Mr. McCulloch's estimate of the same consumption in plate, watches, utensils, &c., in Europe and America, for all other purposes than coin, is as follows :

In Great Britain, - - -	£1,842,916
In France, - - -	866,190
In Switzerland, - - -	350,000
In all the rest of Europe, -	1,204,118
In America, - - -	300,000
	<hr/>
	£4,563,224

Mr. Humboldt estimates the same at £3,459,714

All the accounts and estimates agree that most of the American mines are growing less and less productive, and the total supply of the precious metals much less than it was half a century since, while the population of Europe and America, and the wants of commerce and consumption, are rapidly increasing. It should, however, be remarked, that the drain from America and Europe to Asia is greatly lessening. The triumph of machinery has in great measure, if not entirely, put a stop to the exportation of the precious metals to Hither Asia, while that sent to China is very much lessened.

If, therefore, we estimate the products of the American, European and Russian Asiatic mines, with the gold dust procured from Africa, at five and a half millions of pounds sterling, the wear and tear at one quarter per cent., and the annual consumption of the arts, at £4,000,000 sterling, allowing half a mil-

lion sterling for exports to Asia, the amount of coin in Europe and America would be about the same in 1840 that it was in 1830, and as its product is increasing in Russia, there is probably a small gradual increase in the whole amount produced.

We have gone into this statement of the general coin of the world, taken, as we have said, from the tables given by Messrs. Jacobs, M'Culloch, and Humboldt, admitted to be the very best authorities, in order to give to the reader correct views on this deeply interesting subject. It is proposed now to inquire into the portion of it which is by the same parties, and by other competent authorities, admitted to be the share which we have had of these precious metals since any approach to accuracy has been made in estimating it. And that we may not go into anything conjectural, we begin with the year 1820, and we do so because accurate accounts then commenced to be kept at our custom-houses of the quantity imported and exported. We take these figures also from Mr. Seaman, having compared them with the public documents to test their accuracy. The sum stated as being in the United States in 1820, is predicated upon the return of the banks, which showed in their vaults at that time \$19,820,240, the remaining amount to make up the \$25,000,000, being an estimate of what was in circulation, exclusive of the amount in the banks.

The following table shows from official reports the condition of all the banks of the United States, estimated on the first of January in each of the following years :

Jan. 1st. of years.	No. of returns.	No. of estimates.	Total banks.	Capital in Dollars.	Deposites in Dollars.	Circulation in Dollars.	Sp. in Dollars.
1811	51	38	89	52,610,601		28,100,000	15,400,000
1815	120	88	208	82,559,590		45,500,000	17,000,000
1816	134	112	246	89,822,422		68,000,000	19,000,000
1820	213	95	308	137,110,611	35,950,470	44,863,344	19,820,240
1830	282	48	330	145,192,268	55,559,928	61,323,898	22,114,917
1834	406	100	506	200,005,944	75,666,986	94,839,570	
1835	515	43	558	231,250,337	83,081,365	103,692,495	43,937,625
1837	632	2	634	290,772,091	127,397,185	149,185,890	37,915,340
1839	662		662	327,132,512	90,270,000	135,170,995	45,133,673
1840	661	61	722	358,442,692	75,696,857	116,572,790	33,105,155
1841	619	165	784	313,608,000	64,890,101	107,290,214	34,813,958
1843	577	114	691	228,861,000	56,168,623	58,563,688	33,515,806
1845	580	127	707	206,045,000	88,020,600	89,608,711	44,241,242

## *The Precious Metals.*

Estimated amount of specie in the United States, Oct. 1, 1820	\$25,000,000
Specie imported in four years, to October 1, 1824	24,911,467
Brought in by emigrants not entered at custom-house, probably	2,000,000

Total	\$51,911,467
Specie exported during the same period of four years	\$34,675,778
Consumed in manufactures over and above old metal worked over and the produce of the United States mines	1,235,689
	\$35,911,467

\$16,000,000

Leaving in the United States in specie, Oct. 1, 1824, when the tariff of 1824 took effect, but	\$16,000,000
Imports of specie in four years to October 1, 1828	28,672,592
Brought in by emigrants, not entered at custom-house, probably	2,000,000

\$46,672,592

Specie exported during the same period of four years	\$29,403,126
Made into plate, jewelry, &c., over and above old metal worked over, and the produce of the mines of the United States	1,269,466
	30,672,592

Leaving in the United States only	\$16,000,000
Specie imported in six years to Oct. 1, 1834	53,755,025
Brought in by emigrants and not entered at custom-house	4,000,000
	\$73,755,025

Specie exported during the same period of six years	\$26,462,523
Made into plate, &c., over and above old metal worked over, and the produce of the United States	2,292,502
	28,755,025

Leaving in the United States, Oct. 1, 1834, soon after the compromise act of 1833 made the first reduction of duties on foreign merchandise	\$45,000,000
Specie imported in three years to Oct. 1st, 1837	37,048,742
Brought in by emigrants and not entered at the custom-house	1,500,000
	\$83,548,742

Specie and bullion exported during the same period	\$16,778,350
Excess worked up over old metal and produce of United States mines	4,000,000
	20,778,350

Leaving a balance of specie and bullion in the United States, Oct. 1st, 1837, when nearly all the banks in the nation were in a state of suspension	\$62,770,392
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By the census of 1840, we find that owing to the increased extravagance of the people, the value of the manufactured products of the precious metals in 1839, was \$4,734,960, which must have consumed exceeding \$3,000,000.

The product of the gold mines in the United States in 1839 amounted to but

\$529,605; and the amount of silver must have been quite small, no separate record of it having been kept. It probably did not exceed \$250,000; so that the amount of gold and silver used in manufactures, over and above the home product, has probably for several years past been at least \$1,500,000.

Balance on hand Oct, 1, 1837, as above	- - - -	\$62,770,392
Specie and bullion imported during the year ending Sept. 30, 1838	17,747,116	
Brought in by emigrants, not entered at the custom-house	- -	600,000
		<hr/>
		\$81,117,508
Specie exported during the year	- - - -	\$3,508,046
Excess worked into manufactures	- - - -	1,500,000
		<hr/>
		5,008,046
There is an annual decrease by friction and loss of one-fourth part of one per cent., which, during the 17 years, would amount to four per cent. On \$16,000,000, nearly half the time, and on \$50,000,000 the remaining half	- - - -	\$76,109,462
		<hr/>
Leaving in the United States, in coin and bullion, Oct. 1st, 1838	- - - -	\$75,000,000
Imported during the year to Sept. 30, 1839	- - - -	5,595,176
Brought in by emigrants and not entered, probably	- -	600,000
		<hr/>
		\$81,195,176
Coin and bullion exported during the year	- - - -	\$8,776,743
Excess worked into jewelry, as above	- - - -	1,500,000
Decrease by friction and less one-quarter per cent.	- - - -	218,433
		<hr/>
		10,495,176
		<hr/>
		\$70,700,000
Imported in 3 years to Oct. 1, 1842	- - - -	17,945,712
Brought in by emigrants, not entered, probably	- - - -	1,800,000
		<hr/>
		\$90,445,712
Exported during the same 3 years	- - - -	\$23,264,885
Decrease by friction and loss, one-quarter per cent. annually	- - - -	480,827
Made into jewelry, &c., as heretofore estimated	- - - -	4,500,000
		<hr/>
		28,245,712
Leaving a balance of coin in the United States, Oct. 1st, 1842	- - - -	\$62,200,000
Imported in two and three quarter years to July 1st, 1845	- - - -	32,136,608
Brought in by emigrants, and not entered	- - - -	1,650,000
		<hr/>
		\$95,986,608
Exported during the same period	- - - -	\$15,087,473
Decrease by friction and loss one-quarter per cent. annually	- - - -	450,000
Made into jewelry, as heretofore stated	- - - -	4,100,000
		<hr/>
		19,637,473
Leaving a balance of coin in the United States, July 1st, 1845, of	- - - -	\$76,349,135

We submit these statements, with every confidence, because they fully prove the course which specie always takes, flowing in and out of a country, according to the balance of trade, unless interfered with by extraordinary circumstances, as was the case from 1833 to 1838, while so many State and other securities, were sold in Europe, creating an indebtedness there, of upwards of \$100,000,000. During this period, specie

flowed in very rapidly, and the amount in this country increased by importation, as we have shown, some \$40,000,000.

But when this wild spout of speculation ceased, and our credit was no longer good in Europe, the last four years of the Compromise Act, from Oct. 1, 1838, to Oct. 1, 1842, the quantity in the country was reduced from \$75,000,000 to \$62,000,000; and who can forget the great gloom that pervaded the country

from Oct. 1839, when the most of the banks suspended specie payments, for the second time, until the passage of the Tariff Act in Aug. 1842.

From the moment of the passage of that act, public confidence began to revive as if by magic, and ever since that period, up to the passage of the Tariff of 1846, the energies and industry of the country continued to improve.

What the future has in store for us, time only can determine. The great demand for our bread-stuffs and provisions, has so far saved us from the evil effects of the Tariff of 1846, and the operation of the Sub-Treasury Act; the former being entirely neutralized by the large shipments, and the consequent balance of trade in our favor, which, as before stated, have lowered exchange until a handsome profit can be made by importing specie—while the introduction of several millions of specie, and the knowledge that much more is on the way, prevents the severe pressure which would have resulted from the operation of the Sub-Treasury, and the drain from the South for the purposes of the war.

We pretend to no spirit of prophecy, but the future, in matters of finance, is always greatly influenced by the past and the present; and we think it requires no more than a common knowledge of cause and effect, to perceive that elements are now combining, which cannot fail to produce the most serious effects upon the condition of the country.

It was estimated before the commencement of the present administration of the general government, that we were indebted in Europe about \$150,000,000, in state and private debts. No one believes for a moment, we shall get out of the Mexican war under a debt of \$100,000,000; and if Mr. Secretary Walker is correct in his estimates, we shall import some \$140,000,000 or \$150,000,000 under his Tariff of 1846.

To others, who look only at the surface of things, the recent shipments to Europe which have to some extent warded off the impending evils, may hold out golden

prospects for the future; but to the writer of this article, what is called our present prosperity appears fallacious, because it is founded on great distress to nations with whom we have close commercial connection; and in one particular, there cannot fail to be a reaction upon us.

Europe is the grand market for our staple productions, and is, further, the great financial fountain from whence flows all the streams of credit upon which the commerce of the world is sustained. This credit can only be kept up by the retention of a sufficient amount of the precious metals. Any sudden contraction of them, must produce more or less of a financial crisis in Europe: and it is very much to be feared that we may suffer much more from such a state of the foreign money market, as was much dreaded by last accounts, than we have been or shall be benefited by any accession of the precious metals, which has come over here, to return again, when the course of trade and finance shall oblige us to pay our foreign indebtedness. Pay-day must come some time, and it may come when we are least prepared to meet it.

The advocates of the Sub-Treasury, and therefore the enemies of a sound credit-system, may indulge in what fallacies and follies they please, but they cannot disguise the truth, that the commercial intercourse of the world rests on a great credit-system, in which specie is but one ingredient, and though the most essential one, in many points of view, yet it is by no means the sole basis of credit.

This article has, however, become sufficiently extended, and we must leave it for some future occasion to show that credit can control even the precious metals; that without credit, there could be no such thing as exchange; and that a perfectly sound system of collection and disbursements of the public money may exist without the use of a dollar of specie, or the intervention of a bank note.

## MISCELLANY OF THE MONTH.

THE advent of April finds us rather in momentary expectation of striking events, than with any such to chronicle. It is now well understood that Major-General Scott was to make an attack upon Vera Cruz on or about the 15th of March. He would have about 4,500 regulars and 9,000 volunteers, and was well supplied with bombs, heavy guns, &c. It was understood that the entire force would concentrate at Anton Lizardo, which is thirty miles from Vera Cruz, and immediately commence the march for that city. The city will first be taken, and this it is believed, may be accomplished without much difficulty, after which siege will be laid to the castle. It is stated now, contrary to former advices, but apparently upon good authority, that the Mexicans are preparing for a vigorous defence, not only of the castle but of the city also. The enterprise in which Gen. Scott is engaged is, therefore, not certain to be attended with success. Even if he succeeds in capturing the town, the castle is prepared for a protracted resistance. The land attack will be aided by the squadron; and it is hoped that this combined effort may prove successful.

Meantime doubt and apprehension rest upon the position and prospect of the division under Gen. TAYLOR. He had advanced to Saltillo, and had even taken up an advanced position at Agua Nueva, eighteen miles south of that place: and we have rumors that on the 23d of February, after being summoned to surrender, he had been attacked by Santa Ana at the head of some twenty thousand men. This fact seems to be certain; of what transpired subsequently we have no reports, except flying rumors picked up from the Mexicans, but these state that Gen. Taylor fell back to Saltillo, when a sanguinary engagement ensued, which resulted in a heavy loss to each side, and in the retreat of Gen. Taylor to the Rinconada Pass. Great fears are entertained that his entire division has been cut to pieces, and that he has not been able even to fall back successfully upon Monterrey. Of all this, however, nothing authentic is yet known. Gen. Taylor had been very greatly weakened and annoyed by the withdrawal from his command of all the regulars upon whom he had mainly depended in any emergency. This was done by Gen. Scott, but with the full knowledge of the Administration, and indeed with its approbation, as the official correspondence clearly shows. Our own belief is that the dangers which menaced Gen. Taylor have been exaggerated, and that he has, if not

held his first position, achieved a successful and safe retreat to Saltillo, and farther if necessary, though his own letters show that he had very great confidence in his ability to fortify that place against any force that could be brought against it. A few days must bring us authentic information, though it will come too late for our present number.

Congress adjourned late in the night of the 3d of March. The bill authorizing the raising and equipment of ten regiments of volunteers became a law, though without the desired provision for appointing a general in chief, to have entire command of the army in the field. The bill placing three millions of dollars at the disposal of the President, to aid negotiations with Mexico for the restoration of peace, was also passed, though the "Wilmot Proviso," as the anti-slavery clause which it contained is familiarly called, was stricken out. Several minor bills were also passed, but nothing was done of any decided importance, though, as usual, a large portion of the actual business of the session was crowded into its last few hours.

Mr. CALHOUN, on his return to South Carolina, was received at Charleston by a large public meeting of the citizens, at which he took occasion to speak at length on the proceedings of Congress and of several of the State Legislatures upon the principles of the Wilmot Proviso, and of slavery generally. He said he thought it perfectly clear that the people of the North, comprising men of all parties, had come to the determination not to permit the extension of slavery to any territory of the United States in which it does not now exist. He thought this fact clear, beyond all chance of doubt: and it rendered absolutely necessary in self-defence, in his judgment, the resolute combination of all the Southern States against this principle. He entered into a very full and elaborate exposition of the relations of the North and South, and set forth what may probably be regarded as a programme of the intended political course of the South. He said very decidedly that in his judgment the Southern Democracy should never again submit to the selection of a Presidential Candidate by a National Convention. The proceedings and declarations of this meeting we regard as highly significant.

The intelligence from Europe by the Hibernia steamer has considerable importance, though of no striking interest. The Famine in Ireland continues to elicit the



sympathies not only of Parliament but of the people of England. The distress continues to be exceedingly severe, though immense and unprecedented exertions have been made for its relief. Lord George Bentick brought forward a proposition to appropriate sixteen millions of pounds for the construction of railways in Ireland. But it was opposed by the ministry and defeated by an overwhelming vote. The ministerial programme is opposed violently, but will undoubtedly be carried out.

The King of Prussia has at last fulfilled the promise made by his father, Frederick William III. nearly forty years ago, that they should have a constitution. The long period which has elapsed since this pledge was given, and the defeat of all attempts made hitherto to secure its redemption, had almost destroyed all hope that it would ever be fulfilled. But a series of ordinances has at last been issued, of which the full scope cannot be understood without first glancing at the present organization of the kingdom. Prussia is now divided into eight provinces, each of which has its assembly of Provincial States, (*Provinzial Stände*) representing the nobility, the towns and the landholders, the government however, at the same time, reserving the power of adopting or not the resolutions of these bodies. According to the terms of the English loan contracted by Prussia after the late European war, the public faith was pledged not to contract a new debt without first consulting the States-General of the Kingdom.

By the first of the new ordinances just issued by the King, he promises to convocate the States-General, so often as new loans, new taxes, or an increase of the present taxes, may become necessary, in order to obtain their consent to the negotiation of these loans or the establishment of these taxes. He also promises to assemble periodically what is called the permanent committee of the States-General. The mode of election for this committee will be indicated by a subsequent ordinance. The King also confers upon the States-General, all the consultative powers which are now enjoyed by the Provincial States, relating to changes in the general legislation of the country, with the right of remonstrating or petitioning in the internal affairs, which are not merely of a local nature, as it is understood that the latter affairs will continue to be submitted to the Provincial States.

By the second ordinance it is provided that the eight Provincial States of the monarchy, shall be convened in an assembly of the States-General, whenever new loans or new taxes are required, or whenever the government shall deem it necessary for the transaction of the most impor-

tant business of the country. The time, places and duration of these assemblies are to be regulated by a special ordinance. The province of the royal house, and the mediatised princes of the ancient Germanic Empire, are entitled to seats in this body. These princes, and the nobility, are to meet and vote in a separate assembly from the body of the diet, excepting in the case of propositions for loans or new taxes, in which case they meet and vote in common with the other members. In case of war, the king reserves to himself the right of making new loans with the consent of the permanent deputation of the States, to whom is confided the administration of the public debt. He also reserves to himself the right of establishing, in case of war, new taxes without consulting the States, but at the same time promises to submit the subject to them as soon as circumstances will permit of their being assembled.

The third ordinance provides that the committee of the States-General shall be convoked at least every four years. This committee, in regard to all matters of general legislation has the same power as the whole body of the States-General, but not in respect to laws and taxes.

These concessions, at first glance, may seem to be of slight importance. But taken in connection with the progress which liberal principles have made in Russia during the last quarter of a century, and with the fact that popular accessions once granted can never be recalled, it must be deemed an important step in the national progress of the kingdom. A great deal has hitherto been done in improving the jurisprudence of the monarchy: municipal corporations have been created, conferring the right of suffrage upon citizens of moderate means; and free provision has been made for popular instruction. These are all important points, and the new ordinances of the present King carry the liberal principles thus far established, into still farther and more free effect.

We have received from a correspondent in Paris, from whom we hope to hear occasionally hereafter, the following letter which supersedes the necessity of extending this summary farther:

PARIS, 25th of February, 1847.

The fine clear weather during the past eleven days, although turning cold at present, has been very seasonable after the fatigues and exposure of the Carnival. Sunshine, a genial bracing atmosphere, and the early verdure already enlivening the public gardens, are sovereign remedies for inflamed eyes and jaded nerves; and the melancholy harvest which that mad period annually promises to the cemeteries of

Montmartre and Pere la Chaise, will, it is hoped, be less abundant than usual.

The Carnival is ended; but its noisy joys yet ring in one's ears. Shut your eyes, and you seem still to be in the blazing lights of a masked ball at the opera. The indefatigable Musard reigns over his thundering orchestra; thousands of nimble dancers "trip the light fantastic toe;" pierrots wave their long weird sleeves; devils waltz with angels; savages whisper gracious nonsense to pretty little sailor-boys; solemn-looking druids astonish you by boisterous mirth; priests and judges in their long robes shout forth "*Maitre Corbeau*," and other favorite songs of the *quartier latin*; British generals embrace lovely French nymphs as tenderly as if, between them, at least, *l'entente cordiale* remains unbroken. In short, all kinds of costumes, many of them more grotesque than beautiful, and most of them worn by persons who appear to delight in belying the characters which they should support, float by in the mazy dance, while the light jest and the quick repartee are exchanged, and intrigue adds its zest to the enchantments of the scene.

Unlike Rome and Venice, Paris no longer presents in its streets the animated scenes of other days, during this festive season. The Carnival now shuns the open day, and contents itself with the ferocious nights of the ball at the opera, or with the distorting attitudes of the living incarnations of mazourkas, polkas, rondolas and other cachuchas, at the Variétés. Besides the countless public ball-rooms that were nightly filled with gay masqueraders, the balls of society caught the mania of the time, and Venetian, Hungarian and Spanish costumes have alternately figured in the most fashionable saloons. The Duke of Nemours himself has lately given (since the *soirée* in which he attempted to revive the fashions of the last century,) a brilliant ball of pierrots and pierrettes. At the Hungarian ball, by the way, it is whispered that certain contraband beauties were smuggled in, and thus the Bohemian dress was worn by several fascinating gipsies—of Paris.

On *dimanche gras*, the weather was so bad that the promenade of the *bœuf gras* (called Monte Cristo, from the name of a character in one of Alexander Dumas' most popular novels,) was but a pitiful affair. On *Mardi gras*, the huge ox, garlanded like his heathen prototype, the bull Apis, and escorted by musicians, municipal guards and troops of maskers, with a gaily ornamented car which bore a little child and several persons wearing allegorical costumes, went to the Tuilleries to receive the salutations of the royal family. After some of the maskers had "danced before the king," according to the ancient cus-

toms, the motley procession moved on through the principal streets, which were crowded with people. But the weather was still unfavorable for the promenade, which has lost almost all its traditionary splendor. And the rain made sad havoc upon that grotesque army of Turks, Spaniards, Arabs and Greeks, mingled with Troubadours and lowly Indians. At the Descent of the Constelle, the following morning, the dancers from all the innumerable ball-rooms of the city, came in every kind of vehicle, and in all sorts of costumes, to the Place de la Constelle, just outside of one of the barriers, where they bid farewell to the Carnival. Few foreigners venture here, unless quite sure of being familiar with the French language, as well as skilled in the art of boxing. No one who has not witnessed it can form an idea of the indescribable scene of folly and brutal excitement which is presented by the thousands who crowd hither as spectators, but themselves act the drama. As I have elsewhere said, one cannot refrain from thinking how bloody the drama might be, and how bloody has been many a drama enacted by this same people. It is here, in these swarming groups, in these faces, haggard with want, and yet lit up by smiles of drunken hilarity, that the stranger should make his *studies of the people*. The foolish boys and girls who flaunt by, and shame the day-light by their noisy and indecent frivolity, form a very trifling part of what one finds to see at *la descent de la Constelle*. The real spectacle lies deeper—in the life of the moving masses around them—and is a tragedy, not a comedy; food for tears and not for laughter.

The Carnival is over. But Paris is gay Paris still; and although Lent has commenced, the nocturnal fêtes of the capital are scarcely interrupted. The Faubourg St. Honoré, the Faubourg St. Germain, and the Chaussée d'Antin, continue each to be the theatre of a permanent illumination. There are few illustrious hotels in either of these quarters which have not been open to the dance during the past fortnight. In short, balls are the order of the day, or rather of the night, as much as ever. They are inspired by all sorts of motives, but particularly by those of a benevolent nature. Of this kind have been the greatest balls of the season; as, for example, at the Salle Hertz, for the British Charitable Fund; at the hotel of the Princess Ozartorska, for the exiled Poles; the last, by the by, of a brilliant series which for years have enlivened the Parisian winters; at the Odeon, last Saturday evening, in behalf of indigent artists; and at other places, too numerous to mention. On the 6th of March there will be a ball for the Association of dramatic artists; and a few days

later, at the opera, for the poor of the twelve arrondissements. It is thus the Frenchman delights to snatch a pleasure while he confers a favor. Elsewhere, Charity is serious; at Paris, she dances the polka.

In the midst of all these amusements, serious affairs are not neglected, and the great political questions of the day occupy the public mind. The discussion of the paragraphs in the royal speech, relative to the Spanish marriage, and the incorporation of Cracow, led, as was anticipated, to a great trial of rhetorical strength between Guizot and Thiers. By the way, a Frankfort journal has published a letter from Vienna, which states that the phrase inserted in the address of the Chamber of Deputies, relatively to the treaties, and to the release, by the fact of their violation, of the other powers from the obligations imposed by them, has excited great sensation in the capital of Austria. "It is probable enough," adds the writer, "that categorical explanations will be demanded by the three northern powers, on this important and delicate point." Certain remarks which fell from the lips of the minister, during the discussion, offended Lord Normanby, the British ambassador, in such a manner as to add an almost personal quarrel between them to the pre-existing difficulties of their official relations. This circumstance, of course, has not tended to hasten a reconciliation between the cabinets of the two nations. And although the address was voted by a large majority, who thus gave their adherence to the policy pursued, at home and abroad, by the government; yet this vote does not appear, in the opinion of the public, to have destroyed the causes of inquietude excited by internal embarrassments and external complications. The solution of present difficulties, and of those which existing foreign relations predict as possible, may fall, (if we are to believe the reports of the week,) if not upon a new ministry, at least upon one largely modified. Among the proceedings of the past week in the Chambers, I notice particularly the adoption of a project for augmenting, temporarily, by 10,000 men, the effective force of the army, and the examination of another for authorizing the Bank of France to issue notes of 250 francs. It is hoped that the committee will consult the convenience of the mercantile community sufficiently to reduce the sum proposed to 100 francs. Of three projects presented to the Minister of Finance, that which most interests us is the establishment of lines of Transatlantic steamers between the French ports and those of North and South America. The bread question, news from the foreign markets which must supply those of France with bread-stuffs, and the

financial difficulties which their scarcity may occasion, have occupied the minds of the community during the week. The sufferings of the indigent classes receive, as they deserve, universal sympathy. The *Moniteur* of yesterday published a law affording an extraordinary relief of 2,000,000 francs to the hospitable, bureaus of charity and benevolent institutions. The municipal council of Paris pursues with activity the execution of numerous works which while they contribute to the health and embellishment of the city, are mainly designed to furnish employment to laborers. The opening of a new boulevard in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the most populous and wretched quarter of the capital, and of several streets, as well as the proposed erection of a new building for the Royal Library on the same site which it occupies, and of other public structures, will contribute materially to the accomplishment of this object. Supplying the destitute with employment is the truest form of charity. This was the apparently (perhaps merely *apparently*) favorable feature of Lord George Bentick's great Irish Railroad bill, upon the fate of which the present British Cabinet, a few days since, staked their existence, and won.

Paris is the great centre of political news from all quarters of the globe. The newspapers, at this moment, do not lack for topics. The recent concentration of Russian troops on the frontiers of Austrian and Prussian Poland, and extensive military preparations on the part of Austria, indicate a determination to be ready for any consequences of the menaces of certain powers. To say nothing of the incorporation of Cracow as a possible cause of conflict, the dispositions of the Italians, whose unquiet spirit has been only momentarily calmed by the reforms of the Pope, are too well known not to account for the necessity of measures of defence against dangers that threaten the Austrian dominion in the south. It is said that France has been influenced in recalling under her flag all the soldiers absent on furlough, by her watchful observation of these movements of troops in Eastern Europe. The French journals congratulate Prussia upon having at length entered on the road to constitutional government, by the promulgation, on the 3d of February, of the letters patent, so long expected, by which Frederic William IV. creates the institution of the *Assembled Diet*. In Spain, which has also made great advances, this year past, towards constitutional liberty, the taking of the city of Cervera, by the Carlists, has caused great excitement at Madrid. The events of Portugal daily assume an aspect of more grave importance. The report of the most cruel and arbitrary act of the civil war raging in this unhappy kingdom is fully confirmed.

And the prisoners of Torres-Vedras, huddled together into a small vessel, have, in spite of the protestations of the British minister, and the indignation of the populace, been hurried off to the insalubrious shores of Africa. "Is a white slave-trade more allowable than that of black?" is the question of all who have heard of this unwarrantable treatment of men who are sons of those who placed Donna Maria on the throne. The great fires which have recently devastated portions of Constantinople are ascribed, by some, to the evil eye with which the old Mussulmen look upon the rapid introduction of European improvements, and, particularly, the closing of the slave-markets. A recent proclamation of Marshal Bugeaud to the Arabians, informs them that while the French sovereign will be generous and merciful on condition of submission, there will otherwise be "nothing else than powder" for Abd-el-Kader. Perhaps there will be, as heretofore, more powder than ball—more efforts than success—in trying to catch this redoubtable and *unseizable* chieftain. To complete this paragraph of brief political items—the continued disorders at Tahiti bring "rumors of wars" even from the distant isles of the Pacific.

In the scientific circles of Paris the experiments with sulphuric ether still furnish a topic of discussion. Several communications on this subject have been presented to the Academy. The decease of another member of this learned body, a few days since, has added to the number of deaths which have recently opened so many places of honor and emolument to the struggling ambitions of this metropolis. At the funeral of M. Guiraud, a discourse was pronounced by M. Lebrun, director of the Academy, who stated this was the thirty-third time within twenty years that he had followed an academical associate to the grave.

February has not fallen behind the preceding month in the number and value of its contributions to science and literature. Jules Janin, the most accomplished writer of the French press, has delighted the Parisians by his *Gateau des Rois*—an exquisite fantasy of the season—a poem in his inimitable prose. De Lamartine's History of the Girondins; Louis Blanc's History of the Revolution, which is rather too radical in its tone for the taste of the Legitimists who aided so materially the success of his History of Ten Years; Michelet's History, which introduces the people as a more intelligent as well as efficient agent than has generally been supposed, in the events of the Revolution; and several other serious works of high order enjoy a vogue that in another age would have exclusively belonged to frivolous romances. A work on Parliamentary and Electoral Reform, by M.

Duvargier de Hauranne, and another on the Congress of Vienna, in its relations to the actual circumstances of Europe, by M. Capefigue, have appeared very seasonably during this month. An unusual number of relations of scientific voyages have been published—among which one of the most important is the voyage of a Scientific Commission to the North Pole, during 1838, 1839, and 1840.

The theatrical event of the week has been the opening of the *Theatre Historique*, which, with its elegant decorations, has been improvised with as much rapidity as the written works of Dumas, the father of the enterprise. The first representation of his *Reine Margot* took place the other evening, and the brilliant audience which thronged to see it were detained there until nearly *three o'clock* in the morning. So much for the dramatic devotion of the Parisians. A third lyric theatre, to be called the *Theatre des Arts*, will shortly be opened. *Hamlet* is announced for this evening at the Theatre Francais.

The Tribunals have presented, this month, several unusually interesting cases. Alphonse Constard, an enthusiast, has been condemned for a pamphlet entitled "The Voice of Famine," which is full of insensate theories and violent invectives, tending to excite the mutual hatred of different classes of society. The attempt, indirectly originating with the Archbishop of Paris, to obtain the confiscation of certain devotional books published without his permission, was a failure. The acquittal of the editor of the National for an alleged offence against the political inviolability of the king's person, by an article on the Spanish marriages, was a proof that in an age, not of tolerance, but of liberty, prosecutions of the press are almost always useless and unseasonable. The trial, at Angers, of Drouillard, a Parisian banker, who has been condemned to heavy fines, a year's imprisonment, and five years' suspension of all his civic rights, for frauds in the last elections, has revealed a mass of facts which show the urgent necessity of electoral reform in France. But the most singular cases before the courts during the past month, are those in which figure the names of certain literary celebrities. The history of the process instituted against Alexander Dumas, for violation of engagements with his publisher, would furnish a new and interesting chapter for D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*. Nothing is more surprising than the inexhaustible fertility of this author's genius, unless it is the enormous amount of compensation which he receives for his productions. The same fact—the high price paid in Paris for the labors of the pen—is illustrated on the trial, this week, of Eugene Sue, on similar charges. For example, Dumas has been



offered 100,000 francs per annum for ten volumes, on the condition of engaging to write nothing else during that period: and Eugene Sue made a contract for thirteen years and six months, to furnish from four to six volumes annually, for each of which he was to receive 10,000 francs. But the most exorbitant price is that which was paid by the editor of the *Presse* to De Lamartine, for the right of publishing, in 1848,

the poet's "*Confidences*," a single volume, for 40,000 francs, that is, eight thousand dollars. This fact was developed during a lawsuit in which De Lamartine is indirectly interested, and which occupied the Civil Tribunal of the Seine day before yesterday. Many a man's "confidences" cost dearly enough, but it is rare that one gets so well paid for them. . . .

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Prose Writers of America, with a Survey of the History, Condition and Prospects of American Literature.* By RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. Illustrated with portraits from original pictures. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847.

Such is the title of a large octavo, which from its name and pretensions alone, had the book no merit in itself, we should, at some time, feel bound to discuss with more care, and at more length, than we have now the time or the space to bestow.

It is a carefully printed book; indeed, the Philadelphia house of Carey & Hart is doing very well in this matter, and in many of its late issues, such as the *New Timon*, &c., is deserving much of those readers who like books for what is inside, and not for what is outside.

To return—Mr. Griswold's book is said also to be carefully edited; of this we hardly dare yet express an opinion; we should think, however, that it had been edited with caution, though perhaps not caution enough. And caution to what end?

It would require somewhat to make it a just book; it would require still more to make it a popular book. We have the charity to believe that Mr. Griswold had the first end in view: and having eyes, we see plainly that he had the last end in view. How far he has succeeded in attainment of the first end—supposing it was an end—would be an inquiry involving that full discussion of the merits of the book, which, time and will permitting, may, at a future period, engross some dozen of our pages. How far the book is made popular, needeth not much critical talk to demonstrate. Old authors—since authors are never tired of listening to their praises—will consult the new epitome of their excellences, with an interest as sincere as it will be well concealed; and new authors will seize upon it, as full of hope as of doubt; and if, unfortunately, they be disappointed in finding

no niche within the body—the rotunda, as it were—of Mr. Griswold's Symmetric Pantheon, they may, perhaps, be won to smiles on finding their names written upon the walls, inside a wreath of artificial flowers, of some little side-chapel—some quiet alcove of the fabric; for Mr. Griswold's notes are full and long, and shrewdly conceived, and replete with such names as, with all his goodness of heart, he could not safely put in a more conspicuous place.

Again, there are a great many talking, well-read men, who want to know just so much of American writers as to talk of them fluently, without knowing them at all; to such the book commends itself most entirely. There are school-boys who will steal compositions from the fragments of essays, and thank Mr. Griswold for saving them a cudgelling, except, indeed, they choose such excerpts as that a shrewd pedagogue shall suspect the boy of not writing them himself.

It is just the book, again, for parlor-readers—to lie upon the table, to be snatched up in the intervals of nursing sick babies, or to furnish chit-chat of an evening. And there are scores of literary spinsters who will bless Mr. Griswold for giving ages, and little family details about their "loves" of authors; and if the editor's imagination—and from a rapid glance at the book, we believe him to be capable of imaginative work—had painted some of the bachelor authors in more glowing terms, and dropped dates, and furthermore dropped wives, the popularity of the book with the class last designated would have been as flattering to the publishers as it would have been just to the editor.

The book is a picture-book in more senses than one; it has engravings mezzotinted by Sartain. We wish we could speak well of them; but we cannot. They are execrable; and it needs all the editor's laudation to atone for the engraver's abuse. If Mr. Prescott looks one half so silly as his picture—which we do not believe—it



would be a pious interference for his friends to prevent any future publication of his portrait.

An essay—and we use the term by courtesy—opens the volume, which the majority of readers of such a book will skip; and we do not know but they would gain as much by so doing as they would lose; yet it is a kindly written *melange* enough, covering almost everything that has ever been done with a pen in this country, whether in way of history, ethics, metaphysics, journalism, fiction, or the like, with a philosophical, critical, instructive, careless, rambling, good-natured analysis. If we have used words strangely in this description, it is only because we wanted to be true to the merits of the piece, and as explicit as its author.

Our own Review is honored with this notice: "The American Review, a Whig journal, was established by its proprietor in 1844;" and a more simple, true, and satisfactory statement does not occur throughout the whole of Mr. Griswold's book.

In conclusion, we wish the volume success. If in thankfulness for this notice, the publishers will send us a copy, we will put it on our shelves; otherwise, we will content ourselves with the specimens of such American authors as we have under their own signets, and wait patiently for the others, until we are rich enough to buy things we do not need.

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*The North British Review*, No. 12, February, 1847. American edition, vol. 1. No. 2 New York, Leonard Scott & Co.

It is not our custom to notice periodicals, but the new organ of a great party commands some attention. The North British Review was established three years ago by some prominent members of the Scotch Free Church, not, however, to be the exponent of their particular sectarian views, but rather that of all the "Evangelicals," a term which, in its widest range, includes all Trinitarian Protestants, except the High-Church Episcopalians, though practically, we suspect it comes to be a little more limited. The articles of the N. B. R. are generally clever, but hard; that dry, cold, logical, acute style of writing, which characterizes Scotch metaphysicians and Scotch theologians. In positive ability it yields to none of its contemporaries, except, *perhaps*, the Edinburgh, and we are surprised that it has only now for the first time been republished here.

The first paper in the present number is one on Morell's modern philosophy. The reviewer upholds Reid against Kant; the objective against the subjective; the *phænomena* against the *numena*. But he does this in no illiberal spirit.

In this very able article we are sorry to find some inaccuracies of expression; e. g. "refutation *against*," for "refutation of," and a very queer word, *apperception*, which Cousin seems to have coined from *apercevoir*, but what its difference from, or superiority over, the ordinary *perception*, may be, we confess ourselves unable to say.

The next paper in interest, though not in position, is called forth by a remarkable and daring book, "Modern Painters, by a Graduate of Oxford." The Oxonian's standard of excellence is Turner, and his reviewer seems to agree with him. And truly Turner's early works are gorgeous visions of glory, and he still paints such water as no other man ever did or can paint; but it is rather too much to say that his dreams, magnificent though they be, are more truthful and natural than those "clear-walled cities by the sea," that Claude delighted in. Stand by any of his later productions and try to make it out without looking at the title; you might as well try to find out what J. K. Polk is going to do next; all (save only that wonderful water) is an inextricable mass of vermillion and mustard, ink and white lead, dashed down upon the canvass. Go to the other side of the room and place yourself in the right position; then, indeed, something comes out upon you strangely; a ship among icebergs, or a locomotive ready to run over you. But these things are not legitimate pictures; they are only another kind of scene-painting. The last story of Turner is a good one; we won't swear to its literal truth; but *se non vero, &c.* The hangers at the Royal Academy, last year, were so puzzled with some such impracticable, "Ariel in the Sun," that they actually suspended it upside down. On the day before opening the exhibition, when the artists inspect the position of their works, Turner of course did not fail to notice the error. "Why, Mr. Smith, you've hung my picture the wrong way!" Mr. Smith apologized, and promised it should be set to rights in half an hour. "Half an hour!" exclaimed the painter, and forthwith seizing a palette, he commenced pelting down the colors, in his trowel-fashion, and without touching the frame, effectually reversed the picture in just half the time.

The other articles are, an elaborate notice of "Kitto's Lost Senses," a just summing up of Cowley's merits and demerits, a spirited sketch of the Anglo-Normans, an able exposition of Watt's claims to the discovery of the composition of water, (doubtless Sir David Brewster's, from its oblique hit at Dr. Whewell,) which also takes occasion to handle the Royal Society very unceremoniously, and animadvert strongly on the culpable negligence by

which Messrs. Challis and Airy lost for their country the honor of having discovered the new planet; and, finally, a calm and sensible examination of the Irish distress and its remedies—almost the only bit of writing we have seen on the subject free from cant or exaggeration on one side or the other.

*History of the Roman Republic.* By J. MICHELET, *Member of the Institute of France, Author of "History of France," "Life of Martin Luther," "The People," &c. &c.* Translated by WILLIAM HAZLITT, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

"This book," says the translator, "is a history, and not a dissertation." It is a political history, composed in Michelet's peculiarly brilliant and popular style; written, like his other works, to exalt the popular element in government, and to show that Rome owed her ruin to its depression and extinction. The author founds himself upon Niebuhr and Vico, adopting the critical conclusions of the one, and the philosophy of the other. The following is his philosophical creed, from Vico's *Scienza Nuova*, which appeared in 1725:

"*Humanity is its own work.* God acts upon it, but through it. Humanity is divine, but no man is divine. Those mythic heroes, the Hercules whose arms burst asunder mountains; those Lycurguses and Romuluses, swift legislators, who in the space of one man's life, accomplished the tardy work of ages, are the creations of the thought of nations. God alone is great. When man desired to have men-gods, he was fain to heap whole generations in one person; to combine in one hero the conceptions of a whole poetic cycle. It was thus they obtained historic idols—a Romulus, a Numa. The people remained prostrate before these gigantic phantoms. Philosophy raises them and says to them: That which you adore is yourselves, your own conceptions. Here-upon these fantastic and inexplicable figures which floated in the air, objects of a puerile admiration, redescend within our reach; they quit poetry to enter into the realms of science. The miracles of individual genius are ranged under the common law; the equalizing hand of criticism passes over the human race."

"This historical radicalism does not go the length of suppressing the 'great men;' singular forbearance! "There doubtless remain some who rise above the crowd to the height of the head or the waist, but their foreheads are no longer lost in the clouds; they are no longer of another species; humanity may recognize itself in all its history, one and identical;" which, though a brilliant and entertaining reflection, does not yield much consolation. Bating an excess of very French enthusiasm, Michelet's works are among the most agreeable "historic readings" we know of. The translator did not do full justice to his version of Guizot's *History of Civilization*; we should think he has paid some closer attention to the present author.

*The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the earliest times till the reign of George IV.* By JOHN LOAN CAMPBELL, A.M., F.R.S.E. First series to the Revolution of 1688. In three volumes. From the second London edition. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.

This is the first portion of an extended work; which, with some faults of conduct, from certain perceivable prejudices and political biasses on the part of the titled author, has so much general merit and varied and abiding interest for all who live under English laws, and are accustomed to regard the great background of English History—of which legal annals and institutions and the lives of eminent legal men are a large part—that it must command among us a very wide attention. No book, indeed, of more general and continuous interest has issued from the English press for some years. We are glad that it is republished, and shall take an early opportunity of reviewing in some proper shape and compass the part of the work now presented to us. This part covers some of the most important and curious portions of English history, the lives of all the Chancellors down to 1688. It is so picturesque and full of anecdote, that it must be read with delight by those careless of historical events, and only able to be amused by narrative and fiction.

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CORRECTION.—In the article on Mr. Dana's writings, in the March number of our Review, a mistake occurred of attributing to Mr. Dana two admirable articles in the *North American Review*, on Moore and on E. B. Brown, by Professor E. T. Channing, of Harvard, the brother of Dr. Channing. If more articles are to be readily procured from the same source, we think one of our publishers could not do a more sensible thing than to make a favorable proposition to their author.



Mr. Maupherson Perrin

between the United States and Great Britain—a sort of civil war, as between men of the same blood and language, and in all other respects a war which every consideration for the peace of the world, for our own welfare, and for that—all-important to our own—of the very nation with which it was sought to embroil us, forbade—hung in trembling balance.

Happily, the moderation of British councils, and that of some eminent men of the Southern wing of the dominant party, were successful in averting this great danger. It is to the enduring honor of John C. Calhoun that he boldly opposed this war movement—an honor we would by no means willingly depreciate by the suggestion, which nevertheless it is essential to the truth of history to make, that the course he took was clearly that called for by the peculiar institutions and interests of the Southern slaveholding States.

By the aid of Mr. Calhoun's wing of the democracy—that wing which in the Baltimore Convention had actually nominated, and by its strenuous efforts had mainly caused the election of, Mr. Polk—the patriotic and conservative Whigs in Congress found themselves in a position to check the mad career of Presidential demagoguism. The Senate especially manifested the most earnest opposition to any course that seemed to invite hostilities with England respecting the possession of some thousands or tens of thousands, more or less, of barren acres on the distant shore of the Pacific; and finally, sound public opinion, co-operating at once with the firmness of the wisest men in Congress, and with the praiseworthy moderation of the British cabinet, which did not suffer itself to be irritated by the vaunting talk in Congress, nor to mistake big words for real threats, brought about an accommodation of the Oregon controversy, satisfactory and honorable to both countries, and only discreditable to the loud boasting, hard swearing, and grasping but baffled war faction at Washington, of which President Polk and Senator Cass were the head—and the brains.

Scarcely, however, had the country begun to breathe at ease again, when the accursed annexation of Texas—consummated at the last moment of the inglorious rule of Mr. Tyler—began to produce its legitimate consequences. The long, specious, but most disingenuous manifesto against Mexico contained in the President's message at the opening

of the last session—in the course of which it was stated, that upon the application of the Convention and Congress of Texas, the President had ordered a portion of the army of the United States “to take a position between the Nueces and the Del Norte”—had passed without exciting the degree of attention which nevertheless it was so well calculated to awaken.

But the march of events was as rapid as the most urgent advocates for war could desire; and they who, foiled in their efforts to involve us in hostilities with Great Britain, and smarting under the epigrams to which their big words and little actions in relation to “the whole of Oregon or none,” so justly subjected them, had thrown themselves upon the forlorn hope of a Mexican war, in order to reinstate themselves if possible with the country—these men, so belligerent in council, so ready with their words, when the cause demands acts and arms, had urged on Gen. Taylor, against his military judgment, until his camp on the Rio Grande overlooked one of the chief commercial cities of Eastern Mexico, and his flag flouted in defiance that of a nation with which we were still at peace.

The unavoidable, and as the circumstances indicate, the desired and intended, consequence ensued. Tame, distracted, and enfeebled by civil broils and intestine feuds as Mexico had become, she had not lost all sense of national dignity, all regard for the appearances of national power, and accordingly she prepared to repel the invader of the soil she claimed as her own, and over which no other had ever exercised dominion.

Her commander admonished General Taylor to retire, on pain of immediate hostilities. Gen. T.'s orders would not permit him to retire; and the consequence was an attack and *actual war*. The first blow was indeed struck by Mexico, but not until we had gone to seek it—gone where, according to the very resolution of Congress which authorized annexation, we had no right to go—into the disputed territory, reserved expressly for future negotiation.

American blood being shed upon what was falsely called American ground, the President, on the 11th May, 1846, sent a special message to Congress detailing the state of affairs with Mexico, and, founding himself on the capture of Captain Hardee's squadron of dragoons after killing and wounding some sixteen of them, and

the menaces of Arista, declared that war existed by the act of Mexico, and calling for men and money to carry it on.

Unhappily, as we cannot but think, the honorable solicitude of the nation about General Taylor and his small army, thrown far into the enemy's country, beyond the reach of support or prompt reinforcement, inadequately supplied and provided, and surrounded by a force greatly superior in numbers and powerful in cavalry—in which arm General Taylor was deficient—led Congress into a prompt, inconsiderate, and most unfortunate compliance with the demand of the President, in the most obnoxious form in which it was presented by his organs in the House of Representatives. The vote for 50,000 volunteers and ten millions of dollars was all but unanimous. The resolutions asking for these means were preceded by a lying preamble which imputed the war to the act of Mexico. The resolution, preamble and all was eagerly swallowed—so much more solicitous seemed even the Whigs about personal popularity, which might be jeopardized by what would be represented as an abandonment of the cause of a gallant but beleaguered army, in refusing or delaying to vote for this bill, than for the cause of truth or of right. But *fourteen* votes in the House of Representatives, and only *two* in the Senate, were recorded against what Mr. Calhoun branded as the false suggestions of this preamble; and of these votes Mr. Calhoun with his accustomed manliness gave one.

This first false step, irrevocable in its character, has been paralyzing in its consequences, as was seen at every stage of the last session, whenever any discussion respecting the war arose.

To the allegation—true as truth itself—which was again and again made on the floor of both Houses, that this is an Executive war, a war of aggression, a war unnecessary, and wantonly provoked by the President—the one answer was always ready: You voted last May that *the war was the act of Mexico*, and because it was such you gave the largest discretionary power to the President to carry it on.

Having thus obtained control of the Treasury, of the Army and of an immense volunteer force—and with the proof that Congress was at his back—the President proceeded to carry out the other measures of the Baltimore programme—the more zealously in that he had so widely departed from that requisition of

it, which called for the whole of Oregon. The Tariff was destroyed, with all its proved and prolific sources of revenue, to substitute therefor a new system—and at a moment when even such financiers as now control the Treasury could not but have foreseen that the aid of bank-note circulation and redeemable paper and Treasury notes would be indispensable for successfully carrying on the war—the Sub-Treasury law was re-enacted, forbidding the use of all paper, exacting specie for all dues to the government, and forbidding government officers to pay in anything but specie.

Party triumphed over common sense and the general interest, and as the first session of Congress closed, these bills were both passed and became laws. As if in utter contempt of the interests of the people whose votes had made him President—and of their understanding too—Mr. Polk *vetoed* the beneficent bill passed by large votes in both Houses, for improving the harbors of the great lakes, and the rivers which are their natural outlets, alleging both unconstitutionality, and, where the appropriations might not be unconstitutional, the greater need of the money for war purposes. He who saw no unconstitutionality in ordering, as he did, of his own mere will and pleasure, the army of the United States into a foreign territory, as Texas still was when General Taylor crossed the Nueces with his forces, with a view to carry on a war with a nation against which Congress had not authorized war—found or feigned constitutional objections to measures obviously and undeniably conducive to the general welfare, and of great and certain benefit and productiveness to the whole country, as well as to the particular portions more immediately interested in these improvements. And the scrupulous President represented a few hundred thousand dollars—to be expended to promote the arts of peace, the growth of navigation and commerce, the preservation of human life and the security of property—as an injurious diversion of the means of the country from the bloody game of war—a game in which even the winners must, in some degree, always be losers—and in which human liberty, not less than human life, the arts of peace, the sanctity of laws, the moral sentiment, not less than the material interests, must always suffer great deterioration.

The first session, therefore, of the XXIXth Congress ended disastrously for



the whole country. War had been proclaimed, a productive Tariff, to the requisitions of which both commerce and manufactures had adjusted themselves, was repealed, and an excellent, easy, economical, self-regulating currency was repudiated, while in the same breath which denounced penalties against the use of any medium but gold and silver, large issues of irredeemable Treasury notes were authorized.

Such an accumulation of unwise and injurious public measures, could only be stripped of their most disastrous consequences by some large and comprehensive agency. This agency, undreamed of by those who perpetrated the evil legislation, was found in the universal failure of the harvests in Europe, and the annihilation almost of the potato crop of Ireland; while our own land was crowned with even more than wonted abundance. But for the unprecedented demand in Europe for our bread-stuffs, and the turn thereby given to the foreign exchanges, the operation of the Sub-Treasury here, connected with the lavish and wasteful expenditure for the war in Mexico, of which a large part is made in coin, would have produced universal distress and bankruptcy in our commercial towns, and the more certainly, expeditiously, completely, if the anticipations of the Treasury from the operation of the twin measure of mischief, the Tariff of '46, had been at all realized. If the imports under this law had been as large as, in order to produce the revenue calculated upon by the Treasury they must have been, the sum withdrawn in cash from the banks for duties, would have been so enormous that, with an unfavorable state of the foreign exchanges, those institutions could not have maintained their payments except at the hazard of breaking the whole mercantile community, by suddenly calling in all their loans.

So far as the wisdom, the foresight, or the patriotism of the party majority of the XXIXth Congress are concerned, they did deliberately inflict upon the country a body of laws of which the effect must have been—if not averted or compensated by some cause wholly beyond their control and unknown to their councils, such as we have here indicated—fatal to all branches of industry, destructive at once of commerce and credit, at the very moment when the exigencies of a foreign war demanded all the aid which both could bring to its support.

The interval which elapsed between the two sessions developed that cause in the famine which threatened to overspread Europe; and when Congress re-assembled in December last, all was prosperity, where, according to the apprehensions and predictions of the Whig party, all was most likely to be untoward and disastrous. The distress of the old world had covered our land with rejoicing, not certainly in their calamity, but unavoidably and unobjectionably, in the greatly enhanced value imparted thereby to all our productions. The farmer, the ship-owner, the railroad companies, the common carriers of all sorts, the carmen, the laborers, the commission merchants, the shippers—all partook in the general sense of amply rewarded industry; and amid the rapid accumulation of money, the follies and the wrongs of the national legislation were hardly adverted to; and even the war, wicked, wanton and uncalled for as it is, seemed to lose half its horror and moral danger, when it was perceived that it exercised no evil influence upon our prosperity.

In such a state of things commenced the second session of this Congress, and the message of the President of 6th December is one of the most remarkable illustrations of the strange state of affairs in which the country was placed. It elaborates, at great length, and with ingenious, but by no means ingenuous, argumentation, the topic of our war with Mexico, going back very far to accumulate charges of wrong and injustice towards our innocent republic by the rapacious and uncivilized Mexicans! without a suggestion that—in the aggression upon Texas by citizens of the United States, who alone almost—certainly with very little aid from natives of Mexico or Texas—had torn that province from its allegiance to Mexico—there was any sort of justification of some distrust, ill-will, or embittered feeling towards us on the part of Mexico. It discusses, in a manner which, if adopted by any nation on earth towards this country, would throw it into one universal transport of indignation, the internal dissensions of Mexico—takes part against Paredes and his partisans—and for Santa Anna and his partisans, enters into the domestic politics of the nation, and by adopting the cause of Santa Anna, whom the United States' blockading squadron was ordered to let freely pass, on his return from exile in

Cuba, to attempt revolution in Mexico, for *our benefit*—as must be inferred—would seem to proceed upon the hypothesis, of a right on our part to interfere with the internal government of an independent foreign nation.

The message in all that relates to Mexico is un-American in theory, and in history a gross violation of truth. It was addressed to a Congress where the President numbered of the party of which he is head, in the Senate and in the House of Representatives a large majority.

The message asked for men and money to carry on the war, and these were granted to the full extent asked for. It also suggested and recommended various measures of finance and of government, *not one of which was sanctioned by Congress.*

Among the recommendations were these :

1. A law for the trial and punishment as *pirates* of Spanish subjects who, escaping from the vigilance of their government, shall be found privateering against the United States.

2. A law authorizing the issue of letters of marque and reprisal against Mexico.

3. Authority for a loan of 23 millions—that sum being needed to 30th January, 1848—so as to keep always a balance of four millions in the treasury, to meet contingencies.

4. As a war measure, duties upon some of the free articles, which the Treasury Report developed to be mainly a duty of 25 per cent. on tea and coffee.

5. A branch mint in the city of New York.

6. The graduation of the price of the public lands.

7. A territorial government for Oregon, and provisions for extending to it the laws of the United States.

8. An increase of the rank and file of the army.

9. The addition of an efficient sea steamer to each of the squadrons on foreign stations.

10. An efficient navy yard and dock at Pensacola.

Of these ten recommendations *two* only were attended to by Congress—that for increasing the army and that for a loan. The first proposition, to punish as “pirates” Spaniards who might “escape from the vigilance of their own government,” seemed, probably, so strange a one to a

people who claim the right to naturalize as, and how, and when, they please, the citizens and subjects of any and every country, and who made a war with imperial England, in vindication of the right of any subject *escaped from the vigilance* of his government to become a citizen of the United States, and to fight under our flag—that Congress does not seem to have given it even a thought—and it stands of record in the President’s message as a striking evidence of the difference between profession and practice with regard to the full right of expatriation, claimed by us as of acknowledged authority against other people, but in this recommendation practically denied to other people as against us.

The second recommendation, for the issue of letters of marque and reprisal, was as little heeded as the first, and only not denounced, we presume, for want of time, as it should have been, for its inconsistency with the honorable, early, and persevering efforts made by this government, from its very commencement, to abolish this barbarous practice of private war.

The third recommendation, for a loan, was acceded to.

The fourth was most unceremoniously kicked out of the House of Representatives ; Mr. Wentworth, of Illinois, having, on the second of January, introduced a resolution into the House of Representatives, that it was “inexpedient to levy any duty on tea and coffee ;” and this was adopted under the previous question without a word of debate, and at once, by the House, by a vote of 115 to 48. The question was indeed reconsidered the next day, and then, and in various ways subsequently, the attempt was made to induce the House to grant these duties, but in vain. It is characteristic, however, of the Democratic majority, that in the same breath in which they refused this reasonable application of the government—reasonable, if war was to be vigorously prosecuted—and as a war measure merely—they passed the same day, on motion of Mr. Leonard H. Sims, of South Carolina, the following empty declaration of the patriotism of the people :

*Resolved*, That the people of the United States are too patriotic to refuse any necessary tax in time of war.

An effort was made to lay this ridicu-

lous proposition on the table—ridiculous, if not worse, after the people's representatives had just refused to impose a necessary tax—but in vain—the resolution was adopted without debate, 126 members voting. Without going through details with the different recommendations, we have but to repeat that all, save those for augmenting the army and the public debt, were set aside—some with entire neglect, others with seeming unwillingness.

For instance, the Congress having assembled on the 7th of December, the very next day—even in advance of the message—Mr. Sawyer, of Ohio, gave notice of a bill to graduate the price of the public lands.

On the 9th, in the Senate, Mr. Breese, after the message, gave notice of a bill on the same subject. As if in strife of emulation, on the next day, Mr. Ashley gave notice of another bill on the same subject. On the 16th, Mr. Breese introduced his bill and it was referred. Yet, although frequently alluded to during the session, no bill of any sort, for this object, was passed. So of a branch mint in New York: notice of a bill was given by Mr. Dix, in the Senate, on the 16th of December; and little or nothing more was heard of the matter, till at the very heel of the session, when provision for such a mint was stuck, as a rider, upon some bill with which it had no proper connection, and it was lost.

The territorial government of Oregon—a measure pressed at the preceding session as one of paramount importance, as one the delay of which was so great a wrong and injustice to our citizens who had emigrated to the valley of the Columbia, that in order to accomplish it, even war with Great Britain might be hazarded—was treated with absolute indifference. Mr. Breese introduced a bill for the purpose into the Senate on 9th December; and now and then a desultory debate was had on the subject in both Houses, but nothing was done; and while days and weeks were given to personal recrimination, to slavish vindication of Executive usurpations, in whatever shape, no time could be found to provide a territory, of which, at the hazard of war with England, we had just established the boundaries, extent and nationality, and the numerous American citizens resident there, or emigrating thither, with any form of government or body of laws.

It was thus proved beyond peradven-

ture, that, however numerically strong at the commencement of the session, the party majority of the President was disunited, uncertain of purpose, and unreliable for action. Each of the Executive recommendations, except those for carrying on the war by supplies of money and of men, was set at nought.

A yet more mortifying defeat awaited the Executive, in a measure which, from the unbecoming pertinacity with which it was pressed, must have been very near the President's heart—that for the creation of the office of lieutenant-general.

On 4th January, the President sent a message to both Houses, urging anew attention to the recommendation that ten new regiments be added to the army, and that a general officer, to take command of all our armies in the field, be created. The message was in each House referred to its military committee; and the very next day, Mr. Haralson, chairman of that committee in the House, asked "to be discharged from so much of the message as related to the creation of a new general officer, and that it be laid on the table"—that is, killed—and the motion *was agreed to*, without a word of dissent or opposition! This was so direct an outrage to the President, that a night's reflection or manipulation induced a change, and accordingly, next morning Mr. Hamlin moved a reconsideration of the vote, and the motion prevailed by just two votes, 86 to 84—Mr. Haralson, chairman of the military committee, voting in the negative, and declaring, that as he had made the original motion under the instructions of that committee, he could not recall it: the question of laying on the table then came up again *de novo*, and it was lost by five votes—ayes, 92; nays, 97. The whole report was then committed to the committee of the whole on the state of the Union.

In the Senate, the reception of this recommendation was not much more gracious. On the 9th, Mr. Dix, from the military committee, (the chairman, Mr. Benton, being the person understood to be the *presumptive* lieutenant-general,) reported a bill for creating that office, and it was made the order of the day for the 14th. It was debated on that day, its adoption urged by Mr. Dix mainly because the President had asked for it; and the debate being adjourned, was resumed the next day by Mr. Badger, of North Carolina. He made a conclusive speech against it. No reply was attempted; and,

after a pause, Mr. Mangum moved, avowedly as a test question, to lay the bill on the table, and the motion prevailed, 28 to 21—the two senators from South Carolina, and Mr. Yulee, of Florida, (ordinarily supporting the President,) voting in the affirmative.

Thus, at the first blush, in both Houses, this pet measure was killed, and the vote in the Senate was the more significant, because it was well understood that a member of their own body was the person for whom the high appointment was designed.

The country applauded these votes very decidedly; for, independently of all other considerations, the proposition to supersede, by a civilian, the distinguished officers in the command of the troops in the field—men brought up to the profession of arms, and who had signalized themselves by many brilliant services—seemed to every fair and honest mind so monstrous and uncalled-for, that the public sense revolted from an act at once so despotic and unjust; and the would-be lieutenant-general, shielded as he is in an impenetrable armor of presumptuous self-sufficiency, could not escape the lesson which, in every newspaper, except the mere servile echoes of the Washington Union—and in every part of the country—was read to him upon the arrogant pretension in which this measure, so properly and decidedly foiled, had its origin.

Neither the President, however, nor Mr. Benton, were to be daunted in their purpose by this rebuff, however significant, and the House of Representatives having, under the influence of a night's operations, shown symptoms of yielding, the attack was renewed with a perseverance wholly incompatible with respect for the will of Congress, so frequently expressed; and attempt after attempt was made to force the measure through. It was not finally defeated till the very last day of the session, when all the public business was delayed and actually put at hazard, by the pertinacious efforts of the special friends of the Executive, to confer upon that functionary an odious and injurious authority to assign to the command of the armies in the field, without any reference to date of commission, any one of the major-generals, then about to be added to the army, and whose term of service was to expire with the war. This attempt, so subversive of all military subordination—so insulting to the gallant commanders in service, who were mas-

ters of their profession, and even at that very moment were displaying the highest qualities of soldiership—was suggested, defended and persisted in, solely on partisan grounds, in order that Whig generals might be prevented from serving their country, at its call, and that servile tools of the Executive should be placed at the head of the army.

It was not till the last moment almost of the last day of the session, that the House of Representatives consented to give way to the Senate, which peremptorily refused to invest the President with the unheard-of power asked for, of putting juniors over the head of seniors, and of constituting, by his *fiat*, citizen Benton—for every one understood that for him was all this arbitrary illegality attempted—the military superior of Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor! On the morning of the 3d March, the whole locofoco party, by a vote of 105 to 82, insisted upon this proviso; and only at the last hour almost, in the evening of that day, consented to give way to the recommendation of the Committee of Conference, that the House should recede and concur with the Senate, in order to save the bill, “authorizing an additional number of general officers,” &c., from total defeat.

But the President did not yet entirely renounce the project; and although Congress had thus expressly refused to authorize the appointment of a junior major-general to the command of the army, to the prejudice of older officers, the President, as is obvious from the published correspondence between himself and Mr. Benton, cast about to see whether he could not in some way, or by some indirection, compass his object. The accustomed pulse-feelers of the Executive, through the presses suborned by the public money, threw out, from time to time, suggestions, that authority had been discovered in some old law or army regulations, whereby the President might legally do what Congress had expressly forbidden him to do; and that high officer himself by the tenor of his letter to Mr. Benton, showed that he was most anxious, if possible, to gratify at once his own pitiful jealousy of the glories of Scott and Taylor, and the inordinate and presumptuous demands of Mr. Thomas H. Benton. But there came back no favoring voice from the people; nowhere, out of the columns of some venal journals, or the purlieus of some custom-house groggery, was heard any encour-



agement to depose warrior veterans for the gratification of the President and his major-general *in petto*, and accordingly the whole scheme exploded in the characteristic pomposity and presumption of Mr. Benton's letter to the President, declining the commission of major-general, on the express ground that unless he could have full power, military and diplomatic, for conquest and negotiation, he could not—patriot as he would fain pass for being—make the sacrifice of serving his country.

The proceedings on the bill granting *three millions* to the President, in order to hasten a peace—to which what is commonly known as the *Wilmot Proviso* was moved as an amendment by one of the democracy from New York, Mr. Preston King—are not more creditable to this Congress than other of its acts.

Towards the close of the first session, a like bill, then asking only *two millions*, was introduced and urgently pressed, as indispensable to the success of any negotiation for peace. The inconsistency of asking money and men by ten thousands, and ten millions, "to conquer a peace," in the same breath in which *two millions* were asked to negotiate one, naturally led to a suspicion that these two millions, if granted, were designed for the more obscure but not always least efficient means of diplomatic intrigue and corruption; and, inasmuch as the President had, to the utmost extent of his ability, given, not moral but actual, physical "aid and comfort to the enemy," by sending back to rally the national spirit and command the national armies of Mexico the only man whose name and service could avail for such purpose—*Santa Anna*—the immediate conclusion of the public was, that these two millions were to be used to bribe this Mexican friend and ally of President Polk; or at any rate to put into his hands such a sum of ready money as would enable him to buy the assent of the army to whatever terms of peace he might think fit to accede to.

This did not seem a very glorious mode of terminating a war of our own seeking, but still there was no disposition to withhold the appropriation; but inasmuch as the course of debate on questions connected with the war had plainly developed the fact, that one of its chief objects was the acquisition of territory for the extension of slavery, a Pennsylvania free trader, *Mr. Wilmot*, moved, in House of Representatives, and

carried there an amendment to the bill, reciting, and making applicable to all future acquisitions of territory by the United States, the famous and beneficent provision which *Nathan Dane*, at the origin of this government, engrafted on the ordinance for the acquisition and government of the North-western Territory, forbidding the existence therein forever of "slavery or involuntary servitude," except in punishment for crime. The usual cry of danger to the institution of the South was heard in both houses, but in the Representatives it was unavailing to defeat the amendment, which only failed in the Senate by the loss of the whole bill, a result occasioned partly perhaps by the late moment at which it was presented there, but still more by reason of the unwillingness of Southern Senators to consent in any shape to the principles of the *Wilmot proviso*.

When renewed at the last session with all the urgent pressure of Executive recommendation and influence, the sum was increased one half; and again on 4th January, another free trade democrat, Preston King, of New York, renewed the anti-slavery proviso, and with that proviso the bill passed the House. In the Senate, on Tuesday, 2d March, (the last day but one of the session,) this bill was superseded by another, the transcript of that reported to the Senate at its previous session, which appropriated the money, but made no reference to the acquisition of territory, nor to prohibition of slavery. Mr. Upham, of Vt., moved to add the *Wilmot Proviso*; which Mr. Cass, in a long speech opposed,—and it was lost, 21 to 31. Senators Breese, Cass, Dickinson, of N. Y., and Hannegan, all from free States, voting in the negative! the naked bill, appropriating *three millions* for the termination of the war, was then sent to the House, where, on Wednesday, (the last day of the session,) Mr. Wilmot moved his proviso of last year, and it was *carried*, in committee of the whole, 90 to 80; but almost immediately afterwards, in the House, it was rejected, the vote standing, *for* the proviso 97, *against* it 105, and the bill passed as it went from the Senate.

A most dishonoring proof of inconsistency was thus presented to the country; for this same House of Representatives—which had, at two separate sessions, after long debate and formal deliberation, adopted a *proviso*, of which the purport



was, that we did not, and could not, wage war for the propagation of slavery; and that in no event, and under no circumstances, could Congress, while scrupulously adhering to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, guaranteeing slavery where it exists—stretch its power to authorize and sanction its introduction where it does not exist—nay, which in the last session had twice voted for this proviso—was seen to renounce all regard for its own character for wisdom and independence, and at the last hurried moment of its existence, and under the pressure of Executive dictation, to adopt what it had, upon mature deliberation, again and again rejected before.

A not less humiliating proof of devotion to the President, rather than to the country, was furnished by the conduct of the House towards *Gen. Taylor*.

On the 29th January a vote of thanks for the signal gallantry and the unvarying brilliancy and success of his military services, was proposed by Mr. Cocke of Tenn., in the House of Representatives. Objections of form (!) were made, and the House adjourned without taking the question on Mr. C.'s motion to suspend the rules in order to the introduction of this resolution. Next day, 30th Jan., this motion came up as the first in order, and it prevailed 136 to 28,—these 28 being for the most part among the willing servitors of presidential power. The game of meanness and jealousy then began. Mr. Farrar first moved an amendment, to the effect that the war was one forced upon us by Mexico, and commenced by her. To this Mr. Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, a palace pet, offered an amendment in these words, and it was accepted by Mr. Farrar.

*“Provided, That nothing herein contained shall be construed into approbation of the terms of capitulation of Monterey.”*

This amendment, converting into censure what was designed, and purported to be applause and thanks, was adopted by the House; and, in spite of the protests of the mover of the original resolution of thanks, against “thus trifling with the feelings of gallant men, and rendering the House ridiculous,” the resolution as amended was ordered to be engrossed, by a vote of 106 to 64; and was finally passed by 103 to 62; the friends of the administration in mass voting for it, in its new shape—the Whigs, and the original mover of the resolution, Mr. Cocke, voting against it.

Immediately afterwards, as if to prove, yet more conclusively, the spirit and nature of this most discreditable course, Mr. Jacob Thompson moved a call for certain portions, which he designated, of General Taylor's correspondence with the War Department; rejecting all proposals to make the call general and comprehensive, so as to present all the facts in the case. Mr. Ashmun, of Mass., justly characterized this move “as part and parcel of a course of proceedings commenced by the Department, and its friends in the House, against General Taylor,” and Mr. A. quoted the recent army order against letter-writing by officers in the field, as “galvanized into new existence,” in order to strike a blow at Taylor, whom, moreover, the President had sought to supersede, by putting over his head some civilian of more pliant temper and congenial politics. Mr. Ashmun, as an amendment to the resolution, moved a call upon the President for information as to any officer or agent sent by him or his direction, to Havana, to confer with Santa Anna, and how Santa Anna was informed that our naval commander was ordered to let him pass freely into Mexico, and for all papers in connection therewith. The greatest opposition was made by the democracy to this call. The purpose and plan seemed to be only to give just so much light as would throw in the shade the great merits and services of Taylor; and reflect, *if possible*, some gleam of lustre upon the administration: and the House adjourned without any decision. On Monday, 1st Feb., the topic again came up, and Mr. Ashmun's amendment was rejected, 76 voting for it, 99 against it; and the original resolution of Mr. Thompson, calling for a partial disclosure of the correspondence, was adopted, 101 to 62.

On the 3d of February the Senate proceeded to consider the joint resolution of thanks from the House. This resolution, as may be seen, had been perverted, first to a repetition of the base lie that the war was “forced upon us, and commenced by Mexico,” and then turned into bitterness by the infamous proviso: “that nothing herein contained shall be construed into an approbation of the terms of capitulation at Monterey.”

On the motion of Mr. Speight to strike out this proviso, a debate ensued, in which Mr. Sevier, Mr. Bagby, and other administration Senators, joined in *quasi* censure of Gen. Taylor; and Messrs.

Webster, Crittenden, Clayton, Calhoun, and Butler denounced the proviso, insisting that a vote of thanks thus conditional was anything but a compliment. The vote on striking out was finally taken, and fifteen Senators, including Allen, Breese, Cass, Dix, Hannegan, and other administration men, were recorded in the negative.

Mr. Webster then proposed to substitute for the resolution from the House a copy of the simple resolution passed by the Senate last year, which contained, as every such resolution should do in order to be duly emphatic and valuable, distinct propositions, free and clear from all other considerations whatever.

The resolution was in these words:

*“Resolved, That the thanks of Congress are due, and are hereby tendered, to Major-General Z. Taylor, his officers and men, for the fortitude, skill, enterprise and courage which distinguished the late brilliant military operations before Monterey.”*

Then followed the other resolution, voting a gold medal to Gen. Taylor.

Mr. Webster's motion prevailed, 26 to 23—the whole administration party, excepting the two distinguished Senators from South Carolina, voting in the negative.

The resolution, however, as amended, finally passed by a unanimous vote.

On 16th February, the amended resolution was reported back to the House of Representatives by the committee on military affairs, to which it had been referred, with a recommendation that it pass.

A motion evidently designed to embarrass the passage of these resolutions, or, at any rate, to injure their significance, was made by Mr. Jacob Thompson, the man who had before censured the capture of Monterey—for presenting gold medals to all the major-generals and brigadiers of the regular and volunteer force present at the attack on Monterey. The amendment was finally accepted and the whole was passed.

The resolution, as amended, came up in the Senate on Monday, 1st March, when the sweeping amendment of the House for giving gold medals to everybody, was struck out, and the original resolution, in its simple significance and applicability to General Taylor, was restored. In this shape it was sent back from the Senate and finally adopted by the House, nearly two months after its first introduction into that body; and

thus a measure which, if representing at all the impulse of the great heart of the people—if at all meant as an echo of that universal voice of admiration and gratitude which had welcomed the tidings of the victories of Monterey, adding new laurels to those of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma—should have been adopted at once with enthusiastic unanimity, and which only is precious at all as springing from heartfelt conviction; became the reluctant expression of a personal faction, jealous of a renown that threw far into the shade their puny leader, but without the nerve to face the popular indignation by refusing the appearance, at least, of honor and thanks to the triumphant commander of our armies.

In this, as in every other proceeding connected with the war, it was obvious that the immediate friends of the Executive in both Houses, the exponents of his particular views, looked upon that last and saddest arbitrament of nations, not as a solemn sacrifice reluctantly made to the cause of outraged right, but as a miserable game of politics, which was to be played—the blood and treasure of American citizens being the counters—mainly, if not solely, for the advantage and promotion of party men and party objects.

Originally undertaken without sufficient cause or any overruling necessity, it was prosecuted, and continues to be prosecuted in the narrow spirit of a party calculation. Not one emotion of generous or disinterested patriotism, not one token of real heartfelt gratitude has, from the commencement of hostilities to this hour, been exhibited by the Executive or his organs in the administration, in Congress, or in the press. Of lip service, mouth honor, general, indiscriminating, and hollow, there has been no lack, but of the honest utterance of admiration and gratitude, which suffuses the eye and troubles the voice, as it rehearses the deeds of arms that have illustrated our name and race, not one solitary accent has been heard. Cold, formal, dilatory, and reluctant, these flaming patriots in the administration and in Congress, who seem desirous of appropriating the war to their exclusive benefit—who denounced in the Executive message as moral traitors, and again and again on the floor of the House and in the servile *Union* newspaper, characterized as enemies to their country, and Mexican allies, all who, in the exercise of their free birth-

right, examined without flinching, and exposed without stint, the incompetency of the ruling powers—these same patriots may well be likened to “horses not at hand, which

“Make gallant show and promise of their metal,

But when they should endure the bloody spur,

They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades

Sink in the trial.”

They not only had no stomach for the war themselves, but their listlessness was rebuked by the disinterested and brilliant services of the gallant men who pressed at the call of country to the field of a distant and unpopular conflict, but yet a conflict which once entered upon, they did not feel that they were at liberty to refuse to sustain, by their property or persons.

Yet were not efforts wanting to drive off, as it were, from its support all who condemned the alleged causes for, and the manner in which, the war was undertaken. Studied attempts were made in both Houses to fix upon the Whig party, as a stigma, the name of a “peace party,” as though that *could* be a stigma—as though disciples of the religion of the Prince of Peace, sincere republicans, and therefore well instructed as to the ever mischievous influence of war upon free institutions, and upon the settled responsibilities under the law, of public men—it *could* be a reproach that they desired peace, cultivated peace, and believed, with Franklin, that the worst peace was better than the most successful war. It was not without effect, we must say not without undue effect upon the Whig party—this unprincipled attempt to hold them up as deserting their country in her hour of need; and many a just and indignant expression of scorn of the mean and imbecile men whom popular caprice had elevated into power, was suppressed; and some votes were given, which we must hope would not otherwise have been given, under the apprehension that reason, justice, humanity and truth might be perverted by the plausible and unscrupulous arts of faction, into proofs of lending “aid and comfort” to the public enemy.

While, too, it was the cue of administration organs in and out of Congress to represent the Whig party as opposed to the war, every opportunity for distinction therein which was sought by Whigs was studiously denied to them. Commissions

in the new regiments, and in the new general and field offices, were invariably refused to them, and as invariably conferred upon mere party devotion. So far was this base spirit carried, that after the command-in-chief had been refused to General Scott, to whom of right it belonged, undoubtedly from a mere jealousy lest he should win new laurels, and thus eclipse in the popular regard the leaders of the so-called democracy—and it was found that General Taylor, rising with every emergency, and, amid the greatest dangers, and the most inexcusable destitution of adequate means in which he was left by the administration, developing qualities of mind, of conduct, and of courage superior at once to his enemies in front and to the worse foes in his rear, at home—earnest, repeated and pertinacious attempts were made by the Executive, through its pliant tools in Congress, to supersede this gallant and successful soldier, by the appointment over his head of a civilian; and when that could not be accomplished, to mortify him if possible into a resignation of his command, by reproaches at once unjust and presumptuously ignorant; and more yet, by tardy, half-uttered and grudging thanks for services, which the whole nation appreciated, and with one voice applauded.

Happily in this case we are to witness anew what *the* great artist and analyzer of the hearts of men has so well described, when he says—

“’Tis sport to see the Engineer  
Hoisted with his own petard”—

into “the pit which they digged for another,” themselves have fallen, and the disfavor of the administration, not less perhaps than the brilliancy of his actions and the modesty of his narratives, has thrown General Taylor into a position, as little dreamed of as desired by himself, of the prominent candidate for the Presidency.

The just reproach of dangerous delays, and falling in all things below the requirements of the position in which they were placed, lies against the ruling party, in this Congress. With decisive majorities in both Houses, the essential measures called for as well by the administration as by the exigencies of the public service, were all either defeated, or so heedlessly protracted, as to lose half of their efficacy and value. Of the fate of the oft repeated and urgently pressed duty on tea and coffee—pressed as an in-

dispensable measure to the successful prosecution of the war—we have already spoken. The recommendation to raise ten new regiments, upon the prompt compliance with which the important military operations confided to General Scott might materially depend—and in expectation of which reinforcement or something analogous thereto, the General had organized his plans—was disgracefully trifled with. Although pressed in the message, at the opening of the session, early in December, a bill for the purpose was first reported in the *House of Representatives*, on the 29th of December, and did not finally obtain the sanction of the two Houses till the 11th of February. It was delayed in its passage in the two Houses almost wholly by motions and speeches of administration members, on various propositions to substitute volunteers for regulars, respecting the amount of bounty to be paid for recruits, and of land to be assigned to soldiers on the expiration of their service; but most pertinacious was the contest which turned on the proviso, claiming for the President authority to appoint the officers of these new regiments in the recess—in defiance of the constitutional provision which inhibits any such exercise of Executive power, except in the case of vacancies, and none could exist where no original appointments had been made. On Tuesday, 26th of January, in the Senate, that patriotic Whig, Mr. Mangum, thus adverted to the delays to which this bill as well as that for authorizing the issue of Treasury notes, had been subjected.

“The bill for raising the ten regiments had been under consideration much longer than he, in his poor judgment, thought at all necessary. But by reverting to the progress of the debate with the various amendments—the various processes interposed for arresting a final vote on the subject—it would be found they originated mainly on the other side of the chamber. A definitive vote could have been taken on the Thursday preceding, (21st January,) but for the amendments from the other side of the chamber. He did not recollect that any amendment was offered from his side of the chamber calculated either to arrest the progress of business, or to prevent the prompt and speedy determination of the subject under discussion.”

Of this plain statement both of the unnecessary delay which had attended the ten regiment bill, and of the quarter whence these delays arose, no contradiction was offered—yet did they not at all

cease. On the contrary, as late as the 8th February, the two Houses were in open disagreement respecting the bill, and a committee of conference was required to settle their differences. The chief of these was a pertinacious adherence, on the part of the administration majority in the House, to the proviso which sought to invest the President with authority to make the appointments in the recess. This *proviso* the Senate, with a just regard to the Constitution and to their own co-ordinate share in the appointing power, struck out—but the House would not give way, and the point was finally compromised by requiring the President to make the appointment of field-officers before the adjournment, and of the other officers at any time—the same to be submitted to the Senate at the next session.

Another point on which the House insisted with ill-timed perseverance, and narrow prejudice, related to the appointment of chaplains to the regular and volunteer forces in the field. The Senate, with a just sense of the services of these ministers of religion, especially to troops such as most of our volunteers, who are taken from the orderly walks of life, and habituated to the stated ministration of the Gospel, had inserted a provision for the liberal support of a chaplain to each regiment in the field. The sad narrative given on the floor of the House by Col. Baker, of the Illinois volunteers—of the untimely graves to which so many of the volunteers were consigned on the banks of the fatal river *Bravo*—where, sinking under an unhealthy climate, unwonted exposure, and an entire change in the habits of life—hundreds of our fellow-citizens, Christian men, were thrust into the earth “unanointed, unanealed”—without any rites or form of religion;—the story, faithfully told by one who had been an eye-witness, moved the Senate, as it had moved the country, to desire that to such an aggravation of his privations the soldier should not longer be exposed; and, that appealing, as the Congress and the nation did, in their acts and their public religious services, to the God of Battles for protection to our armies—those armies should not be without the services of God’s ministers.

But the House could see no value in such services—or thought that, if authorized at all—they should be contracted for, like the supplies of clothing and of food, from the cheapest bidder.



The Senate's amendment contemplated one chaplain to each regiment with a salary of \$1000—the House reduced the compensation to \$500, and the number of chaplains to one to each brigade, and a Senator was found, Mr. Sevier, of Arkansas, who could use language such as this, respecting the employment and compensation of chaplains:

"What are we going to make this expenditure for? Has it not been charged from high authority that this is a war of races of religion? And were we to send a supply of Protestant ministers to that country, to give a sanction to the calumny? The number employed in the last war was found sufficient. What had the chaplain to do? was he to preach to the troops every Sabbath, and hold morning and evening prayers in all circumstances and at all times? . . . As for himself he had no particular church. He had been brought up in the Methodist church, which went for good works. So did he in theory. (Laughter.) Well, his minister preached every Sabbath, and prayed morning and night, for a hundred dollars a year. If married he was allowed \$200 a year. He would agree to supply the whole army with chaplains from his own State at \$200 a year. (a laugh) When the supply was so abundant, he saw no necessity for extravagant pay; the whole amendment seemed to him a useless expenditure of money."

In such a tone did a Senator of the United States treat this grave and solemn subject, and forced laughter at his bald and vulgar trash. With such advisers within, it is hardly remarkable that the Senate was finally compelled to give way in part, and that they finally agreed to compromise the matter by reducing the salary of the chaplain to \$750, and the number of them to one for each brigade.

But we are admonished, by the length these desultory remarks have already attained, that it is time to bring them to a close. With a brief recapitulation of some of the topics to which we have already adverted, and a glance at others which we cannot treat at length, we shall close this article.

Enough has already been said to show that the high interests of the nation exercised little influence over this Congress.

Professing great zeal to support the war, the responsible majority permitted precious months to pass without carrying through the measures indispensable to success in recruiting men and raising money.

Professing an abhorrence of debt, they

rejected measures for raising present revenue for present expenditures, and threw the administration upon the necessity of burdening unborn generations with the cost of a war, which the generation that provoked it should have paid for.

Professing, with the Executive, an ardent desire for an honorable peace, they yet avoided, most studiously, any explanation of the grounds upon which they were willing to make such a peace; and rejected every proposition or series of propositions offered, in order to ascertain the views of the ruling majority, and to limit the spirit of aggrandisement which was developed by many speeches.

As early in the session as 19th Dec., Mr. Thompson of Ky., submitted a declaratory resolution that a war for conquest, or for exacting the cost of such from the conquered country, was unjust in itself and incompatible with our institutions.

On the 2d Jan. Mr. Washington Hunter, of N. Y., concluded an able speech reviewing the President's message, with a motion to refer the message, *with instructions* to report a declaration to the effect

"That the war with Mexico shall be prosecuted, not with a view to conquest, or to dismember the territory of Mexico as recognised by us *ante bellum*, but to establish a just line of boundary, and to secure an honorable adjustment of all pending difficulties."

Like efforts were made repeatedly during the session, in both Houses, and always with like ill success—and the repeated rejection of every proposition, in whatever form, that looked to a restoration of peace, without the acquisition of territory, taken in connection with the open avowal by some speakers that it was intended to seize what we could, and to hold what we seized, left no room for doubt that the only terms of peace to which the administration would assent, contemplated a large accession of territory.

The disinterestedness of the party was on a par with its wisdom and its patriotism. Every expenditure proffered for purposes of commerce and navigation, especially for improving the rivers and harbors of the West, was resisted, as diverting means needed for the prosecution of the war. And so, when additional pay was asked for the troops, and bounty and bounty lands were declared to be necessary in order to enable recruiting



officers to fill up the ranks—these well-paid members of Congress—receiving for one day's easy labor, in a sumptuous hall, lolling on cushioned arm-chairs, as much as is paid to a soldier, whose life is daily put at hazard, for a whole month—were shocked at the enormous cost which would thus be thrown upon the country; yet strenuously and successfully resisted every motion for the diminution of their own pay, in order to alleviate measurably the drain upon the treasury.

So, too, while full of empty talk and admiring declamation about the gallant volunteers who rushed by thousands to the battle-fields in Mexico, they went not—not one of them, as a simple volunteer; and more than that, they held for a time in suspense, and almost jeopardized the fate of the army bill, by resisting a resolution, warmly pressed, that no member of Congress should be appointed an officer in the new levies.

The exhibition in respect of aid to Ireland casts another dark shade on the President and his majority. That nation, afflicted by a visitation of Providence which our modern times have nowhere else witnessed—where millions of men and women and children were in danger of perishing from absolute famine—stretched out its hands across the broad Atlantic, imploring bread—bread—which, through the bounty of Providence, abounded in our fruitful country.

The hearts of the people leapt at this cry, and their purses were opened, and their granaries, to the relief of their brother men in distress—but Congress alone turned a deaf ear. Mr. Crittenden, that noble-hearted Whig, moved in the Senate an appropriation of \$500,000 to purchase food for Ireland; and this motion prevailed in the Senate, Mr. Webster and other leading Whigs lending it their powerful aid. It was referred in the House to the Committee of Ways and Means, with a view to its defeat; and it was defeated—the democracy refusing every motion to call upon the committee to report the bill to the House in order that the question might be fairly taken. This was not their game. They desired that an obscure death should overtake this great measure of benevolence, for they dared not face the indignation of the country by openly rejecting it. Moreover they desired to spare the Executive the veto which, it is well understood, he

was ready to pronounce upon this offering of brotherhood and humanity, if it

should pass both Houses. Thus was the bill killed, and thus was practically exhibited the human sympathies of the democracy for their Irish brethren in affliction—but too far off to give any votes.

To the administration majority in both Houses may be applied with little variation the language of Bolingbroke, in referring to the Roman Senate in its days of degeneracy: "There Octavius had a party, and Anthony had a party, but the Commonwealth had none," and then the freest people in the world became the slaves of audacious demagogues.

In more homely language, but with the advantage of describing what he saw and what indeed he is part and parcel of Mr. Westcott, a Senator from Florida elected as an administration man, but alienated, measurably at least, by the incapacity, selfishness and corruption which he witnessed around him, held this language on the 13th Feb., on the floor of the Senate:

"I warn the democracy of this country the people of this country, that they do not know one twentieth part of the corruption the feculent, reeking corruption of the government for years past. I tell the people that the government and institutions of the country have been, and will be, used as machines to plunder them for the sake of office-beggars, and to perpetuate the possession of political power. I solemnly believe if the people of the United States knew the manner in which the government is conducted, they would be excited to kick up a revolution in 24 hours, and would tumble the President, the Heads of Departments, and members of Congress—Democrats and Whigs—heels over head into the Potomac, and I believe they would act right in doing so."

The Whigs, as having no power, are not responsible for the abuses here alleged, but are lugged in as make-weight—in this plain-spoken language of a Democratic Senator, reported in the Congressional Globe. We cannot more fittingly conclude our chapter on the XXIXth Congress than with this, its epitaph, written by one of its own members, who from his political associations, must be deemed a competent witness, and who strongly expresses his own personal conviction that the extremest measures of popular indignation could not exceed the unredeemed corruption and demerits of this Democratic administration and the Democratic Congress, now, happily, defunct.

## LETTERS ON THE IROQUOIS,

BY SKENANDOAH :

ADDRESSED TO ALBERT GALLATIN, LL.D., PRESIDENT NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

## LETTER IX.

**Original Institutions of the Iroquois—The Different Species of Government—A Progressive Series from Monarchy to Democracy—Rise and Progress of Grecian Institutions, and their termination in Universal Democracy—Liberalization of the British Government—The Government of the Iroquois an Oligarchy—Reasons for not treating it as an Aristocracy—Its Stability—Personal Freedom—Power of Gain never felt by the Red Man.**

THE origin of the League, the Ruling Body and its powers, the division of the people into Tribes, with the Tribal Bond or cross-relationship between them, the Laws of Succession, with their incidents, and the Councils of the Hodénosaunee, with their powers, mode of proceeding, spirit and effects, have severally been brought under consideration. Upon the facts derived from these sources of investigation, the true character of the Iroquois government must be settled. If it is referable to any determined species, the constituent parts and general features of the confederacy, which have formed the subjects of the preceding Letters, will determine its position in the scale of civil organizations established by political writers.

In their original, well-developed institutions, and in their government, so systematic in its construction and so liberal in its administration, there is much to enforce a tribute of respect to the intelligence of our Indian predecessors. Without such institutions, and without that animating spirit which they nourish and diffuse, it would be difficult to account for the production of such men as have sprung up among the Iroquois. The development of national intellect depends chiefly upon external, reciprocal influences, and is usually proportionate to the vitality and motive which the institutions of a people possess and furnish.

To illustrate, substantially, the nature of their government, it will be necessary to notice, somewhat at length, the several species which have been instituted among men; the natural order of their origination; the relations in which they mutually stand to each other; and their general characteristics. In no other way can a clear conception be obtained of the

character of the Iroquois government, and the relation which it sustains to other political fabrics. No apology, therefore, will be necessary for the digression.

Aristotle, and other Grecian political writers, recognized but three species of government: the Monarchical, the Aristocratical and the Democratical; the rule of "one," the "few," and the "many." Every other variety was regarded as the wreck, or perversion, of one of the three. If, for example, the first was corrupted, it became a Tyranny; if the second degenerated, it was styled an Oligarchy; and if the last became turbulent or tumultuous, it was called an Ochlocracy. A Polity, or the rule of a large body of select citizens, was a milder form of Oligarchy. This classification admits of a limitation to the definition of an aristocracy and oligarchy, hereafter to be noticed.

Modern political writers also recognize three species, as laid down by Montesquieu: the Despotic, the Monarchical, and the Republican. The Aristocracy and Democracy of the Greeks are included in the Republican form of modern times; while the monarchical government of the present day—"the rule of a single person by fixed laws"—was entirely unknown to the ancient Greeks. It is further observable that a despotism, as defined by Montesquieu, corresponds precisely with the monarchy of Aristotle.

The order of their origination suggests an important general principle; that there is a regular progression of political institutions, from the monarchical, which are the earliest in time, on to the democratical, which are the last, the noblest, and the most intellectual. This position can be established by the rise and development of the Grecian institutions; and may be further illustrated by the pro-

gressive changes in the spirit and nature of the British government.

An unlimited monarchy, or "the rule of a single individual according to his own will," is the form of government natural to a people when in an uncivilized state, or when just emerging from barbarism. In the progress of time, by the growth and expansion of civil liberty, the monarchy becomes liberalized or limited, and a few steps forward introduce universal democracy. Hence it is noticeable in the rise of all races, and in the formation of all states, that the idea of chief and followers, or sovereign and people, was of spontaneous suggestion. This notion may be regarded as inherent to society in its primitive state; for it would be the first suggestion, if several families sought to institute a political organization, by which to bind themselves together for mutual protection.

It will be remembered that when the Hellenic tribes came down from Thessaly, and finally settled themselves upon the shores of the Mediterranean, their political relations were those of chief and follower. After they had become subdivided into a large number of petty states, and migrations and intermixtures had subsided, leaving each principality under its own ruler, and to the formation of its own institutions, the monarchical form of government became fully established. The small territory of Greece was parceled out between near twenty petty kingdoms. During the Heroic ages, which are understood to have commenced with this inundation of the Grecian territory by the Hellenes, and to have terminated with the Trojan war—a period of about two hundred years—the kingly government was the only one among the Greeks.

At the close of the Heroic ages, a new state of affairs became apparent. Around the reigning families in the several kingdoms there had sprung up a class of Eupatrids, or nobles, who were in possession of most of the landed estates. Having elevated themselves far above the mass of the people, in the social scale, they gradually absorbed political powers which had before been vested in the kings. By the silent but natural growth of this aristocracy, continued encroachments were made upon the prerogatives of royalty, until at last the kings were brought down to a level with their Eupatrids. An aristocracy was thus substituted for monarchy; and nearly all the states of Greece, in their political progress towards de-

mocracy, passed out of the monarchical into the aristocratical form of government.

This form, although indicative of more liberality than the former, and adapted to the state of civil society then existing, pressed heavily upon the people; and, while it existed, was unfavorable to the elevation of the race. The Demos, or common people, were free, but were excluded from all political privileges; hence, with the increase of their intelligence, would be excited jealousies of the incumbent class. At times, the very existence of the aristocracy depended upon the forcible subjection of the Demos; for when the great and just sentiment of "political equality" began to be coupled with that of "personal liberty," no form of government could rest in permanent security, which limited the one or denied the other. The Grecian mind was eminently progressive. No power could subdue or enslave that native energy which had exemplified itself in the hardy enterprises of the Heroic ages. Nothing could repress or lastingly fetter that majestic intellect out of which, even then, had sprung a system of mythology, destined to infuse itself into the literature of all generations, and to quicken the intellects of every clime—a system so remarkable as an exhibition of the unguided devotional nature of man, and so brilliant as a creation of the imagination, that it may be characterized as the greatest production of genius and credulity which ever emanated from the human mind.

In the progress of events, the aristocracies were successfully invaded by an uprising of men of wealth, or of capacity, from among the common people. These ambitious plebeians demanded a place in the ruling body, and if refused, they became the champions of the people, and engaged in measures for the overthrow of the government. Such difficulties were usually avoided by admitting these new families to a place among the Eupatrids, and to a participation in the administration. In this way the aristocracy of wealth and talent was in a measure placed upon an equality with that of birth; and by the act the government itself was widened, or liberalized.

These inroads upon the aristocracy, which generally resulted in the infusion of the popular element, may be regarded as the introduction, or commencement, of the oligarchy. The difference between the two species is to be sought in the spirit

by which each respectively was actuated, and not in their forms; for the same body of aristocrats usually became oligarchs by a change in the spirit of the government. When an aristocracy became corrupt and odious to the people, and sought only to perpetuate its own power, it became, in the Grecian sense, a faction, an oligarchy. It ceased to be the rule of the "best men," (*ἀριστοι*.) and became the rule of the "few" (*ὀλίγοι*.) This definition admits of a qualification. When an aristocracy became widened or liberalized, by the admission of men of capacity to an equal position, and the government assumed a milder spirit, the aristocracy would, in effect, be changed, but not into a faction. It would be as unlike a rigorous aristocracy as an oligarchical faction, and may be denominated a simple or liberal oligarchy. The government of the Iroquois falls under this precise definition. It cannot be called an aristocracy, because the sachems of the league possessed no landed estates, which, it is well known, are the only true foundation of an aristocracy; neither were their titles and privileges hereditary, in the strict sense; which is another important element of an aristocracy. Their government, however, was the rule of "the few." It was an aristocracy liberalized, until it stood upon the very verge of democracy. It answers to the idea of an oligarchy, which is the last form of government but one in the progressive series.

The governments of the Grecian States appear to have oscillated between rigorous aristocracies, oligarchical factions, and milder oligarchies, for centuries. These forms were rather transitions than permanent conditions of their civil institutions. During the period of their prevalence, the people, who, as before remarked, were personally free, but debarred from political privileges, were gradually improving their condition by the accumulation of wealth, and consolidating their strength by the uprearing of

flourishing cities. With the increase of their respectability, and the expansion of their power, the struggle with the incumbent class was continued with greater and still greater success. Principles of government became better understood; and more enlarged views of the rights of man continued to quicken the Grecian mind. Every successive age added to the popular intelligence; and the people gradually, but constantly, continued to repossess themselves of their original authority. The growth of liberty and free institutions among the Greeks was slow, but irresistible. The struggle of the people for emancipation lasted from generation to generation, from century to century; until, having emerged from the darkness of barbarism, and worked their way through every species of government ever devised by the genius of man, they achieved at last a triumph; and their institutions, which had been planted and nourished during this march of ages, finally ripened into universal democracy.

In the history of the States of Greece, there is noticeable, in the midst of a wide diversity of events, a great uniformity of progress—with a difference in the period of the development of political changes, a marked tendency to the same results. Every change in their institutions, from the era of absolute monarchy, made them more liberal; but it required upward of seven centuries to liberalize them into a "finished democracy which fully satisfied the Greek nation; one in which every attribute of sovereignty might be shared, without respect to rank or property, by every freeman."\* The Greeks began with monarchy; and having passed through all the intermediate species and shades of government in the progressive series, they finally developed their highest capacities, their most brilliant genius, under the bounding pulse of an extreme, even enthusiastic democracy. How truthful the exclamation of Herodotus: "Liberty is a brave thing."

The same tendency of institutions to-

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\* The Trojan war closed 1184 B. C., and the States of Greece soon afterwards passed out of the monarchical form of government. At Athens it was abolished in 1068 B. C. But not until about the year 470 B. C., when Aristides the Just removed the last aristocratical features from the Athenian institutions, could Athens be called a "finished democracy." He broke up the distinctions between the classes which Solon had established, and opened all the dignities of the State to every citizen. Between the Trojan war and this last period, the Athenians had passed through Monarchy, Tyranny, Aristocracy, Faction, Anarchy, Oligarchy, Polity, and limited Democracy. With the legislation of Aristides commenced the rapid elevation and the solid grandeur of the city of Minerva, and of that noble, unequalled race.



wards democracy, as races elevate themselves in the scale of civilization, can be observed in the progressive improvement of British institutions. No people have been subjected to such tests, civil and religious; and issued from the throes of revolution with more character, more civilization, more majesty of intellect, for achievements in legislation, science, and learning, than our parent, Anglo-Saxon race. Their career, with all its vicissitudes, from the union of the Heptarchy's under Egbert, down to the final settlement of the government on the expulsion of the second James, is full of instruction—full of great lessons. They have tested monarchy in all its degrees of strength and weakness, of popularity and odium, of oppression and dependence. Their nobles have enjoyed all the privileges, immunities, and powers, which possession of the landed estates, the vassalage of the people, and independence of the crown could secure; while in turn they have been humble and submissive, even servile, under the arbitrary sway of tyrannous kings. The people, before the time of Edward the First, were cyphers in the State. Since then, they have suffered religious bondage, and the oppressions of a feudal aristocracy. In the progress of events, however, they have constantly enlarged the quantity of their liberty, and strengthened the guarantees of personal security. But if they finally achieved that personal freedom which the Grecian citizen never lost, they never have secured that "equality of privileges" which was the constant aspiration of the Greek, until attained; which was the watchword in the struggle for American freedom, and now lies at the base of our political edifice.

The English monarchy, being originally unlimited in its powers, the first encroachments upon the crown, as among the Greeks, were made by the barons, who had sprung up around it, and entrenched themselves under the shelter of the feudal system. In the reign of John they brought the government to the verge of an aristocracy, when at Runnymede they wrested the great charter from the unwilling hands of despotism. Again, under Henry the Third, it will be remembered that the confederate barons, for the second time, held the executive powerless; and were on the point of substituting an aristocracy.

About this period a new power began to manifest itself in the State, in the rise

of the "Middling Class," to whose persevering struggles with the crown, and with the incumbent aristocracy, England owes the most of her freedom. The building of cities, which are always favorable to liberal sentiments, and the introduction of some of the arts of industry, and of commerce, increased the wealth, and enlarged the influence of this constantly increasing class. With them may be said to have originated the true spirit of English liberty. After some centuries of improvement in character, rights, and property, they finally wrought that great ferment of popular feeling, which resulted in the abolition of the kingly office, and the substitution of a commonwealth. The government was brought upon the verge of a democracy as it was loosened from its ancient foundations, and borne along upon the tide of passion and fanaticism, commingled with intelligence and ardent aspirations for freedom. Unfortunately for the people, it was as much a religious as a political revolution; and the utter chaos of opinion into which society fell, prevented the overthrow of the aristocracy, and the establishment of the government upon a republican basis. The restoration of the royal executive, carried with it the necessity of the second revolution, which resulted in the expulsion of James, and the settlement of the government upon its present foundation.

The British government has been liberalized from age to age, until it may now be said to stand intrenched upon the borders of free institutions. As a monarchy, all unite in pronouncing it the highest specimen of the species ever constructed by the genius of man. The exact limitation of its powers, and the liberal and enlightened views of government which it entertains, justly entitle it to pre-eminence over all other monarchies. It was, however, a great misfortune to the people, that when the government stood upon the verge of democracy, the hereditary aristocracy were too firmly seated to be overthrown. In this overpowering, incumbent class, are rooted all the evils of the British government. It is a system which works vast injustice, and which renders the elevation, or respectability of the mass of the people impossible. It is a mill-stone around their neck, which they can neither cast off nor bear, without feeling its vast obstructions. Society, as now constituted—with its cunningly devised gradations, from the king through the five orders of no-



bility, as many orders of the "middling class," and down to the common multitude, who sit beneath this vast pyramid—presents a subject for contemplation almost beyond the power of mind to comprehend. The incitements to ambition; the high rewards of talent; the possibility of self-elevation, displayed on the bright side of the picture; the insolence of caste; the barbarity of arrogance; the real oppression, even degradation of the uncultivated, untalented mass, which necessarily pertain to the other; all conspire to render British society a complex and stupendous fabric, a mighty and profound system of influences—stimulating, while it oppresses; improving, while it scourges; bearing up the man of intellect, who both resisted and overcame the pressure, into the highest regions of personal distinction; while, at the same moment, it sinks the multitude, who, under such adverse influences, are capable of but slight intellectual enlargement, deeper, and yet deeper into the mire of ignorance, poverty, and moral degradation. Political equality is a vital principle, and the great inheritance of man. No people can reach its highest perfection if this principle be not written upon all its institutions.

Returning from this digression, which was designed to illustrate the position, not very recondite, of a progression of institutions, from the monarchical, the earliest of political society, on to the democratical, the last, and most truly enlightened; we can now take up the government of the Iroquois, and determine the position which it occupies between the two extremes, of monarchy on the one hand, and democracy on the other.

The Iroquois had passed out of the earliest form of government, that of chief and follower, which is incident both to the Hunter and Nomadic state, into the oligarchical form. It is obvious that the hunter life is incompatible with monarchy except in its miniature form of chief and follower; and the Hodénosaunee, in improving upon this last relation, passed over the monarchical into the "rule of the few." Several tribes first united into one nation. The people mingled by intermarriage, and the power of the chiefs ceased to be several, and became joint. This gave to the nation an aristocratical or oligarchical form of government, according to the spirit by which it was actuated. By a still higher effort of

legislation, several nations were united in a league, or confederacy; placing the people upon an equality, and introducing a community of privileges. The national rulers then became a united body, the Rulers of the League. In this manner would be constituted oligarchies within an embracing oligarchy,—"*imperium in imperio*,"—presenting the precise government of the Iroquois; and with great probability the exact manner of its origination, growth, and final settlement.

The Grecian oligarchies do not furnish an exact type of that of our Indian predecessors. In its construction the latter was more perfect, systematic and liberal, than those of antiquity. There was more of fixedness, more of dependence upon the people, more of vigor in the Indian fabric. It would be difficult to find a fairer specimen of the government of *the few*, than the one under consideration, in the happy constitution of its ruling body, and in the effective security of the people from misgovernment. In assigning to this government its specific name, it will be sufficient to adopt the etymology of the word Oligarchy, the "rule of the few," rejecting the usual Grecian acceptation of the term, "a degenerated aristocracy." The substitution of the female line for the male, effecting thereby the disinheritation of the son; the partially elective character of the sachemships; the absence of landed estates; and the power of deposing sachems lodged with the tribes, are reasons conclusive for regarding the government of the Iroquois as an oligarchy, rather than an aristocracy.

The spirit which prevailed in the nations and in the confederacy was that of freedom. The people appear to have secured to themselves all the liberty which the hunter-state made either desirable or necessary. They fully appreciated its value, as is evinced by the liberality of their institutions. The red man was always free from political bondage; and more worthy still of remembrance, his free limbs never wore a shackle—his spirit could never be bowed in servitude. It would be difficult to describe any political society, in which there was less of oppression and discontent—more of individual independence and boundless freedom. The absence of family distinctions, and of all property, together with the irresistible inclination for the chase, rendered the social condition of the peo-

ple peculiar to itself. It secured to them an exemption from the evils, as well as denied to them the refinements, which flow from the possession of wealth and the indulgence of the social relations.

At this point the singular trait in the character of the red man suggests itself: that he never felt the "power of gain." The "*auri sacra fames*"\* of Virgil, the "*studium lucri*"† of Horace, never penetrated his nature. To him alike the gold and brass, the luxuries and the vanities of life. This great passion of civilized man, in its use and abuse, his blessing and his curse, never roused the Indian mind. It was doubtless the great reason of his continuance in the hunter-state; for the desire of gain is one of the earliest manifestations of progressive mind, and one of the most powerful passions of which the mind is susceptible. It clears the forest, rears the city, builds the merchantman—in a word, it has civilized our race.

All things considered, the Iroquois oligarchy excites a belief of its superiority

over those of antiquity. Those of Greece were exceedingly unstable, and therefore incline us to regard them as transition states of their institutions; while that of the Hodénosaunee was guarded in so many ways for the resistance of political changes, that it would have required a very energetic popular movement for its overthrow. The former retained many elements of aristocracy, while the latter had become so far liberalized as to be almost entirely free. Without the influence of cities, which no people construct who live in the hunter state, and the important consequences which result from the aggregation of society into large communities, the government of the Iroquois would doubtless have retained its oligarchical form through many generations. It would have lasted until the people had abandoned the hunter-state; until they had given up the chase for agriculture—the arts of war for those of industry—the hunting-ground and the fishing encampment, for the village and the city.

#### LETTER X.

The office of Chief of Modern Institution—Reasons for its Creation—The Sachems of the Iroquois have not figured in history—Their celebrated men were Chiefs—Position of the Chiefs in the Confederacy—Stability of the Oligarchy of the Hodénosaunee—Difficulty of attaining the title of Sachem—*Sa-go-ye-wat-ha*—*Thay-en-dan-e-gea*—Dominion of the Iroquois.

At the establishment of the confederacy, the office of chief (*Hiā-seh-no-wā-neh*, "an elevated name") was entirely unknown among the Iroquois. Their traditions affirm that this title was instituted long subsequent to the foundation of the fifty sachemships, and the full adjustment of the league. The necessity in which this office had its origin, and the illustration which it furnishes of a position elsewhere introduced, that all political institutions as they unfold progress from monarchy towards democracy, leads to the presentation of this subject in a separate place.

When the power of the Hodénosaunee began to develop under the new system of oligarchies within an oligarchy, there sprung up around the sachems a class of warriors, distinguished for enterprise upon the war-path and eloquence in council, who demanded some participation in the administration of public affairs. The

serious objections to the enlargement of the number of rulers, involving, as it did, changes in the frame-work of the government, for a long period enabled the sachems to resist the encroachment. In the progress of events, this class became too powerful to be withstood; and the sachems were compelled to raise them up in the subordinate station of chiefs. The title was purely elective, and the reward of merit. Unlike the sachemships, the name was not hereditary in the tribe or family of the individual, but terminated with the chief himself; unless subsequently bestowed by the tribe upon some other person, to preserve it as one of their illustrious names. These chiefs were originally invested with very limited powers; their principal office being that of advisers and counsellors of the sachems and war-chiefs. Having thus obtained a foot-hold in the government, this class, to the number of which there was

\* *Æneid*, Lib. iii. 57.

† Horace, Lib. iv. Ode xii. 25.

no limit, gradually enlarged their influence, and from generation to generation drew nearer to an equality with the sachems themselves.\* By this innovation the government was liberalized to the sensible diminution of the power of the sachems, which, at the institution of the league, was extremely arbitrary.

It is a singular fact that none of the sachems of the Iroquois, save Logan,† have ever become distinguished in history; although each of the fifty titles or sachemships have been held by as many individuals as generations have passed away since the foundation of the confederacy. If the immortality of men, "worthy of praise," is committed to the guardianship of the Muse—

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,"

—the muse of tradition, if such a conception may be indulged, has been enabled, out of this long line of sachems, to record the deeds of none, save the military achievements of the first Tāḍodāhóh, the wisdom in legislation of the first Dagānowedā,‡ and the sacred mission of Gāne-o-di-yoh, who had received a revelation from the Great Spirit. The residue, if worthy of praise, have left behind them no remembrances conferring special dignity upon the sachemships entrusted to their keeping.

The celebrated orators, wise men, and military leaders of the Hodénosaunee, are all to be found in the class of chiefs. One reason for this may exist in the organic provision which confined the duties of the sachems exclusively to the affairs of peace; another, that the office of chief was bestowed in reward of public services; thus casting it by necessity upon the men highest in capacity among them. In the list of those chiefs who have earned a place upon the historic page, as well as in the "unwritten remembrance" of their tribe and race, may be enumerated Sagoyewatha, (Red Jacket,) Thayendanagea, (Brandt,) Piskaret, Gonnesseronton, Thurensera, Decanessora, Skenandoah, Karistagia, (Steeltrap,) Hojāgateh, (Fish Carrier,) Canne-

hoot, Sosehawah, (Jimmy Johnson,) Honeyawus, (Farmer's Brother,) and Gyan-twahā or Corn-planter. This number could be largely increased; and some in the catalogue have left behind them a reputation which will not soon fade from remembrance.

By the institution of this office, the stability of the government was increased rather than diminished. In their own figurative enunciation of the idea, the chiefs served as braces in the Long-House—an apt expression of the place they occupied in their political structure. It furnished a position and a reward for the ambitious, and the means of allaying discontent, without changing the ruling body. In this particular the oligarchy of the Iroquois appears to have enjoyed some superiority over those of antiquity.

"In aristocratical governments," says Montesquieu, "there are two principal sources of disorder: excessive inequality between the governors and the governed, and the same inequality between the different members of the body that governs."§ The government of the Hodénosaunee was exposed to neither of these difficulties. Between the people and the sachems the chiefs formed a connecting link; while the sachems themselves were perfectly equal in political privileges.

The unchangeable number of the rulers, and the stability of the tenure by which the office itself is held, are both sources of security in an oligarchy. To the former safeguard the Iroquois adhered so firmly, that upon the admission of the Tuscarora as the sixth nation of the league, they were unwilling to increase the original number of sachemships; and the Tuscaroras have not to this day a sachem who is admitted to all the privileges of a sachem of the confederacy. The latter is established by the career of Sa-go-yewat-ha, the most gifted and intellectual of the race of the Iroquois—and perhaps of the whole Indian family. With all the influence which he exercised over the people by the power of his eloquence, and with all the art and intrigue which his capacity could suggest, he was never

\* At the present time among the dismembered fragments of the Iroquois nations, the chiefs are found to be nearly, if not in all respects, upon an equality with the sachems, although the offices are still held by different tenures, as anciently.

† Logan was one of the ten Cayuga sachems, but which of the ten names or sachemships he held, is not at present ascertained. His father, Shikellimus or Shikalimo, who is usually mentioned as a Cayuga sachem, was but a chief.

‡ Da-ga-no-we-da, the founder of the confederacy, and Ha-vo-went-ha, his speaker, through whom he laid his plans of government before the council which framed the league, were both "raised up" among the fifty original sachems, and in the Mohawk nation; but after their decease these two sachemships were left vacant, and have since continued so. The reason has not been ascertained.

§ Montesquieu, Spirit of Laws, b. 5, c. 8.

able to elevate himself higher than the title of Chief. To attain even this dignity, it is said he practiced upon the superstitious fears of the people. The Senecas themselves aver that it would have been unwise to raise up a man of his intellectual power and extended influence to the office of sachem; as it would have concentrated in his hands too much authority. Nearly the same observations apply to the celebrated Thayendanegea, whose abilities as a military leader secured to him the command of the war parties of the Mohawks during the Revolution. He was also but a chief, and held no other office or title in the nation, or in the confederacy. By the force of his character, he acquired the same influence over the Mohawks which Sa-go-ye-wat-ha maintained over the Senecas by his eloquence. The lives of these two distinguished chiefs, both equally ambitious, but who pursued very different pathways to distinction, sufficiently prove that the office of sachem was surrounded by impassable barriers against those who were without the immediate family of the sachem, and the tribe in which the title was hereditary.\*

It will not be necessary to extend the inquiry to exhibit more fully the gradual changes in the government of the Iroquois, by which it was brought upon the verge of free institutions. The evidences of its extreme liberality have already been sufficiently exhibited in the structure of the government itself. Reflections could be multiplied upon its spirit, its influence upon the people, and its adaptation to produce its historical results. Enough, however, has been advanced, and these topics are passed over without further remark.

An outline of the government and institutions of the Hodénosaunee having thus been presented in the preceding letters, accompanied by such observations as the facts appeared to suggest, we here dismiss the subject for the present with a few parting words.

Under this simple but beautiful fabric of Indian construction arose the power of the Iroquois, reaching in its day of vigor over a large portion of our republic. A terror to the Narragansett in the East, and the Illinois upon the West, to the Adirondak on the North, and the Algonquin on the South, they extended their dominion far and wide.

“Over hill and plain and valley—  
Over river, lake and bay—  
On the water, in the forest,”

“ruled and reigned” this vigorous and hardy race. In their Long-House, which opened its door upon Niagara, they found shelter in the hour of attack, resources for conquest in the seasons of ambitious projects, and happiness and contentment in the days of peace. In adaptation to their mode of life, their habits and their wants, no scheme of government could have been devised by the genius of man better calculated for their security against outward attack, their triumph upon the war-path, and their internal tranquillity.

But their council-fires have been extinguished, their empire has terminated, and the shades of evening are now rapidly gathering over the scattered and feeble remnants of this once powerful confederacy. Race has yielded to race, the inevitable result of contiguity of place. The Hodénosaunee will soon be lost in that night of impenetrable darkness which knows no rising sun, and in which so many Indian races have been enshrouded. Even now their country has been appropriated, their forests cleared, their trails obliterated. The residue of this proud people who still linger around their native seats, are destined to fade away like the summer's cloud. It will soon be our wont to look backward for the Iroquois as for a race which has been blotted from existence: remembering them as our predecessors—the people whose sachems had no cities—whose religion had no temple—whose government had no record.

#### LETTER XI.

Language of the Hodénosaunee—Alphabet—Notices of the Parts of Speech—Intricacy of its Declensions and Conjugations—Contains no Labials—Numerals—Voice—Compounding Words—Proper Names an integral part of the Language, and consequently significant—Singular evidence of Migrations—Interest in our Aboriginal Names.

The language of the Iroquois, like all unwritten languages, is imperfect in its construction, and scarcely admits of com-

parison, except on general principles, with those which have been systematized and perfected. It would be apt to be charac-

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\* Neither of their names are in the table of sachemships.



terized by the schoolmen as a barbarous jargon, although entitled to some portion of the indulgence which is due to all primitive or uncompounded languages in the early stages of their formation. To us, however, there is an interest incident to these dialects which rises above mere literary curiosity. Through all generations their language will be spoken in our geographical terms: "Their names are on our waters, we may not wash them out." The earth indeed changes its appearance—*mutat terra vices*—but the landmarks of nature are ever the same. Within our borders the Iroquois have written them over; and through coming time will our hills and vales and ever-flowing rivers speak

"Their dialect of yore."

The Hodénosaunee were eminently fortunate in engrafting their names upon the features of nature, if they were desirous of a living remembrance. No one can behold the lake, or river, or streamlet, to which they have bequeathed an appellation, without confessing that the Indian has perpetuated himself by a monument more eloquent and imperishable than could be fabricated by human hands.

From such considerations there arises a sufficient interest in the language of our predecessors to incite an inquiry into its principal features.

Of the six dialects in which it is now spoken, the Mohawk and Seneca are regarded as having the greatest dialectical differences, the Cayuga and Seneca the least. In the estimation of the Iroquois, the Onondaga is the most finished and majestic, the Oneida the least vigorous in its expressions; while to the English ear the former is harsh and pointed, and the latter liquid, harmonious and musical. The Tuscarora language is admitted to be a dialect of the Iroquois; but it has not as close an affinity to either of the remaining five as the latter have interchangeably. In conversation, they are all enabled to understand each other with readiness, unless words intervene which have been naturalized into one of their dialects from foreign languages.

The alphabet consists of seventeen letters: A, C, D, E, G, H, I, J, K, N, O, Q, S, T, U, W and Y. In addition to several elementary sounds which require a combination of letters, the Seneca occasionally employs the sound of Z; but it is so closely allied to the sound of S as not to be distinguishable except by care-

ful observation. The Mohawk sometimes uses the liquid R, the Tuscarora F, and the Oneida the liquid L; or rather the last abounds in the Oneida dialect. The number of their elementary sounds is below that of the English language—but twenty-three having been ascertained in the Seneca, while in the latter it is well known there are thirty-eight.

In taking up the parts of speech, to give them a cursory examination, and in elucidating the declensions and conjugations, the illustrations will be drawn from the Seneca dialect.

It is supposed by those who have inquired philosophically into the formation of language, that the noun substantive would be the first part of speech in the order of origination; inasmuch as the objects of nature must be named, and perhaps classed, before relations between them are suggested, or actions concerning them are expressed. Some reference to the declension of Iroquois nouns will be made in connection with the preposition. In most, if not all languages, the idea of singular and plural is conveyed by an inflection of the word itself, or by some addition. To illustrate in the language under consideration: O-on-dote is the name of a tree—O-on-do-do, trees. Gā-no-sote, a house—Gā-no-so-do, houses. Je-dā-o, a bird—Je-dā-o-suh-uh, birds. It is said that the dual number originated in the difficulty of inventing the numerals, one, two, three, four, &c., which are in themselves extremely abstract and metaphysical conceptions. The idea of one, two and more, which corresponds with singular, dual and plural, would be far more easily formed in the mind than number in general; and the most simple mode of expressing the idea would be by a variation of the word itself. Hence in the Hebrew and Greek, which are original or uncompounded languages, the dual is found to exist; while in the Latin, and in modern languages, which are compounds, and were formed subsequent to the invention of numerals, the dual number is discarded. The Iroquois is an uncompounded language, and has the dual number both in its verbs and nouns. Gender was very happily indicated in the Latin and Greek by final letters or terminations. In English, by giving up the ancient declensions, this mode of designating gender was also laid aside, and two or three modes substituted; thus, by varying the word, as tiger, tigress; by names of the same animal entirely dif-



ferent, as buck and doe; but more frequently still by prefixing words which signify male and female. The Iroquois nouns have three genders, and they are indicated in the manner last mentioned.

In some respects the adjective would be a simple part of speech to invent; as quality is an object of external sense, and is always in concrete with the subject. But to discover and adopt a classification founded upon the similitudes of objects would be more difficult, since both generalization and abstraction would be required. The dialects of the Hodénosaunee appear to be sufficiently furnished with this part of speech, on which so much of the beauty of a language is known to depend, to express nearly every shade of quality in objects. Comparison is effected by adding another word, and not by an inflection of the word itself; thus, *We-yo*, good; *Wā-ate-keh*, bad; *A-gus We-yo*, the best; *A-gus Wā-ate-keh*, the worst. In connecting the adjective with the noun, the two words frequently enter into combination, and lose one or more syllables. This principle, or species of contraction, is carried throughout the language, and, to some extent, presents prolixity. To illustrate: *O-yā*, fruit; *O-gā-uh*, sweet; *O-yā-gā-uh*, sweet fruit; *O*, the first syllable of sweet being dropped. Again, *E-yose*, a blanket; *Gā-geh-ant*, white; *Yose-ā-geh-ant*, white blanket;—literally “fruit sweet,” and “blanket white,” illustrative of that natural impulse in man, which leads him to place the object before the quality. The adjective is also as frequently used uncompounded with the noun, as *Gā-na-dike-ho E-yose*, a green blanket.

It is a matter of great doubt whether the article, as a distinct part of speech, can be said to exist in the language of the Hodénosaunee. There are numerous particles, as in the Greek, without significance in themselves, separately, which are employed for euphony, and to connect words. Thus, *nā*, *neh*, and *ne*, are frequently introduced before nouns, and in some instances limit their signification; but yet, if these, and other particles, should be submitted to a critical examination, none of them would answer to our idea of the definite, or indefinite article. They may answer all the ends of this part of speech, and doubtless do, so far as the framers of this language had any notion of its office. The existence in completeness of this refined part

of speech would indicate greater maturity and finish than the dialects of the Iroquois possess.

Of the adverb nothing need be introduced, except that the language appears to be furnished with the usual variety.

The preposition is allowed to be so abstract and metaphysical in its nature, that it would be one of the last and most difficult parts of speech to invent. It expresses relation “considered in concrete with the correlative object; and is of necessity very abstruse. The prepositions, *of*, *to*, and *for*, are regarded as the most abstract from the character of the relations which they indicate. Declension, it is supposed, was resorted to by the Greeks, and adopted by the Latins, to evade the necessity of inventing these prepositions; as it would be much easier to express the idea by a variation of the noun than to ascertain some word which would convey such an abstract relation as that indicated by *of* or *to*. By the ancient cases, this difficulty was surmounted, and the preposition was blended with the correlative object, as in *Sermonis*, of a speech; *Sermoni*, to a speech. Modern languages have laid aside the ancient cases, for the reason, it is said, that the invention of prepositions rendered them unnecessary. In the Iroquois language, the prepositions above mentioned are not to be found; neither have its nouns a declension like the Greek and Latin. Some traces of a declension are discoverable; but the cases are too imperfect to be compared with those of the ancient languages, or to answer fully the ends of the prepositions. This part of speech is the most imperfectly developed of any in the language; and the contrivances resorted to to express such of these relations as were of absolute necessity, are too complex to be easily understood. The language, however, contains the simple prepositions, as *Da-gā-o*, across; *No-get*, after; *Nā-ho*, at; *O-ando*, before; *Ho-go-kuh*, with; *Dose-gā-o*, near, &c. It must be inferred that the framers of the language had no distinct idea of the relations conveyed by the deficient prepositions, otherwise they would be found in the language. From the number of particles employed in the language, and the complexity of its combinations, it would be impossible to analyze the word, or phrase, for example, in which *on* occurs, and take out the specific fragment which has the force of the preposition. Thus the word *Onondaga*

has O-non-dote, "a hill," for its radix; O-non-dā-geh, its next inflection, gives to it the signification, "on the hills;" and the final word, O-non-dā-geh-o-noh,\* the true name of that nation, is translated, "the people who live on the hills."

Interjections are extremely numerous in the Iroquois language, and appear to be adapted to all the passions. It has also the ordinary conjunctions. Of the pronouns but little need be added, except that they are very defective: thus, *E* signifies I, we, me, and us; *Ese*, thou, ye, or you, and thee. He and they are wanting, except as expressed in the verb by its inflection. The personal pronouns make the possessive case very regularly, thus: Ah-gā-weh, mine; Sā-weh, thine; Ho-weh, his; Go-weh, hers; Ung-gwā-weh, ours; Swā-weh, yours; Ho-nau-weh, theirs, &c. Similar variations can be made on some of the relative pronouns.

Next and last, the verb presents itself. This part of speech, in the nature of things, must have been one of the first invented, as without its aid there could be no affirmation, no expression of action or passion. Among primitive languages, the conjugation of the verb is extremely complex. Grammarians assign, as a reason, that the tenses and moods of the verb would be more easily indicated by its inflection, than by contriving or inventing the abstract substantive verb, *I am*; the possessive verb, *I have*; and the auxiliaries, *do*, *will*, *would*, *shall*, *can*, and *may*; all of which are necessary in the conjugation of an English verb. It will be remembered that the English verb admits of but three variations in itself, as *press*, *pressed*, *pressing*; and its conjugation is completed by the verbs above mentioned; while the

Greek, Latin, and Iroquois verbs are conjugated, except some part of the passive voice in Latin, by the variation throughout of the verb itself; thus, *Legeram*, I had read; *Che-wā-ge-yā-go*, I had shot; *Legero*, I shall have read; *A-wā-ge-yā-go*, I shall have shot. In this manner the conjugation not only dispensed with the pronouns I, thou, and he, with their plurals; but also with the auxiliary verbs, which have introduced such prolixity into modern languages.

The Iroquois verbs have some part of the optative mood, but are entirely destitute of the infinitive, and of the participles. It is difficult to determine upon what principle the absence of the infinitive mood, and of all participles, which, in a written language, would be a fatal blemish, shall be accounted for; and much more difficult to ascertain the nature of the substitute in an unwritten language.

The origin of the dual number has been adverted to. In the active voice of Iroquois verbs, the dual number is well distinguished; but in the passive voice, the dual and the plural are the same. The presence of this number is indicative of the intricate nature of their conjugations.

To convey a distinct notion of the mutations through which an Iroquois verb passes in its conjugation, and to furnish those who are curious as linguists, with a specimen for comparison with the conjugations of other languages, one of their verbs is subjoined. Its great regularity, even harmony, of inflection, conveys a favorable impression of the structure of the language; but it does not, nor would it be expected to possess the elegance and beauty of the Greek, or the brevity and solidity of the Latin conjugations.

*Table exhibiting, in the Seneca Dialect, the Conjugation of the verb Ge-yāse.—ā as in art.*

#### ACTIVE VOICE.

##### INDICATIVE MOOD.

Present Tense.—*Shoot, or am shooting.*

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Dual.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
1. Ge-yāse	1. Och-ne-yāse	1. Ah-gwā-yāse
2. Se-yāse	2. Sne-yāse	2. Swā-yāse
3. Hā-yāse	3. Ne-yāse	3. Hā-ne-yase

\* Would give to the former O-non-da-ga instead of On-on-da-ga, for its pronunciation.

Imperfect.—*Did shoot, or was shooting.*

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Dual.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
1. Ge-yāse-quā	1. Ne-yāse-quā	1. Dwā-yāse-quā
2. Se-yāse-quā	2. Sne-yāse-quā	2. Swā-yāse-quā
3. Hā-yāse-quā	3. Ne-yāse-quā	2. Hā-ne-yāse-quā

Perfect.—*Shot, have shot, or did shoot.*

1. Ah-ge-yā-go	1. Unc-ne-yā-go	1. Ung-gwā-yā-go
2. Sā-yā-go	2. Sne-yā-go	2. Swā-yā-go
3. Ho-yā-go	3. Ho-ne-yā-go	3. Ho-ne-yā-go

Pluperfect.—*Had shot.*

1. Che-wā-ge-yā-go	1. Che-unk-ne-yā-go	1. Che-yung-gwā-yā-go
2. Che-sā-yā-go	2. Che-sne-yā-go	2. Che-swā-yā-go
3. Che-o-yā-go	3. Che-o-ne-yā-go	3. Che-o-ne-yā-go

Future.—*Shall, or will shoot.*

1. Eh-ge-yāke	1. Och-ne-yāke-heh	1. Eh-yā-gwā-yake
2. Se-yake-heh	2. Eh-sne-yāke	2. Eh-swā-yāke
3. Hā-yāke-heh	3. Eh-ne-yāke	3. Eh-ne-yāke

## SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

Present Tense.—*May, or can shoot.*

1. Eh-ge-yāke-ge-seh	1. Eh-ne-yāke-ge-seh	1. Eh-dwā-yāke-ge-seh
2. Eh-se-yāke-ge-seh	2. Eh-sne-yāke-ge-seh	2. Eh-swā-yāke-ge-seh
3. Ha-o-yāke-ge-seh	3. Eh-ne-yāke-ge-seh	3. Eh-ne-yāke-ge-seh

Imperfect.—*Might, could, or would shoot.*

1. Ah-ge-yāke	1. I-ne-yāke	1. I-dwā-yāke
2. Ah-se-yāke	2. I-sne-yāke	2. I-swā-yāke
3. Ah-ah-yāke	3. Ah-ne-yāke	3. Ah-an-ne-yāke

Perfect.—*May have shot.*

1. Ah-wā-ge-yā-go-ge-seh	1. Ah-yunk-ne-yā-go-ge-seh	1. Ah-yung-gwā-yā-go-ge-seh
2. I-sā-yā-go-ge-seh	2. I-sne-yā-go-ge-seh	2. I-swā-yā-go-ge-seh
3. Ah-o-yā-go-ge-seh	3. Ah-o-ne-yā-go-ge-seh	3. Ah-o-ne-yā-go-ge-seh

## Pluperfect wanting.

Future.—*Shall have shot.*

1. Ah-wā-ge-yā-go	1. Ah-yunk-ne-yā-go	1. Ah-yung-gwā-yā-go
2. I-sā-yā-go	2. I-sne-yā-go	2. I-swā-yā-go
3. Ah-o-yā-go	3. Ah-o-ne-yā-go	3. Ah-o-ne-yā-go.

## IMPERATIVE MOOD.

2. Je-yāke. <i>Shoot thou.</i>	2. Sne-yāke. <i>Shoot ye two.</i>	2. Swā-yāke. <i>Shoot ye.</i>
3. Ha-yāke. <i>Let him shoot.</i>	3. Ne-yāke. <i>Let them two shoot.</i>	3. Hā-ne-yāke. <i>Let them shoot.</i>

## INFINITIVE MOOD WANTING.

## PARTICIPLES WANTING.

## PASSIVE VOICE.

## INDICATIVE MOOD.

Present Tense.—*Am shot.**Singular.*

1. Ung-ge-yā-go
2. A-sā-yā-go
3. Ho-wā-yā-go

*Plural.*

1. Unc-ke-yā-go
2. A-che-yā-go
3. Ho-wen-ne-yā-go

Dual.—Same as Plural.

Imperfect.—*Was shot.*

1. Ung-ge-yā-go-no
2. Sa-yā-go-no
3. Ho-wuh-yā-go-no

1. Unc-ke-yā-go-no
2. A-che-yā-go-no
3. O-wen-ne-yā-go-no

Perfect.—*Have been shot.*—Same as Imperfect.

## Pluperfect wanting.

Future.—*Shall, or will be shot.*

1. Eh-yung-ge-yāke
2. Eh-yā-sā-yāke
3. A-on-wuh-yāke

1. Eh-yunk-ke-yāke
2. Eh-yā-che-yāke
3. A-on-wen-ne-yāke

## SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

Present Tense.—*May be shot.*

1. Eh-yung-ge-yāke-ge-sch
2. Eh-yā-sā-yāke-ge-sch
3. A-o-wuh-yāke-ge-sch

1. Eh-yunk-ke-yāke-ge-sch
2. Eh-yā-che-yāke-ge-sch
3. A-o-wen-ne-yāke-ge-sch

## Imperfect wanting.

Perfect.—*May have been shot.*

1. Ah-yung-ge-yā-gon-no-ge-sch
2. Ah-yā-sā-yā-gon-no-ge-sch
3. Ah-o-wuh-yā-gon-no-ge-sch

1. Ah-yunk-ke-yā-gon-no-ge-sch
2. Ah-yā-che-yā-gon-no-ge-sch
3. Ah-o-wen-ne-yā-go-no-ge-sch

Pluperfect—*Might, could, would, or should have been shot.*

1. Ah-yung-ge-yā-go-no-na-geh
2. Ah-yā-sā-yā-go-no-na-geh
3. Ah-o-wuh-yā-go-no-na-geh

1. Ah-yunk-ke-yā-go-no-na-geh
2. Ah-yā-che-yā-go-no-na-geh
3. Ah-o-wen-ne-yā-go-no-na-geh

Future.—*Shall have been shot.*

1. Ah-yung-ge-yā-go-no
2. Ah-yā-sā-yā-go-no
3. Ah-o-wuh-yā-go-no

1. Ah-yunk-ke-yā-go-no
2. Ah-yā-che-yā-go-no
3. Ah-o-wen-ne-yā-go-no

## IMPERATIVE MOOD.

2. A-sā-yāke. *Be thou shot.*2. A-che-yāke. *Be ye shot.*3. Ho-wuh-yāke. *Let him be shot.*3. Ho-wen-ne-yāke. *Let them be shot.*

## INFINITIVE MOOD WANTING.

## PARTICIPLES WANTING.

It has been laid down as a maxim, that "the more simple any language is, in its composition, the more complex it must be in its declensions and conjugations; and, on the contrary, the more simple it is in its declensions and conjugations, the more complex it must be in its composition."\* The position is thus illustrated: When two people, by uniting, or otherwise, blend their languages, the union always simplifies the structure of the resulting language, while it introduces a greater complexity into its materials. The Greek, which is uncompounded, and is said to have but three hundred primitives, is extremely intricate in its conjugations. On the other hand the Latin, which is a compound of Greek and Tuscan, laid aside the Middle Voice, and the Optative Mood, which are peculiar to the Greek; and also the dual number. This simplified its conjugations. In its declensions, the Latin, although it has an additional case in the ablative, is yet much more simple than the Greek, as it has no contract nouns. The English, which is a mixture of several languages, is more simple than either in its declensions, which are made by the aid of prepositions alone; and in its conjugations, which are made by the aid of other verbs. With this general principle in mind, the regularity, fullness, and intricacy of the Iroquois conjugations are not particularly remarkable. Its primitive words are doubtless very few, and their language has been formed out of them by a complex system of combinations.

The language of the Hodénosaunee has the substantive or neuter verb, E-né-h-gat, *I am*, although imperfect in some of its tenses. This verb is regarded by philologists as extremely difficult of invention, as it simply expresses being. Impersonal verbs, also, are very numerous in the language. O-guh-do, it snows; O-nā-yā-us-do-dā. it hails; Go-na-us-dos, it thunders. It is supposed by those who have inquired into the formation of languages, that most of the

verbs in primitive tongues originally took the impersonal form; for the reason that such a verb expresses in itself an entire event, while the division of the event into subject and attribute, involves some nice metaphysical distinctions.

Before closing upon this subject, it will be necessary to advert to some of the peculiarities of the language. In the first place it has no labials, and consequently the Iroquois in speaking never touch their lips together. This fact may be employed as a test in the pronunciation of their words and names.

Their language possesses the numerals, firstly, secondly, thirdly, &c.; also the numbers one, two, three, ascending to about one hundred. For sums above this their mode of enumeration was defective, as mathematical computation ceased and some descriptive term was substituted in its place.

The voices of the Hodénosaunee are powerful, and capable of reaching a high shrill key. The natural pitch in conversation is considerably above that in our language; while in sounding the war-whoop they reach a key entirely above the capacity of the English voice. Their women in conversation frequently raise their voices an octave above the ordinary pitch, by a natural transition, and sustain a conversation upon a tone to which the English voice could not be elevated, and retain a distinct articulation. Not the least singular fact is the clear musical tone of their voices upon this elevated key.

In verbal languages the words appear to be literally strung together in an endless chain, if the one under inspection may be taken as a specimen of the class. Substantives are consolidated, perhaps contracted, in the formation of a new one; particles next are suffixed, either varying or adding to the signification of the compound, and the principles upon which these combinations are effected, are too much involved to be systematized or generalized. To illustrate: Gwe-u-



geh signifies *mucky land*; by suffering o-noh, which conveys the idea of *people at*, Gwe-u-gweh-o-noh results—literally, *the people at the mucky land*. Next by adding the particle geh, itself without significance, but when conjoined, conveying the idea of territory or place, it gives the compound—Gwe-u-gweh-o-noh-geh, *the territory of the people at the mucky land*. In this manner the actual name of the Cayugas, Gue-u-gueh-o-noh, originated.\* I-car-ne-o-die signifies *a lake at*: Gue-u-geh I-car-ne-o-die, *the lake at the mucky land*. In like manner originated the name of the Seneca nation, Nun-da-wā-o-noh. Nun-da-wā-o means *a great hill*; Nun-da-wā-o-noh, *the people at the great hill*; and lastly, Nun-da-wā-o-noh-geh, *the Seneca Country*.† These names, therefore, are geographically descriptive.

Their names of places, as well as of persons, form an integral part of their language, and hence are all significant. It furnishes a singular test of their migrations; for accurate descriptions of localities become in this manner incorporated into their dialects. The Tuscaroras still adduce proof from this source to establish a common origin with the Iroquois, and pretend to trace their route from Montreal (Do-te-ā-ge) to the Mississippi, (O-nau-we-yo-kā,) and from thence to North Carolina, out of which they were driven in 1712. The era of their separation from the parent stock,

and of this migration, they have entirely lost; but they consider the names of places on this extended route, now incorporated in their language, a not less certain indication of a common origin than the similarity of their languages.

Many of the names now in use, of our mines, lakes, and villages, are of Iroquois origin, and not only significant, but usually descriptive. The pronunciation of some of them has greatly departed from the original, but yet the words themselves have their radices in the dialects of the Iroquois; thus Ohio is an Iroquois word, rendered from O-hee-yo, *the beautiful river*. Genesee is derived from Gen-nis-hee-yo, *the beautiful valley*. Tioga from Da-yā-o-geh, *the place where the river divides*. To resuscitate the significations of these geographical names, now rapidly gliding into obscurity, is at least worthy of an effort. If the future scholar in ascending to our poetic era, to search out the christening of the works of nature by the Hodénosaunee, shall discover that the generation which witnessed the final extinction of their council-fires, accepted this rich legacy of names without securing the chart whereby they might be interpreted, he would have reason to censure a negligence which threw away the substance, while it retained the sound—which apparently received, because it could not decently decline.

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\* By the "mucky land," is to be understood the Montezuma marsh at the foot of the Cayuga lake, and the loamy or mucky soil contiguous. The Cayugas were scattered on both sides of the lake, although their main settlements were on the east bank near Aurora (Ganun-de-e-yo, a beautiful village) and at the inlet near Ithaca. They occupied all the adjacent territory for hunting and fishing purposes.

† The "great hill" referred to is at the head of the Canandaigua lake, (Ganun-da-gwa I-car-ne-o-die,) and has always been fabled among the Senecas as the place of their origin.

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## VERSES

WRITTEN FOR A LADY IN MAY.

BY JOHN STEINFORT KIDNEY.

O WANDER with me, Mary, where  
 The fields are fairest in the day ;  
 And let us breathe the blessed air  
 Within the woods so tuneful there,  
 So tuneful with the joy of May.

Deep is the azure of the sky—  
 So clear and deep, as it were given  
 To those who look with earnest eye  
 To know the purity of heaven.

Yet will the fields of blue confess  
 A brightness equal to their own ;  
 So pure and deep the living dress,  
 So sweet the verdant tenderness  
 O'er these our earthly fields bestrown.

It swells on many a gentle mound,  
 And deepens where it finds the vale ;  
 Yet sobers to a darker ground,  
 Where over it the shadows sail.

The light is dwelling on the glass  
 Of many a heaven-infolding stream ;  
 And yet it kindles all the grass  
 With dearer hues, that may surpass  
 The beauty in an angel's dream.

And flowers are sparkling underneath,  
 And nod within the dimmer wood ;  
 A holier air than flowerets breathe  
 Earth will not furnish if she could.

All *night* the stars look down, to lend  
 Their love, to watch the sleeping flowers ;  
 And beauty through the gloom they send,  
 And life upon the dewy showers.

All *day* the flowers look up, and lend  
 Fragrance and beauty to the air ;  
 And thus their meed of love they send  
 Up to the heavenly children there.

O, there are white anemone,  
 And violets, in sun and shade ;  
 And other ones, as fair to see,  
 Their odorous Eden-ground have made.

And on the branches far and near,  
 Are birds to bless the forest haunt ;  
 And notes, that strike upon the ear  
 Like tones of silver bells, they chaunt.

Delight is everywhere supreme,  
 As though, beneath such holy skies,  
 The world were striving now to seem,  
 As much as may, like Paradise.

The clouds that lie upon the breast  
 Of Heaven, and cannot speak their bliss,  
 Send forth the soft winds from their rest,  
 That Earth the story may not miss.

And the glad meadows and the trees  
 Whisper a universal word ;  
 And living things mount on the breeze,  
 Warble within the upper seas—  
 The tale up in the sky is heard.

O ! one must feel who looketh here,  
 His heart to sicken soon with love ;  
 'Tis but a wandering day, I fear,  
 Lost from the blessed days above.

O Mary, if the heart will feel  
 The joy of all without its room ;  
 Our bliss we never can conceal ;  
 But must, as do the birds, reveal  
 The light which doth within us steal  
 Upon, and chase away our gloom.

And music must be felt within—  
 Will find in words its proper vent,  
 If, in this world of stain and sin,  
 To kindred hearts we may be sent.

Now, I am grateful, can I be  
 A priest to minister between  
 That hue of heaven which now I see  
 Upon the grass, and on the tree,  
 And which may in the heart be seen.

And when I wander far away,  
 And joys unknown, and pains unknown,  
 Shall come to teach me what to pray ;  
 No little bliss 'twill be to say,  
 That other spirits love the May  
 A something more, for this mine own.

O, I see a willow waving  
 O'er a stream so tenderly.  
 Lovingly that stream is laving  
 In return that loving tree !

I behold the mountains sleeping  
 All between the earth and sky.  
 What is this ?—And am I weeping ?  
 Yes, a tear is in my eye !

For I know the might and madness  
 Of the thundering waterfalls :  
 That a voice without a sadness  
 In a ceaseless rapture calls.

And what are these ? O Mary, in that willow,  
 And in the mountains sleeping in the sky,  
 Are mystic dreams that haunt my nightly pillow,  
 And dry, and make the tear within my eye !

They float like twilight clouds, in crimson glory,  
 In hushed imagination's golden air !  
 The heavenly phantoms of the blessed story  
 The wondrous Past doth in its bosom bear.

Dear memories ! and dearer hopes ! O, they  
 Do make my spirit cling to what I see ;  
 Yet I should sicken at the beauteous May,  
 Were there no loving eye to look with me.

O Mary, all that now we see and feel  
 Will brightly linger for the inner eye ;  
 Will live in many a glorious shape to steal  
 Upon the soul, to bless, to beautify !

Then let us drink the rapture of the morn,  
 And be of all its loveliness aware.  
 Sensations sweet as life are yet unborn,  
 That will not slumber on a day so fair.

One closing word—this bloom of all the earth,  
 Ere long, must die before the winter's breath.  
 As surely too, the bloom that hath its birth  
 Within the heart, will one day reach its death.

But ere the beauty all shall go—  
 A withered wreath for winter made—  
 O, well I know, some shower of snow  
 Shall whiten all the air below,  
 And every hue of earth shall fade.  
 And then shall seem the fields and skies  
 Pure as a lamb for sacrifice !

And ere our master, Death, shall call,  
 May some wide shower of grace be given,  
 Upon our earthly hearts to fall,  
 And make them white, and fit for heaven !

## A NIGHT ON A RAILWAY IN OLD ENGLAND.

BY FRED PETERS.

"THOMAS, bring me my bill, and call a cab for the Eastern Counties' Station !"

"Yez zir !"

I was at Morley's, and it was the 1st of November, 184—. Every one may not know that "Morley's, Trafalgar Square," is one of the most frequented hotels in the great metropolis, both on account of its very favorable situation in the West End, and for numerous other advantages. Every one must know, I suppose, that November

in England is not exactly the sort of month characterized by the almanacs as "dry;" but from its introduction to its departure is unchangeably damp, drizzly, foggy, thick, muggy, murky, rainy. Be assured then that this November was the very rainiest of the reign of Victoria; and bear it the rather in mind, as it was this peculiarity of the month that put me in the position to be related.

Dinner was just fully achieved, and the

last almond cracked, as, with a hypocritical smile at my last glass of port, I pronounced sentence of transportation on myself. Even now I have a vivid recollection of running through a mental discussion on the comparative feelings of disgust experienced by a vagrant exiled to New South Wales, and a gentleman compelled to rush wildly from his bottle of port into an English November rain, with the perils of the Punch-notorious Eastern Counties' Railway before him.

The good old town of Norwich, my present destination, was at that time distant from London sixty miles of these risky rails, and "rayther better" (*i. e.* rather worse) than nine hours of supplementary coaching. As there was but one communication daily, the only hour at which you could leave the metropolis was 5 P. M.; the only hour at which you could reach Norwich, 7 A. M.—unless the train blew up, or the coach broke down; in either of which cases you might be a little later. "Book me through direct!" and as this resolution was adopted, each particular mile of the road seemed to stand out with its own feature of disagreeableness, from the chubby trumpeter's first strain of "Sweet Jenny Jones," as the train moved off through the dismal inside of the Comet, with three fellow-sufferers, two of whom would doubtless snore, and probably in different keys, to the setting-down at the White Hart, Norwich, where of course every one would be three-quarters asleep, except "Coachee" and "Gyard," the sizes and complexions of whose palms I should have an opportunity of comparing.

"Bill, sir!" quo' Thomas, as he deposited before me a long narrow scrap of paper, which purported to contain an accurate account of a week's proceedings at Morley's. "Cab at the door; luggage all right, sir."

In compliance with these hints, the shot was paid, and the person of Mr. Fred Peters properly adjusted within the vehicle. The horse shot off at a rate perfectly miraculous, considering he had but two legs and a half to go upon; and the distance from Trafalgar Square to Shore-ditch was accomplished within the allotted half hour, leaving what our people call "a balance" of two minutes and a half to make change for cabinan, procure ticket, dispose of luggage, and deposit self and smaller traps in car. "Dreadnought" (such was the encouraging title of our engine) had given his last scream, the

guard had rung the last bell, and the *cornet à piston* had sounded the first note of "Sweet Jenny Jones," as this gentleman was unceremoniously pushed into a first-class carriage.

The first operation when thus situated is to hang up your hat; the second, to adjust your cap and shawl, (never travel in England without a shawl;) the third, to compose yourself to sleep with all convenient dispatch. First and second were completed with wondrous celerity, the maximum of speed just attained being, as is usual, extended to all movements immediately succeeding, though the same necessity no longer existed. The whirl and flurry from which I had emerged, and the dense fog that filled the compartment—cage it ought to be called—in which I was "located," made me strangely unaware of the presence of a fair companion till just dropping into the tertiary railway state. A cough was the first intimation of this fact, occasioned, no doubt, by the impertinent intrusion of this fog upon her delicate lungs.

Now be assured, reader, even though Fred Peters himself says it, that his share of modesty is inconveniently large. But this *quasi*-virtue was not brought to a full test till he became conscious of words addressed to him. Had we been in any place whence exit was possible, I should doubtless have sauntered, or perhaps fairly run, away. But a coward in a corner will sometimes fight like a true man; so did I make not merely a bold stand but a positive advance, changing my seat for one immediately opposite the lady.

"I beg your pardon, madam; did you speak?"

"I merely wished to know, sir, if you were acquainted with the times and distances on this line."

"The times of the E. C. R. no man knoweth—no, not the directors themselves. The distances I know something of, but not too much. Being indeed a foreigner"——

"What! are you not an Englishman?"

"The next thing to it, madam, (this is always the proper 'business' on such occasions, for John Bull is really proud of the relationship at heart, though he often affects to be ashamed of it in public,) an American."

Now, though Fred Peters is not the man ever to deny his country, and has often taken up the cudgels manfully in her defence, even when he had to wage



a double war—against her defamers and his own conscience—still, at that moment an unaccountable feeling took possession of him, making him wish to be of any country his *fellow-traveller* (*Query*. Is this a proper term to apply to a lady? I doubt it) would prefer. Narrowly did he watch those brilliant black eyes which seemed to express fifty shades of opinion upon the subject in as many seconds; and many and deep were his mental objurgations of the flickering, lazy lamp that pretended to illuminate the carriage. His feelings, however, were soon relieved.

"I have always felt a deep interest in that great country, and an anxious desire to visit it. In truth, I have a propensity for travel. The continent is absolutely worn out to me; I am no stranger to the Holy Land, and have passed six months in India."

"And yet, madam, with all the variety that these scenes have presented to you, America would furnish more novelty than any you have mentioned, not even excepting the last."

An opportunity was here offered, and promptly seized, of enlarging upon the beauty and grandeur of our scenery, which involved startling statements of the circumference of lakes, length of rivers, heights of mountains, and depth of caves—all given with that American warmth of color which never errs on the side of diminution; and as my confidence increased, lakes, rivers, mountains, cataracts and caves increased also, till they would have done honor to fairy land, when I was interrupted by the stoppage of the train.

"Is this Broxbourne?"

"No, madam; Waltham."

"Broxbourne is my point of destination. I am going to visit a charming family, whom I have not seen since my last return from the continent. The eldest daughter, my schoolmate and intimate friend, crossed the Atlantic some years ago, and spent a year in your country. I have often heard her speak of Bishop M——, whom you doubtless know by reputation at least?"

"Not only by reputation, but personally."

"Miss Carleton—that was her name, then—was the guest of a clergyman in New York—Dr. Peters."

Neither more nor less than the governor! Little did I think when I started on my dreary way in a strange land, unknown and unknown, that I should so

soon be sitting next to a lady but one step removed from an acquaintance. The disclosure of course enabled me to introduce myself to the fair one. Several incidents of her friend's visit, equally familiar to both, were related; and our conversation soon became as intimate as if we had known each other for years.

"You may, perhaps, have heard her speak of her friend, Miss Andrews? and"—here I could distinguish a smile—"she has never yet had authority to give her any other appellation."

This was said with the greatest apparent *nonchalance*, but it is a settled point in man's belief that woman at thirty is as sure to regret the necessity of being aduced as a spinster, as she is at double the age to deny that any difficulty ever existed in the way of relieving herself from that necessity. Possibly the Transatlantic would rashly have given Miss A. reason to believe that she might soon have it in her power to grant the authority hitherto withheld, but the shout of a dozen leather-lunged porters yelling the name of the station again interrupted him.

"Guard! guard!" shouted I from the window, "what station?"

"Royden!" yelled the guard in return, estimating Mr. Peters' distance at half a mile at the very least.

"Then, Miss Andrews, unless I have forgotten the relative position of Broxbourne, it is the station just behind, and this train doesn't stop there, it appears."

"Oh, dear! what shall I do, Mr. Peters? what *shall* I do? where can I go? this is too bad!" and the charmer gave vent to her feelings by the appropriate quantity of tears.

Had I allowed my self-possession to leave me for a moment, it would only have rendered our awkward situation still more awkward. "The sooner you get out the better," said I, as quietly as possible, and suiting the action to the word, I made preparation for her removal by handing out to the porter her "inconveniences," consisting of two small bundles and one large one, a moderately sized portmanteau and a something of pyramidal shape tied up in a cambric handkerchief; everything, in short, that a lady could require, *except* an umbrella. Now, this happened to be the precise article most wanted in our present situation. Fortunately, I knew enough of the English climate to be provided with an ample one. Knowing, also, the accurate punctuality of English railways, I

took the precaution, before extending my gallantry to Miss Andrews, to ask the guard whether there would be sufficient time for me to accompany her to the station-house and return.

"Plenty o' toime, zur," replied Guard, "but 'twould be as well for 'ee to hurry a bit."

"Now, Mr. Peters, is all right? Did you hand out all the five packages? Hold the umbrella a little more this way, if you please—so;" and Miss Andrews seemed to be fast recovering her composure. Were the light step with which she tripped along to the station-house any indication of her feelings, she must have been in a positively merry mood. As we stood within the door, she pouring out thanks and making protestations of gratitude, I gazing into her eyes with more tenderness than a young gentleman should permit himself to indulge in on any but very extraordinary occasions, the porter came up touching his cap.

"Luggage, sir?"

"Oh, I'm going on; never mind me. Get this lady a carriage for Broxbourne. Good-bye, Miss Andrews;" and off bolted Fred Peters to the platform, where he had the satisfaction of just discerning the train, smoking away nearly a mile off, for it had started just one minute before.

"Heavens and earth! I'm left! Luggage gone! hat gone! Con-found that guard! I'll break him! I'll write to the directors! I'll"—— and then a few sparks of gallantry flashing back upon me, I returned to my fair associate, congratulated myself on the pleasure of being able to superintend her transportation to her temporary home, and protested that if I only had my hat, and felt any security about my luggage, I should be the very happiest fellow in the world. This said, with an air of as much sentiment as could reasonably be expected from a man in a box-coat and grey skull-cap, I prepared to provide for the exigencies of our present position.

"Now, porter, get me a carriage as soon as you can."

"Carriage! wy, sir, there beant so much as a caart within a mile."

"Then you must go a mile. The lady can't wait here, you know."

"Wy, noa, sir, I sud think not. There beant another room to the 'ouse, and there beant bed or aught but that bench; as to carriage, Measter Grizzled in t' box can tell 'ee about that."

"Measter Grizzled," (Griswold?) who held the responsible office of station-

clerk, and performed his functions in a kind of pulpit, well described by the term, *box*, did not wait to be addressed, but directed porter Bill "to go to Squire Haskell's and bring whatever he could get." This authoritative order, backed by a half-crown from myself, made Bill sufficiently nimble. Meantime Miss Andrews had busied herself with her "inconveniences," ascertaining the integrity of the mysterious cambric-enveloped object, (it proved to be a mirror,) turning the bundles carefully over, and examining each in search of damage by crush or rain; while her protector had opened a cross-examination of Mr. Griswold touching his proper course of procedure to obtain vengeance on the offending guard. In these agreeable amusements half-an-hour or more was spent, and an old-fashioned corner clock droned out its dismal note of passing time. Ting! ting! ting! was solemnly repeated eleven times, during which we all maintained a profound silence, as if following each stroke with a corresponding mental enumeration. Hardly had it ceased, when Bill announced his return, much in the fashion of a Newfoundland dog after a swim, by shaking himself most vigorously.

"Waal, I doan't know, ma'am," said he, addressing Miss Andrews with a broad grin, probably intended for a smile. "I doan't know 'ow it may suit you, but I never seed such a naight. Aye, but it *do* pour."

"There's no use of complaining, Bill. If you have any coats or cloaks here we may make the lady tolerably comfortable. Is the coach a close one, Bill?"

"Close? ha! ha! na, there beant no top to it at all. It be a hopen wagon, ha! ha! But I ha' got coat and cloak boath at yer sarvice, sir," and Bill proceeded to a closet containing quite a collection of curious relics.

"What a position, to be sure!" said Miss A., half aloud, as if just awakening to an awful sense of its singularity; "to come to a friend's house that has not seen me for two years, with a gentleman of a few hours acquaintance, at midnight, in an open farm-cart. But really, Mr. Peters, I ought to be ashamed to say a word about my own share of the predicament, when you exhibit such calm resignation."

"Ahem! Will you try on this coat, Miss Andrews?" and with most tailorly precision I fitted on her the porter's coat; a blue-grey, with red standing collar and cuffs, not quite new, but sufficiently

capacious to envelope her figure completely.

"Now, sir, here be cloak," said Bill, producing a venerable tartan plaid, which was adjusted by means of a ponderous brass chain and hook, supported at either end by a particularly fierce looking physiognomy of England's majestic lion; a fashionable ornament of the last century.

"Come, Bill, is all ready?"

"All raight, sir," replied Bill, speaking as if convinced that he had never been surrounded with such a concatenation of circumstances all as wrong as possible; "but if I ad ma way, sir, I'd ave it further from midnight, a spring or two to cart, and a drop or so less rain. Wy it's enough to draawn one's sperits. Stop a bit till I get a bench loike, as t' lass maun claumb summut o' two stories to top o' cart."

"That's right, my man," said I, warming gradually into making the best of a bad bargain; and by dint of some muscular exertion and kind encouragement added to the help of the bench, I was enabled to get the lady as comfortably settled as a wet seat of scanty dimensions for two with three occupants would allow. Fairly under way then at half past eleven, our company enjoyed the prospect of making the quiet village of Broxbourne at an hour that would "astonish the natives." Bill, as he could neither participate in the conversation that went on briskly under the umbrella, (for though the lady had announced herself as *still* Miss Andrews it must not be understood that she was of a taciturn disposition,) nor even overhear it, indulged in an alternation of vocal and instrumental music, if the distinction may be drawn between a whistle and a hum. I received with becoming modesty sundry compliments on the proverbial gallantry of American gentlemen; and the lady acknowledged equally acceptable personal encomiums with imaginable but invisible blushes, and audible titters. The lights of the town were at length seen, when a very serious question arose as to the ability of Miss A. to recollect the locality of her friend's residence, after three years' absence, the unlikelihood of which was increased by a distinct remembrance of an unusual similarity between the two principal streets and a general uniformity in the style of architecture. But I had now arrived at the state when one positively enjoys difficulties, and having quite forgotten my luggage and hat, was prepared to relish what under other circum-

stances, above all in other company, would have been promptly denounced as a nuisance.

"There's the house!" suddenly cried Miss Andrews, who had been closely scanning each dwelling, as we jolted through the main avenue of Broxbourne.

Accordingly Bill was ordered to "bring up" at the designated dwelling and instructed as to the requisite amount of noise to be made at the door thereof. A rapid application of his knuckles and heels, administered with satisfactory vigor and accompanied with some rather unceremonious remarks, brought out from the window a night-cap with an old withered face inside of it and a very shrill and shrewish voice inside of that.

"Noo then, lad, who sent 'ee here to knock my door in? Go away or I'll scritch murder."

Bill deigned not to reply till he had finished the stave he was whistling. After a scientific twirl at the close he suddenly broke forth: "It's all raight, Mrs. Carlton—it's we—and a vera oonpleasant toime we's had of it."

"Get out!" interrupted night-cap, "a pratty time o' night to raise such a row. Now young man, I tell you you'd better go away quietly."

"It's all right," said I, adopting Bill's phrase, "and I'll explain it in a minute, Mrs. Carlton."

"That's not my name," rejoined the termagant.

"Oh, it's the house in the next street!" exclaimed Miss Andrews, as the true state of the case flashed upon her.

"No, this isn't the house in the next street!" vociferated the venerable lady—an assertion that none of us felt able to contradict—and forthwith the window was slammed down excitedly.

"Try the next street, Mr. Peters; I am sure we shall not make such another unpleasant mistake."

So Bill, after fully explaining that if we did not succeed in finding *the* place, the Black Bull was a capital inn open at all hours, drove into the next street and drew up to a house the very duplicate of the former.

I was determined to apply myself this time. A respectable knock was immediately answered by the appearance of an ancient and jolly, but for the time solemn, looking gentleman.

"Has Miss Andrews arrived here, sir?"

"No, sir, I am sorry to say she has not," and the tremulous tones of the reply indicated an anxiety which pleased

me mightily. "She was expected two hours ago, but where she is God only knows."

"Perhaps I can relieve your feelings, sir," said I, stepping back to the cart and handing out the lady.

A three years' absence had somewhat dimmed the old gentleman's recollection of his anticipated guest. She, nothing daunted, gave him a hearty English welcome, and, still hanging upon my arm, pressed her way to the parlor. There was a scene which could not have been better if pre-arranged. Mrs. C. and her two interesting daughters sitting in a flood of tears, and looking prepared to refuse all consolation. The matron and damsels so arranged their sobs as to come down altogether at every third one with overwhelming power, while the old gentleman, with his lowering brows and twinkling eyes, filled up a dark and effective background.

"Allow me, madam, to present you the object of your solicitude," said I, with a vain effort to suppress a smile. "Oh, Clarissa!" "Where have you been?" "What has happened to you?" and while such exclamations were profusely poured out, not unmingled with those indications of affection which the fairer portion of humanity much delight in, I entered into a brief and conclusive explanation with the venerable host. My success was sufficiently indicated by the hearty laugh of the ancient, who, approaching his fair guest burst forth:

"Clarry, is that the latest continental travelling costume? or are you just entered for the India service, with the scarlet collar and cuffs? Come, I've examined Mr. Peters, but you have to be questioned yet, so get your story ready. What a fright you gave me! I drove to the station, could find nothing of you, came back in despair, and have been ever since inventing all sorts of possible and impossible mistakes and delays to quiet Madame Niobe there."

"By the by, Mr. Peters, have my bundles been brought from the *chaise*?" asked Miss Andrews, handing over the coat and cloak, and throwing in a smile that I thought it prudent to forget, but to this day it will present itself as a standard for all similar dental disclosures.

"They are 'all raight,' as our John says, and you will allow me to bid you good night, with thanks many for the pleasure of this night's adventures, and hopes most fervent that the morning will find

you none the worse for your drenching and jolting. Good night—

'Welcome is ever smiling,  
While farewell goes off sighing.'"

I felt that the farce was over, and thanked my stars (which were just beginning to twinkle again) that the clerk of the weather had reached the same conclusion. My only thoughts now were of a place of rest. Bill directed me to the Black Bull, no great distance, fortunately, and was made happy with half a sovereign. Most reluctantly did the landlord crawl from his warm sheets, most lazily did he unbar the ponderous door, and most peremptorily did he disclaim any such credulity as would allow him to believe that an individual arriving at his hostelry after midnight with a skull-cap and without luggage, could have the slightest affinity with the general idea of a gentleman. He was positive, (and what Englishman ever was not?) that his judgments of character were always correct, and in this case categorically enforced his opinion by demanding three shillings in advance for the guest's lodging, &c., adding a solemn prediction that if Parliament did not put a stop to those infernal railways, every county in the kingdom would be robbed by London graduates, honesty and virtue would be found only in the dictionary, and post horses and coaches exiled to heathen countries. He proceeded, while drawing a stoup of ale, destined to refresh my inner man, to render thanks that his entrance upon the stage of life had occurred at so remote a period as to admit of a hope that his exit would take place before the fulfillment of his prophetic declarations.

I left this Jeremiah to his gloomy forebodings and, closing my door upon him, was soon lost in sleep. But my excited brain seemed bent on revenge for having been so long dishonored by the little grey skull-cap, and kept its proprietor running through the most embarrassing predicaments in aid of ladies fair, and performing the most astounding feats in the imaginary recovery of his lost hat.

It was not till a very advanced hour next morning that Fred Peters awoke to swallow a hasty breakfast, pay his respects at the Carletons, and resume his journey on the E. C. R., having learned something and lost something.

Reader! he is still the rover he was, and the lady is still "Miss Andrews."



## SHAKSPEARE VERSUS SAND.

THE elements of human happiness are few, simple, and universal. We have bodily needs and spiritual longings in the gratification of which all enjoyment consists. We want the means of satisfying animal passions and desires, opportunities for indulging our soul's sentiments, friendly companionship, intercourse, thought, a calm conscience, the attainment of our wishes or ambitions. Every man has more of what he is, in common with all others, than of what is peculiar to himself. Take us generally, as a race, and we have settled it by the common consent of all generations that riches—a command over the material earth and its products—is the first great element of happiness. For this we strive daily and nightly; for this we peril health, risk life, sacrifice self-respect; the *auri sacra fames* is the first appetite of mankind. All the maxims of philosophy or the precepts of religion cannot eradicate it. The reason is that it so plain to the human reason that riches, or the ability to defy poverty, is a means of happiness, that not to believe so is to disbelieve our senses. Next to wealth perhaps we love power and place—but why need we enumerate these things? Are not these truths all written in the book of the chronicles of the world's history? Do we not find in our own hearts, when we look deepest into them, that what we regard as the things that would go to make up a sum of happiness—those that enter into the realization of our ideal, are nothing more nor other than those same old bubbles that misers have toiled for, kings and generals braved death for, artists and poets wasted life for, and lovers gone crazy for? We may speculate, and mystify, and *transcendentalize* ourselves, as much as we please, but when we come to the very essence, we are but plain men and women after all—very much alike in all essential particulars, agreeing on all questions that influence our actions, having the same general notions of the earth and of our own souls, believing that choice delicacies are pleasant to the palate, fine linen to the back, that it is better to ride than to walk, to live without labor than to depend upon it, to be rich, great, powerful, respected, feared, revered, than to be poor, little, weak, de-

spised, scorned, pitied, to be loved than to be hated, to have friends, than to be friendless; to have a good conscience than to live conscious of wrong-doing, to be all, in short, that we all would be than to be what we would not.

The pictures of the means of happiness present themselves to be sure under as many different forms as there are individuals; one wants this farm, another that, another's heart is set upon a house, a horse, or merely a new Leary; one wishes to rise in politics, another in letters, another more humble looks to establish himself in a home; and so with the weaker sex, it is not the same shawl pleases all, nor the same style of bonnet, yet with all men and all women taken together the tendency of opinion is unanimous in a certain direction. The elements of happiness are agreed upon, few, and simple, and the motives they give rise to equally so.

Whatever difficulties the study of human nature presents, whatever strange developments it exhibits, there is in this aspect, no difficulty in penetrating and reading through it as if it were transparent. God has made of one flesh all the nations of the earth, and however much it galls our pride to think so, we are of the same blood with the poor Fuegian; the proudest senator may be in Heaven's eye only even with the Dyak chief whose hut is hung with the skulls by which his greatness is reckoned, and the Brummel of Broadway may be no more exquisitely clad than the cannibal dandy of Feejee. We all tend one way; the *human heart* is the same in all countries and ages. As in a fertile meadow that lies under the warm sun in the early spring, millions of spears of grass shoot up, there is no two alike, no two bent the same way or surrounded by exactly the same influences, but all are growing upward, so it is with living men and women. The great burdens of life press more or less heavily on all. We have similar cares, hopes, desires. The same likeness prevails in our minds as in our bodies, and the motive powers of one are as easily recognized as those of the other. Desire for wealth, for power, for fame, for a city life, for a country life—who shall classify all the shades of mo-



tive? It were as easy to describe individual limbs. Yet there is a *general resemblance*, and a general disposition to look for happiness to objects which may be enumerated almost on one's fingers.

This general and physical psychological likeness is also universally *known and recognized* by high and low, rich and poor, all qualities and conditions of men. We all know that we require food, raiment, shelter; we all know that we have likings and dislikings, that we love very much the same things in essence, however much we may differ in the means we take to obtain them, however much we may deceive ourselves, and fancy we are striving for one object while our hearts aim at another; there is, in short, a universal consent among all mankind in relation to the few main purposes that move us most deeply; in other words, there exists all the world over, and always has, in all the strange phases the race has gone through, some tests by which men have judged and decided upon what is sane and insane, reasonable or unreasonable, in relation to their motives and actions; and these tests in all the wiser and more civilized families, have been applied in so nearly the same way that we may regard men's opinions concerning what they mostly live for, and are impelled by, as much the same in all times and conditions, and consider it a fixed fact that there is such an attribute of humanity as

#### COMMON SENSE.

Now the possession of and general acting or endeavoring to act in accordance with the decisions of this common sense must ever lie at the root of all that is excellent in character or achievement. That is, a man, whatever he is or achieves, must in the first place be a being of like passions with the generality of his kind, susceptible to common animal wants, desires, impulses and influences; he must have the same eyes, "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections; he must be fed by the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed by the same summer and cooled by the same winter; if you prick him he must bleed, if you tickle him he must laugh, if you poison him he must die." He must be in brief, neither a lunatic nor a fool; neither altogether gross and brutish nor yet an angel, not wholly thinking of his appetites and instincts but possessing them, in short he must not be with-

out all those vulgar wants and wishes which as an animal requiring food, raiment, shelter, and the society of his kind, he ought to have, (albeit he is "the paragon of animals,") and must be prepared to rough it through the world and to give a large share of his time and attention to looking after his physical necessities and his plain worldly interests.

The greatest genius that ever lived, ate, drank, lived with his wife, worked, made money, and spent it like other men. Doubtless a large share of his time and talk was occupied by these matters; doubtless he that could make his Falstaff speak so musically and humorously of the virtues of "your good sherris sack," had quaffed many a cup in his own proper person. Doubtless, ere the heyday in his blood was tame, he had "kissed the keeper's daughter," as well as stolen his deer. The age and place permitted more license than our new England does now. Or if he fell into none of these errors of youth, it must have been because he had always more than ordinary control of himself, and could resist temptation with more than ordinary firmness. For, that good living, and all the bodily pleasures of life, would have been real temptations to him, there can be no question. And yet was there ever a purer soul than his, into whose calm depth there floated such living images of beauty, modesty and goodness as Miranda, Ophelia, Desdemona? Was there ever a mind more busied with deep searching thoughts and subtle wisdom than his who produced Hamlet, Romeo, and Macbeth? Or more capable of resolute reasoning, the craft of law, and politics, than that which gave us Wolsey, Antony, Ulysses? God forbid that we should hold him up as an example of moral perfection. That he was but after all an erring man may be readily admitted, and yet we do believe that the substratum of sound *common sense*, the experience of actual life and mere every day notions, which he everywhere exhibits, was in him no peculiar imperfection, but only a healthy condition. It may be necessary now to publish family editions of his works, but, for all that, we believe that there are few living at this present time worthy to cast a stone at him as a greater sinner against purity; and still more, we have no doubt it is this grossness of common life manifested in all his plays which has more than any other quality made them survive, and yet exert such

power over the hearts of the people. His thoughts are like those curious pictures in which any one may see the design and drawing and coloring broadly laid on in great effective masses, but which a closer examination shows to be wholly made of the rarest mosaic, gems, and precious stones of all lustres, fayed together with infinite art; or rather like those choruses of Handel's, where the untaught ear only hears the wide rolling volumes of sound, while the musician is listening to the different voices winding in and out, striving and contending with fiery vehemence to excel each other in emotion.

Was there ever a more perfect picture of guileless, natural, ardent *love*, than is painted in *Romeo and Juliet*? Two young hearts so loving and so like to each other (by an instinct of Shakspeare's healthy soul all his lovers and heroines are counterparts) that if either had not met the other they could never have loved, and having met they cannot be parted; both so passionate and so child-like, so quick and yet so deep and tender—what lovers there may be in the Italian poets we know only by hearsay, but doubt if there be any like this unmatched pair anywhere but in Verona. Their minds are all refinement; their talk is all poetry; they are as delicate as can be, yet not fragile; their lives are all passion; and still they are actually alive, and the main motives which impel them the roughest mind that ever drank the music of their vows in the pit or gallery of the theatre can feel the truth of, if not understand, and feeling that, is more likely to understand than he would be where no touch of nature moved him. They are, after all, *common sense* lovers; they long to be married; they talk to each other in a plain unmistakeable language; their feelings appeal to universal nature; they do not stop to sentimentalize over the matter; they have actual purposes, and these tend the same way that they should do and must in all true lovers. The only difference is that they are all delicacy, tenderness and poetry; their souls are finer, their hearts purer than ours; but still they are real souls and hearts. There is none so stockish but a pure passion will wake in him some touch of poetry, and there is no lady worth loving that does not wish to be joined to her lover in actual wedlock; yet there are few of us whom love or any passion could teach to discourse in

gentle Romeo's manner, and few damsels it may be without sin suspected, who meet the embraces of their young husbands with an affection as unchangeable and truly bride-like as Juliet's.

If we recall the glorious procession of lovers and ladies that walk through those bright pages, we shall remember that it is equally true of them all, that whatever phases their love appears under, whatever peculiarities of character they may have, they are all alike in this, that they live, move, and have their being, in the same simple passions, hopes, fears, motives that we recognize in ourselves. They are not automats, male and female Franksteins, made by art to seem like men and women; they are not like the men and women of Kotzebue, and those of that school, who are tortured to death from motives which while we acknowledge sufficient to produce such effects, we feel that we could not be so moved by ourselves; they do not oblige us to go upon another plane and assume as existing a *sense* which is not *common*, to conceive the sun rising out of the West, and men and women dying to save not a real honor, but one of which they as well as we cannot but all the while see the folly of obeying; they take us where we are, and come home at once to our "businesses and bosoms;" the pure-minded among them are as pure as if they were "enskyed and sainted," yet their purity is not a sentiment, a condition put on and worn like a garment, to conceal deformity; their modesty is not prudery, it is not like much of our so-called in these refined times, an offensive modesty, nor even a defensive one; it is a celestial atmosphere surrounding the soul, invisible, and impalpable, yet that cannot be blown away; like the foam at the foot of a waterfall, if you strike it it is not injured, look! it trembles there as pure and whole as it was before. The gross and vulgar that move among them do not soil them; they are just such rude men and women as the world is full of; and the villains, their villainy is not contagious, and they no more nor even so much contaminate the virtuous they appear with, as does the smirking scoundrel dandy whom mamma tells her daughters to beware of, or the mean grovelling thriver whom she does *not* tell them to beware of, at an evening party make leprous the white souls of those daughters. They are possible and actual gross men and villains; some almost unconscious

of their own deformity, others with the perception of purity and truth not quite gone, but dulled and dimmed, as it must be with all mere beasts or rogues. They do not sin like our sensualists and scamps in modern novels, from the best of motives, nor with such an oppressive consciousness of their sins as is intended to make us feel for and pity them. They have none of that high-souled French enthusiasm that loves to leap into the Seine, and is never so right as when it is most wrong—an enthusiasm about as real and manly as that maudlin grief displayed by Mr. Richard Swiveller, when he clings to the lamp-posts and determines to be a “miserable orphan”—none of that incongruous mingling of character which, though so often painted, never existed, by which the leaden dross of rascality and the steel of true manliness are fused together in one mould, so that the casting is at once the most ruthless and reckless spoiler, and the most exalted and tender-hearted gentleman. Even Macbeth, who was paltered with by fiends, and his infirm purpose all the way strengthened by the wife he loved; even he, whose spirit was so clear, and thought “so brain-sickly of things” at the first, becomes turbid and muddy after he has “filed his mind;” and he shows not that cream-faced disposition to love virtue and purity which our novel villains betray so much of while they are plotting hideous crimes, but a resolute determination to stifle all thought; he does not amuse his leisure by probing and scarifying the wounds he has inflicted upon his conscience, but he endeavors to tear out his conscience altogether; his dreadful regrets are not sentimental musings, which it is his habit to indulge in, but hot tears, wrung from him, in spite of all his resolution; he goes foundering on like a stout ship whose pilot is determined to wreck her, and cares not to turn his eye towards the safe channel he has willfully neglected to keep.

In fine, whether gross, vulgar, criminal, or pure and virtuous, Shakspeare's characters are all sane men and women; their motives and actions are such as we can at once comprehend, and which seem at once not irrational. They speak a language that is universal; they love and hate as we do; they sin as we do; they have the same cares, affections, griefs, ambitions, desires, hopes, that keep all the world in a fever. In all their forms they have, at the root, those

broad and deep drawn touches of natural character that make the whole world ready to acknowledge them as their kin. There is not, for example, a rough sailor, of average perception, whose life has been all made up of long cruises and short debauches, but who can understand, in the main, the passion of Hamlet; you ask him why Hamlet does not marry Ophelia and he would say, “Because he is so sorry on account of his father's murder he can't love the gal;” true, if you ask him whether he himself would have done so, he would be very likely to say, “No, blast his eyes; he would have anybody half as pretty as that actress;”—and his analysis of the character would be quite as profound, though expressed in fewer words, than has been given by many great critics. He would understand the character as far as he was *up to it*; how could he or the critics do more? and yet Hamlet is a play stuffed with genius and the most subtle reflection, and surely there never was a more perfect gentleman than the Prince, or a more exquisite lady than Ophelia. Shall we not suppose that some faint rays of that real gentlemanliness and true delicacy penetrate even through the sailor's ignorance, and the critic's conceit? Why, there are faces and airs whose purifying influence is felt even in the crowded way, as there are also those that exhale an aroma of voluptuousness! The only path to true refinement is through nature, and here, where nature is mirrored and yet excelled, (for no complete *Perdita*, *Jessica*, *Juliet*, or *Ophelia*, ever was found out yet in the world,) we are in this path; whenever we go away from nature we have mere fancy to build upon; we may construct curious and incongruous combinations of qualities, but they will not be men and women; we may write a novel, for example, on the principle that a man shall love his wife so well he shall desire to have her unfaithful to him, that she may be happier, but it will not make it so; we may “argufy,” for the sake of “argufying,” may bring out all our metaphysics in our characters, make them as witty or wise as we please, or represent them as acting under the most ingenious complications of good and bad—all will not do—we shall never draw actual characters, only in so far as we follow a natural ideal; we shall make no progress in the *heart work* especially, shall never paint greater virtue of any sort than exists, except

by so painting it that it shall be *really* virtue.

And to do that, how can we help following common sense? For common sense presides over us like the sense of moral accountability; we cannot escape it. If we will it away, as perhaps we may do, we will ourselves into madness. We undo ourselves just in so far as we disregard it. And with our utmost efforts short of insanity we cannot shake it off; we must eat or we die; we cannot walk on our heads, and think with our soles instead of our souls; we cannot make our organs and senses as obedient as Petruchio makes his super-dainty Kate's; we cannot make it what o'clock we say it is; the round sun will still look down at mid-day, though we swear the heavens are hung with black, and the seasons will come, the snow, the rain, clouds, trees, air, the rose and the heart moving violet—all will still be the same, and so will the hearts of men, howsoever we may prefer to shut our eyes and seek out vain inventions.

There is no department of human labor where men are so apt to go astray from common sense as in the painting of characters from the imagination; in writing novels, plays, and the like. For in this labor it is necessary to stand behind one's own mind and send images from it upon the white sheet beyond; and where one's mind is full of scholarship, and also full of determination to produce, at all events, striking pictures, how very prone we are to be distrustful of the simple path of nature that seems to lie so open before us, that a wayfaring man even need not err in it; how liable we are to pause and doubt till the golden moment is gone and the way lost. Suppose we sit down to write a novel with the sincerest purpose of making a true and good one; our very earnestness stands in our way. Wishing to make some of our characters deep thoughted, refined, and that shall strike the world; with what rigid nerve, sustained many weary days, must we work at them so as to bring out, not *our wish*, but *what we wish*. How perpetually must we keep ourselves in remembrance that the soul thinks the most profoundly and acutely with just as little pain and travail as the most superficially and dully; that it is easier and more common to affect depth than simplicity, and that all fancies come and go on the mind like lightning flashes on a cloud. Thoughts that are really great

and good strike through and inter-penetrates other minds as soon as they are brought in contact. And it is as true of them separately as combined, that the element of common sense must form the basis of their substance; that is, they are great and good, just in proportion as they unite, like opposite electricities, with all sane minds, the moment the two are brought together, as a mathematical truth does, for example, the instant it is evolved. Mental wealth consists not in mysteriously refined and laborious thinking, but in the multitude and vividness of common ideas, such as every one can understand at least the broad outlines of.

And so of goodness. We have also, in the case supposed, as well as in our actual life, to guard against refining over much in moral notions. The commandments are but ten; the great duties of life are all simple and plain; we may attain more nice and elevated perceptions of them, but we cannot change their essence. Chastity will still be chastity, though we write a whole library, showing how men and women could forget their vows and be all the while as pure as unsunned snow. Robbing and murder—all sorts of crime that can be devised—will still be the invariable opposites of virtues, though we may jumble them eversomuch together in attempting to penetrate other men's hearts by acupuncture, instead of reading them to them out of our own.

What a wealth of manliness was lavished on the drama in that golden age of art, the Elizabethan era! Many of those great painters of souls were poor men, and lived in obscurity, by the toil of the mind, under great temptation to be untrue to themselves and to the world; but their genius and the disposition of their time sustained them. They were not all alike perfect, nor any at all times so, yet it must be confessed that they sustained themselves in a higher and nobler because truer walk of art than has been reached by so many since. They were honest men; they bent and yielded to the evil of the world; they did not, like artists who write, not in the love of truth, but to gain little ends, and use art as the means for which they have most talent—not because they have a real enthusiasm for it—nurture the evil and so nourish it. They preserved the inner heart pure; the upright intention shines through all their extravagance, their grossness, and folly. They set them-



selves seriously to paint real men and women, and certainly they succeeded; they were poets, and they drew such men and women as the poet's eye only sees; they were scholars and thinkers, and the men and women they painted talked like gods; but at the root of all they had *common sense*, and their men and women exhibit the common hearts of humanity. They are like great players who play divinely on instruments of music—we know the tune, it is the same old tune of joy and sorrow, passion, love, hope, all motives, the notes of which are engraven on our consciousness, but oh, how exquisitely touched! Every note has a new and deeper meaning, and chords in our bosoms are set vibrating which we did not know before were attuned to such harmony.

And of all these great artists, Shakspeare was the greatest, because, in addition to all their excellent qualities, he had "the largest and most comprehensive soul." He was not different from them, nor from other men in essence, but in stature. What Dryden says of biography in the preface to Plutarch, will apply to all Shakspeare's plays; in them "the pageantry of life is taken away; you see the poor *reasonable animal* as naked as nature ever made him; are made acquainted with his passions and his follies, and find the demi-god a man." Yet still the man in Shakspeare is a demi-god too; he is nobler, purer, and wiser, than the actual man; it exalts the soul to be made acquainted with him, as Shakspeare represents him in his high characters; it makes us more refined to associate with Shakspearian gentlemen, with Hamlet, Benedick, Orlando; and it makes purer minded to hold converse with such ladies as Rosalind, Hero, Portia and Jessica. They may talk as they please of the grossness of speech these beings indulge in, or hear about them, but surely there is little in it that will make any reader worse who is not willing to be so. It is not exciting; libidinous youths do not find there that food for their mean imaginations which they look for in our cheap-literature shops, and while we would, with Ben Jonson, that Shakspeare "had blotted a thousand lines," (and in this sense the wisher had done well to make the wish the father to the deed with respect to his own plays,) yet we do not know if the world would have been the gainer by it if he had. Those gross animal thoughts are certainly, after

all, mere nature; we have different customs now prevailing, but those thoughts still come and go through the purest minds, and there is as perfect an understanding between the sexes now as there ever was; we cannot, *cannot* go beyond common sense. The Puritans tried that, and only made matters worse; nature as well as murder will out; there are few men and women who would be content, with Sir Thomas Browne after his second marriage, that "men should propagate like trees;" we must not forget that we have bodies as well as souls, and that we are only to abstain from lusts which war against the soul, while marriage is honorable in all. It is impossible for us to attain to such a state that the body will perform all its functions as unconsciously as it breathes; there is no true love that has not and should not have a large mixture of the animal, with the spiritual, and so long as we are framed as we are, in our best estate thoughts and fancies will pass over our minds neither delicate nor modest. But if we will, if our hearts are pure, they will pass off like the breath from a mirror that clouds reflection but an instant,—as they always do in Shakspeare's pure heroines, who walk unsullied through temptations that it is to be feared many of our most sentimentally delicate damsels would hardly resist in the same natural manner. No true man was ever made worse by reading Shakspeare; though many may have used him, as there is nothing good in nature that may not be so used, for devilish purposes. The animal is there, but so is the soul, and that in its highest combining proportion, and there is no honestly disposed reader but who will find there more to strengthen his intellect and enlarge his affections than to stimulate his appetites.

God be thanked, this is true of the great body of English literature from Shakspeare down. There are exceptions without number, but the general current has set towards truth, like the Mississippi rolling to the Gulf—silently, spontaneously, and irresistibly. There is no civilized nation that inherits so sound and healthy a library—so many honest and manly authors. Shakspeare (to go back no further) is in himself a library of true health; then comes Milton. In all his profound thoughts, how true he is to nature, common sense and common reason; he could make his fallen spirits discourse of fate, free will, fixed fate, foreknow-



ledge absolute; yet his Adam and Eve have those simple outlines that we all have—only he is a more manly man, she a more womanly woman, than we. Where was ever written a more beautiful picture of a pure chaste lady, than in *Comus*, and yet where were ever animal appetites more plainly set before us? true there are no indecent words, as sometimes in Shakspeare, but where is shown “virtue her own feature,” vice “her own image,” in such majestic poetry—poetry whose lines are as bars of iron, incandescent with genius? It might be said truly that below the HOLY BIBLE there are no books that go so near the truth, and unfold and ripen the human heart and mind so much as Shakspeare and Milton.

But we must not forget that we are not writing to convey our Shakspearian and Miltonic affection, (which other writers have attempted before, “as much as once,”) but have simply used those authors for illustration of the idea which it is the object of this article to bring out. We have merely taken the two greatest names in English literature, and appealed to memory, and the conscious hearts of our readers, to say whether they are not pure writers, full of nature, reason, common sense, as well as of the highest thoughts, and the most ardent poetry. Perhaps they had somewhat to do in forming our minds, and shaping the heart and reason they now address; be that as it may, they certainly appear to us at this day all that we have said. We might now review all our great poets and novelists, and show how in respect of this common sense and right healthy feeling, they all tend the same way—are all sound and hearty—gross sometimes, indelicate, unrefined, but never tending to confound plain right and wrong, virtue or vice—always keeping up, with more or less success, the dignity of letters, not turning pander to low passions and appetites, not as a general thing making themselves “court poets to Beelzebub,” nor, if one may use a flourishing figure for the sake of its truth, like *moral cannibals, fattening their kind to feed on them and pamper their own phagedenous appetites, that consume with their food their substance*. There are men (and women too) who knowingly will take advantage of the weakness of their brethren, who to gain selfish ends, money or fame, will write anything under the sun that seems likely to accomplish the object, immorality that shall just

escape blasphemy, illegality up to treason, and licentiousness only short of obscenity. These men and women are troubled by none of the difficulties we have enumerated as besetting one who sits down with a sincere purpose of writing what shall be true and good, and which the great geniuses we have referred to so nobly overcame; they are too cruel and hard-hearted; they care not to be true to others or to themselves. And it is peculiarly the characteristic of this age to abound in such writers. The “one progressive principle,” *Democracy*, is, just in these few centuries, in the ascendant. Authors less and less address themselves to a judicious few, and more and more to an unreflecting many. There is an earnest struggle to rise, not by reaching up, but by crowding down. There are demagogues in letters as in politics. And as the soul, like the dyer’s hand, becomes “subdued to what it works in,” so those writers who, under the temptation of ambition added, which in the days of Southampton it was not, to necessity, go down to the “many-headed monster,” and condescend to please the hearts of the pit, as the old writers sometimes did their gross fancies, soon become lower than those they feed, and blinder than the blind they mislead. Let these few sentences suffice as an explanation of the reason why it comes that we have now so many detestable novels—but before speaking of them more particularly, let us go back and, calling to mind our English novel writing, observe how it has followed in the path laid out by the great poets, the path of truth, reason, and common sense.

We have not of course time or room in a hurried article, to review at large this department of our literature, nor is it necessary to the purpose, since we only wish to consider it with reference to this particular quality—its sound common sense. All the better of the novels and fictitious writings original in our language, from the *Pilgrim’s Progress* down to Dickens, have this characteristic in greater or less degree; they have all some simple manliness of feeling and are not palpably diabolical. Smollet and Fielding are as gross as can be imagined, but it is the grossness of coarse animal life, not of sensuality; they were both men of strong minds, one was an eloquent describer, and the other a most unparalleled wit; we do not like their manners, but we are invigorated by coming in contact with such mental activity. A

man who cannot read Joseph Andrews with infinite relish and profit too, cannot relish the most fertile and pungent yet good-humored satire that ever was written; yet one would not like to lend a book that is so frequently indelicate to a lady, any more than he would like to introduce to his house the strong and interesting characters he meets in his daily commerce with the world. But what man is there who would not rather ask a rough sailor to dine with him, that has stories to tell of "rich strands," or a haunter of bar-rooms, that was full of jest and whimsical fancy, than a man, such as there are many of in all walks of life, who would be perpetually looking at his wife in a way that would make him wish to cut his throat with the carving-knife? Who is there that has not, while he felt very conscious of his own desires and appetites, shuddered to observe the eyes of some "unco guid" young men such as New England is full of? who has not loathed the contact of their palms? We would not speak too plainly, indeed we detest this subject altogether, but are perpetually driven to it, for that very reason—yet we must say, with an experience of grades and extremes of life that would warrant any man in thinking himself more than usually "crammed with observation," that all we ever read or met with or done has never given us so vivid a sense of loathsome depravity as the faces and looks and *tout ensemble* of many who probably would think it would contaminate them to read Tom Jones or Roderic Random. Be it understood that we are not recommending the reading of these works, nor defending them; there are many better books that may be read instead; all we would say is that there is nothing in them to puzzle the reason and steal away the brains; they are full of what is low and coarse; so is the world; and the man who chooses will walk through the Five Points daily, while another will prefer to stroll down Waverly Place, and only once go through the Five Points to gratify his curiosity. Books that are merely low, will not taint a man if they do not confound his judgment, and make him give up self-respect, and be willing to be a clown; but there is no need of rushing into that which we are taught to pray to be kept from, and it is wisest and best not to let the fancy run upon low scenes—hence we recommend Smollet and Fielding only to those who are determined to be gentlemen and scho-

lars, and who read to "weigh and consider."

We have not mentioned Robinson Crusoe, which is rather a prose epic than a novel. Surely if we were to search the world over to find the book most remarkable for common sense, most full of every day character and maxim, we should choose this out of all. But perhaps some of our readers are accustomed to think of it merely as a patiently-written detail of adventures interesting only to children; to such we must needs say, read it again. They will find that the narrative which amused their youth will still interest their age, and that there is as much in it to please a critical taste as to impress a childish fancy. There are nowhere more richly-colored landscapes, more natural thoughts in their proper places, and there never was written a style in which the reader could so lose himself in the music of its eloquence. Here are no damned metaphysics, no foolish speculation about matters that are set at rest in the minds of all sensible persons by the natural course of life, no brilliant displays, no fine writing, or fine thinking, but a richly wrought work of art, emanating from a most luxuriant genius, trained and controlled by a watchful reason, and a simple earnest benevolent purpose. As much as we admire the rough rudeness of Smollet or the sparkling wit of Fielding, we cannot but think De Foe was a much purer and nobler-minded man, and that his earnestness and power evince a more manly spirit, more genuine health, than any of their qualities. Yet even De Foe is not altogether exempt from coarseness in some of his stories.

Thus far had we written last night, and were thinking what novels we should next allude to, when Q—— at the breakfast table informed us of a singular conversation he had unintentionally overheard while lying "twixt sleep and wake," by two house-maids who were sweeping the hall. One told the other how that she had been invited to a ball which was to come off at "Washington Hotel," what she should wear, &c. Presently they fell into an under-tone, and Q—— dozed; when he woke, the conversation had by a natural transition passed from balls to books, and one was saying what a beautiful novel the "Scottish Chiefs" was, and that she had it in her trunk "up-stairs." The other said, "Had she ever read *Evelina*? *She* had read it when she lived in —— street, and

never should she forget the story if she should live 'seven years.' " She then proceeded to give an outline. "Oh," she said, "such times as they had when Evelina came up to London; they went to the theatre, and they had balls and parties every night, and there was lords and ladies, you know, and dancing and all, just as gay as could be. It was the best novel she ever seen, and *real affecting* too; she wished she had it." Q—— was astonished at first to hear so just a criticism from such a source, and could not help laughing to himself to think how FANNY would have been delighted by it, and gone and written it all down in her journal, and valued it doubtless more than even the praise of "the Doctor." Perhaps our readers may think the incident coined for our purpose, but we can assure them on our veracity that (with the exception of our friend's name, which is not Q——) every particle of it is strictly true, and actually happened not four hours ago from that which has just struck.

The house-maid's criticism of Evelina was just, so far as it went, and it went to the main incidents and characteristics of the book—to the common sense of it; these she could understand and relish. But there are many ladies far above house-maids in refinement as well as position, who may still find amusement in that charming old-fashioned novel, or in its successor Cecilia. And there are many young gentlemen whose minds cannot but feel the purifying and freshening influence of the writings of Fanny Burney. To read those novels is like listening to the conversation of a sprightly sensible lady, half English, half French; it scares away evil passions from the haunted soul as the song of the bird of dawning drives ghosts from yawning churchyards. With all the faults of these books, affectation in style, and drawing of qualities rather than characters, they are certainly sensible, spirited, interesting. There are truly, as the house-maid thought, no livelier parties than Miss Burney's, nor any more natural pathos than that with which she moves our sympathies in her heroines' perplexities.

Mrs. RADCLIFFE's delightful romances must be mentioned also among our sensible novels. These we value for their picturesqueness and for the interest of the story. We seem, as we recall the names of some of them, to be in the midst of Italian landscapes; the sunset lies dimly glorious over some wide valley, embo-

somed in forest-crowned slopes, that slant up afar on either side to lofty mountains, and out of the woody champaign, and along the hill sides in the blue distance, rise the white turrets of ancient castles. We feel once more, in the midst of this agony of life, the sweet repose of St. Aubert's cottage, and again have glimpses of the reveries of youth. Whether the Mysteries of Udolpho, or the Romance of the Forest, could again charm us, we cannot tell, not having tried them for many a weary year, but we know that we still take pleasure in remembering their rich pictures, and regret the hours we wasted on them only because they are past. The thousand good novels of this school (among which we remember the Romance of the Pyrenees and the Castle of Montalba as especial favorites) have as little harm in them as so many picture galleries; it is possible they may have made those who have given too much time to them less fit to encounter the rough actual world, but otherwise they do not corrupt the moral nature. They educate and refine the pure fancy, and expand, refresh, and invigorate the soul.

But if we go on in this way, giving a paragraph to each of the good English novelists, we shall use up our space too soon. Let us fancy that we are examining an old book shop like Burnham's in Boston, or ——'s, in New York, and that we pass our eyes along the array of familiar covers; that we see Mandeville, St. Leon, Cloudesley, Pride and Prejudice, Northanger Abbey, Mansfield Park, The Five Nights of St. Albans, (the favorite of ALSTON,) the Waverly novels in forty-two volumes, Valerius, Fatal Revenge, Hogg's and Lewis's Tales, &c. &c., *ad libitum*. Let us fancy also that we have the same feeling we actually have in such circumstances; suppose we feel as we did when on weekly library days in college, we wasted a delicious hour in deciding from the backs and title-pages which six we would take; and looking back through the dim impression of a throng of heroes and heroines, let us remember how they impressed us. What picture gallery can compare with this, for visions of manliness, purity, and beauty; for noble and gentle characters, and for poetic, true, and artist-like conceptions? And all too, so full of Saxon sense—plain practical experience—the Shakspearian and Miltonic example followed. Of course there are plenty of exceptions; so there are in ability, many

weak novels as well as many strong, yet the proportion of positively vicious is small, and even of them, as there are few so weak as not to be acceptable to some capacities, so there are few so bad as to vitiate a sensible resolute reader. There is a prevailing honesty in this department of our literature, and any reasonable men or women, who choose to amuse themselves that way, and will select judiciously, and read understandingly, may read as many as they please without being at all injured by it, either in their heads or hearts. For they are written by authors whose minds were so balanced that they could consider some things as settled; they recognize the truth of the Christian religion, and the wisdom of the common law, and do not tend to unsettle and disturb the brains of us who find it easier to believe in these things as we find them, and were not made for pioneers of "progress." (Not but that we esteem ourselves wiser than many who now assume to be teachers in these matters; but that it is no more than our duty to do.) They recognize, in short, the existence of *common sense*; and permit us who have not time to think out everything, to remain in religious, moral, and political matters, in our bigotry. There are very few ladies among their characters so pure that they can do anything, very few saints pious from principles of honor, very few gentlemen cut-throats. In general there is a great deal of old-fashioned thinking and refinement, but very little of that thinking which is mere display of brilliant power, which sounds and sounds but touches no bottom and brings up no fish; very little of that refinement which is put on as a garment to conceal deformity.

And at the very present even, when there is so much bad reading given to the public, all of our novel literature that is purely English (and of course American)—all that bears the stamp of Anglo-Saxon parentage, has the same qualities. Cooper's novels, whatever may be their defects of style, and latterly of temper, are excellent common sense stories. So too the tales of Irving, and the hosts of minnows that swim in his wake. So too of Scott's successors, on the other side, James with all his weakness, Dickens with all his exaggerated sentiment, Bulwer with all his wit and his metaphysics, D'Israeli with all his feverishness, Ainsworth—but we will not go down quite so far—they have all some relish of the

"antique world." Bulwer has written some very bad books, but take him for all in all, and the reader will be likely to be tired of him before he is made *much* worse by him. He is a poor painter of true love; his heroes and heroines reverse the natures of men and women, the men love to be loved, and the women love to love, and they each love rather their own fancies than each other. There is a sickly miasma round all of them. They live but in each other's eyes, and their eyes look often towards the moon. They talk very fine words, but are in reality worse minded than Lady Booby or Molly Seagrim; for it is worse to dally with lusts than to gratify them. True love, animal or spiritual, never looks but to the end, and is never satisfied but with absolute possession. But Bulwer's sentiment is not so bad as his metaphysics. He is a great wit, as Pelham proves; full of acuteness and quick logic; all that he lacks is the guiding manly purpose. Wit that only seeks to show itself does not show anything else; brilliant flashes blind and pain the eyes, and fireworks are not so good to see one's way by as a dim lanthorn. To scholars, Bulwer will be pleasant reading, but his effect upon the many cannot be so good as Scott's, either for the politics or morals which he instils.

He has lately published a defence of his villains, which is written with his usual force and subtlety. But we do not like his villains notwithstanding, and though his arguments are admirably put, they are worthless if, in such a question, common reason does not acknowledge them. The truth is, we do not judge of the propriety of characters from reasons, and reasons cannot therefore defend them. We go by the feeling first; the artist shows his own nature through his characters, and it is that after all which affects us; we look for reasons *why* it did thus, this way or that, afterwards. The great test of common sense is what the finest writers must be tried by, and that trial is by an appeal to the world at large. We may observe in life as well as in books that it is the steady light which is most valued, and not that which, though often the brightest, is fitful and flickering. Scott is never so subtle as Bulwer, but we feel more sure that his heart was in the right place; the world has never doubted about *his* villains, and is not likely to doubt. Bulwer paints best men of strong will, hard and intel-



lectual, but withal very full of tragedy heroism ; we have no great affection for his gentlemen and precious little for his ladies. On the whole his best characters are so consciously proud as to be conceited, and too fanciful to be real, even when in love ; for those who are likely to be influenced overmuch by what they read, perhaps James even is an author with whom they would do better to waste their time than with one so full of questionable morality and unsound speculation.

DICKENS everybody knows to be a "funny fellow"—well meaning in the main, but full of prejudice—a perfect specimen of a cockney genius. A great many people among us take delight in "talking him down ;" but for all that, we all make a point of laughing at something or other he is perpetually giving off—if it is only a poor girl's signing her name to a legal instrument. The worst thing about him of late, is his constant whining about riches and poverty, and his laboring so much to show that poor folks are generally as good and happy as rich ones—a truth which needs no showing. All this radicalism does not much harm in England, but here it only encourages laziness and vanity, and it is high time some one should begin to write novels against poverty—showing that those who have the good luck to be born on the eaves of starvation are quite as pitiable as those astride the ridge-pole of affluence.

But we must not forget, in the mirthful thoughts to which the mention of Dickens gives rise, that we are writing this article with a serious purpose, and that all we have said hitherto has been to help along this purpose. We wish to enter our protest, as an admirer of good English novels, against the modern French ones that are now glutting this unhappy country. This Mexican war is killing a few thousands and spoiling more than it kills, but it is not doing the nation half so much harm, we fear, as the poisonous writings of SUE and SAND, *et id genus omne*.

There are some things, even in this day, which must be taken for granted, and not reasoned about—some truths which appeal to common sense and cannot but be believed. There are also some prejudices which it is good to have, and among these, one of the best is John Bull's old prejudice against what he understands by *French*. This, we trust, we

have in some degree inherited—not so much as to hate Frenchmen, or their country, but to have a firm conviction of the superiority of the Saxon over the Gallic development of humanity. We confess we are unable to understand the French character ; that human nature is one thing and French nature another, is a saying that has to us the force of an axiom. We cannot conceive of a religious Frenchman ; a revival in Paris, or an "interesting season" at Toulon would seem to us a solemn farce. Even when we hear of an "eloquent Parisian preacher," we cannot bring ourselves to credit his sincerity. French philosophy seems to us cold, acute, irregular ratiocination ; French art, fashion. Whoever saw a great French picture ? or since Baptiste Lulli, heard of a really great French composer ? Le Sueur, Gretry, and the rest, were great and good in their several degrees, but they do not come into our idea of Frenchmen. They are good, like every other artist now living, because and in so far as they are *un-Frenchified*. There is something in the genuine French mind which makes it not equal to our Saxon thinking. They can reason in mathematics and in all dry science, like calculating machines, but they have not the heart to understand our poetry, nor have they a poetry of their own that is like ours. The relation between men and women among them is different, and though the idea of a true French lady is a very delightful image to bring into the mind, it seems impossible that a *French gentleman* should understand her. We cannot bear the apprehension that the French should begin to do our thinking for us, should furnish us with philosophy, poetry and serious literature ; we are willing they should set fashions, get up dishes, write lively novels of society, vaudevilles, comic operas, and furnish plots, and all those ingenious contrivances in which they so excel. They may amuse us and keep down our bile, and make us wish we could be like them (for your true Frenchman must be the happiest man that lives) and slip as they can through the world, without sin ; and in return, we may give them some gravity and thoughtfulness—may curtail them, shave them, keep them from over-much chattering, and so preserve them in the pale of humanity ; but further than this we do not think the two families, that have kept distinct so long, can ever exchange their peculiarities or fuse into one.



All this feeling, which we have here perhaps exaggerated, makes us distrustful when we hear French novels cried up as great, pure, deep, and the like. Yet we fancy it does not operate so strongly as to blind us to real merit; it only throws the burden of proof on the novels. Good has come out of Nazareth, notwithstanding the proverb, and France may yet give the world a Shakspeare.

But that a female Shakspeare has now arisen in the person of Madame Sand, we do not believe. We have read, we are happy to say, *only one* of her novels, and are therefore better qualified to speak of them than if we had read more, as hands that are but a little soiled are fitter to lay on white paper than those that have been washed in mire. Perhaps if we had read more we should condescend to argue against them, which now appears absurd; our *common sense* might have become obscured. We read only the one where a woman of the most exalted virtue *aggravates* a green young man through a reasonably sized volume, and never gives him any satisfaction; but when she has fooled him to the top of his bent, turns him off forever. Consuelo we are yet innocent of, and from the work we read, and all that we have heard of this, we feel almost so strong in resolution as not to need to pray to be preserved from it. When an inexperienced youth first comes to the city, he takes every man he meets who goes unshorn and wears frogs on his coat, for a foreign marquis, but by and by, he learns that one whom he thought most high in rank, is nothing but a poor barber, and his illusion vanishes forever. Whiskers and frogs have, with him, lost their charm. So it is with these high transcendental novels, that are so crammed with poetry, philosophy, and chastity. A man of sense, accustomed to our grand old poets, and our better novels, needs to read but one of them—*cannot* read more. For with his mind stored with images of real natural beauty, how shall he find room for the false and half-made creations of Parisian debauchees and harlots, that write they care not what, so it gives them the means to support their luxury or pamper their vanity?

How can he please himself with glitter of words, and tedious questionings of great truths that it goes against the stomach of his sense to doubt? If these writers would only leave us alone in our simple religious faith, in our common views of God, ourselves, and the world, their mere horrors and licentiousness would not be so bad, though still bad enough. But they *muddle the mind*, and make the voice of reason and conscience “an uncertain sound.” Observe the admirers of Sand. Are they not Sand-blind? yea, “high gravel blind,” most of them? Can they understand Shakspeare? Do they relish anything in him after the manner of those that can see? No! they are all wildered; nothing is too daring for them in speculation; little common thoughts that have been thought over and over by every soul that lives, they seize upon as discoveries; whatever subject they take up, they discuss with equal irreverence and defiance of sense; there is no teaching them, and the more you argue with them the plainer it appears that they are incapable of being convinced by reasons; and you are forced to the conclusion that either there is, and ever has been, nothing settled in the world or that they are *crazy*.

The number of poor young gentlemen and ladies all over the country that are already in this deplorable condition, it is frightful to contemplate. They tell us “there is a good time coming!” But we don’t believe it. We have yet hope that what they understand by the “good time,” will never come. We believe that virtue will be virtue, and vice, vice, in the next generation as now. We trust too that the Bible, and the Christian religion, will be left so that simple-minded people may still rest secure in faith and hope, however much they that are compelled to choose a belief, may be at the mercy of indifference. We have yet confidence in the Saxon blood, in the reality of knowledge, and in the mercy of Heaven. In a word, we have firm faith, that however these vagaries, and fevers, and fashions, may hinder growth and interrupt true progress, they will all yield in time to the silent influence of Truth and the invincible power of COMMON SENSE.

## THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XIX. (*Continued.*)

## DEMONOMANCY.

TOTSVANIM in quadrigemina creates infinite sense of smelling. Then can a man smell radishes in the moon, and tell the odor of Alexander's breeches, though he be dead two thousand years. By smelling, you may then distinguish a knave from a fool—a cat from a kitten; conclude on the immortality of new poems, by smelling at their leaves; tell the age of an old belle, the wealth of a millionaire, the soundness of a horse, the truth of a doctrine, the right of a cause, by smell. Neither in heaven nor in hades, in the earth nor on it, in sun nor planets, in sea nor air, shall anything escape your nose.

I must not omit to tell you how deeply Slawkenberg smelt on one occasion; for it is no ordinary nose that could do as much. Having hired himself to a prime minister to smell out conspiracies, he detected four at a sniff, and the ring-leaders were immediately seized and executed, so great confidence did he inspire by his trick of showing the whites of his eyes. He could criticise a volume by the smell of the binding, and by smelling the outsides of letters, concluded infallibly on the character of their writers. Sniffing at a volume of Goethe's *Elegies*, he said they not only smelt of the lamp, but had very much the scent of a *Lucina Cordial*, and would probably produce a similar effect upon their imitators.

Yet this is but an exaltation of a power that is natural. For, as there is a physical so is there a spiritual smell. Does not the lawyer smell out his suit, and the lover his mistress? The judge claps his nose to the books; the divine to his sermon; you pull your enemy's

nose to try his spirit—you turn up your own, if he fails to resent it; which, to my thinking, are proofs from the common belief of men, now taken to be the strongest of all proofs, that there is a spiritual nose and a spiritual smell; and not only that, but even a spiritual odor apperceivable by them; concluding by the great organon of analogons.

I know there are certain skin-deep philosophers, who affect to deny this, on the ground that the spirit does but use and employ the senses, without sharing in their specific nature, as men use tweezers and snuff-boxes, without having analogical tweezers and snuff-boxes in their ears or noses. That if there be a nose within a nose, and an eye within an eye, and an ear within an ear, the soul itself, in its high tabernacle, is but a convocation of representative eyes, ears, and noses, and no real or absolute essence; that the mystery of creation lies in the multitude of the material objects, and the simplicity of the spiritual power which controls them; and that if reason controls the appetites and passions, it is because in itself it has nothing of their specific nature, and is by that difference made king and lord over them all; as being that out of which they proceed but not that which they specially are; and the like, concluding, in fine, that neither the universe nor the soul of man is a nest of boxes; nor Deity a jumble of the ghosts of analogons; with other irrelevant stuff, very obscure and hyper-metaphysical, with which neither you nor I, being persons practical, have the least concern, my dear doctor.

## CHAPTER XX.

A DISCURSIVE ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF SLAWKENBERG'S REVELATIONS, BY WHICH THE TOPIC, THE AUTHOR, AND THE READER'S PATIENCE, WILL BE EQUALLY EXHAUSTED.

THAT our sage and veracious author did really hold intercourse with demons

and spiritual essences, I am constrained to believe; because it is immensely agree-

able to my fancy to entertain and cherish such a faith. Could anything be more entertaining than to talk with some wise and observant person, just returned from the invisible world, where he had seen all the wonders of the place?

Yet, notwithstanding the irresistible force, and entire sufficiency of this argument, I will venture to add a few more; not so much to convince, as merely to exercise and confirm your docile, but as yet weak and wavering belief.

Revelation and reason teach us that there are spiritual beings; *ourselves*, for example, our guardian angels, and our evil geniuses. Of these existences we entertain not a doubt, no, not the shadow of one. Why then deny that Slawkenberg held intercourse with good and evil angels? The argument is conclusive, but if you do not like it, you can pass on to my next, which is: that as it is impossible in the nature of things, to prove that our venerable sage did *not* hold intercourse with spirits, it would be idle and unphilosophical, and therefore unbecoming your wisdom, to deny that he did.

My fourth argument is more complicated. To understand it you must first admit that if you and I were spirits, (which we undoubtedly are,) we should do as spirits do, in the body; and if out of the body, then, as they do out of the body. This is rather subtle and difficult, but you will undoubtedly master it. Now, because it is essential to my argument, and therefore necessary to be conceded by you, I assume that spirits out of the body do what spirits out of the body do, and nothing more nor less: *i. e.* they converse, which is perfectly evident, on the principle of sufficient reason; in a word, I defy you to prove the contrary.

Having these points established, it remains only to inquire upon what grounds we rest our opinion of Slawkenberg's honesty. Can we accept his simple affirmation? No! that were an extravagant folly; it is by our knowledge of our own internal constitution we are to judge him. If our own experience agrees with his assertions, all objections *à priori*, or from improbability, may be set aside.

A relater of supernatural events is either a veracious chronicler, or a knave or an insane enthusiast. That Slawkenberg was no insane enthusiast I hold evident from his rational account of himself, his way of life, which was prudent on the whole, and,

lastly, his knowledge of mental science; which last I find, by comparison with my own, to have been very great. It remains only to determine whether he was a knave or no; and this is at once answered by the fact that he was made, at several periods of his life, a deacon of a church, a doctor of laws, a privy counsellor, and a professor of obstetrics; which puts his honesty above suspicion; beside which I have to add, that he was never once in his life detected in an absolute lie; which are, severally and together, quite enough to raise any man above the suspicion of being a rogue.

It is at least certain that he was neither mad nor foolish, having so profound a knowledge of the sciences; and as for his dishonesty, the proofs already given are, or ought to be, sufficient.

I will not pretend to deny that, for reasons known to himself, a great physiologist or a learned metaphysician may choose to be a great deceiver; for there are many examples of antiquity to show the possibility of the thing. Appollonius of Tyana pretended to raise the dead; and there have been, in all ages, persons of unquestionable piety weak enough to employ ridiculous frauds and delusions to convince and terrify the ignorant; nor am I perfectly satisfied in my mind of the injustice of such a proceeding. Let it be supposed, for example, that the pious Slawkenberg could think of no better method of rousing the attention of the world to his doctrines, than by affirming that he learned them by conversation with spirits? What then? did he not know that his doctrines were true, and that if spirits had conversed with him they would have admitted their truth? and was not the absolute certainty of that event a sufficient ground for asserting that it happened?—to say nothing of the excellency of the end in view, namely, the drawing of men's attention to the doctrines?

The one sole idea prevailing throughout the whole of Slawkenberg's folios, is that of the analogons, or of things within things; as, for example, of the nose within the nose, the hand within the hand, the leg within the leg, and so forth, of the whole organism. So perfectly is this idea elaborated by our author, there is nothing in heaven, earth or hades, left unexamined by him with reference to it.

That

“Everything is like everything else,”

is the first axiom of his philosophy ; the second, that

“ In everything, everything is ;”  
and the third, that

“ Everything is in everything else ;” !

or, as a certain ancient philosopher expressed it, “ all is in each, and each is in all ;” the bag is as much in the pudding as the pudding is in the bag ; the man is as much in need of money as need of money is in the man, neither more nor less ; which tallies subtilely with that other dogma of the same philosophy, that “ nothing can act where it is not ;” which is as much as to say, *for example*, put physic in your stomach and not in your shoe, and money in my neighbor’s purse, leaves me neither better nor worse.”

“ Such being the doctrine,” remarked Pantol to me, “ you will instantly perceive that no sacrifice nor martyrdom could be thought of too extravagant or terrible to be suffered for it. Now the worst of all martyrdoms is to suffer in the opinion of posterity ; and the greatest of all sacrifices is the sacrifice of conscience and reputation. How immense, therefore, should be our admiration for the venerable metaphysician, who, for the promulgation of his doctrine, and the theological notions springing out of it, was ready to lay down his reputation at the feet of truth, and sacrifice his conscience for the sake of piety.”

You will now understand with great ease what I am about to communicate respecting Slawkenberg’s conversations with spirits ; knowing his design in recording them, and never forgetting that everything is said with a view to establish the mighty doctrine of the analogons ; a doctrine which, notwithstanding Pantol’s sceptical sneers, is undoubtedly to be esteemed the most mysterious and remarkable of modern psychological discoveries.

He relates that, for years previous to his descent into hades, he had held intercourse with spirits. “ By fasting a week,” says he, “ on bread and water, I acquired a power of conversing with the souls of the dead, who would appear in the anterior lobe of my brain and inform me of what was passing in hades, or in the seven heavens.”

They addressed themselves to the spiritual eye and ear, and not to the external sense.

There is no difficulty in understanding this if you will but remember the analo-

gons ; nay, I will assure you by a better means even than that. If, for the sake of argument, you have a dear friend who is in England, while you are in America, you will sometimes have a vivid recollection of him, and will, in a manner, behold him, by your spiritual senses. If his body were actually present, then, the several impressions of shape, color, size, touch, and the like, which you received from him, entering your senses, would create in you an image of him, which is a spiritual image ; for it is by this image, and not by color or shape, that you know your friend. Now please observe, that the image once planted in your brain by the joint effect of all the senses, it remains when the object is taken away. When, therefore, we speak to each other about our friends, absent or present, it is of these spiritual images we speak, and not of their color, smell, touch, or other external qualities.

Every man’s brain is occupied with a crowd of these spiritual images which he calls “ friends,” “ enemies,” “ acquaintances,” &c. They lie dark until occasion calls them up. Now, to prove to you that these images, and not the sensuous objects, are the real things meant, let me try an experiment. Do you place yourself behind a screen or partition, I myself being supposed—take notice that I said supposed—to remain on the other side, and a thin partition only between us, but quite impervious to sight. Now do you, fully *supposing* as I said, talk with me through the partition. The conversation is going on. Some person comes to you and says, “ Who are you talking with ?” You reply, with a smile of satisfaction, “ With my virtuous friend Yorick”—just loud enough for me to hear. “ Ah !” cries the other, in a rapture, “ is it possible I find myself at last within so short a distance of the truly singular and agreeable Mr. Philip Yorick ?” “ I have the happiness,” you answer, “ to assure you of it.” With an exclamation of joy, the stranger throws down the partition, and behold Herr Dertuyfle, the ventriloquist, sitting very much at his ease, imitating my voice and manner ! Now, to carry the deception still farther, imagine the ingenious Dertuyfle assuming not only my voice, but my countenance and manner, with such a skill as absolutely to deceive yourself, who have known me this ten years—would you not immediately after have sworn that you saw and conversed with me ? “ Certainly.” Very well, then,

how many times may you not have been deceived on less important occasions in the voices and faces of your friends and acquaintances? Their outsides are perpetually varying; but in that spiritual image of them which you carry in your brain, there can be no deception; and these, consequently, are the **TRUE**, the **outsides** false and fleeting. Not only fashionable people but all persons indiscriminately are, in the language of melancholy Burton, "a company of outsides."

Having convinced you by this simple illustration, I may now go on to enlighten you farther concerning Slawkenberg's conversations with the spirits of the dead.

They appeared "in the anterior part of his brain," in the lobe appropriated to the imaginative powers. By which we are to understand not a visible but a spiritual appearance—as when we see a person with the mind's eye. Now, as we all have this power, it were idle to deny it to the intelligent Von Slawkenberg.

Whatever we have asserted, agreeably to our own knowledge of nature and the properties of things, we ought to admit as true, until the contrary appears. If I am told that the Rev. Silas Slug's election sermon will be sunk out of memory in a week, I am bound to believe it; for it is the nature of heavy matter to sink. If I am told that Professor Postzh pronounced a certain metaphysical treatise of mine to be heavy, I am bound to believe that too; for it is a common error of weak hands to call that heavy which they cannot handle. And so when I hear many professing disbelief in Von Slawkenberg's revelations, I am not astonished, considering his use of analogy and symbolism, by which the plainest truths, as well as the most profound, are hidden under an almost impenetrable veil of mystery.

I hold it unquestionable that our learned author did really see and converse with the spirits of the dead, and with devils: the manner of that *seeing* has been explained; but now let us consider what is meant by *a devil*. First, then, as a devil is a spirit, and spirits may be incarnate, devils may be incarnate; which I hold certain. Consider whether a creature composed altogether of pride, lies, dishonesty, impurity, ferocity and drunkenness is not a real devil incarnate, or devil in the flesh? If you ever saw such a creature you will know my meaning. Like a devil, it is cruel, usurping, weak, mischievous and full of treachery; like

a devil, it is damned, both for this life and the next. In one particular only does it differ from a purely spiritual demon, and that is in having a body to abuse. What think you of an Iago? Imaginary, do you say? Live longer, then, and learn that there *are* such creatures.

In the old time it was said of a mischievous madman, or impostor, "He has a devil;" *now* we say, "A devil has him," which is the same thing.

Everything that interrupts the peace and harmony of the world is said to be diabolical, or, in vulgar parlance, "Devilish bad"—the original Greek word, διαβαλλω signifying to destroy, or throw into confusion;—everything that destroys or confuses the beautiful order of the world is therefore the work of Diabolus. Thus, after vainly attempting to unravel a skein, to convince an opinionated ninny, to pick a burr from hair, or meet the slanders of a dull knave, we mentally ejaculate a phrase consigning each to the father of confusion, where they belong.

There is great doubt among speculative persons, though none at all among poets and Slawkenbergians, whether Diabolus and his imps are real persons or not. I, for my part, hold them to be so, for reasons that seem to me the most satisfactory conceivable—I myself having actually seen and conversed with several of them at different periods of my life. Like the spirits of the dead, they appeared only to my spiritual eyes, as they did also to Von Slawkenberg's, whose experience was, however, far more minute and extended than my own.

And now, a word respecting the language used in conversations with imps and departed spirits.

You are probably aware that what is called empirical, or experimental knowledge, is a knowledge of particulars only, and does not convey ideas directly, but merely furnishes materials for thought. Thus, for example, lapdogs have often as perfect an empirical knowledge of fashionable life as the most D'sraelitish dandy could desire; but, lacking a soul, they draw no ideas from their experience; that is to say, they acquire no spiritual knowledge from it, which is their misfortune.

But if there are two kinds of knowledge, so there are two kinds of expression for these kinds, the physical, namely, and the spiritual. When Miss recites her lesson out of Paley, you have an intense example of the physical, or empirical kind, both in the matter and the manner. When,



on the contrary, she smiles deliciously upon her dear 'lommy, there is an example of the spiritual kind, depending on ideas of a very subtle order.

In short there are two dialects, one of body, and the other of soul.

It will sometimes happen that the language of body will say one thing, while the language of soul says another. Thus, when my enemy, Iago, pressing my hand, and fixing his eyes upon mine with a look of perfect friendship, talks with me in the language of a generous amity, I perceive that the whole is of the body, and signifies nothing. We understand each other: the touch of his hand is like the touch of a viper's skin; and through that touch the devil that is in him sends me a spiritual intimation of his presence.

When Verax, on the contrary, shakes hands with me, or when he merely en-

ters the room, and I hear his step at a distance, a conviction of his sincerity rushes over me, and my spirit converses with his in the most delightful and affectionate terms.

Farther, it is necessary to observe that while the words of the bodily or physical language signify particulars, those of the spiritual convey only generals. When the spirit of Iago converses with my spirit, we talk together in a rapid and universal manner, and our conversations are surprisingly brief and fiery; the mere general notions of evil, of wrong, and of antagonism fly rapidly from our spiritual lips; but in my conversation with Verax, there is a play of the most harmonious and elegant ideas, nor do I believe that any angel could converse more nobly than does the spirit of my friend with mine. \* \* \*

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

So far had I gone, most patient reader, whose friendly or whose critical judgment has followed the tortuosities, and sounded the depths, of this great argument of my life, by which I mean forever to establish and confirm upon the throne of reason, the heaven-born idea of the great Slawkenberg, when, as I was patiently revolving a new shape of meditation that should as far exceed the former in brightness and force as the newly risen sun, glancing his golden arrows against the hills of morning, doth surpass and exceed the pale dissolving moon that shrinks before him to her hiding in the west; when by the course of my evil fortune, or my good—for who can distinguish the good from the evil?—I fell into one of those periodic fits of dullness and melancholy to which I have been subject from my youth upwards; my ears rung, my head became vertiginous, my strength failed, and a subtle thrill diffused itself through the left side of my body. Dashing my pen upon the floor in a passion of disappointment, I rose hastily, and taking my hat and cane, strolled off through the great wood that reaches from the distant hills, even to the rear of my garden. As it was still morning, and the heavens clear and mild—a fair sky of September—I resolved to make a day of it; and taking an umbrageous pathway, known only to myself and to

the herdsboy, who daily urges his charge from the grassy hill slopes, which they, lowing, leave gladly for the more equal plain, I soon buried myself in the forest and paced solemnly in the slow waving shadows of the trees.

After wandering for I know not how long time through the mazes of the wood, enjoying the presence of those objects which my soul delights to contemplate; the pale flowers of the forest, the mosses of hollow banks, the brown waters of rivulets that slide quickly over sparkling sands, glassy rocks, and beds of velvet moss, I came unexpectedly to the cleft of a high rock which towered up like a wall above the highest foliage. Entering the cleft, with the intention of tracing to their very source the waters that flowed from it, I ascended by a kind of natural stair composed of fallen blocks, to a broad platform of smooth stone, just level with the surface of the moving sea of leaves in whose shades I had been so long immersed. How shall I describe to you the beauty of the view which now offered itself to my sense? In the course of the day I had insensibly ascended to the foot of a stony ridge, a birth-place of many streams. In the west stood white peaks of mountains, misty, but clearly defined against the clouds of evening. A body of cloud lay piled along the horizon, mounting nearly to the zenith. It was

now broken away before the sun, leaving a hollow like the mouth of an enormous furnace, glowing with a hot and fuming incandescence. The shadows of the vales and hills between me and the west wrought out the breadth of a kingdom under the pencil of the all-powerful sun, whose yellow beam, the soul of purity and warmth, touched boldly the features of the heights, and veiled their slopes with a vapor of gold.

While I stood absorbed in contemplation of the scene, a gaunt figure of a man approached from the right, and coming to the verge of the rock on which I was sitting, took his place at a little distance, in the same attitude. For a considerable time we paid no regard to each other, nor do I now remember which of us broke the silence; but I soon began to be aware that the stranger felt like myself, and with an equal sentiment, the splendor of the view, and trusting to this point of sympathy, I ventured to ask him if, in any other part of the world, (for I thought he had a travelled air,) he had beheld an evening of equal magnificence.

"In Mount Lebanon," replied the stranger, "wonderful views of the heavens at this hour may be had; at Venice, and from the bay of Naples, it is conceded, the air has a delicacy and variety of color not to be equalled. All these I have seen, and often; but I confess to you the changes of this sky surpass all that I have ever seen."

The clouds were now arranged in layers over a sky of an olive green color; of the layers I counted at least four, the inner and nearer composed of light woolly flocks touched with azure and orange; the layer next consisted of waves edged with purple; the next of blue and golden bars; and the last of green and dusky bars, varied with lace-like fringes of bright purple.

Nothing could exceed the intricacy of their effect, for at various points the force of all entered the eye at once, the whole lying in a confused and fragmentary order, against a sky of pure olive, which showed green through the lower openings, and above changed into a tender violet; the sun was nowhere visible, only the power of his presence filled all with light. After a few moments the layers had lost their tints, and the peculiar and unrecoverable beauty of the evening was gone forever.

"There," said the stranger, "fades the most splendid sunset of the year, per-

haps of the century, perhaps of all time; for that such an arrangement of four distinct layers of clear cloud, at such an instant, moving all differently, and broken in such a wonderfully intricate manner, like net-work upon lace-work, will soon again appear, is unlikely and not to be looked for."

"I should think," said I, noticing a certain sadness in the tone with which the stranger uttered these words, "that a reflection so melancholy proceeded from a man oppressed with some secret grief; but for myself, I am rather consoled with this thought: that the pleasure I have enjoyed in the beholding of so magnificent a vision, can never, though I were to live an immortality, be ravished from my fancy; I shall retain the impression of its beauties as the recollection of a happy and fortunate hour, when nature, the true mother of pleasure, kindly offered me the richest gift in her possession; impressing upon the very substance of my soul a finer image of glory even than this visible splendor. The pleasure in the mind which springs from the pleasure of the eye, is a gift more elegant than the richest jewels, for it can neither be lost, nor stolen, nor diminished by the effect of age and misery."

The stranger listened with great attention while I spoke. "It is true," said he, "that a melancholy feeling prompted me to the expression of regret, but if you will not think it an over hasty confidence, I will, with your permission, relate a history so singular, that though I have no real interest in the matter, you will, I think, allow that the mere witnessing of what I shall relate, might be a sufficient cause of sadness, even for the most buoyant of dispositions, though the history itself, far from being tragical, comes to a most happy conclusion."

This sudden burst of confidence on the part of the stranger struck me with a very natural suspicion of his judgment; but as I am myself not without the weakness of such natures as fall easily in love with a new person, and allow the kinder feelings of sociality to step over those bars by which ceremony and the wisdom of the world protect us from impertinence, I did not conceal an emotion of curiosity and interest in the stranger, from whose singularity, at least, there appeared to be some prospect of entertainment. "I suppose," said I, speaking in the most cordial manner possible, "you are, like myself, a lover of solitude and

the picturesque, and that the same idle intention brought us both to this solitary place. But the night approaches, and I begin to feel the dampness of the dew. Go with me by the short road to my house, and there you may relate and I listen at ease to this history of yours, which I confess your manner has already made me curious to hear." The stranger offered no objection to this invitation; and, I leading the way, we took a short cut through the forest, and falling into a road made by sawyers who dragged their logs by it to the mill, we soon reached the borders of a narrow stream, on the opposite bank of which, in the midst of orchards and gardens, stands the cottage which I call mine. The stranger followed close behind me as we passed rapidly through the wood, and touched the foot bridge of the stream nearly at the same instant with myself. And here a singular accident happened, for, at the first step I made upon the bridge, which was no more than the body of a great chestnut, fallen across, and accommodated with a hand-rail, my feet, which were slippery with dew, slid from under me, and I should have fallen into the water, which was here a deep and rapid current rushing among rocks, had not the stranger reached out his arm, and with a strong effort lifted me to a foothold on the bridge.

"Sir," said he, as soon as I had recovered myself, "when I first saw you I imagined, on the instant, that Heaven had appointed me to your safety, and I therefore followed closely in your steps, thinking the occasion might happen at any instant."

Thanking his care and happy foresight, I inquired, with some surprise, by what signs he had been led to such a thought.

"Believe me to be no impostor or enthusiast," said he, following heedfully over the bridge, with one hand upon my shoulder and the other holding firmly by the railing; "I judged you by the temperament of your body, which is sanguine and precipitate, and the position you had taken upon the edge of the rock—which was a particularly perilous one—to be a person always in the power of accident, and that persuasion brought me with you, for I thought it possible something might happen as it has. Does it not often occur, that, in descending a flight of steps, you seem ready, nay, almost impelled, to fall headlong?"

I confessed I had often experienced the feeling, and had been alarmed by the recurrence of it.

"I judged so," he replied, "from your physiognomy and manner."

Though the stranger was evidently a much younger man than myself, I could not but feel respect for one who seemed to have so sharp an insight into my nature.

As we entered the house, seeing a cat upon the mat within the door, he took the creature in his arms, and began vehemently caressing and patting it. Noticing my surprise, "I perceive," said he, "you have an aversion to cats; but, for my part, the touch of the fur is agreeable to me, and there is a something in the disposition of the species that attracts me."

"If I were superstitious," replied I, "you should be set down for a wizard or a mesmerist. By what marks did you guess my disposition toward the cat?"

"By the expression of your face," he answered, "which is slightly cruel when your eyes rest upon the cat." Here was one of your physiognomists!

Leaving the stranger seated in an arm-chair which stood in the open door, I retired through the hall, under some trifling pretext, and turning to observe him, I caught a glimpse of his profile against a light background of foliage. A low, projecting forehead, a somewhat aquiline nose, and a small, delicate chin and mouth, with an expression of latent ferocity; these features, supported by black hair and brows, restless projecting eyes, a head cone-shaped and set low upon the slender, stooping shoulders, gave me the image of a man of perverse will and violent passions, but gifted with perceptions supernaturally acute, and a temper subtle, but rather ferocious than brave. His hands, perfectly formed, and moulded to a feminine delicacy; a body tall, slender, but, as I knew by experience, of great vigor; an air of suavity, verging upon insolence; a labored kindliness of voice, and a quiet, watchful manner; these qualities put me on my guard and repressed the rising admiration and gratitude I felt for the singular service the stranger had rendered me on the occasion of my recent danger. Returning presently, I presented him with a cup of water, which he received graciously, but turned his face aside to drink. Then taking a seat opposite, I motioned him to begin his story, which he did, first letting go the cat, who had left some bloody fa-

vors upon his hands, in her struggles to get free.

"You think it a childish inclination," said he, "which I betray; but if anything has life, I desire to grasp and play with it. You have it in mind to say that as the cat delights in the mouse, so do I in the cat. But men are all cats and mice to each other by turns, the weakest uppermost. The pleasure is to compel the resisting, and cajole the discontented; the pain, to have been compelled or cajoled. You think it an inhuman sentiment, perhaps, but every man pictures the world as it seems on the instant." Then fixing his sparkling black eyes upon mine he paused a moment and seeing I had nothing to offer in reply began as follows:—

"Yesterday morning I rose early, intending to accompany a friend from the tavern where we lay last night, to a certain secret place among the hills, known only to adepts in the beautiful science of

minerals, of which I am an unworthy votary."

"Pray, sir," said I, "have I the honor of conversing with the famous Steiner, of whose skill in many sciences the learned world knows so much, and the unlearned public so little?"

"I," said he, "am that Steiner, and if I be not mistaken you are Mr. Yorick."

Astounded at my good fortune in meeting with so celebrated a character, I rose to embrace him. He returned my salutation, with a cordial pressure, and after the passage of several compliments, we resumed our former positions.

"Pray," said I, "forgive me for interrupting you;" upon which he resumed as follows:—

"After a long and tedious ramble, with very partial results, we came at evening to a tavern not far from the place where I found you, intending to lodge there for the night and make ready for another expedition on the morrow."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE STORY OF EGERIA BEAUMANOIR.

"As we approached the tavern we saw a crowd of country people gathered about the door; some with pieces of crape tied upon their arms, and all very silent and sorrowful. They made way for us as we crossed the platform of the threshold, and my companion leading the way, we entered a room upon the right of the entrance, where was a coffin placed open upon a table in the middle of the room, about which at a little distance stood a number of persons, all wearing signs of mourning. A clergyman in clerical robes, and with a very reverential air, stood at the foot of the coffin, and at the head a young man was leaning over the corpse in the attitude of inconsolable grief. Uncovering our heads, we entered, and some person of authority, who seemed to act as master of the ceremonial, motioned us to approach and look upon the face of the dead. My companion did not instantly accept the invitation, being unwilling to disturb the mourner, who, with hands clasped convulsively over his forehead, stood leaning over the object of his grief. As he was opposite to the door he could not lift up his eyes without seeing the face of my companion, who stood waiting near the coffin. It may have

been a minute from the instant of his entrance before the mourner raised his head, though it seemed to me a much longer time. At length, muttering some passionate expression, he looked up, and, seeing my friend, said somewhat dully: 'Is it you? you came too late—you should have seen her alive; but you came too late.' 'Frank,' exclaimed the other, extending his hand to the young man, 'I did not know you; but what is this? I am afraid to ask if it be—Egeria!' The other assented with a slight inclination of the head, and my companion, looking upon the dead, signed to me to draw near. I did so, and beheld the features of a beautiful young woman in the bloom of maidenhood, pallid, and wearing the fixed smile of dissolution, but not otherwise marked with those terrible features of decay which I had prefigured to myself as the attributes of death. After gazing for a moment we withdrew together into an adjoining room; and my companion gave way to a sudden burst of grief; but in me the strangeness of the scene overpowered all other emotions.

"My companion opened the conversation, 'By what accident did this happen, dear Frank?' said he, gathering up

his spirits, 'how came you to be here with Egeria? I heard nothing of her illness. But even as she is, I cannot wonder at your devotion or your grief.' At this instant the door opened, and the master of ceremonies coming in, announced that the procession was about to move; a bell began tolling in the distance, and the young man, pressing the hand of my companion, bade him follow. The undertakers were placing the lids of the coffin in their places, and already the creaking of the screws gave warning that light should no more discover beauty in the face of the dead, when my companion, as if by a sudden impulse, went near, and wrenching aside the cover placed his hand upon the breast of the corpse. 'How long has this woman been dead,' said he in a low voice to the undertaker. 'Two days,' replied the man, answering in the same tone. 'By what signs do you judge her to be deceased?' continued my companion, still keeping his hand upon the corpse and closely scrutinizing the countenance. 'By the usual signs,' replied the other. 'What are they?' continued the questioner. 'Appearance of the countenance, coldness, absence of breath, and no pulse.' 'There is no apparent pulse,' replied my companion, 'but there is warmth about the region of the heart; nor do I see any film upon the eyes,' continued he, as with a trembling hand he raised one of their lids. 'Sir,' added he

in a louder tone, and addressing the clergyman, who had kept his station at the foot of the coffin, 'this lady is not dead; you can dismiss the company.' At the instant I heard a cry and a heavy fall; the young man had dropped down in a swoon, and was carried out by the tavern-keeper and the master of ceremonial. When the company had retired, at the instance of the clerical person whom I have mentioned, and this reverend gentleman had himself bidden us adieu, the female attendants, by my friend's direction, took the body out of the coffin and conveyed it to a bed, that was presently made ready above. Then ordering a physician and nurse to be sent for, he directed that certain means should be used for the revival, if it were possible, of the apparently deceased person, and as soon as he saw his orders in process of being executed, which was on the instant, he went in search of the young man, and found him lying, amid a crowd of lookers on, in a half stupefied condition, upon the green sward in front of the tavern, whither he had been carried to recover from his swoon. A great quantity of water had been thrown upon his face and bosom, so that between the lankness of his hair, dripping with moisture, his linen clothes clinging to his skin, his pale face, and the disconsolate dumb sorrow of his look, he might have easily been taken for a man just recovered from drowning, in whom life has begun a little to revive.

## THE SABBATH OF THE HEART.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

THE far off bells are slowly pealing  
 In fancy's ear a call to prayer;  
 Like chaunting nuns, the sounds are stealing  
 Through all the twilight aisles of air.  
 Now memories to the spirit's temple  
 All thronging come,—the young, the old—  
 And worship at the heart's high altar—  
 Pure as the stars, but never cold.

'Tis Sabbath in the Heart—an angel  
 Is singing avés in the choir,  
 And like the dawn from heaven is gleaming  
 The flashings of her golden lyre.



Hope, like a pilgrim worn and weary,  
Stoops at her brimming fount again,  
And asks a heavenly benediction,  
From Him, who gives the dew and rain.

'Tis Sabbath in the Heart—Go render  
A ritual for the soul and sing,  
Joyous of praise, as when in Heaven  
The soft sweet bells of mercy ring :—  
The heart is like the mind, her empire  
All boundless as the solemn sky—  
Vast in her spirit realm, it maketh  
All that we are of Deity.

'Tis Sabbath in the Heart! Fair children  
Already in the portal stand ;—  
Peace cometh with the aged Pastor,  
Love claspeth Hate's unwilling hand ;  
Of all the wisdom he may utter,  
God's humblest creature hath a share—  
Oh! let him enter in for ever  
And close behind the gates of care.

The incense of the heart is floating  
From censers lit with feeling's fire,  
Through the pure heaven of thought uprising  
In dedications of the lyre.  
The poet's mind—illumined missal  
Clasped by the hands of prophecy—  
Shall lead each erring soul repenting  
Back to thy sabbath, spirit-free.

The Sabbath of the Heart is closing,  
Alas! with earth's departing grace ;  
No more in its calm bliss reposing  
We give to wilder days thy place.  
The bells that chimed to every feeling  
No longer feel the joy they told ;  
And thoughts as pure as seraphs kneeling,  
Long since have left thy sheltering fold.

The Sabbath of the Heart! how gladly  
Breaks to my soul its cheering ray ;  
Oft with the world I struggle madly  
But pass in peace this sabbath day.  
Ofttimes in gloom its dawn appeareth—  
Through tears behold its steps depart ;  
But yet my conscious spirit neareth  
This heaven of the human heart.

*H. N. Hudson*

## RELIGIOUS UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS.

MANY of our readers are probably aware that the Bostonians, like the Athenians of old, are remarkably fond of hearing and telling some new thing. Cautious, practical, conservative, and therefore thriving in all matters of business and trade, they delight, apparently, in the most wild and radical speculations in morals and religion. It seems, indeed, as if they were cherishing something which operates as a perpetual tantalization of their religious instincts, and which is likely to end either in extinguishing those instincts, or in sending them to other sources. This vague unrest naturally exposes them to various delusions and impositions; their restlessness keeps them running, and their running only augments their restlessness. What this something is that so starves their religious nature into paroxysms, and at the same time cultivates the intellect into such an insatiable pruriency, is obviously a question that is easier asked than answered. This question we shall not attempt to answer; we are only to remark upon the well-known fact, regretted by some, boasted of by others, that in morals and religion no theories can spring up so eccentric and fantastical, but Boston has a crowd ready to welcome and entertain them. That the city is a perfect bee-hive of notions, has become proverbial. The people are abundantly forward in getting up new churches, but seem quite indifferent what doctrines or opinions are taught in them; care little, apparently, whom or what a man dissents from, provided he only dissents. Truly, Hooker hath well said, "He who goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well taught as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favorable listeners; that which wanteth in the weight of his speech is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it."

Knowing these things, our readers will not be surprised to learn that Mr. W. H. Channing has succeeded in getting together a considerable flock of Seekers in Boston. His flock is known as "The Religious Union of Associationists;" the title, "Church of Humanity," probably not seeming original enough. As the

name indicates, they have adopted the writings of Charles Fourier as their gospel, and Mr. Channing as the apostle thereof. Having heard but two of Mr. Channing's lectures, we cannot pretend to have mastered his system; nevertheless we shall presume to give some account of what we have heard, interspersing it occasionally with such reflections of our own as may seem appropriate.

The farce of services enacted at this strange establishment, forcibly reminds us of the Theophilanthropists, a sect that sprung up amid the revolutionary convulsions and factions and fanaticisms of France soon after the Reign of Terror, and of which the seeds were sown by the atheistical innovators who ushered in that deluge of bloody ferocity and blubbing philanthropy. The Theophilanthropists, like the Associationists, believed in the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the doctrine of universal benevolence. But though substantially the same in principle, the two differ somewhat in their mode of worship; the former placing amid the congregation a huge basket of flowers, as the symbol of the creation, and listening to a eulogy on the moral virtues and the beauties of nature; the latter using music instead of flowers, and substituting for the aforesaid eulogy a virulent denunciation of the existing order and constitution of society. Perhaps this difference is mainly owing to a change of circumstances; the one marking the dying struggles, the other the early beginnings of irreligion by establishment; for as atheism, when expiring amidst its own desolations, naturally tries to recall the virtues it has banished, so reviving atheism would naturally begin by exaggerating, and denouncing, and misderiving the evils it proposes to remove.

What is not a little remarkable, in their singing these *pious* Associationists use some of the Latin words and cathedral music which so enrich the service of the oldest and richest of Christian churches. Doubtless both the words and the music are as fine as ever saluted the ear of man; but, unfortunately, they are in such violent disharmony with everything else in the service; so stripped of all their

natural accompaniments; so cut out of their appropriate setting; so naked of any concurrent appeals to the other senses; that the effect is rather ludicrous than otherwise. It is hard to say whether the whole thing evinces less sense of religion or of art. It is equally incongruous in both respects; like using the architectural symbols of Egyptian superstition to adorn the entrance of a Christian burial-ground. Strange that people who have grown so very wise as to discard all approved exhibitions of Christianity, should fall into such a ludicrous violation of the most obvious proprieties of art. And is it possible that they are competent to invent a new religion, and yet ignorant that precisely what is most sublime in its place becomes most ridiculous when taken out of its place? Truly, they *must* be in advance of the age!

The Associationists are evidently getting satisfied of their mistake in attempting a practical realization of their schemes. They find it much easier to invest absurd theories with plausibility, than to force nature into a co-operation with their plans. Weary, it seems, of getting up phalanxes, they have concluded to busy themselves in getting up churches. Knowing that their doctrines tend to make men more contented with themselves and less contented with their situation, and finding that practice is very apt to reverse this statement, they are reverting to their old method of preaching. All attempts to reduce their theories to practice have, thus far, ended in a practical *reductio ad absurdum*; and since the obstinate and intractable material of human nature refuses to embody the great soul of their designs, they have no resource but to set forth that soul in its disembodied state. The thing is so very impracticable that it hardly admits of being refuted by experience; they cannot practice it long enough to ascertain whether it be practicable or not. Certainly it is very naughty in practice thus to nullify theories which it is so uncomfortable to have nullified. Fortunately, however, if the laws of nature will not permit these men to work, the aching voids in some men's minds will permit them to talk; and if they cannot succeed in their plans, they can at least kick up a dust of words to hide their failures. So long as they confine their wisdom to speculation, it is to be hoped that nature will not take the trouble to expose them.

Christianity, according to old ideas,

proceeds upon the principle, that society is wrong, because men are bad. But this, it seems, is an error which it was reserved for the disciples of Fourier to dispel; and now we are to learn, despite some lingering prejudices inherited from our fathers, that men are bad because society is wrong. By the way, it is somewhat edifying to observe the proud humility with which Mr. Channing defers to the Scriptures. By apt selection and expurgation, he concocts certain readings from them, which, wrapped up in music sacrilegiously stolen from the Roman Catholic masses, serve to introduce his unique discourses. He evidently thinks there are some pretty good ideas in the Bible, though he has little respect for the alleged facts in which those ideas are communicated. Thus, for example, the scourge of small cords with which the money-changers are said to have been driven out of the temple, he understands to have been merely a strain of indignant eloquence. Of course he holds that they were treated in this way simply because they were brokers, not because they had set up their shops in the temple.

Voltaire, one of the great philanthropists of a former age, said on a certain occasion, with more valor indeed than discretion, that "he was tired of hearing how twelve men had established the Christian religion, and he was resolved to show that one could pull it down." This certainly deserves the praise of manly frankness and candor; but we should remember that Voltaire was educated amid the lingering ingenuousness of old chivalry, which made men scorn to achieve by art and stratagem what they could not achieve in an open field and a fair fight. It is not strange, therefore, that some taint of chivalrous honor should have adhered to the conclusions of his more mature wisdom. It must be confessed that the Associationists, with commendable docility, carry more of the wisdom of the serpent into their proceedings. Not daring openly to renounce the Bible, they adopt the more prudent method of stealing and smuggling in their philanthropic inventions under a patronizing show of respect for its principles. Thus, here, as elsewhere, they approve themselves pretty good actors; they are not altogether unskilled in keeping up appearances; and their false friendship, though less noble than open enmity, has the advantage of greater prudence. It would be difficult to say whether there be

more of meanness or more of wickedness in this conduct, did we not know that fanaticism, without either of these interesting qualities, sometimes does the work of them both. In Mr. Channing's case, however, all this probably springs from a laudable desire to beguile and seduce men out of the darkness in which they are hitherto benighted. Undoubtedly his caution is needless; for doctrines so flattering, as those he inculcates, to the worst propensities of our nature, need not the authority of Revelation to secure them a favorable reception. Perhaps he is not aware that with a majority of his audience an open contempt for the Scriptures might be quite as popular as an apparent respect for them. Assuredly he who encourages us to envy others the power or the wealth of which we find them in possession, needs no authority save that of the tribunal to which he appeals.

In the two lectures referred to above, Mr. Channing was mainly occupied in discovering, describing and denouncing the evils that adhere to the present order and constitution of society. According to his representation, our life is hopelessly involved in a labyrinth of sophistry; an inextricable mesh or entanglement of fraud, falsehood and perplexity everywhere envelopes us, stifling our energies, obstructing our faculties, perverting and poisoning all the springs of good within us into issues of vice, and misery, and death. By another figure, he represented us as struggling, and wallowing, and floundering about in an impassable morass, while around us are stationed contradictory guides, calling us now this way, and now that, so that we get altogether distracted, and every attempt to follow them only ends in sinking us deeper and deeper in the mire. This labyrinth of sophistry, this web of perplexity, this mirage of evil, is generated, he says, by the prevailing misarrangement of the social relations. Among other evils springing from this cause, he alleged the dying of a fourth or fifth of our race in infancy, and the large portions of the earth made desolate by too much heat or too much cold. In his view it is this misarrangement that generates earthquakes and hurricanes, torrid heats and polar snows, the miasmata of swamps, the venom of reptiles, the ferocity of wild beasts, and the explosiveness of gunpowder. But for this all these evils would cease, the deserts of ice and of sand would brighten up and blossom

out into smiling fields for the habitation and happiness of man, swamps would exhale health, venom would become medicine, wolves would be turned into sheep, and gunpowder would burn to enlighten our minds, not to perforate our bodies. And what has human wisdom done to remove or alleviate these prodigious evils? Just nothing at all. On the contrary they all originate in what have hitherto been deemed the noblest contrivances of human wisdom. Does the science of medicine prevent death? or the institution of government prevent crime? Why no, truly. And is not the fact that it does not prevent them, sufficient proof that it is itself the cause of them? For to say these things exist by the ordering of Providence, he regards as the height of absurdity and impiety. Mr. Channing then canvassed the claims of what he designated as the four sciences of theology, philosophy, morals and politics. And what have these boasted sciences ever done for our relief? Alas! instead of laboring to explode old prejudices and institutions, the human mind has generally busied itself in trying to discover and enforce the wisdom supposed to be contained in them. From our childhood we are taught rather to reverence than to investigate them, until our minds get so perverted with this sentiment as to disqualify us for the investigation.

Mr. Channing's originality in thus classing philosophy as one of the sciences, is doubtless too obvious to have escaped the reader's notice. In a similar spirit, he took occasion to say that the distinction between theology and religion was now at length beginning to be understood and admitted. The truth is, this distinction has always been understood and inculcated as long as theology has been in existence. From the days of the apostles till the present time, theology has been viewed as a science, and religion as a life; and the former has been used and valued as an auxiliary to the latter, on the ground that right-thinking has some connection with right-acting. If Mr. Channing did not know this fact, what becomes of his learning? If he did, what shall be said of his honesty? But it is the custom of certain people to take for granted that things began to exist just about the time they learnt them, and that the sun never shone until their eyes were opened. Again: Mr. Channing remarked that it was a well-known and generally-admitted principle in poli-

tical economy, that high or rising wages are the surest sign of public prosperity; and yet, said he, in face of this knowledge we everywhere see people trying to engage labor at the lowest possible rates. This is one of the inconsistencies which he charges the present misarrangement of society with forcing upon us. Probably he forgot to add, that high or rising wages are a sign of public prosperity only on condition that the employer is absolutely obliged to pay them; and that if paid gratuitously or voluntarily, they are a sign of no such thing, but rather of the reverse. Is it in this way that Mr. Channing is going to guide us out of the labyrinth of sophistry in which he finds us so deplorably involved?

Thus, Mr. Channing attributes all our moral and physical diseases to infections generated in our vicious social environments. The stream of our life is rendered turbid and offensive only by the impurities which lie along the channel. How those impurities came there, whether they be a deposit which the stream originally brought from the fountain, he did not stay to inform us. He evidently cares less about the cause than the remedy, and considers all inquiries touching the former irrelevant to the question of the latter. Of course the remedy which he proposes, is a new division of land, and a new regulation of labor. Like his predecessor, Bûœuf, sometime leader of a Jacobin conspiracy, he seems persuaded that it is useless to talk of equality in any respect, so long as men are unequal in respect of property. Unlike his predecessor, however, he has learnt prudence from past failures; the word agrarianism stinks so abominably in history, that he cannot bring his mind to pronounce it; though he deems it his duty to get up a *religious* association with a view to promulgate the thing. Strange these men do not try to strengthen their cause by the authority of their predecessors. Though their theory has never been generally adopted, they might easily show that, amid the prevailing darkness, a gleam of true light has occasionally shot into the minds of a favored few. But perhaps they think such a course might endanger their claims to originality. However, by adopting the leveling, agrarian principle, though under another name, Mr. Channing seems fully convinced that all the occasions and opportunities and temptations to evil, which now so sorely beset us, would be forever removed, and para-

dise effectually regained. The eminently Christian idea which lies at the bottom of his system is, that there is really no such thing as sin in the world, and that what is usually termed such is but unavoidable calamity; it all springs necessarily from the evil occasions growing out of our present social misarrangement: and the idea of an evil principle in man, which, in the absence of existing occasions, would find or make others, he considers an impious reflection on our Maker. Men, he argues, go wrong simply because they are hemmed in with motives and temptations which render it impossible for them to go right: arrange the social relations so as to make it right for them to take or do whatever they wish, so as to indulge all their passions and anticipate all their desires, and they will go right as a matter of course, because they will have no motives or opportunities to do otherwise. He probably forgot to state, what is, indeed, sufficiently obvious to every man of sense, that, in our present state of being, these very occasions and temptations with which he reproaches the existing social order, are the indispensable conditions of virtue; and that, though virtue is liable to be overcome by them, this liability enters into the very ground of its existence. Of course men cannot do right, unless they be free to do wrong; and the motives and opportunities so much complained of are inseparable from such freedom. The truth is, the best men, and even those whom Mr. Channing himself would consider the best, are precisely those who are most in harmony with the existing social order; nay, it is the very correspondence between this order and the principles of our moral nature, that has held, and holds this order in existence. The present arrangement of society, though requiring, like the individuals it embraces, perpetual reformation, galls and chafes men exactly in proportion as they go wrong; it is a constant terror to evil doers, and a constant praise to those that do well; harmony with it is our surest test of excellence; discord with it our surest test of the reverse; as men become better, they grow more and more in harmony with it, until it comes to set easily and naturally upon them, and they dread nothing so much as to have it tampered and trifled with by quacks and demagogues. It is true, temptation everywhere meets, and doubtless ought to meet us, so long as we are temptable; else how could we



ever cease to be so? and our prayer should be, not that temptation may be taken away from us, but that we may not be led into it. Indeed, no man who has triumphed over it ever regrets its existence; and those who are most obnoxious to its influence are the very men who most need it as a trial and discipline of their virtue. Perhaps it were as wise, on the whole, to presume, what heaven and earth have conspired to teach, that the disorder which we see springs from individuals, not from the social system in which they move, and that this system operates unceasingly to readjust and restore our discordant nature into harmony with itself and with the principles of universal order. But the existing state of things constrains men to do wrong in order to get a living? So does it teach, and successfully teach, men to prefer virtue to life; and universally, when men have gotten the better of evil, they only blame *themselves* for ever having allowed it to get the better of them. True, if there were no individual possessions, there would be no temptations to theft; but then what would become of the occasions for charity and generosity and gratitude between man and man? If we do away marriage, we shall indeed banish adultery; but there are several other things we shall banish also. A wise man may indeed regret the existence of sufferings; but then he will also reflect that they are more than compensated by the sympathies which they awaken. It is true, one man's sin often becomes the occasion of another man's greater sin, and so does one man's virtue of another man's greater virtue; nay, one man's virtue often becomes the occasion of another man's sin and one man's sin of another man's virtue. What does all this prove, but that principles of action, both good and bad, are seldom wanting in apt occasions, and that it is rather the man that determines the motive, than the motive that determines the man? How then are we to get rid of the motives and occasions of evil, but by binding our nature up in the strong arms of necessity? Among our greatest evils are undoubtedly to be reckoned these very schemes, to rectify the outward phenomena, without first rectifying the inward principles, of human action—schemes which, while they can afford no real help, at the same time divert attention from sources that would; and the spasmodic overstrainings of these men to bring about radical changes everywhere save where they

are wanted, namely, in the interior life and soul of individuals, probably spring from a secret repugnance to everything involving the necessity of a radical change *within*, not around, themselves. It is by regarding only the evil, and overlooking all the good, which their radicalisms promise to remove, that shallow innovators get so puffed up with self-importance. This is the very genius of quackery.

After all, the world, as it is, is a very comfortable place to those who are willing to stay at home and mind their business, love those whom they ought to love, and engage manfully in the duties that lie nearest at hand. He who neglects these things and too ambitiously strikes for a higher sphere of action, finds the world all wrong, and deserves to find it so; he will never find it otherwise, indeed, till he finds himself the greatest man in it. Perhaps the trouble with Mr. Channing is, that he is trying to work out a theoretical solution of the great problem of evil. This we may safely say no man ever did or ever can do. Thousands, indeed, are every day solving it practically; for evil is here to be conquered, not explained; to be triumphed over, not anatomized; to develope and chasten the virtues, not to exercise and sharpen the wits. Perplexities constantly thicken upon him who resolves to do nothing but speculate and syllogize, but rapidly disappear before him who goes bravely and resolutely to work. No man can possibly see through a mill-stone; any man, if he sets himself earnestly about it, can bore through one. Thus, great as is the problem of evil, a practical solution of it is both safe and comparatively easy; but as every one has to work out this for himself, and no man can ever do it for another, so of course it can never be made to serve the purpose of restless, meddling, ambitious minds. Whoever, on the other hand, perseveringly attempts to solve it theoretically, is sooner or later brought to confusion; he only works himself into a frenzy of speculation, until his mind loses all its fire and becomes all fury. For unless all the elements of our nature have a common object to converge and harmonize upon, they generally either die out or fall at strife among themselves. Hence it is that those who cut loose from facts and persons—objects addressed to their hearts and senses as well as their brains—and surrender themselves up to abstract ideas, often exhibit such a morbid, restless intellectuality. Full, per-

haps, of logic, but empty of love, they become incapable of peace themselves and fatal to the peace of all about them. What they need is some object or pursuit which will exercise and occupy all their faculties and feelings at once; upon which all the elements of their nature may meet and work together; their abstractions, being food for but one of those elements, set them all to fighting which shall have it; make them strive with all their might to get more, and fight the harder, the more they get. Thus the "great principles," which they chase so furiously and devour so greedily, only fill them with manifold unrest; turn them into walking spasms and organized convulsions; and the war they wage so fiercely against the world is but a projection, so to speak, of the war that wages within them.

Knowing these things, we were not at all surprised, that, though Mr. Channing's humanity is so exquisitely delicate that he cannot bear the idea of a whip of cords being used to drive the money changers out of the temple, one of the lectures alluded to was a constant stream of the intensest gall; almost every sentence overflowing with wrath and vengeance towards whatever human society offered for his consideration. Certainly no weak man could distil so much bitterness at one effort. Already, indeed, he seems to have speculated himself well-nigh into a frenzy; all his faculties seem strained to the utmost tension, to the very verge, indeed, of cracking; and, without some hideous thing, either in fact or in imagination, to hate and denounce, it is to be feared that he would die or go crazy of ennui. Can he be ignorant that too much anxiety to enhance one's light puts him in danger of blowing it out? Like others of his class, however, Mr. Channing is exceedingly mild and gentle towards the breakers of law, and reserves all his violence and virulence for the makers and upholders of law. One would really think that, with these men, the first and great commandment is, to speak evil of dignities, to rail at the powers that be, and to revile the laws, the religion, and the institutions in which most of us have had the misfortune to be educated. But this is the course uniformly pursued by the "architects of ruin." By constantly denouncing and vilifying whatever men have learnt to respect and revere, they destroy the sentiments which make them susceptible of being governed by the gen-

tle influence of authority and law, and thus prepare them for a merciless despotism of force. Such is the terrible farce of hell which men have from time to time been taught to enact, by these reckless unchainers of human passion. But the "Religious Union of Associationists" is altogether an amiable establishment; it is only sedition and anarchy organized.

Mr. Channing's idea touching the management of children is a very pretty idea. Children, says he, should never be refused anything they ask for; their wishes ought never to be thwarted, nor their inclinations crossed. The true way to educate them into all virtue is, to let them do exactly as they please. To put restraints on their desires, is the surest way to make them selfish; and all the perversions we see in them spring from the self-denials enforced upon them. As all their native impulses are good, and there are no bad principles inherent in them, their inclinations will all be right provided they be allowed free course; and it is only our wicked attempts to coerce and control those inclinations that vitiates them. In this he obviously goes on the principle, that men are made selfish by whatever contradicts their self. Thus we have a very simple prescript for all juvenile instruction, which is, perpetual, unlimited indulgence; and if a child craves an improper indulgence, we have but to open a greater indulgence in the opposite direction. Restraint, it is true, enters into the very idea of law, and law into the very idea of government; but have we not had sufficient proof that all government, whether in the state, the church, or the family, is a nuisance? Nothing, indeed, is so offensive to the Associationists as the idea that any man or set of men is to exercise any kind of authority over others; and they are as fierce against the government of the majority, as majorities have sometimes been against the government of individuals. Government, indeed, of any sort, they have at length found to be an arrant absurdity; a contrivance invented by the few against the many, and which is itself the cause of all the evils it professes to remedy. Whatever cannot be done by the pure force of influence, without clashing in the least with the passions and impulses of men, ought not to be done at all. Thus their idea respecting the management of children is part of a general system which is to emancipate men from

the tyranny of law into the freedom of unchecked inclination. People must be at perfect liberty, for example, to marry and to divorce themselves, precisely as their inclinations prompt, because, forsooth, we know, or ought to know, that they will always be inclined to do exactly right, provided their inclinations be freely indulged. In fact, their whole scheme of society seems based on the profound doctrine, that if men are allowed to do precisely as they are inclined, they will assuredly be inclined to do precisely as they ought; and that when every man is at perfect liberty to be a law unto himself, there will of course be nothing left for government to do. Hence their phrase, "attractive industry," by which they probably mean that men's aversion to labor springs purely from the necessities which urge them to it, and that industry must perforce become attractive the moment men find themselves exempt from constraint. Every man, they argue, has a genius, a special aptitude, for something; and this genius will instinctively seek out and joyfully exercise its appropriate calling, provided all pursuits be made equally honorable, and men be relieved from the pressure of present or impending want. Thus by a new regulation of labor, so as to give free play to the pre-established harmony between the faculties and vocations of men, all temptations to idleness are to be entirely removed.

In this way is to be brought about the glorious harmony, known among the initiated as the harmony, not, indeed, of the spheres, but of the passions. In their Babylonish jargon, they have a cant phrase, "the sacredness of the passions," by which they mean, apparently, that our passions really involve the sacredest rights, and therefore ought to be our highest law, and putting restraint upon them is the height of sacrilege. Thus do we arrive at "a discipline, the law whereof is taken from passion." So true it is, that when men have cast off authority in religious matters, they are but a step from casting it off in civil matters. Law has been well defined as the collective wisdom and experience of ages of wise and observing men; and he who

begins by appealing from this to his individual reason, will of course end by appealing from his reason to his passion; and he must be a dull man indeed who cannot find arguments to justify his passions. Here again, however, the Associationists are not without a precedent. Godwin, another philanthropic atheist of considerable distinction, informs us, in his celebrated inquiry concerning political justice, that government, strictly speaking, "is not an affair of human competence," and that "law tends, no less than creeds, catechisms, and tests, to fix the human mind in a stagnant condition, and to substitute a principle of permanence in the room of that unceasing perfectibility which is the only salubrious element of mind." It is hardly necessary to add that this same principle of permanence, which is thus urged against law and government, so far from being opposed to individual progress, is, in fact, the indispensable condition of such progress. But this is only an example of facility with which innovating theorists, who are generally as shallow as they are confident, make out things to be incompatible, which in nature are perfectly inseparable.

We will not insult our readers by attempting to refute Mr. Channing's doctrine of universal indulgence.\* Assuredly no one capable of believing such things is to be reached by any arguments of ours. We will simply add, what everybody knows well enough, that indulgence to children of all ages is undoubtedly a very good thing when duly tempered with other things. In like manner oxygen is, on the whole, rather favorable to life, when combined in a certain proportion with other elements. If, because oxygen in combination is good for us, any one is so wise as to argue that pure oxygen would therefore be much better, a straight jacket and a maniac's cell would obviously be a better prescription for him than any amount of reasoning.

A small slice from Mr. Channing's theology may serve as a dessert to the foregoing dishes. It is worthy of special remark that, in his theology, Mr. Channing does not proceed by the slow, tedious and uncertain method of induction and combi-

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\* Mr. Channing's practice, in this matter, is not quite so enlightened as his preaching. He sometimes conducts his services under lock and key; not, indeed, to prevent the uninitiated from coming in, but to prevent those who are in from going out; so that whose ventures to taste must stay till the banquet is finished. But this is probably done in order to exemplify the evil and injustice of setting any external restraint on men's inclinations.

nation from external sources ; he prefers the infallible method of educating or deducing a theology, *à priori*, from his own ideas, or, to adopt the word of an old writer, of "*ideating*" it from the full fountain of his own mind. It will readily be seen that this method has great advantages over the other, in that it saves him the trouble and the danger of referring to anything but himself, or of consulting any authority but his own sovereign reason, or his own inclination, which, with him, appears to be the highest reason.

All the forms of evil, he says, may be expressed in selfishness. This, the prolific germ of all evil, springs from the perversion of precisely what is most inward, central, and essential in our nature. Love is the proper constituent of our being ; it is in this principle that our true personality consists. But love is essentially lovely, so that, as our proper self is made of love, to know ourselves is of course to love ourselves. This proper self, this lovely love, however, is most perfect, most lovely, most itself in short, when most forgetting itself in its object ; and is least perfect, least lovely, least itself, when forgetting the object in itself. Here then we have the proper antithesis and antagonism of self-love and selfishness ; the one the highest perfection, the other the lowest degradation, of our nature ; and the present misarrangement of society is perpetually causing self-love to pass over into selfishness. If this self-love, this love smitten with its own loveliness, were allowed the free possession and enjoyment of the object it craves, there would be nothing to generate selfishness out of it. Thus this mother corruption springs from the vicious order, or rather disorder of society which withholds those objects ; self-love degenerates into selfishness from the self-denial imposed upon it. From the nature of man, that is from himself, Mr. Channing infers and unfolds the nature of God, which is probably the same thing that a certain German philosopher meant when he spoke of "*creating God*." God, says Mr. Channing, like man, is love. As His essence is love, He is of course lovely, and therefore must necessarily love Himself. Here then we have love loves love ; and this formula expresses the unity of the Divine Being. But God is infinite love, and, if so, then He is infinitely lovely, and must therefore love himself infinitely. As all his creatures are included in himself, they are also in-

cluded in the love he bears himself. Here then we have Infinite Love loves infinitely an Infinitude of Love ; and this formula expresses the Universality of the Divine Being. This, to be sure, is very luminous, but then, as Mr. Channing justly remarked, it is also very profound, so much so, indeed, that it will not bear to be dwelt upon, lest too much light should dazzle the eye ; lest we should see,

" And, blasted with excess of light,  
Should close our eyes in endless night."

In the foregoing remarks we are not aware of having at all exaggerated Mr. Channing's statements, though in some cases we have pushed them rather farther into their legitimate consequences than he did. The truth is, his statements are so incredibly extravagant as effectually to preclude all motives to exaggerate them. Indeed, a just representation of them would almost seem a caricature, and we hardly dare reproduce them in all their original length and breadth, lest we should incur the suspicion of misrepresenting them. Should we set him forth to our readers as he set himself forth to us, if they have any confidence in us, they would assuredly think him insane ; if they have any confidence in him, they would be sure to think us insane ; unless, perchance, they be a little touched with insanity themselves.

Mr. Channing, however, and his associates evince the most absolute confidence in the ultimate success of their schemes ; for who does not know, that with madness and fanaticism and self-conceit conviction is generally in inverse proportion to the weight of reason and experience ? The more difficulty others have in accepting their theories, the more confident they are of their originality, and if of their originality, then of their truth. Both they, indeed, and the rest of us proceed on the old maxim, that truth is mighty and will prevail ; and the difference between us is, that they, relying only on their own reason, and judging altogether for themselves what is truth, argue that a thing must prevail because it is true ; while we, distrusting our own reason somewhat, and allowing time and Providence a voice in our decisions of truth, argue that a thing is true because it has prevailed. Error, it is true, is continually starting up, in one form or another, but it does not prevail ; nay, it keeps starting up for the simple reason that it cannot prevail ; if, indeed, it could prevail,



the work which these men are trying to do would have been long since done up to their hands; for however much they may flatter themselves on the originality of their notions, they may be assured that, in substance if not in form, they are as old as human folly. Fortunately they are so utterly impracticable, that, to men of large stomachs and short memories, they may from time to time appear to be new. While, therefore, the rest of us are ignobly condemned to walk on the vulgar, but, as it seems to us, safe and solid ground of experience, these men enjoy the more glorious and delightful privilege of swinging aloft, and fluttering hither and thither on a web of theory spun out of their own brains — or bowels. Meanwhile, perhaps it will not be impertinent to remind them, that even so long ago as Burke's time, there was a class of men whose brains, if we may trust his account, had become addle through vain speculation.

Mr. Channing, though apparently insane, is evidently a man of fine talents and of excellent taste. Amid his feverish overflowings are occasional passages of great force and beauty, delivered in a style that would become the best of matter. He would undoubtedly seem a very strong man, did we forget how much easier it is to be violent than to be just, and how much less of real strength is required to deal in extremes and superlatives than to be judicious, comprehensive, and moderate. Wisdom is so much more a growth than a voluntary acquisition, and dwells so much amid the sweet austere composes of life, that she need not be looked for among such gladiatorial feats of logic and rhetoric, and such glowing redundancies of virtuous indignation. These philanthropic strainings and writhings of the faculties, these æsthetic agonies and ecstasies, and these convulsive strugglings after novelty and effect, may indeed spring from "inspiration," but they do not spring from wisdom, nor will they ever lead to it. The Furies, if we are not mistaken, were all represented as females. It is generally best to let the apples of thought ripen, and fall of their own accord; too much haste to pluck them before they are ripe often causes one to kill the tree with too much shaking, and at the same time to breed a frightful dysentery among those for whom he shakes it.

"Wisdom doth live with children round  
her knees;

Books, leisure, perfect freedom and the  
talk  
Man holds with week-day man in the  
hourly walk  
Of the mind's business."

At first, indeed, we were inclined to be a little melancholy over the hallucinations into which Mr. Channing has apparently fallen, but we afterwards adopted the more agreeable though more questionable resolution to extract, for ourselves and our readers, what amusement we could from them. The truth is, the best minds often get some inexplicable kink into them for no apparent purpose but that we may have something to laugh and grow fat over, or to lament and grow wise over. And perhaps, amidst our growing idolatry of intellect, it is well for us to be reminded occasionally, by practical demonstration, that the noblest gifts are impotent without docility, and, in attempting to do everything, run a great hazard of undoing themselves; that no talents however fine, no genius however splendid, can avail to reverse the laws of nature or invert the natural order of things; and that when the best heads choose to run themselves against a post, they may be useful to us as a warning, but hardly as an example. Mr. Whipple, in his lecture on "the Laidiculous side of Life," remarks that the hideous evils which everywhere beset us would undoubtedly drive us all into insanity but for the faculties of wit and humor which, catching the ludicrous aspect of those evils, turn them into occasions of genial, wholesome mirth. He does not remark, nor does it fall within his purpose to remark, that we have another and a better resource even than this, namely, a settled faith that Providence will assuredly educe from these evils, great as they are, an overbalance of good, though we cannot possibly see by what process this is to be done. For those who, distrusting everything but themselves, are resolutely bent on going by sight and not by faith, and who at the same time "hold themselves personally responsible for the obliquity of the earth's axis," as some of the transcendentalists are said to have done, there is obviously but little ground of hope; so that, "Oh, what a noble mind is there o'erthrown!" is all we can do for them. With this faith in Providence we can go to work, and thereby diminish the evils of the world by at least one; without it we can speculate ourselves into a paroxysm, and thus add another to them.



After all, schemes and efforts to remove all the evils of the world at once oftener spring from ambition than from benevolence; though here as elsewhere, in the deceitfulness of our own hearts, we may not be fully conscious what principles set us at work. Sometimes such schemes may be easily traced to a flagrant neglect or violation of the most sacred and private duties of life on the part of their authors. The stings of conscience arising from this cause often fill the mind with gnawing discontent, and thus engage men in fierce endeavors to convict society of the sins which themselves have committed. This course serves the double purpose of enabling them at once to elude the bitings of remorse, and to agitate themselves into notoriety. It was probably on some such ground as this that Dr. Johnson once remarked, that the profession of patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel. But especially such a misderiving of evil from external and incidental sources, as the Associationists uniformly proceed upon, argues a total unfitness for the task of alleviating it; its sure effect, as in their own case, is, to set men upon adjusting the social relations in such a way as to dispense with, what, after all, is our only real hope, the regenerating efficacy of religion—upon getting up some wretched cutaneous appliances, to preclude the curing of our disease by removing its symptoms, and to augment its virulence by forcing it inward upon the vitals.

But what, perhaps, is worst of all in the doings and teachings of these men is, their tendency to puff men up with pride of immortality, by administering opiates and anodynes to the humiliating sense of guilt; for such, undoubtedly, is the legitimate effect of this doctrine, when disjoined from the ideas of justice and retribution with which it is naturally associated. Hence, perhaps, Mr. Channing's philanthropic solicitude for the "dignity of human nature," and his philanthropic apprehensions lest men should unduly compromise this dignity by carrying too much of self-distrust and self-abasement into the presence of their Maker. From some of his remarks, one would be apt to infer, that men should approach their Maker, not so much to ask his favor as to claim his respect; and that their most becoming sentiment towards him is, respect for themselves. But all this comes of losing the idea of justice,

and of course along with it the idea of mercy, which is, indeed, but a relaxation from justice. Truly the modern, O Lord, how love I mankind! is a great improvement on the ancient, O Lord, how love I thy law! We do not suppose this execrable stuff has got into Mr. Channing's heart, but it seems to have gotten into his head; and what gets into the heads of one generation is apt to be in the hearts of the next.

As if on purpose to preclude all grounds of spiritual pride and boasting, Providence has so ordered things that we often do most good where we least intend it, and least good where we intend it most. Thus we are perpetually admonished—and all experience proves how much we need the admonition—that it is ours to obey, not to administer, the laws of our Maker. Assuredly, he who neglects his definite, particular duties, and labors that he may be in a better condition to do them, will find the latter so long and hard a labor, that he will never be able to reach the former. It is curious, indeed, to observe what mistakes men make in regard to the matter of influence. In accordance with the prevailing spirit of improvement, the precept, *Let your light shine*, has been practically reformed into, *Make your light shine*. Hence, divers people go about *making* their light shine, until the very wind which their speed creates blows out the little light they have; and if, in their rapid, restless benevolence, they do not overturn and extinguish such lights as are content to shine quietly in their places, it will probably be because a good Providence is too strong for them. Nevertheless they are our children of light who, measuring their influence by their efforts to exert it, are yet abundantly filled with conceit of influence; and we all know that influence and conceit of influence are apt to be inversely proportioned. Oh, for a sermon on the text, *Work out your own salvation*; yes, your *own* salvation; *your own* salvation; never doubting in the least, that, as fast and as far as you make yourself salvable, Providence will save others by you, whether you will or no. Assuredly no power on earth can possibly prevent our influence from acting, *provided we have any*. How to get it, is the question; and a question too that is poorly met by those whose only concern is to exert it. On the whole, to obey is better, we suspect, than to exert an influence; for in obedience are involved the results of a deeper foresight

than is vouchsafed to any of us ; but as the truly obedient man does not aim at those results, but simply at the obedience, so of course he has no occasion for pride and conceit of efficiency ; what he does seems done by another through him ; and thus

the stronger he becomes the more he feels his weakness. Such is the profound and beautiful wisdom of nature, which is as favorable to our virtue as it is hostile to our pride. Truly he who humbleth himself *shall* be exalted.

## SHORT CHAPTERS ON NOVEL AND EXOTIC METRES.

### NO. III.

#### THE NEW SCHOOL METRES.

[BEFORE taking leave of the Classical Metres entirely, I wish to defend what some might consider a *slip* of mine in the first chapter. Homer speaks twice of the saddle-horse.

‘Ως δ’ ὅτ’ ἀνὴρ ἵπποισι κελητίζειν ἔναιδώς  
ὅστ’ ἐπεὶ ἐκ πολέων πίσυρας συναγείρεται  
ἵππους,  
σῦας ἐκ πεδίοιο μέγα προτὶ ἄστυ δίηται,  
λαοφόρον καθ’ ὁδόν· πολέες τὲ δ’ ἐθήσαντο  
ἀνέρες ἡδὲ γυναῖκες· ὁ δ’ ἔμπεδον ἀσφαλὲς  
δαίει  
θρῶσκων ἄλλοτ’ ἐπ’ ἄλλον ἀμείβεται,  
οἱ δὲ πέτονται.—*Iliad*, xv. 679.

As when a man that knoweth well on  
horses fast to ride,  
Four coursers hath together brought, of a  
great herd the pride ;  
He, rushing from the champaign up by  
much frequented ways,  
To some great town his course pursues,  
and many on him gaze,  
Both men and women ; he meanwhile,  
with seat unmoved aye,  
From one to other leaps in turn, the while  
they onward fly.

ἀντὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς  
ἀμφ’ ἐνὶ δούρατι βαῖνε, κέληθ’ ὥς ἵππον  
ἐλαύνων.—*Odyssey*, v. 370.

But round one spar Ulysses clung, as he a  
swift steed rode.

These very passages, however, seem to indicate that it was not *the ordinary practice of Homeric gentlemen*.

One other remark I feel obliged to make. Such of our subscribers as are

acquainted with the *Classical Museum*, must have observed in Prof. Blackie’s article on English Hexameters (October No.) some observations very similar to my own on the same subject. It is only bare justice to myself to state, that I never saw the article of Prof. Blackie, or heard of it, or knew of its existence, till the first of last month (February), when the number in question first reached me. C. B.]

THERE are two heresies on the subject of metre : one, that it makes no difference whether a line reads smoothly or not ; the other, that no poem shows proper art unless it is written in a *regular stanza*, i. e. ten-syllable heroics. The one of these opinions is childish, the other old-womanish.

The man who really invents a new stanza is a poet. *Caveat*, I don’t mean, by inventing a new stanza, reviving an obsolete one, as Longfellow took Drayton’s jolly old ballad of Agincourt—

“ Fair stood the wind for France,  
When we our sails advance,  
Nor now to prove our chance  
Longer would tarry ;  
But, putting to the main,  
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,  
With all his loyal train,  
Landed King Harry.”

—and set his “ Skeleton in Armor ” to the same tune. I mean composing an entirely new combination of lines, as Shelley did in his “ Sky-Lark,” and Tennyson in his “ Palace of Art.” Such metres bear the stamp of originality and genius ; it is not easy to analyze them

correctly, and next to impossible to imitate them successfully. The "Sky-Lark," for instance, is written in anything but regular measure. Make a scheme of it in long and short syllables, and you must have at least four different forms for the first line. Yet, what a magnificent melody it is! Would you change it for the most artistic couplets of Pope or Dryden? There never has been a poem written in that metre since, and it has not been for want of trying. A very pretty stanza occurs in Leigh Hunt's "Song of the Flowers." I refer to the final chorus:

"We are the sweet flowers,  
Born of sunny showers,  
Think, whene'er you see us, what our  
beauty saith;  
Utterance mute and bright,  
Of some unknown delight,  
We fill the air with pleasure by our simple  
breath;  
All who see us love us;  
We befit all places:  
Unto sorrow we give smiles; and unto  
graces, graces."

This may have been suggested by Milton's "Christmas Hymn:"

"It was the winter wild,  
When that the heaven-born child," &c.

being nearly the same stanza in *trochaics* as that in *iambics*.

Tennyson frequently writes in irregular metres; not from any inability to write in regular ones, for his blank verse is unsurpassed in harmony (and be it always remembered, harmonious blank verse is far more difficult to write than any kind of rhyme\*). But there is one very beautiful and perfectly regular stanza of his invention—that of the "Palace of Art, and the "Dream of Fair Women." Observe the artistic effect of the short line which terminates the verse:

"Or blue-eyed Chrimhilt, from her craggy  
hold,  
Amid the thick-set rows of vine,  
Poured blazing hoards of Niebelungen  
gold  
Down to the gulfy Rhine."

I believe nobody, except "The Cool of

the Evening,"† has had the moral courage to attempt this stanza; and if you want to see what work he made of it, read his "Palm Leaves." But many of the metres used by Tennyson in his Lady pieces (especially those with refrains), have been barbarously laid hands on by various poetasters, particularly on this side the Atlantic. He also, as was mentioned in a former chapter, made the long trochaic line fashionable.

Miss Barrett (Mrs. Browning she is now, by the way) is apt to versify very loosely and wildly; yet we occasionally find in her lines, stanzas, and even whole poems, of rare melody. It is not a little singular, that one of her *metres*, on which she seems to have hit accidentally, was never generally understood until its capabilities were developed by our old contributor, Mr. Poe.

"Lady Geraldine's Courtship," it will be remembered, is written in lines of sixteen and fifteen syllables, rhyming alternately:

"Oh, to see or hear her singing! scarce I  
know which is divinest—

For her looks sing too—she modulates  
her gestures on the tune:

And her mouth stirs with the song, like  
song, and when the notes are finest,

'Tis the eyes that shoot out vocal light,  
and seem to swell them on."

But, toward the close of the poem, the hemistiches of the first and third lines rhyme:

"Said he, 'I would dream so ever, like  
the flowing of that river,

Flowing ever in a shadow, greenly onward  
to the sea;

So, thou vision of all sweetness, perfect  
unto full completeness,

Would my course of life flow onward,  
deathward, through this dream of thee."

Now, as Miss Barrett was considered (not with the strictest propriety) one of the Tennyson school, and there had just been a great run upon long trochaics among the Tennysonians, it was at first supposed that the metre of "Lady Geraldine" was a variation of that employed in "Locksley Hall," and people tried to read it in trochaics, with all the odd syllables accented:

\* See the preface to Cowper's Homer, where this point is very ably discussed at length.

† Monckton Milnes, so dubbed by Sidney Smith, on account of his confidence and miraculous self-possession.

"Said he, 'I would dréam so éver, like  
the flówing óf that ríver,  
Flówing éver in a sháadow, gre'enly ón-  
ward tó the séa."

But the lines, thus read, had a most un-  
wieldy movement, compared with the  
evenly-falling couplets of Tennyson,  
such as,

"Never comes a trader; never floats a  
European flag,  
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland,  
droops the trailer from the crag."

—where, out of fourteen feet, only three  
are not trochees. Accordingly, Black-  
wood's critic objected to the metre of  
"Lady Geraldine," as "awkward and  
lumbering," or something to that effect;  
and such was the general opinion re-  
specting it. But to do these verses justice,  
they should be read with only *four* ac-  
cents in a line, *i. e.* in feet of *four* sylla-  
bles, the *third only* strong, corresponding  
to the classical pæan Tertius, the even  
lines being catalectic:

"Said he, 'I would | dream so éver,\* | like  
the flówing | of that ríver, |  
Flowing éver | in a sháadow | greenly ón-  
ward | to the séa, |  
So, thou vísion of all swéetness, perfect  
únto full compléteness,  
Would my cóurse of | life flow ónward, |  
deathward, through this | dream of thée."

Compare this metre with that of Poe's  
"Raven:"

"But the raven sitting lonely on that pal-  
lid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one  
word he would outpour.  
Not another word he uttered; not a fea-  
ther then he fluttered,  
Till at last I only muttered, Other  
friends have flown before.  
On the morrow he will leave me as my  
hopes have flown before.  
Then the bird said, 'Nevermore!'"

The alterations and additions of Mr.  
Poe are obvious. It seems to me that it  
was his introduction of a triple rhyme  
which chiefly brought out the true way  
of reading this stanza.

Probably this metre grew out of that  
of "The Duchess May," the fourteen-  
syllable line of which,

"Then the young lord jerked his breath  
and swore thickly through his teeth,"

sometimes runs into one of sixteen sylla-  
bles,

"He would have his own betrothéd, an  
she loved him an she loathéd;"

which is exactly the longer line of  
"Lady Geraldine" and the "Raven."

CARL BENSON.

## ON THE USE OF THE PRECIOUS METALS,

### AS ELEMENTS OF NATIONAL AND INDIVIDUAL PROSPERITY.

IN the last number of this work a sum-  
mary statement was given of the precious  
metals at different periods of the world,  
commencing with the year 1492, and  
ending with 1840; also with the amount  
of the same in the U. States, commenc-  
ing with 1820, and ending with the  
month of July, 1845.

It is now proposed to examine some-  
what into their use, as an element in the  
promotion of that great increase of the  
wealth of nations which has occurred  
during the same period of time.

But before making such an attempt it  
may be well to state the views which in-  
fluence the writer, in calling public at-  
tention to the subject.

To be therefore as concise as the na-  
ture of the case will admit, we propose  
to show that specie acts but a subordinate  
part in the great concerns of mankind;  
*an indispensable one, undoubtedly*, but  
still we think it may be shown to be by  
no means the basis of wealth, either na-  
tional or individual; but that its presence  
or absence in any country will be just in

\* Note how the first syllables of "ever" and "river" in this line illustrate the difference between *accent* and *quantity*. They are incontrovertibly short, and yet each sustains the whole weight of a quadrasyllabic foot.

proportion to the amount of exchangeable value possessed from natural endowments, or from the manner in which human industry and human art shall use such endowments in the creation of such value.

It is further our design to show that, in the present advanced state of civilization, a well-regulated system of credit is the great basis which governs and controls the commercial and trading operations of the world, while the precious metals 'are only useful in the payment of balances, and in the preservation of the soundness of the currency.

To make these premises clear, it is necessary to state a few first principles, that may be considered almost in the light of self-evident propositions, which our more enlightened readers will excuse, since it is desirable to commence at the foundation, and start with well-settled data.

The great needs of man in a state of civilization, are suitable food and clothing, and comfortable habitations. For the first he resorts to the cultivation of the earth and to fishing, and the breeding of animals—for the second to the useful arts—for the last to the forests and the mines, aided by the arts.

Now it must be evident that, if each individual provided himself through his own labor and skill, with each of the above necessities and comforts, there would be no use for money; and it follows from thence that money is only needed because it is found, as society advances, that a division of labor produces a great saving, both of labor and time—and that through such division of labor, a much greater quantity of the things sought for, can be produced in a given time by any number of persons residing in the social state.

This being admitted, there are only two ways of making such exchanges as the mutual wants of the different members of society require. The first and crudest method is *barter*, or the exchange of one commodity for another—and the other by establishing some common medium of exchange, which, by being least liable to a fluctuation in quantity, shall, therefore, at all times, and under all circumstances, retain a more settled value, in relation to all other commodities. As this medium became necessary from the advances of civilization, the precious metals offered the best possible means of affording the requisites sought for, and accordingly they were

resorted to for this purpose in the very incipient stages of society.

While the wants of man were few, and easily supplied, there was little commerce, but little money was needed, and therefore the precious metals were found to answer the purpose of effecting the necessary exchanges; but as human knowledge advanced, and society became more refined, human wants increased, nations were separated from each other, commerce took its rise—difference of soil, of climate, and of pursuits, greatly extended the products to be exchanged, and as early as the twelfth century other means were resorted to for extending the benefits of the precious metals and increasing the facilities by which a general supply of the commodities of life could be circulated.

In the twelfth century, in the year 1171, the Bank of Venice, the first institution of the kind on record, was founded. We have no very accurate accounts of the plan upon which its business was conducted; but as the Bank of Amsterdam, the second bank we read of, was probably copied from the Bank of Venice, it is presumed they were both administered upon the same principles, namely, that of receiving specie and bullion upon deposit, giving credit to the depositor on the books of the bank, and permitting him to draw his check upon it, in favor of any one to whom he wished to make payment; which person was, on presentation of such check, credited with the designated amount; the drawer being debited at the same time with the like amount. Neither of these banks issued any bills or notes as money. Still they were of great use to trade, inasmuch as this plan of payment prevented the necessity of counting or conveying the specie or bullion from one person to another.

The Bank of England, which was chartered in the year 1694, was the first bank which ever issued bills or notes to circulate as money in the transactions of trade and commerce.

The Bank of Scotland was chartered in 1695, and these two were the only banks that issued notes as money prior to the eighteenth century. The present Bank of France was not established till 1803, and had the exclusive privilege granted to it to issue notes for forty years.

The privilege granted to the Bank of England to issue bills and notes as money, opened an entire new era in the financial



affairs of the world, and gave rise to a great system of credit in trade and commerce, which has continued ever since; and though it has been, from its abuse, productive of the most widely extended and serious evils, yet the writer has no doubt it has been one of the main causes which has produced the immense increase in the arts and sciences, and in the general trade of the world, rendering the progress of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries almost beyond human calculation.

It is not within the limits of this short essay to go into a history of the credit system, generally, and to record the abuses which grew out of it, in the South Sea Bubble in England, and the Mississippi Scheme in France, which produced ruin far and wide—nor to show the immense losses which have been sustained by the abuses of the banking system of late date both in England and in the United States.

Nor is it attempted to deny that there is in the system itself great liabilities and temptations to fraud—these are freely admitted. But this is not the question we have before us. We may however, in relation to the evils of the credit and banking system, be permitted to remark that all human institutions possess the power of evil in just the same proportion as they are endowed with the power of doing good. The steam-engine multiplies power to an immense extent, and the danger of evil from its use is greater or less in proportion to that power; while its advantages are also, up to a certain extent, commensurate with its force. Nay, the opposite qualities exist in nature; the very air we breathe is necessary to the sustenance of human life, and yet, gales of wind, hurricanes, and tornadoes produce the most extended devastations. The electric fluid is closely connected with all material substances, and is useful in the purification of the atmosphere. Yet when exhibited in too great quantities, and too suddenly, as in thunder-storms, it destroys everything within its reach. But it is useless to enumerate, for the maxim is trite that every human institution may be abused, and, as we have said, the banking and credit systems have been most grossly abused—but they have become the great levers of trade and commerce, and we risk nothing in declaring that, until some plan is discovered (if indeed such discovery can be made) to multiply with

equal facility and convenience a safer representative of commodities and of value whereby to effect exchanges, nothing can supersede these systems in trade and commerce. As well may be anticipated that railroads and steam propulsion will be abolished, and mankind agree to go back to the old system in use before their discovery, as to believe that banks and the credit system will be laid aside, and the precious metals become again the only medium of effecting exchanges.

It may therefore be laid down, as we have said, that all trade and commerce have now, as their settled basis, a great system of confidence and credit, and therefore the inquiry is a proper one: in what degree the precious metals are necessary to sustain in the best manner, and with the greatest advantages to nations and individuals, the immense exchanges of the now multiplied products of human requirement.

We shall, in the attempt to explain ourselves upon this subject, offer some simple views of the operations of the credit system in effecting exchanges, in which perfect safety predominates, without any active intervention of specie.

Let us then suppose twenty persons, more or less, of whom the first owes a sum of money to the second, the second to the third, the third to the fourth, and so on to the twentieth, who also owes the sum to the first—and if the supposed sum be one thousand dollars, it is evident that in this case one thousand dollars paid from the first to the second, and so in rotation to the twentieth, an amount of indebtedness will be discharged twenty times greater than the sum used to discharge it, and the money returned to the original possessor—and if specie be the only medium used to liquidate the debt, its amount must be twenty times ascertained, or counted, and probably be as often removed from one place to the other, incurring a great amount of labor and expenditure of time and money. But if the one thousand dollars be safely deposited in a bank, a small piece of paper operates precisely in the same manner as would the specie, without expense and with equal safety, and without the removal of one dollar of the specie from the bank. This latter may not occur in every case, but it will in many; and the bank being enabled to make a calculation of how much specie will, on the average, be demanded by its depositors, may make loans of a certain portion of

their money, and thus afford additional facilities to those who wish to borrow, and in this way increase the amount of business, which can be safely transacted upon any given amount of money. Or, upon the credit system, the first may draw his bill of exchange upon the twentieth, and pay such bill to the second, the second to the third, the third to the fourth, and so on to the twentieth. This latter operation is not so common in this country because we have few private bankers, but in England, where there are many, it is a daily practice.

Are not the beneficial effects of the banking and credit system here made very manifest, and is it not here shown that specie plays a very subordinate part in the great operations of trade in large cities? Nay, but it is the same thing in the debts due from one part of the United States to another, and to every foreign country. One merchant in New York is indebted to another in New Orleans, or in London, while with others the case is exactly the reverse, hence arises what is called exchange, and the merchant in New York who has a debtor either in New Orleans or London, sells his draft to the merchant or merchants who is his debtor in either or both places, and thus the debt is cancelled without the intervention of specie, rendering the transmission of specie only necessary to pay any balance of indebtedness.

It is therefore clear, that the vast majority of mercantile transactions, both individual and national, are paid without the intervention of the precious metals—the whole being upheld by a system of mercantile confidence and credit, without which trade and commerce, to any great extent, cannot be carried on. The whole course of trade, commerce, and finance, is so simple, that we feel really unwilling to offer any further explanations of what is well known to every merchant's clerk—and yet, strange to say, attempts are constantly made to throw a mystery around these very simple and plain operations; and men who know much better, are continually pretending that it is a great thing to be a financier, and to understand the management of concerns of that nature, be they of an individual or of a nation.

We freely admit, that there is often great difficulty in the management of both, where there are not competent means to do so. A mercantile house may overtrade, and not have sufficient means

of credit or capital to meet its engagements, and may be put to great straits to sustain itself. So a secretary of the treasury or a finance minister, may not provide a sufficient revenue to meet the expenditures of the country, and may have the same difficulty from the same source; but with the means at hand, in either case, the credit system is so well regulated that no difficulty can occur.

Punctuality, accuracy, and means, are all that are necessary to make a good financier; no one should attempt the duties without a knowledge of his subject, and with such knowledge he will have fewer obstacles in his way, than in almost any other pursuit. Losses will sometimes occur in finance, as in every other vocation, but both individually and nationally, so far as this country is concerned, these losses have more often arisen from want of principle in those who administer them, than from any inherent defect in the system when properly applied.

Food, clothing, and habitation, being the real desiderata in civilized life, and specie partially the medium through which they are exchanged, it surely will not require many examples to prove our postulate, that where there is the greatest amount of such of these commodities as are exchanged with foreign nations, there will there be the greatest amount of specie. Great Britain usually creates and exchanges the greatest amount of manufactures, &c. Consequently Great Britain has usually the greatest amount of specie in proportion to her population. But her crops occasionally fall much short of her consumption, and when this happens to such an extent, as to exceed the amount of what she has to sell, the balance is paid in specie. Such is the case at this moment, when, from the famine in Ireland, caused by the failure of the potato crop, and the scarcity of grain in Europe, specie is flowing into this country, because our superabundance of grain enables us to supply her need of that indispensable commodity. We fortunately now manufacture so much clothing, &c., for ourselves, that she cannot pay us in those articles, and therefore the rate of exchange is sufficiently against her to make it profitable to import specie, and hence it flows in upon us, in accordance with the law of trade to which we refer.

To show that the amount of specie in

Europe and America is no proof of the amount of property or value in these countries, or indeed in any other, at any specified period, we need only refer to the tables published in our last number, which show the stock of specie in 1810 to have been £380,000,000 sterling; whereas, in 1830, it was ten per cent. less, say £345,640,780 sterling. Yet who can doubt that the amount in value in Europe and America was vastly greater in 1830 than in 1810.

We promised, in the last number of the Review, to show how the receipts and disbursements of the public funds may be safely conducted, without the use of the precious metals or the intervention of bank notes, and we propose now to redeem that promise.

First, then, we state the case as it really is, viz: We say that the credit and debit side of the account ought to be so nearly equal, that any balance which may remain in the treasury after the public debts of the year are paid, should be only such as is deemed requisite for a case of emergency, say two, three, or if need be, four millions. Let the receipts then, from whatever sources, exceed the disbursements in that amount. These receipts may be rendered very nearly certain in their amount, and they are always certain in their payment. A certain number of persons are debtors and a certain number creditors. Let Congress then authorize a limited issue of revenue bills, bearing no interest, sufficient to pay the public creditors; let a branch mint be established in New York, and let these

revenue bills or specie be alone receivable for the public dues; let them be redeemable in specie at the mints in Philadelphia, New Orleans, and New York, which will always keep them at a par value, and then always taking care that the revenue shall exceed the amount issued, and the government will be their own guaranty for the safety of their receipts—and as in the case stated in the fore part of this article, they may pass into as many hands as may be, they will eventually perform the part of a bill exchange drawn by the government upon the debtor, who will pay the creditor.

All that the government have a right to demand, is safety and facility in the collection and disbursement of the public moneys; and surely nothing can be safer than their own obligations or specie. To demand specie for the liquidation of an account, which is like the bills payable and bills receivable account in a merchant's ledger, is an arbitrary exercise of power that never should be submitted to by the people, because, as we have shown, specie pays under the credit system, with which the people are well contented, debts to a much greater amount than its actual value; and it is a robbery of so much of the material of trade from the trading community to exact it in the payment of dues which, in reality, are *nothing*, since those who administer the government are nothing but trustees charged with effecting the exchanges in value which take place between the public debtor and the public creditor.

## A UNIVERSAL AND CRITICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.\*

THE compiler of this work has been conversant, for many years, with Dictionaries and the making of Dictionaries. About twenty years since he edited "Johnson's Dictionary, as improved by Todd," &c. While executing this task, he formed the plan of his small work, entitled, "A Comprehensive Pronouncing

and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language;" but before completing this latter work, he was induced to make the octavo abridgement of Dr. Webster's American Dictionary of the English language. Last of all, he has come before the public with the work, the title of which we have given. The remarks

\* A UNIVERSAL AND CRITICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE; to which are added, Walker's Key to the Pronunciation of Classical and Scripture Proper Names, much enlarged and improved, and a Pronouncing Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names; by Joseph E. Worcester. Boston: Wilkins, Carter & Co. 1846.

which have occurred to us upon the work, we offer without preface under the following heads :

1. *Pronunciation*.—This subject the compiler has painfully elaborated, and the results are placed at the command of the reader. He has not merely given the results of his own investigations and inquiries, by indicating what he supposes to be the usage of those esteemed as authorities; nor has he, where authorities are divided, and, as it were, equally balanced, given the two or three methods, with the authority on which each depends; but he has collected and attached to every important word, every method of pronouncing it that has ever been recommended by a writer, whether great or small, conceited or well-informed, judicious or affected. In this way he has gathered more curious information on this subject than can be found in any other work; which will be highly esteemed by all literary antiquarians, students of the “curiosities” of English pronunciation, and hunters after odd ways of affected utterance. We doubt the propriety or the good taste, however, of attaching this variety to a dictionary designed for common use; a dictionary which, from its size and pretensions, is intended to answer questions directly and briefly to the popular mind, rather than to be a thesaurus of the materials from which opposite usages may be defended, and nice questions may be laboriously adjusted. What is wanted in such a dictionary is the good usage of educated and sensible people in England and America—not the ultra and impracticable affectations of the *salon*, not the stiff and studied overdoing of the actor, or the professed doctor of pronunciation, not the refined nor the coarse cockneyisms of the cit, nor again the negligent and vulgar provincialisms of Old or New England; but the actual use of the intelligent and refined who speak the English language. Greater deference is to be yielded to English usage, under certain circumstances, than to the American, but not to such an extent as is sometimes claimed; least of all is that which is not the English usage of the truly intelligent and judicious to be insisted on, because it is observed by the affected Englishman. To do this, as was done by Walker, and as is done to a limited extent by Worcester, is to commit the mistake of the importer of the latest fashion, who gives the coat, the cravat, the hat or the boots,

of the London dandy, rather than those of the English gentleman. If we are to err in either direction, we had rather err from provincial ignorance than from mistakes of affected imitators. Let our errors be those of well-meaning but simple rustics, rather than those of the *travelled* fool. Mr. Worcester is in the main reliable, though with a little leaning to affectation and overdoing.

2. *New Words*.—Mr. Worcester informs us that, “to the words found in Todd’s edition of Johnson’s dictionary, nearly 27,000 more have been added.” We are not surprised to learn this. We should not have been surprised, if we might trust the impression received from a simple inspection of single pages, if he had told us that he had added 50,000. On some of these pages, we are obliged to look with care in order to pick out, here and there, the familiar and well-known words of ordinary conversation and writing. A foreigner who had obtained a tolerable knowledge of the English language, would be appalled by an inspection of these formidable lines of new words, if he were told that they all yet remained to be mastered. Mr. W. has of course made many valuable additions. The wonderful progress of the physical sciences, with the arts depending on them, since Johnson’s day, has called into being, of necessity, thousands of new words. These words, as far as they have passed into the vocabulary of educated men, and occur, however rarely, in books, not technical and purely scientific, ought to be defined. With the progress of thought and the wide extension of general intelligence, with the new creation of hosts of writers of peculiar education, habits of thought, sources of illustration, &c., as well as from that liberty of creation taken by, and allowed to, men of commanding genius, hundreds of new words, neither technical nor scientific, have made for themselves a room and a place in the language. These all should be added. But to give a glossary or catalogue of all the words that have ever been used by those who are claimed as writers of English, or even by those who are acknowledged as English writers, is a liberty a little larger than the largest that should be allowed. Mr. Worcester has followed the largest liberty in this respect, with an ultraism that is quite equal to the spirit of the age. An English word in his view, is a word actually used, and even once, by an English



writer of any name. It may have been employed by the funny Charles Lamb, who created words for the nonce, for the sake of the fun, and who would no more have used the same word a second time, after the sparkle of its first crytallization was gone, than he would drink stale champagne; or by the large-mouthed Coleridge, who, by his genius, could make a word of ten syllables appear quite passable, and perhaps as well sounding as the Πολυφλοισβοιο Θαλασσης of Homer. How would Lamb stare to see *Notelet* and *Epistolet*, penned by him in a frolic epistle or essay—just for the fun of the thing—paraded like a regular soldier in a stiff line of dictionary array, and enlisted for life to do duty in the service of the King's English. Even Coleridge, though not easily frightened at any great word, would stand aghast at *Impossibilification* and *Deathify*, introduced by Worcester and credited to himself. Then we have such words as these: *Devilet*, *Fiddle-faddlen*, because the Quarterly Review was so silly as to make it possible for Mr. Worcester to add two towards his 27,000. Then we have *To Facsimile*, *Rumgumtious*, *Circumbendibus*, *Cantankerous*, *Dandify*, *Dirt-Pie*, *Defectionist*, *Dyssyllabification*, and *Dissyllabify*. Then of English provincial and vulgar words: *Scrawky*, *Scriggle*, *Scrimption*, *Scruff*, *Shopocracy*, *Squirearchy*, *Cutter*, *Dandyize*. Were any possible reason to be given for the introduction of these, and hundreds of words like them, except that it enables the publisher of the book to talk of additional words by the thousand, there would be no occasion for our criticism. But there being no other cause conceivable, we think it deserves fairly to be set down under one of the arts of making a book sell. We would suggest to Mr. Worcester, therefore, the new word, *Book-craft*, or *Dictionary-craft*, and a description of the process, as one of the definitions of the word. Such a writer as Carlyle would be a fortune to the makers and publishers of dictionaries, if dictionaries are to be made on this principle. We would suggest a pension to him for his services in this respect.

It deserves to be noticed also, by those who have so freely complained of Webster for his corruption of the English language, by recognizing so many new words, that in this respect the little finger of Mr. Worcester is thicker than the loins of Dr. Webster. Where Dr. Web-

ster introduced ten of these *nova verba*, Mr. Worcester has invested a hundred with the privileges of citizenship.

3. *Definitions*.—Under this head, Mr. Worcester is very unequal. The definitions are usually correct, and under most words he gives most of the senses of which the word is capable and in which it is used. But the words are defined more usually by a synonyme than by descriptions, and synonymes and descriptions are strangely huddled together, with less regard to order than is desirable, and with little attention to the development of the meaning. All words have a primary and original sense, which is capable of being expressed by a definition that is logical. From this original meaning, the desired signification may be traced; and often, in the order of the origin and growth of each, to the perfection of a definition, it is necessary that the meaning be clearly conceived, then that it be precisely expressed, and in such a way that the description will be true of this word, and of no other words; and not that *while* it is true of this word, it is also true of many others; and last of all, that its variety of meanings be arranged according to the chronological and philosophical order of their development. It is owing to the fact, that Dr. Webster proposed to himself the ideal of a definition, that his dictionary so far surpasses every other; and it is this that has enabled it to fight its own way against some well-founded and more prejudiced opposition. We were impressed with the deficiencies of Mr. Worcester, when tested by this ideal, on a first and hasty glance at the work. We have had it confirmed by the testimony of an intelligent foreigner, very familiar with languages, and who has been in the habit of consulting dictionaries to gain clear and discriminating knowledge of words; and we were more deeply impressed with the deficiency when we compared a few words, selected at hazard from Worcester and Webster, and saw the contrast between the definitions. Accuracy of definition is essential to accuracy of thought. It exerts an important influence, also, on truth and honesty of character. Honest men are proverbially clear in their definitions. Demagogues and sophists rejoice in confusion of terms, and in vagueness of thoughts, words, definition, propositions and reasonings. It ought to be stated that Mr. Worcester expressly affirms that, "with respect to Webster's Diction-



ary, which the compiler several years since abridged, he is not aware of having taken a single word, or the definition of a word, from that work, in the preparation of this." We think his work would have been improved had he allowed himself a little greater liberty.

We specify the following words as erroneously defined :

*Coupon* is defined "a dividend in a public fund or joint-stock." The Dictionary of the Academy gives no such sense, but defines the word as it is used in England and this country, for small printed certificates of interest upon stocks, bonds, &c., which are *cut off* from time to time, to be presented for payment.

*Hospice*—"A sort of hospital for monks." It is a religious establishment in the passes of the Alps, for the entertainment of travellers without expense.

*Perchloride*—"A compound of chlorine with phosphorus." A perchloride of gold would therefore be a compound of chlorine, phosphorus and gold. We need not say that a perchloride is a compound of chlorine with any substance, in which chlorine is combined in its highest possible proportion.

*Post-note*—After giving the true sense of the word, Mr. W. adds another—"a cash-note to be sent by post"—giving Bouvier as authority. We doubt whether the word is ever used in this sense, or whether Bouvier has justified it. The definition in his Law-Dictionary contains nothing of the kind.

We give also several instances of mere transcription, with manifest neglect to verify the thing transferred—sometimes doing injustice to the authority from whom the definition purports to have been derived, and in some instances contradicting himself under different heads.

*Heptandrian*—"Seven-fold masculine, or having seven stamens; heptandrous;" giving Lindley for his authority. The termination in *ian*, in botany, was proposed by Dr. Webster, but never adopted by botanists. We find no such word in Lindley as *heptandrian*, and certainly he never gave it the definition, "seven-fold masculine." In like manner he gives *Hexagynian*—"six-fold feminine, or having six pistils;" ascribed also to Lindley.

*Hexandrian* is ascribed to Pen. Cyclopaedia. Hexandrous, and not Hexandrian, is given under the article Botany.

*Dodecandrian*, *Dodecagynian*, are given as "twelve-fold masculine" and "twelve-fold feminine," on the authority of Smart,

and he is probably entitled to the honor of this very original definition.

*Seasonless*, he derives from Byron—"having no seasons; unseasonably." The last definition is wholly aside from Byron's meaning, and defines an adjective by an adverb.

*Euphuism*, *Euphuist*—Euphuism is defined by Euphemism!! and Euphemism by Euphuism; and the Edinburgh Review and Scott are given as authorities. The editor certainly mistook the meaning of one of these words, if he had a clear view of either. Did he verify his mistake by a reference to his authorities?

*Garglion* is given, on the authority of Quincy, as "an exudation from a bruise which indurates into a hard tumor." Quincy has no such word, nor is there any such in the language, and it is obvious that somebody, from whom Mr. Worcester took the word, wrote *garglion* for *ganglion*.

*Fortalice* is defined a fortress, a citadel; and yet *fortallage* is defined "a little fort, a block-house," with the remark, "same as fortalice." If he had looked into Old Mortality, he would have found the fortalice of Scott was not the citadel, but an outwork.

*Edge* (adject.) and *Edge-rail*—The first is defined, "applied to a railroad in which the carriages run upon rails or edges of rails, as in common railroads." The second: "An iron bar or rail, upon which the wheels of a railroad can revolve, a flange being formed upon the inner edge of the rail, projecting about an inch, in order to prevent the wheels from sliding off." The two roads, here described, are very different.

*Gnomiometrical* seems to have been copied blindly from Smart, for *goniometrical*, as the definition plainly shows the word to be.

*Fluvialist* is defined, "one who treats of rivers." This word, in Geology, properly denotes one who accounts for the origin of certain strata, in a peculiar way.

*Ephah* is defined to be 15 cubic inches, which would be less than half a pint, and yet a *Hin*, which is the tenth of an Ephah, is defined as five quarts. The fact is that the Ephah contains, according to the lowest computation, nearly a bushel, and according to Gesenius, almost a bushel and a half, or 2,600 Paris inches.

*Homer* is defined, "a Hebrew measure, of about 3 pints." It was the largest Hebrew measure, containing 10 baths, as

stated in the Scriptures, or more than 70 gallons.

*Kraal* is "a rude hut or cabin of Hottentots, with conical or round tops." It is a village of such huts, never a single one.

*Saddle-cloth* is defined, "A cover for saddle:" if it ever means this, which we question, this is not the more common signification.

*Reformed* is vaguely and imperfectly defined. The Reformed Churches of the continent were a large body of churches, embracing the Swiss, the Dutch, the French, and other communions which separated from Luther on the subject of the sacramental presence.

The words *Ecbatic* and *Telic* are defined in a most vague and imperfect way. As applied to transitional particles, especially in sacred interpretation, they have a forcible and peculiar use, which is only hinted at, and seems not to have been distinctly conceived.

*Sophister* is defined, "An undergraduate." But a freshman in the English university is also an undergraduate, but not a sophister.

*Sophist* is defined, as one of its meanings, "An undergraduate at the University of Cambridge, England; a sophister." Is sophist ever used in this sense? *Soph.* is the usual abbreviation.

*Shingle* is defined, "A thin board to cover houses; a sort of tiling." This was designed for English readers, probably.

*Neology*—"A term applied to a new system of interpretation of the Scriptures in Germany." How much information does this convey? Why not tell what system of interpretation?

*Livery Men*, in London, is defined, "A number of men belonging to the freemen of the ninety-one companies," &c. Why so vague? Instances like these might be given to an unlimited extent.

Were we to describe this dictionary by its general principle or spirit, we should say it was composed on the principle of *aggregation* rather than on that of *thorough selection and elaboration*. This appears in the introduction; in the curious catalogue of every variety of dictionary, cyclopedia, &c.; in the gathering of all kinds of words, good, bad and indifferent; in the exhibition of every possible way in which these words have been pronounced; in the sweeping together of definitions, particularly in science technology, with too little discrimination of

authorities and too little revision of the information which they furnish. Such a method of making a book is far more convenient for the writer, than it is useful for the reader. The compiler presents a greater array of learning, and avoids much responsibility. His authorities are always presented, and his own opinion is not likely to be called in question, because he rarely uses that opinion. He will be likely to offend no party, because he takes no ground. It is rather a favorite way of making books in this country, but it is not the way to bring out useful and lasting results: least of all will it have any good influence in making more pure and accurate the prevailing use of language.

We observe that this dictionary is noticed with favor by many who take occasion to speak slightly of Dr. Webster; and in one or two instances, such a notice has been made the vehicle of an indiscriminate and ferocious attack on the venerable lexicographer. It is natural and fair that the friends of Mr. Worcester, and Mr. Worcester himself, should set forth the particulars in which his work may be contrasted with Webster's, to his own advantage; but the mere assertion that Worcester is *conservative*, with no specification of the points of superiority, does little credit to the cause which it is designed to serve.

The peculiarity of Mr. Webster which has excited so much odium was his orthography. This has created and aggravated a prejudice which the friends of rival works know how to use to his disadvantage. We by no means approve of Dr. Webster's way of spelling certain words in the language. The reasons urged in their favor we think insufficient, and the taste that urged them we deem still more defective. Other improvements, which respect certain classes of words, we think were demanded by the condition of usage, and were indicated by a strong tendency of the language towards their adoption. The cry against innovation is the easiest of all cries to raise. To protest against any sacrilegious innovation upon the sacred spelling of our forefathers has a look of profound and tender veneration. It is only to be regretted that those persons who are zealous against every reform do not recollect that it is not many decades of years since our forefathers had any fixed way of spelling at all; and that since the publication of Johnson's dictionary the tendency towards simplification

cation had wrought manifold more numerous changes than Dr. Webster proposed; and that most of the changes which he proposed were founded in reason, and had brought themselves almost into being. The termination *ter* had been gradually taking the place of *tre* in that class of words derived from the French. Dr. Webster finished the change by making all that class of words uniform in their termination. The dropping of the *u* out of honour and similar words, about 20 in all, was but fixing a change that had been carried into effect in quite a numerous class; and so of other changes. Those men who laud the venerable English of the best writers, seem not to be conscious that of all the anomalous things under the heavens, the most irregular, arbitrary and labyrinthine is the English orthography to a student of our language from the continent. While they are scolding about Webster they seem to be profoundly ignorant that the German language is continually undergoing changes ten-fold more numerous and vital in its spelling, its structure, and by the common consent of the learned; and yet the rugged old version of Luther's Bible is just as dear to the learned and the unlearned as ever—that the French Academy are continually giving laws to the language of *la belle France*. But in respect to the English language, say they, the thing is not to be thought of. The English of Johnson is good enough for us, say these men, and the venerable old wells of English undefiled are not to be intermeddled with. Baxter, Taylor, Shakespeare, &c., are to be followed, *spelling*

*and all*, though they had no fixed spelling to be followed. And so because a most laborious, and in most respects most thorough and judicious lexicographer, was a little deficient in taste, or a little too pertinacious in his own opinion in respect to some few scores of words, all of whose worst changes were pronounced reasonable by Germans, there are many who cast out his name, despise his aid, and have neither sense nor magnanimity enough to do honor to his many and unmatched excellences. This outcry resembles too much the John Bullism that cleaves to its rotten boroughs, and raises the cry of the throne and the altar are in danger, if but one rook is driven out of his undisturbed abode by the hand of innovation.

The forthcoming edition of Webster's dictionary will, we are quite sure, from the character and taste of its editor, be freed from those peculiarities in orthography which have given just offence, as well as be greatly improved in respect to the fullness and accuracy of the exhibition of the pronunciation. The definitions, now by far the most perfect and satisfactory that are to be found, and, beyond comparison, surpassing those of any other English dictionary, will be thoroughly revised and enriched, we are sure, from what we know of the zeal and diligence of the gentleman to whose care it is entrusted. It may not and will not be all that is to be desired, especially in etymology, but we are greatly mistaken if it will not be received with marked and increasing favor in this country and in England.

## MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

THE past month has been very fruitful of good singing, and, to some extent, of good music; and hence a little gossip respecting these matters may give piquancy to the more solid food we set before our readers in graver articles. But as it will not do to talk entirely at random, as Montaigne does, and Ralph Waldo Emerson tries to do, we must take up some little thread or threads, and string our thoughts thereupon, keeping up also a relation among them of precession and succession. Why will not this very distinction,

which we have just made, between *singing* and *music* suffice? It seems a very plain one, but to listen to the conversation of our musical and music-loving people, one would think it none too clear.

Here, for example, we have just had a good opera company, twice a week or more, all winter; Benedetti, Pico, Barili, Beneventano, Sanquirico, with a chorus, have sung; a large orchestra have fiddled and blown—all has been very good indeed. But the music they have given us has not been worth the pains, and many

give Donizetti, Coppola, and Verdi credit for what is due chiefly to the names of the singers and players. Many become enthusiastic admirers of Italian music, and presume to have fixed opinions on a subject they never studied; knowing music as the Prince Benbenin-bonbobbin knew books "without ever having read"—and because they have heard weak music well sung, and were pleased, fancy it was the music itself that pleased them. Now, that they should be pleased, and should wish to hear more of the same sort that has pleased them, is what no one can have the least disposition to find fault with. But when they affect to be of the *dilletanti*, and give out judgments, they go too far, and become like the "*self-taught*;" i. e. those who get on by dint of ignorance, and resemble the street musicians whom lovers of comfort pay to be still; who put themselves up by making all sensible educated persons desire to put them down.

There is no royal road to learning, and one cannot, or should not, form conclusions from too narrow an induction. It would be well if hundreds, who speak positively about music, would consider how much their opinions are really worth. They have not studied composition, not read criticism, not played or sung much; how can they tell, because they have heard Donizetti & Co. presented by a good company, and not heard much else, that there is no music in the world that comes up to theirs? They cannot. It is impossible.

Therefore, when they presume to make the old comparison between German and Italian music, and to decide dogmatically that the modern Italian is the greatest ever written, and the only music worth hearing, their opinions are not entitled to much weight. And, as in all questions of art, and especially the musical art, the feelings are very strongly enlisted, and disputers, whether right or wrong, throw the whole force of their will into the matter, it ought not to have much influence upon us when we hear these opinions uttered and adhered to with great prejudice, heat, and excitement. To one who looks to knowledge as the basis of opinion, and does not go by local authority—who actually *studies* music, reads the best authors, and plays well enough to read great compositions for himself—it does not. His musical opinions are like his literary ones; he has his great writers whom he looks up to with reverence,

and his minor ones whom he recurs to with pleasure; his soul admits the various forms of genius through all peculiarities and nationalities. With him the great art of Music stands behind all, and abstracted from all personal commixture; he is not a member of any clique or party; he goes not easily into *furors*. He is overwhelmed by no particular style, but loves them all with differences—Handel best of any, or Mozart, or Beethoven, (for who could ever decide which was the greatest in art, or in poetry;) he has a wide range, from Bach to Bellini, and since it is his object to find out excellence, he can look scarcely anywhere all through, without discovering at least some degree of it. Suppose, for example, such a student (we are not personating ourself, but our ideal of a genuine musical scholar) were to attempt to make the comparison between German and Italian music, let us endeavor to fancy how he would write. Might he not make something such a comparison as the following?

The German music is the production of a nation whose chief characteristic is a deep enthusiasm, strong passion contending with a heavy temperament, and developing itself, not in physical vivacity, but in mental, and hence tending towards mysticism. The brooding over sorrow till it becomes grief unutterable, the slow consuming fire, the morbid fancy, the reflective power that wanders away into the dim twilight of consciousness—all that unwieldy vigor that wastes itself in the mazes of metaphysics, or accumulates unmanageable stores of learning, that masters by its patient, inflexible perseverance, whole libraries, or acquires skill in the most difficult and minutely laborious of the arts—these are the qualities which distinguish the Almain above all other races. These qualities shine through his music and make it like himself, profoundly learned, passionate, enthusiastic, mystical. There is no question but that for strength, depth, hidden tenderness, and indeed for all that makes music great, the German school can produce examples of the greatest music ever written; at the same time, if we take the whole mass of their music, there can be as little question that a great deal of it is dry, hard, and frequently unintelligible. Handel was an old Italian German; he studied in Italy and lived in England; his music was touched with the flowing vocal Italian character, but he was one of

those great geniuses that really belong not to any one age or nation. Haydn and Mozart were both admirers of the old Italians; Beethoven is the purest German of them all, as he is also the greatest and most thoroughly German of the Germans themselves. People in speaking of the German music usually mean Beethoven, or perhaps sometimes Mozart; they do not consider *the whole* of German music, the writings of the thousands that are there all the while writing, and have been ever since these great composers. Perhaps they include Spohr and Mendelsohn, or Von Weber and the song writers and pianists—still it is only a few chief writers out of the most productive country in music that there is. Now because these great artists write good music it does not follow that the style of all Germany is so perfect as not to admit of excellence in that of any other nation. Beethoven may have written, as there is no doubt he has, the greatest symphonies that were ever composed; Spohr may please us with his finish, Mendelsohn with his subdued enthusiasm, that so often goes off into dreaminess; Schubert may move us with his passionate recitations—all this may be and we still be conscious that the German style is not the one only style in the universe.

We may, in short, know as much as an Albrechtsburgher, and be able to follow the direction written on the margin of some of Handel's music—"here extemporize a fugue on such a subject"—and still be quite aware that there is a music differing from all this, lighter, easier, more flowing, and more full of animal spirits—the music of that country known in poetry as "sunny Italy," where skies are always blue, and the landscapes have all ruined temples in the foreground and mountains in the distance, and the whole land resembles a view on the act drop at the theatre; where formerly there were castles, counts, and ladies, Rinaldos, Udolphos, Hypolitos, Lucias, Lauras, Beatrices; where now there are carnivals, lazzaroni, and maccaroni, Vesuvius, bright-eyed maidens, antiquities—all that sort of thing, in short, which we have read of in various books, for instance, in Mr. Headley's delightful letters. And we may, without accusing ourselves of bad taste, suffer ourselves to be pleased with this lighter music, the offspring of the quick-spirited people who live in that romantic region, for *what it is*, without requiring it to be something else. Depth

of passion is not an element of the modern Italian character, however it may have been in the days of the old novelists; the modern Italian is sudden, impetuous in his emotions, child-like, sensitive, easily impressed and easily forgetting; smiles and frowns pass over him like sunshine and showers in April weather. His wit is merely fun and gaiety, his sorrow a burst of passion; every bubble in his temperament comes rapidly to the surface and vanishes. These qualities of character are seen especially in the music which is the very element of this impressible people. It is never deep, never restrained, but always animated and free; it could not bear the thick flowing harmonic current of the German school, nor its novelty and variety of ideas. It must dance along with careless ease and do whatever it does in a vivacious manner, the passion of it being never overwhelming, never struggling for utterance, but of that kind which can burst out freely, like the joy or grief of young children. It is a music which will always be the most universally understood and the most popular; it has besides a natural refinement and grace, all its own. The whole art of music owes as much to it as to the music of Germany; the dry learning and the reflective and sentimental tendency of the German passion having always been modified and kept in check by the healthy vivacity of the Italian. It is not necessary to rank either school *above* the other; they both go to constitute the great art of music, and one may study both, and admire both, and Scotch, Irish or Chinese melodies besides, without sinning against good taste.

This is as fair a comparison as we can fancy our student to make, so cabined and cribbed as we are. We have made it to awaken thought among the admirers of Italian music, of which we have had so much, and are to have more next month, under still greater advantages. The company we have had contains good singers; BENEDETTI is a great tenor, with a fine, true, manly voice; BARILI is well cultivated and unassuming in manner; in short, the whole company have given great satisfaction. The new company which is to return here next month, is much the most numerous and best appointed we have ever had. It numbers many artists of first-rate skill. The prima donna is the best Italian soprano we have ever heard; the tenore has great finish; the baritone and basso are both



good; the orchestra is a large and fine one, full of good strong violins, and with a contra-bass of unrivalled excellence. They will stir up Boston, we fancy, to some purpose; and although they will be here at a bad time of year, no doubt they will set the city on fire, and perhaps ignite the North river. As far as good singing, &c., is concerned, we shall enjoy them; but alas! the music will be probably all *Verdi*. Now this *Verdi* is an Italian who affects Teutonic rigidity; his music is loud, forced, strange stuff; anybody could write as bad, that would; its shapes are only meant to be striking; its harmony astonishes the untaught ear and disgusts the cultivated; it has no real truth; very little of the Italian flow; much of it is Donizetti diluted, and that with a poor solution, making the whole like a mess of *eau sucre* and stale German beer, filled up with mouldy macaroni. So much for a modest opinion of *Verdi's* music in a single sentence. Heartily do we rejoice that there is a corner where one may say thus much, and fancy in the transparent air the countenance of "Father Haydn" looking approval. In the name of the musical art, we do hope that those who *know*, and can support what they advance with reasons, will not let their voices be drowned under this looked-for *Verdi* inundation!

We have spoken thus heartily against *Verdi*, because, in the present state of music in this country, we think him the very worst composer whose works could be presented to our public. Many of those who, as we noticed at the first, mistake *singing* for *music*, will soon learn to swear by him; scraps will be reprinted from him, and the voice of fashion is so strong that his unpoetic and uncouth melodies will become popular in parlors all over the country, and thousands and thousands of young hearts, fed on such food, will have no appetite for that which is wholesomer, more nourishing, and less highly seasoned. Why, even now, almost all that our public ever know of really great classic vocal music is through a few oratorios heard a few times a year by audiences of the respectable middle, rather than of the "upper ten." Donizetti, Balfe, Bellini, make the staple of what is piled on the corners of village pianos of the better order. You seldom see any songs of the old and purest Italian school; seldom anything in that way that you can feel the same pleasure in hearing as in look-

ing at a quiet old landscape; seldom anything that contains any deeper or richer poetic truth than the expression of mere Italian passion.

Now if there were a body of learned musicians in the country who could withstand this *Verdi* inundation, or any other—who could oppose the ephemeral, and give decisions as a high court of appeal of the last resort in matters pertaining to musical art, as there is in Germany—the influence of false music would not be so bad. The composer would be ranked at once according to his real merits by this tribunal; and those who then persisted in admiring him, would do it of their own free will, as preferring to be fashionable rather than musical. But here there is no such tribunal. Good professors of music are rare, and among them how few understand the poetry of their art; how few can criticise and judge of a piece as MOZART could, on true, æsthetical, untechnical principles; how generally our professors are mere players, disagreeing among themselves, and caring far more to get by hook or crook a decent living than to be true to their art. Then the sources of information that are open to the public;—the newspapers, bah! musical literature, old stories, anecdotes, history of Tubal Cain, etc. etc.; but here the Harpers have done a little by republishing what is a better than we had before, though after all *dead* life of Mozart, and we have actually some good books, Weber's "Theory," and a little treatise by M. Fétis, republished by the Boston Academy, "Music Explained;" the latter for common readers is excellent. But how little of this reaches the parlors where so many stand nightly in groups, deadening themselves to all the sweet influences of music, by patiently practising its weakest and most flimsy pieces. The Philharmonic in our city is doing somewhat, and so are the chorus societies a little; but after all, when one considers what a tumultuary and chaotic state the art of music is in among us, he feels most strongly the necessity that all who *know* should act and speak with a bold earnestness that shall be felt, for *the truth*, and for *nothing else*; that so this chaotic state may not prove a never-ending ruin, but a transition period, which shall lead to a regular stratification and clear separation of ignorance from learning.

Even now there are some indications that we are beginning to subside thus into

well-defined layers. The Philharmonic stands apart and is something; our public have a pretty general suspicion that there they shall hear what is sound, true and orthodox. Let this society select music carefully, and confine themselves to such as they can perform well; let them keep the line between good and bad as distinct as they can. It is for the interest of their art. In process of time they may be able to put down some future Verdi that may arise *by force of authority*. Genius may sometimes suffer, we know, under the flats of schools; but even the crazy Beethoven lived to triumph, and far better is it to have a learned body in any art for the young to look up to, than an indiscriminate crowd that they will soon learn to surprise. Now, if an artist fails in the high, there are ever opening lower deeps for him; we have seen a respectable solo pianist officiating at a panorama; one can conceive that a singer might fail before the upper ten in the opera, before the middle respectable in the oratorio, the good folks in the 'family,' and so on down to the Ethiopian, and all the while have his cliques of toadies pursuing him down, and so all the while keeping up a position. There is no universally recognized high caste among our artists—no aristocracy of excellence to which the young student can

look up with constant loyalty; the public do not ask where he studied, where he came out, or where got a degree; all they require is that he should please them, and an artist must be a fool if he cannot soon hit upon some magic that will form a circle about him. Still, as we have observed, there are indications that this state of things is improving; there is light in the East. The very lines that are beginning to be indefinitely drawn between the opera, oratorio, family, and Ethiopian, show an incipient stratification, and if we can (we musicians) keep it before the people that Verdi is only a *fashionable* composer, and not a *great* one; that his music is *showy*, not *poetic*; if we can only bring it to be suspected that he is not to be admired, except *in a sort*, in fact, rather to be laughed at, as we laugh at Bunn's and other librettos, and though well enough at the theatre of an evening, is not worth studying or thinking of anywhere else, we shall do something to assist the marshalling the elements into clear order; knowledge here, ignorance there; poetry here, fashion there; and so on; and thus we shall most essentially serve the best interests of the art we love with all our hearts in its very truth and purity. G. W. P.

## WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS.\*

THE design of this work, manifestly, was formed directly upon that of the singularly successful volumes by the same author—"Napoleon and his Marshals." It is simply carrying out a fortunate idea into a similar field—an extension, we are bound to say, which no other could have thought of, much less attempted to put into execution, without resting subject to the charge of a species of plagiarizing; and as it appeals, if not so strongly to our imagination and love of magnificent scenes, yet immediately to our patriotism and national pride, it can hardly fail of being equally successful.

To the publisher—we are not sure but to the author—this is perhaps the chief

consideration. Not that they are to be considered (like most of those among us, who make or put forth what they call books) as abiding by the feeling of Flaccus' satirical maxim:

"quærenda pecunia prima est;  
*Virtus* post nummos."

which may be freely translated, "No matter what the quality is, provided 'it sells.'" This is an accusation for those to make who have seen their own judicious sheets used to bind the backs of a more popular commodity. Such are apt to profess a light estimation for what so nimbly runs away from them. They are suspicious of a want of weight in a book

\* WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS. By J. T. Headley, author of "Napoleon and his Marshals," the "Sacred Mountains," etc.: in two volumes. Vol. I. New York: Baker & Scribner.

which possesses such an alacrity at moving off, forgetting that the indiscriminate binder spoken of hath clapped upon its shoulders the heaviness of their lucubrations. But in truth it is neither gratifying to the author, nor of benefit to the publisher or the public, for a book to be so excellent and heavy that no one will either buy or read it. For a thing is written to be read—else it were as well for the seller, or the private gentleman, to paint certain blocks of wood, as “Histories of England,” and other standard works, to be permanently arranged around their shelves. True, literary “virtue” (excellence) is doubtless like moral, “its own exceeding great reward;” but then it must be of a lively turn, or, in a mere temporal point of view, it will not *pay*. Posterity, indeed, will sometimes command that a volume be popular which has been gathering dust for half a century. But posterity sits with his laurels, &c., on a very distant hill; his money-bag, at least, is always emptied down the other declivity. On the whole, we do not ourselves know that one should act in authorship the part of the witless fellow, who, hearing that a raven would live a hundred years, bought one to see how it would talk the second century; nor, (were we liable ever to be an author,) should we prefer, all things considered, the existence of the toad, which, by some inherent “virtue,” maintains a torpid vitality in the rock, and is suddenly blasted out into extraordinary life at the end of five hundred years.

Besides, on account of our salutary policy in relation to copyrights, foreign works of quality have such facilities for making their way among us, that author and publisher may very reasonably congratulate themselves, if a native book shows such winning qualities as to carry treble “weight,” (*pretium major*), and yet distance interlopers.

In brief, a very pretty general defence might be made for a *book that sells*; and as the present volumes, by all indications, are to undergo that stigma, we proffer our service to the publishers for this purpose, provided they will—pay for it! Meanwhile, however—that is, till they come down handsomely in some shape, an advertisement extraordinary, or something more private—we think of following the example of a portion of the daily press, intimating chiefly the faults of the work. We have known cases where this course was followed with the happiest results.

Of course, it is necessary not to go so far in the fault-finding, as to be unable to slide into the most efficient praise, when “something has occurred” to give the critic a clearer view of things.

Troubled with indigestion, we feel grammatically inclined. “Hence,” we have to remark, with regret, that the warlike author, though much more careful, has not entirely reformed his ways in this respect. We are aware that in reviewing works of renown, we are not expected to descend to Syntax;—in short, that we risk all credit for enlarged and comprehensive criticism by remembering the scruples of Murray. But then what can a nervous man do, when the second paragraph of an author’s *Preface* opens like this?—“It is a little strange that a war, embracing *more* of the romantic and heroic of any that ever transpired, &c.,”—and ends after this manner: “In writing the account of a campaign, or battle, for a military man, one needs to look on it from a *different* point of view *than* he would in writing for the general reader.” A man often stumbles in beginning to run—but a preface is generally the last thing written, and most persons are particularly careful therein, designing it to be the first thing read. “Laid” and “laying,” (pp. 52 and 103) for “lay” and “lying,” are a recreation in language which might be given over exclusively to the country press; and “never did troops charge *braver* than they,” is a forgetfulness of the office of prose adverbs “most tolerable and not to be endured.” Again—“*When* Lord Percy, *marching* through Roxbury, &c., *asked* a youth, &c., why he laughed, *received* for reply,” &c.;—qu. what is so fortunate as to be nominative to “*received*?” Also: “Bonaparte was never confused, and Washington never lost his composure in battle, *and hence were* so hard to be beat.” However, Mr. Headley relies on other qualities; all the principal grammarians are dead, and the Public goes to the district school; so he has not much to fear.

In respect to images and comparisons—Mr. Headley’s peculiar forte—the present volume, though sufficiently profuse in them, is quite beyond censure—except that we were a little startled at the “*Volcano* of fire that *mowed* down whole ranks at a time,”—and were still more struck with the efficiency of the expression, “covering the field with a perfect *carpet* of corpses.”

This word "perfect," by the way, used in this manner, is a vulgarity—employed quite too frequently by one possessing so facile a command of vigorous and varied language. On p. 18 we have, "It is a *perfect* wonder"—p. 103, "Those *thirty-five* (!) muskets sent a *perfect* shower of balls"—p. 118, "*perfect* hurricane of fire and lead"—p. 242, "*perfect* deluge of rain"—p. 268, "*perfect* carpet of corpses," &c., &c. It is a kind of natural contortion of the author's mind, under the pressure of inspiration, to get more expression from the scene or action, than can well be twisted out of it. The same thing is observable in other similar phrases, as, "That lonely height *fairly* rocked under the bombs," &c.—and, two lines afterwards, "It *absolutely* rained shots and shells." What is the use of such epithets? They add nothing to the force of description; by avoiding them, greater elegance of style is obtained with equal power. But this is, in fact, Mr. Headley's chief fault—and every popular author must have *one*—to seize, for the moment, the strongest possible expressions, quite regardless of what has previously been used, and not always careful as to the character of the epithets themselves. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" the past is past, and the future must take care of itself; the immediate occasion demands the utmost power of simile, image, appellative. A clergyman asked the brightest of his scripture pupils, whether "the leopard could change his spots?" "Yes!" was the satisfactory reply; "when he's got tired of one spot, he goes to another!" Our author has a faculty of changing his place but taking his "spots" with him. Like a bold man, indeed,—and we like him the better for it—he defends his repetition. In his preface, speaking of his former work, he observes, that "the intense words of our language are easily exhausted; and one is often compelled, in describing thrilling scenes, to choose between a weak sentence and the repetition of strong words, and perhaps similar comparisons;" and that such sketches "are not designed to have any relation to each other, any more than a separate collection of paintings; and to make one tame, in order to relieve the other appears a very questionable mode of treating men or their actions." We certainly think this a good defence against those who censure the general similarity of his battle-scenes. They could not have been

managed otherwise. If a painter should paint a hundred battle-pieces, each one, unless slighted at the expense of others, must have certain features and colors in common with the rest—the movement of dark masses of men—the belching of cannon—the onset—the encounter—

"the war-cloud rolling dun"

—the torn banners—the confused retreat—the wreck of artillery, and the many heaps of mangled soldiers and steeds scattered over a field of blood. He would of course draw around each what was peculiar in its action, and especially in its external scenery. This, we believe, Mr. Headley, with his quick eye, has uniformly done! except that he has hardly spent as much time, for variety's sake, as a painter would have employed, in the *manner* of his coloring. But so far the author's defence is good. We submit, however, whether it is politic, or at all necessary for him to make repeated use of the same *very* peculiar word; still more of the same compound expression. It was sufficient, for instance, speaking of Washington, to have said "that tall and commanding form" twice, (—with "tall form" and "tall person" intermediate,) without employing the phrase a third and fourth time. It was enough to have declared within the compass of two and a half pages that "the bullets *rained* like *hail*-stones about him"—"bullets whistle about him,"—"shot fell like hail about him," and soon after, "where the shot fell like hail about him"—without ever using the phrase again in the same volume. So also of the beautiful image of the snow "weaving a winding-sheet," or "wrapping a shroud" around the dead—which, used two or three times in "Napoleon and his Marshals," is employed twice in the brief sketch of the gallant and noble Montgomery. By the way, Mr. Headley may not remember it, but the image is original, we think, with Campbell:

"The snow shall be their winding-sheet."

We cannot but object, moreover, to such phrases as "Sons of Liberty," "eagle of Liberty"—which were given up, we thought, long ago, to fourth of July orations. In one place it has very nearly a ludicrous effect:—"Into these the *Sons of Liberty* crept, many so naked, they could not come forth again into the camp." Some other carelessnesses of style might be noticed—especially the little attention often paid, where consider-



ate writers bestow a great deal, to the variety and grace of transition from one paragraph to another, and the manner of introducing quotations. In respect to the latter, for instance, five out of six of all quotations are brought in with "he says," "says he," "he said," "said he," and "saying." We remember being troubled with the sight of it throughout both volumes of his former work.

The author may accuse us of noticing matters of small moment. We cannot think so. Taken separately, they are nothing. But frequently recurring they give to many who judge only by "small things" the impression of a general loose-jointedness of style. And what right has an author so widely popular by reason of his *other* qualities, to exhibit any such carelessness? Mr. Headley's freshness and force of language, his scenic eye, his singular vividness of imagery and graphic power, all of which make up the remarkable *movement* of his style, aided by the peculiar interest of the topics he has chosen, send his books by thousands to the remotest parts of the country. No book within our memory has gone so fast and so far. But it needs no argument, to show that a popular work, loosely, carelessly, or defectively written, is, in some respects, an injury to our literature, and the more so the more widely it is circulated. For if all were such, we should soon become a nation of heedless writers. The truth is, Mr. Headley will not "*take the time*." With his resources of language, he was perfectly able, by a little labor, to have obviated, in all his writings, the defects we have mentioned—except that similarity of many battle-scenes, in which we unhesitatingly defend him. He is fruitful in imagery: why should he use over that which he himself has stereotyped, when nature will furnish to his seeking enough such striking similes as that which he has so happily hit upon in this volume—of a dark rank of men suddenly and continuously *crumbling away like a sand-bank* before the rapid fire of musketry? And even as to old expressions, and the transitions of the narrative, there are a hundred ways of attaining variety with them; the student of style must find them out. We beg Mr. Headley to believe that we are as serious as we are sincere. We are admirers, with any one, of vivid rapidity and power; but we are equally so of those proprieties of language by which alone any writings have *lived*.

Unquestionably, the two can be united; and they ought to be, even in sketches.

But if we must take him as he is, we do so, and are most thankful. His sketches have stirringly occupied a field to which no American writer—or English writer, except Allison—has ever done any justice. The "great Homer sometimes slept"—till Jove wakened him with his thunder. Mr. Headley is waked up by the roar of cannon. With the first booming sound he is thoroughly aroused. Suddenly he stands, like Campbell at Hohen-Linden, on some hill, or watch-tower—and looks over the whole battle-field. He takes in at a glance the surrounding scenery of hill, valley, plain, winding stream and the skirtings of forest. He marks the array of hostile armies—vast black centres—wide wings—deep battalions of reserve in the rear—on the outskirts hovering cohorts—and frowning batteries waiting silently on strong positions. Officers plumed and restless hurry from line to line; he hears the terrible beating of drums, the braying of trumpets, and the long wail of the war-bugle; and he sees the dark masses of men moving steadily towards each other, like opposing thunder-clouds. He sees the plunging charge of cavalry—the massive onset of bayonets—the hotly-worked artillery, "flashing afar," the deep roar shaking the hills where he stands—the day-long struggle—the storming, the repulse, banners wavering wildly amid smoke-clouds—the retreat, the flight, the pursuit, the victory, and the bloody sun sinking down over a wide field covered with armies fallen—

"Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent."

All this—caught from whatever obscure annals, traditions, or rude newspaper chronicles of the day—Mr. Headley sees as if he had been present; and seeing, he is able to put it all on paper. Having this ability, we would add, we do not know why he should not exercise it. The objections which some have made we think quite idle; as if great battles were not a part of all history, and to be described, like everything else, with whatever graphic power is in the historian. It is better indeed, when Freedom triumphs: and nothing, at least, will be urged against the scenes of our Revolution.

But in fact, our author's power by no means lies entirely in describing battles,



or any kind of mere scenes. When he chooses to labor upon them, his summaries of personal qualities and characteristics are quite equal to anything else in his writings. There are good instances in the present work ; there were still more in the former.

On the sketch of Washington, aside from its great length, we have no doubt he spent more labor than on that of Napoleon. Yet we question if it will generally be considered as effective a piece of writing. There is a good reason, and a plain one. For Napoleon he is the advocate ; for Washington, the eulogist. But a defence is apt always to be more vigorous, stirring, interesting, than a eulogy. The heart of both speaker and hearer is more thoroughly engrossed in it. The plea for a great criminal will usually draw a larger throng than the funeral of a good man. The essay, however, though embracing, in passages, some defects of style, is throughout nobly written, and is to our mind more truthful, comprehensive and satisfactory than any yet given by writers of history or narrative. These writers—Mr. Sparks included—have always set him up as a kind of statue, massive and wonderful, but cold and distant. Mr. Headley presents him—from the toils of his youth as surveyor in the wilds of Virginia to his calm retirement at Mount Vernon, before his death—as a man of feelings and passions like those of other men, but subdued by a native loftiness of deportment, a dignity of soul, and the serenity of a great and fearless heart. All accumulated information about him, for many years past, shows this to be the true portrait. We will quote a few detached passages, which will give in part Mr. Headley's view of his nature and character :

“ In youth, the whistling of bullets was music to his ear ; but in riper age there was no sound so sweet to him as the song of the husbandman. . . . A certain amount of combativeness, destructiveness, if you please—is absolutely necessary to give a man energy, self-determination, and power. Every good and great man, from Moses to Paul, and Paul to Luther, has possessed it ; much more every wicked or ambitious spirit, which has succeeded in changing the world. A warm and fiery heart is necessary to great resolution and force. It is when this gets the mastery over the moral qualities and over the judgment, that the man becomes unbalanced and renders himself either depraved or untrustworthy. Had Washington been the meek and gentle child so many of our pub-

lic teachers represent him to be, he would never have preferred the adventurous life of a midshipman to that of his quiet home ;—or the marshalling into companies his young playmates in mimic battle, or afterwards, the vigorous leap and stern wrestle to the more innocent sports of the fireside and company of gentler children. The truth is, George Washington was a boy of ardent and fiery feelings, and a youth of strong and terrible passions. The military spirit, so conspicuous in a lad of fifteen years of age, reveals the temper of the steel that was afterwards so severely tried. His favorite sport, which was to arrange his companies into columns of attack, and himself lead them to the charge, did not indicate any natural love of war, but simply a spirit of fire and force. His athletic sports and the character of his amusements, show even at this early age the surplus energy he possessed, and which must out in some way. This sent him off, when but seventeen years of age, into the Alleghany mountains, as surveyor. . . . None but a man of immense energy and great courage would have undertaken, as he did, at twenty-one years of age, to go as a commissioner, accompanied only by seven men, seven hundred miles, half the way through an untrodden forest, to the French commandant on the Ohio river. . . . The next year, when a lieutenant-colonel, he marched back into the wilderness and attacked the French. . . . This was Washington's first engagement, and the kind of feeling he carried into it, and indeed brought out of it, may be inferred from his own language. In a letter home, said he, ‘ *I heard the bullets whistle*, and believe me, there is something *charming* in the sound.’ . . . But it was at Braddock's defeat that he exhibited those striking qualities which form the great commander, and that cool intrepidity and reckless daring for which he was distinguished. . . . That morning, as Washington gazed on the British columns, moving in beautiful order to the sound of stirring music along the banks of the Monongahela, the gentle river on one side and the green forest on the other, while the beams of the uprisen sun were sent back in dazzling splendor from the nearly two thousand steel bayonets that shook in their light, his eye flashed with delight. He was at this time 23 years old, six foot two or three inches high, and strongly made. . . . As he had predicted, the army fell into an ambuscade. As the advance party of three hundred men were ascending a hill, flanked on either side by a ravine, in which lay the enemy, they found themselves suddenly encircled by a girdle of flame. So close and deadly was the fire, that the soldiers could not bear up against it, and after a few volleys broke and fled down the hill.

Falling on the columns and artillery below, they threw them also into confusion, and the whole army became a disordered multitude, driven hither and thither, while whole ranks were falling at every discharge. In this dilemma, Braddock prohibited the Virginia regiment from placing themselves behind trees and fighting the Indians in their own way, and began to order up his men in platoons, and wheel them into close columns, as he had been accustomed to do on the plains of Europe. Young Washington gazed with indignation on this sacrifice of life, and without the power to order a single company, stood and saw his brave Virginians fall. At length Gen. Braddock was struck down, and his two aids borne wounded from the fight, leaving Washington alone to distribute orders. Here his military qualities shone forth in their greatest splendor. . . . Men were falling like grass on every side of him, yet reckless of danger, he spurred his steed over the dead and dying alike, straining every nerve to stay the reversed tide of battle. At length his horse sunk under him, and he fell amid his wounded and dead companions. Springing on the back of another, he pressed amid the throng, pointing in this and that direction with his sword, and sending his calm and resolute voice amid the frightened ranks, but without avail. A second horse fell beneath him, and he leaped to the saddle of a third, while the bullets rained like hailstones about him. Four passed through his coat, and he knew that he was a sure mark for the Indian rifles as he thus rode from point to point. But he seemed to possess a charmed life; for while nearly half the entire army that had three hours before crossed the Monongahela in such beautiful order and proud array, had sunk on the bloody field, and three-fourths of the whole eighty-seven officers were dead or wounded, he still remained unhurt. . . .

"It was hard to rouse him, but when his anger was up, it was the more terrible, from the very strength against which it had risen. Thus, at Kipp's Bay, in New York, during his retreat to Harlaem Heights, it broke over all bounds. The new levies stationed to support this point fled, and the two brigades ordered up broke and fled also at the advance of only sixty men. Washington, astonished and indignant at such cowardice, rode in among them, and endeavored to rally and lead them back. Finding all his efforts vain, his indignation burst forth like a torrent, and he spurred upon them with his drawn sword, and snapped his pistol in their faces. Finding all this of no avail, with his lip curled in scorn and his blue eye flashing fire, he wheeled and halted alone in front of the enemy, and there, like Murat before the Russian battery, stood and

let the *bullets whistle about him*. At length one of his attendants, alarmed for his safety, seized the horse by the head, and turned him off the field. So at Germantown, finding his troops hard pressed, he rode into the very vortex of battle, where the *shot fell like hail about him*. His friends urged him away, but in a few moments that tall form was again seen enveloped in smoke, and no power could stir him from the deadly fire till his men began to retreat. At Monmouth, where he burst in such stern wrath on Lee, and amid the thunder of artillery and shouts of the victorious pursuers, rallied his broken ranks, and rolled back the tide of battle with his mighty arm, he exhibits both the impetuosity of his character and that cool and determined bravery which made him such a fearful antagonist in the field. At Princeton, too, he performed one of those heroic deeds which spring impulsively from a soul on fire with daring, and carried away by a sudden and lofty enthusiasm. Stealing by night from the overwhelming English army, he came in the morning upon three regiments marching out of town, which he must break in pieces, or be ruined. In the very heat and crisis of battle, seeing his men begin to waver and break, he snatched a standard, and plunging the rowels in his steed, spurred midway between the contending lines, and, with his manly breast turned full on the foe, said, in a language more eloquent than words, '*Follow your General.*' . . . I do not believe that Washington knew the sensation of fear. There was no amount of danger that could daunt him, and the great exposure of his person in battle was a source of constant anxiety to his friends. Circumstances made him the American Fabius, while nature designed him for a far different warrior. Had he in his youth commanded in the French army, he would have been one of the most terrible men in an onset, and the steadiest, coolest in repelling an assault that ever led a host to battle. Like Ney, he would have hurled his columns on the foe with a strength and majesty nothing could withstand, while, in the height of a panic and in the midst of his flying troops, he would have stood as calm and self-collected and fearless as he did on the bloody field of Monongahela. But circumstances placed him in a position where caution and hesitation and delays were indispensable. Those mistake who suppose his slowness in coming to an engagement, and his great prudence, were the result of his inclination. He dared not hazard everything on a single throw, where not himself but his country, and the hopes of freedom would be the stake at issue. Moreover, he had not the means to make a bold push with. Had he possessed a small army, composed

of such materials as those which the young Bonaparte found in the army in Italy, he would not have stood merely on the defensive so long as he did. But without ammunition,—without discipline,—indeed, without thorough organization,—his troops could not be relied on, and he knew it. As it was, he frequently went into battle with only a few rounds of ammunition to each man. His judgment forced him to the cautious course he pursued, though at first he chafed like a lion in the toils. Said he once, in referring to his difficulties, and the disinclination of the soldiers whose term of service had expired, to re-enlist, ‘*Could I have known that such backwardness would have been discovered by the old soldiers to the service, all the generals upon earth would not have convinced me of the propriety of delaying an attack on Boston till this time.*’ And again, writing in the bitterness and even irritation of his great heart, as he still lies inactive around Boston, he says, ‘*I know the unhappy predicament in which I stand. I know what is expected of me; I know that I cannot stand justified to the world without exposing my own weakness, and injuring the cause by declaring my wants, which I am determined not to do farther than unavoidable necessity brings every man acquainted with them. My situation is so irksome to me at times, that if I did not consult the public good more than my own tranquillity, I should long ere this have put every thing on the cast of a die.*’ That is, had it been a matter of simple reputation with him, he would have ended the suspense he endured by one of those desperate movements that make or ruin a man forever. But his judgment and his conscience both held firm sway over his feelings, and guided him in the only safe course he could have gone.”

“His constancy and firmness were equal to his self-control. The changeless aspect and steadfast heart he maintained during those seven years of trouble and gloom which make up the history of the American Revolution, will be a wonder to the end of time. Cast down by no reverses, elated by no successes, he could be neither driven into despondency nor carried away by extravagant hopes. It is one of the remarkable traits in his character, that he never would *stay beaten*. You might drive him from post to post, diminish and dishearten his army till only a handful were left around him, he showed the same firm presence and unalterable resolution. Defeat never affected him, and his voice of hope sounded just as clear and cheerful though nothing but murmurs and complaints filled the land. Thus, just before the close of the disastrous campaign of 1776, that most critical period of the whole

war, when a general gloom hung over the continent, and panic and despair were on every side, his constancy never shook. Instead of beating back the enemy, we ourselves had been beaten back at every point. Rhode Island, Long Island, Staten Island, New York, and nearly all of New Jersey, were in possession of the enemy, who were now moving down on Philadelphia. City after city had been captured, and nothing seemed able to resist their progress. Fort after fort had fallen. Lee had been taken prisoner, and the army, dwindled from twenty thousand to four thousand, was closely pursued by Cornwallis. In the midst of these disasters, General Howe issued a proclamation, offering pardon to all who would take the oath of allegiance within sixty days. Crowds, and among them men of wealth and influence, accepted the terms; and the panic spreading, all seemed lost. Yet even in this crisis, Washington never wavered for a moment. Calm and serene, he surveyed the troubled night about him, with his eye fixed steadily on the deepening gloom, and even lifted his voice of encouragement, declaring that he saw the morning beyond it all. And when asked what he would do if Philadelphia should be taken, replied, ‘*We will retreat beyond the Susquehannah; and thence if necessary to the Alleghany mountains.*’ No sublimer speech ever fell from ancient or modern hero.”

“No man took a beating more coolly than Washington, or turned on his heel with fiercer courage the moment his enemy relaxed his watchfulness. Cornwallis was one of the ablest generals of his time, yet his energies gave out at last, and he suffered himself to be cooped up at Yorktown, and captured. Had he shown but half the activity in his campaign against Lafayette that he did in the one against Greene, his fate would have been different; but he was tired out—his energies had been taxed till they were exhausted, and he relaxed into comparative sluggishness; yet one cannot designate the single moment when Washington’s vigor became enfeebled by long, constant, and wasting toil.

“But a man may possess all these necessary qualifications, fitting him to control a single army with admirable skill, and yet fail as commander-in-chief over forces scattered over a large territory. A mind of deep combinations is necessary to this—a mind which, embracing the whole field of operations, and estimating the comparative strength of the forces that will be brought forward, and their progress, can come to correct conclusions and form accurate plans. That Washington possessed such a mind no one can doubt who reads his letters to Congress. The invasion of Canada—the destruction of Burgoyne—the attack on Rhode Island—the manage-

ment of the southern campaign, and the control of the whole central provinces, were the work of his all-embracing plans. So correct was his judgment, that one is troubled to put his finger on a *single error* that *he* ever committed. There always must be failures, resulting from the inefficiency of subordinates, and the intervention of obstacles no human mind can foresee or prevent.

"Hence, in contemplating the *man alone*, one finds in him every characteristic belonging to a military leader of the highest rank. In comparison with the renowned warriors of Europe, he fails only in the number and brilliancy of his victories. Now, in the first place, taken apart from the forces which accomplished them, there can be no more unsafe criterion by which to judge of a commander's ability, than simple victories. Bonaparte considered Suchet the best general in his army, and yet how few of the mass of mankind adopt his opinion. His whole career after he obtained a separate command was passed in the Peninsula, in a war against walled cities and strong fortresses, furnishing no field for dazzling achievements, and where his ability can be judged only by comparing his means with his success.

"Great pitched battles, in which the eye is dazzled by the movements of two vast armies, and the senses stunned by the din and uproar of two hundred thousand men mixed in mortal combat, often fix forever in public estimation the fame of a leader, while the same end reached without this tumult excites no astonishment or applause. Thus Wellington's fame, among the mass of his countrymen, rests on the battle of Waterloo, where nothing but an accident saved him from an utter overthrow, and from proving at once, what is now universally conceded, that the campaign was badly conducted; while his campaigns in the Peninsula, where his military genius shines out in true splendor, are almost entirely forgotten. Washington's situation was unlike that in which any other military chieftain had ever been placed. Napoleon, when he took command of the army of Italy, and with which he performed such prodigies, found himself over a body of veteran soldiers. His troops, it is true, were comparatively few, but they had seen hard service, and needed only a fit leader to become a most formidable army. Besides, they were well supplied with arms, and were enlisted for life. But Washington had to create an army out of raw recruits, and then furnish them with arms and ammunition. No sooner was this done, than the term of enlistment expired, and he saw with the keenest anguish the force he had collected with so much labor dissolve like mist before him. What could be done with troops that sim-

ply passed and repassed the field of vision. There was no powder even for these recruits, raw as they were, and two thousand of them had not a musket to handle in case of a fight. . . . In *moral* elevation no warrior of ancient or modern times approaches him. Given to no excess himself, he sternly rebuked it in others. The principles of religion were deeply engrafted in his heart, and as there was no stain on his blade, he could go from the fierce-fought field to the sacramental table. . . . A Brutus in justice, he did not allow personal friendship to sway his decision, or influence him in the bestowment of favors. Fearing neither the carnage of battle nor the hatred of men, threats moved him no more than flatteries; and what is stranger still, the strong aversion to giving pain to his friends never swerved him from the path of duty. Sincere in all his declarations, *his word was never doubted and his promise never broken*. Intrusted finally with almost supreme power, he never abused it, and laid it down at last more cheerfully than he had taken it up. Bonaparte, vaulting to supreme command, seized it with avidity, and wielded it without restraint. The Directory obstructing his plans he broke it up with the bayonet. Cromwell did the same with the Rump Parliament, and installed himself Protector of England, and even hesitated long about the title of king. Washington, fettered worse than both, submitted to disgrace and defeat without using even a disrespectful word to Congress, and rejected the offered crown with a sternness and indignation that forever crushed the hopes of those who presented it. Calm and strong in council, untiring in effort, wise in policy, terrible as a storm in battle, unconquered in defeat, and incorruptible in virtue, he rises in moral grandeur so far above the Alexanders, and Cæsars, and Napoleons of the world, that even comparison seems injustice. . . . Riding out one day on horseback to visit his farm, he was overtaken with a storm of sleet and rain which chilled him through. A severe cold followed this exposure, which settling in his throat hurried him rapidly into his grave. On the night of the 14th of December, 1799, two days after his attack, he ceased to breathe. Not in the delirium of battle did his soul, like that of Napoleon, take its flight, but calmly sunk to rest amid the lamentations of a heart-broken people. Solemn ceremonies attended the funeral, and thousands followed the slow procession—but the mourners were not all there—they were scattered on every hill and along every valley of this free land. Minute guns were fired as his body was borne to the place of burial, and his old war-horse, saddled and bridled, walked riderless be-



side the coffin. That noble steed he should never mount again, and to that could cheek the loud pealing cannon could never again send the blood as of yore. His work was done—his fierce battles over, and crowned with the noblest laurels ever worn by a created brow, the more than kingly sleeper was laid in his last resting place. The land was hung in crape, and one convulsive sob shook the heart of the nation. No people ever mourned a leader so, and no leader before was ever worthy such a sorrow. Even the young republic of France, then wading in blood, put on crape, and imposing ceremonies were decreed in his honor by the young Napoleon."

The principal battles fought by Washington are given in the Sketches of his Generals. We may refer to them on the appearance of a second volume. At present, we proceed to speak of some of the Generals themselves. In most of these the narration is more free than in that of Washington; containing less of the labored portrait. Taken together, they are not, to the American reader, of less interest than those of Napoleon and his Marshals. There is not, indeed, that immense paraphernalia of war, the movement of those splendid armies, and such terrific carnage and sacking of cities as makes the blood turn chill. The whole series of events related makes up no wonderful drama, such as moves and gathers itself about the boy-Corsican—the Conqueror of Europe—the Exile of St. Helena. But the battles have greater variety, and often more of the picturesque. Much of the Revolutionary struggle was warfare in the wilderness, with the deep glens of the forest and the painted Indian in the back-ground. And then the moral character of our contest as far transcends that of Napoleon's wars, as the physical array of his great campaigns surpasses that of our ill-furnished, scattered and desultory movements. The cause of freedom is always great; and Mr. Headley need not fear but that the interest of his readers will be sustained to the end of his volumes.

The sketch of Putnam is excellent, and does full justice to a brave man, against whose reputation, so long matter of history and tradition, absurd charges have of late been made. The description of the battle of Bunker Hill is the best yet written, unless Cooper's glowing description of it in "*Lionel Lincoln*," which is more dramatic, he judged equal to it. The brief account of the noble Montgomery, who fell, one of the first great

sacrifices to the cause of a continent, is beautifully told. The "*Storming of Quebec*" is graphic, yet hardly as ample and clear as it might be, or as it would have been if the author had ever visited that quaint, bold place—the American Gibraltar.

The best sketch in the volume is that of Arnold. It partakes partly of the spirit of a defence. Not that the author for one instant attempts to defend or palliate his treason. But he shows how fearless, enterprising and indomitable a man he was; that much of our success up to the time of his treason, including the important battle of Saratoga, was due to him; that Congress all along—neglecting to honor him for his great services, and advancing inferior officers to the generalship over him, when they had not a tithe of his high qualities for the station—did him sad injustice, even in the view and expressed opinion of Washington himself; and that history, since his treason, by refusing to take note of these things, as well as of that fatal crime and his subsequent cruel career, has done him equal injustice. We have always taken this view, in part; and we predict that this sketch will modify the opinions of many men with respect to Benedict Arnold. He was naturally cruel, proud, vindictive; but so much the greater need was there that such a man should not suffer great wrongs. We will quote detached passages from this sketch also. It will be interesting to have marked the lines of so great a contrast—to see how Nature can form, and a revolution turn up and mould, two such characters as Washington and Arnold.

"Arnold," says Mr. Headley, "was one of those rash, reckless persons, like Murat and Junot, who in times of peace become bold speculators, roving adventurers, or dissipated young men. The fierce life within them must out in some form or other, and expend itself somewhere. In war they form the leading characters, for they are at home in the excitement of battle, and delight to struggle on a field of great risks.

"From his boyhood, Arnold exhibited the leading traits of his character. Reckless, pitiless, and daring, he was the terror of his playmates, and disliked by all. . . . He would scatter broken glass in the road, where the school-children passed barefoot, and tempt them round the druggist-shop in which he was employed, with broken phials, only to scourge them away with a horsewhip. He was bold as he was cruel



and delighted in those perilous feats which none of his companions dared imitate. It was a favorite amusement with him at a grist-mill, to which he sometimes carried grain, to seize the large waterwheel by the arms, and go round and round with it in its huge evolutions—now buried under the foaming water, and now hanging above, in fierce delight, while his companions looked on in silent terror.”

The colonies had endured as much as they could of British arrogance and oppression; the Revolution broke out; the news of the battles of Concord and Lexington reached New Haven, throwing the town into an uproar; the bells were set ringing; men ran to and fro in the streets; Arnold, a captain of town guards, made an exciting speech to the tumultuous throngs on the green; the keys of the magazine were seized, and helping his men to the king's ammunition, he hurried them away to Boston. The Massachusetts Committee gave him four hundred men, with which he marched rapidly three hundred miles to Ticonderoga, and entered the captured fort, side by side with Ethan Allen. A few days after, he sailed down with one schooner and fifty men, upon St. John's, surprised the garrison, seized a British sloop, destroyed five batteaux, and captured four others. Unjustly superseded in his command, he hastened back to Cambridge. Washington had planned the invasion of Canada. He had formed the strikingly bold resolution to send an army, with provisions and artillery, through the forests of Maine and New Hampshire to Quebec. “Knowing the energy, daring and indomitable will of Arnold, he appointed him commander-in-chief of the forces.” This expedition of eleven hundred men, with all the equipage necessary, in conjunction with Montgomery's, to storm that strong citadel, was to ascend the Kennebec, strike across to the Dead River, follow up this stream through the vast forest, among swamps and constant waterfalls, cross glens and steep mountains to the Chaudiere, and thence down through still deeper forests to the St. Lawrence—two hundred miles of “blank wilderness.” Climbing mountains, threading dark ravines, wading through streams filled with ice, drenched with rain and sleet, their whole encampment swept away in the darkness by a sudden flood rising eight feet through the forest, losing boats, arms, provisions, among torrents and roaring waterfalls, till they roasted their miserable dogs and boiled their moose-skin moccasins, to allay the

rage of hunger—through all this that body of a thousand men was carried by the skill and unconquerable energy of Arnold, and finally drawn up on the shores of the St. Lawrence, opposite Quebec. We do not know that we would say with Mr. Headley, that “Bonaparte's passage of San Bernard with twenty thousand men will not compare with it”—though he gives very good reasons for it: but we will assert with him, that it is “one of the most remarkable marches on record.”

The fate of the expedition is well known. Montgomery fell, and the command devolved upon Arnold. He passed the severe Canadian winter with his army in huts, and fortifications of ice, and in the spring conducted a masterly retreat from the Canadas, by the way of Lake Champlain. On that lake Arnold fought so singular and desperate a battle, yet one which has never been much noticed, or had even a name till Mr. Headley gave it one. that we extract it entire.

#### BATTLE OF VALCOUR ISLAND.

“The British, in pursuing their advantage, had constructed a fleet at St John's, with which to advance on Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Every effort was made to repel this armament, and at length, after the greatest exertion, one sloop, three schooners, and five galleys were manned and placed under the command of Arnold. With these he set sail in the middle of August, 1776, designing to take his station at the Isle-aux-Têtes, but finding the Island in possession of the enemy, he stopped at Windmill Point. On examination he found this position disadvantageous, so retreated to the Isle la Motte, and finally to Valcour Island, where he determined to make a stand. He had received some reinforcements, so that his little fleet now consisted of three schooners, two sloops, three galleys, and eight gondolas as they were called, carrying in all seventy guns, many of them eighteen pounders. Valcour Island lies somewhat parallel to the shore, and so nearly connected with it at the northern extremity, that it is difficult to pass between even in small vessels. Thus a deep channel is formed between it and the main land, opening towards the south. In the upper end of this Arnold moored his fleet, and hence was entirely concealed from the enemy until they had passed beyond him up the lake. He had completely shut himself in, so that when the British closed upon him, there would be no getting away but through their ships. He thus secured two objects—first, the co-operation of every one of his vessels, and secondly, pre-

vented himself from being outflanked, for his line of battle extended from the Island to the shore. He had not waited long in this position before the British fleet hove in sight, sailing down before the wind. As it rounded the southern point of the island Arnold's boats were discovered, when hauling close to the wind, it bore up and hemmed him completely in. The fleet consisted of one ship, two schooners, two gondolas, twenty gun-boats, four long-boats, and forty-four smaller boats, containing in all seven hundred chosen seamen, and carrying *ninety-three guns*, some of them of heavy calibre. Over seventy vessels and boats in all, gathered like birds of prey around the mouth of this channel. Arnold saw at a glance that nothing but determined bravery could overcome this immense superiority of force; indeed it seemed that nothing but a miracle could save him.

It was the eleventh of October, one of those sweet autumnal days, when the gentle wind creeps over the water, just stirring it into dimples. Arnold determined to take advantage of the wind, and attack some of the foremost boats, before the larger vessels could beat up to their aid. Ordering the schooner *Royal Savage* and three galleys to get under way, he advanced and opened his fire, but was gradually forced back by the superior strength of the enemy, and returned to the line. In this manœuvre the *Royal Savage* went ashore and was abandoned. At noon, the British having brought one schooner and all their gun-boats within musket shot of the Americans, the battle became general. Arnold, in the Congress galley, anchored himself in the hottest part of the fire, and never left his position. A large body of Indians on shore, kept up a constant blaze with their rifles, while between the island and main-land were two parallel lines of fire. The peaceful lake trembled like a frightened thing to the tremendous explosions, as nearly a hundred and sixty cannon thundered at once over the water. The deafening roar was heard even at Ticonderoga, filling the hearts of the garrison with anxious forebodings.

"The light clouds trooping over the sky—the quiet nook in which the fleet lay at anchor—the embosoming forest—the crowds of shouting, swarthy savages on the shore, all added strange interest to the scene, and that October sun, as it rolled towards the western hills, looked down on as brave a battle as ever was fought. The smoke, lifted up by the north wind, rolled sluggishly up the lake, leaving open and unobscured the contending fleets, as they thus lay and vomited forth fire on each other. The Congress and Washington galleys received the weight of the shock. Arnold, in the former, with two eighteen

pounders, two twelves, and six sixes, fought like a desperado. Seeing the dreadful odds against him, and maddened at the thought of defeat, he seemed to scoff at death. Cheering on his men by his thrilling words, and still more by his fierce courage, he maintained the fight hour after hour, with a tenacity that nothing seemed able to shake. With his vessel riddled through and through, and filled with the dead, he still maintained his ground. Having no good engineers, he pointed his own guns, and multiplied himself with the dangers that encompassed him. Now casting his stern eye along his line of shattered boats, and now along his heated cannon, to make the shots tell—blackened with powder and smoke, he bore up for five mortal hours in the driving tempest. The water was churned into foam around him by the raining balls—his mainmast had been struck twice, his rigging was cut into fragments—he had received *seven shots between wind and water, and been hulled twelve times*; yet still he refused to stir, and seemed resolved to sink at his anchors. A more gallant crew never rallied around a brave commander; and though thinned and wasted, stood ready to go down at their post.

"But night coming on, the British withdrew their forces, and after dark stretched their vessels in one line from the island to the shore, to prevent the retreat of the Americans, whom they now considered completely in their power. Arnold, however, had no thought of surrendering, and after a short consultation with his officers, resolved to pass through the enemy's fleet and sail for Crown Point. So after dark he got his crippled vessels, that is, all that were left, one schooner and one gondola being wrecked, and set sail. The wind had luckily changed, and each vessel, with a single light in the stern to guide the one that followed, passed in silent succession through the British line without being discovered. It was skillfully, bravely done, and the released little fleet bore steadily away up the lake till it reached Schuyler's Island, where it was compelled to lay at anchor half a day in order to stop leaks and repair damages. Two of the gondolas being found too much crippled to proceed, were here sunk. In the afternoon they again weighed anchor, but the wind had now changed to the south, and they could make but little headway. The next morning a dense fog lay on the lake, blotting even the shores from view, but as the sun rose, it lifted and rolled gently away before the morning breeze, revealing the whole British fleet within a few miles of them. In a few moments a cloud of canvas was moving slowly down upon them, presenting a beautiful appearance in the rising sun. Arnold's galley together with the Washington and four gondolas, were so disabled

that they had fallen astern during the night, while the rest of the fleet, now barely discernible in the distance, was crowding all sail for Crown Point. On these disabled vessels the whole force of the enemy now advanced. At the first broadside, the Washington shamefully struck, and Arnold in his riddled galley, with only four gondolas, was left to meet the shock alone. To fight seemed utterly useless, nay, madness itself, but he had never yet learned the word *surrender*, and so gathered his few boats around him and opened the battle. A ship of eighteen guns, two schooners, one of fourteen and another of twelve, making in all forty-four guns, poured at once their concentrated and destructive fire upon his single vessel. Shattered so dreadfully from its former engagement, and enveloped in such a destructive fire, that poor galley seemed hardly worth a hope. But its brave commander cast a look of stern defiance on his foe as the first broadside thundered over the water, then pointing his own guns, closed fiercely in with him. Nothing could exceed the excitement of the conflict at this moment. That single galley, too crippled to fly and too proud to surrender, enveloped by her foes, keeping her flag flying amid the smoke and carnage, was one of the sublimest sights the eye ever rested upon. Beneath those heavy and concentrated broadsides she trembled from stem to stern, and reeled and rocked on the water; but when the smoke lifted, there still floated the flag, and beneath its folds stood Arnold, the impersonation of calm courage and heroic daring. The planks were splitting about him, and the splinters of the shivered timbers flying through the air on every side, yet he still maintained the fight. Thus hour after hour he struggled in this unequal contest, until at length other boats of the enemy arrived, and advanced to the attack. With *seven vessels* around him, hemming him in and pouring in broadside after broadside, he still disdained to surrender. In the very centre of this fleet, covering him with a cloud of canvas, and drawing their circle of fire nearer and nearer every moment, he stood like a tiger at bay. For *four terrible hours* he had continued this unequal combat, and now a perfect wreck, he saw his vessel must inevitably be lost. But scorning to fall into the hands of the enemy, he put forth one of those great and desperate efforts for which he was remarkable, and breaking fiercely through the ships, run his galley and four gondolas ashore in a small creek and set fire to them. He then ordered the marines to leap overboard, musket in hand, and wade to the beach, and there fire on the small boats if they ventured to approach. For himself he remained all alone aboard his burning galley, with his flags flying over his head. Enveloped in smoke, he stood and watched

the fierce flames as they gained on the vessel, until they had advanced too far to be extinguished, and then sprung into the water and joined his men on shore. There never was a more gallant achievement performed than this, or a nobler exhibition of courage and daring."

Notwithstanding all these brilliant achievements of Arnold, with which the country rung, Congress, creating five new major-generals, left him out; and all those appointed were his juniors in rank! Arnold was justly indignant and ready to throw up his commission, but Washington wrote him, "begging him to do nothing hasty, assuring him it was a mistake and should be rectified." Arnold magnanimously refrained from doing what, we think, Washington himself would have done instantly; and while waiting for justice, attacked, with five hundred militia, two thousand British regulars who had just burned Danbury. Two horses were shot under him, and for three days he assailed them at every turn, till they fled on board their ships. Forced, by this gallant behavior, Congress made him major-general, but withheld his rank. Still, by the persuasions of Washington, he postponed his resignation and joined Gen. Schuyler. While there he learned that "Congress had voted on the question of his rank, and decided against him." The fact is, that Arnold had some bitter enemies in Congress, who misrepresented things and carried votes against him. That Congress, as a body, though often wavering and inefficient, was certainly not disposed to act unjustly. Stung to the quick, Arnold was yet persuaded to remain, Schuyler urging the *need* his country had of him, when the strong army of Burgoyne was sweeping down upon them from the North. He consented to stay and help him face the immediate danger; and, on the 19th of September, fought skillfully, with his division alone, the first sanguinary engagement with a part of Burgoyne's army. Gen. Gates, an envious, pompous and ambitious man, now began to treat him with great injustice and meanness, making no mention of him in his official report, and finally taking away his division and giving it to another, "so that when the second battle, of the 7th of October, was fought, he, the best, bravest, and most successful general in the army, was without a command."

"He was in the camp when the cannonading of the 7th of October commenced and listened, one may guess with what

feelings, to the roar of battle, which was ever music to his stormy nature. As the thunder of artillery shook the ground on which he stood, followed by the sharp rattle of musketry, his impatience and excitement could be no longer restrained. He walked about in the greatest agitation—now pausing to listen to the din of war, and now watching the fiercely ascending volumes of smoke that told where the fight was raging. Ah! who can tell what gloomy thoughts and fierce purposes of revenge were then and there born in his maddened soul—it is terrible to drive the brave to despair. The hero of Quebec, Champlain, and Ridgefield, to whom the headlong charge and perilous march were a delight, who panted like a war-horse for the conflict, was here doomed by an inefficient commander to remain inactive. His brave followers were rushing on death without him, and sudden resolves and overwhelming emotions kept up such a tumult in his bosom, that his excitement at length amounted almost to madness.

#### FLIES TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

“Unable longer to restrain his impulses, he called like the helpless Augereau for his horse. Vaulting to the saddle, he rode for a while around the camp in a tempest of passion. At length a heavy explosion of artillery, making the earth tremble beneath him, burst on his ear. He paused a moment and leaned over his saddle-bow, then plunging his rowels up to the gaffs in his horse, launched like a thunderbolt away. He was mounted on a beautiful dark Spanish mare, named Warren after the hero of Bunker Hill, worthy such a rider, and which bore him like the wind into the battle.

“It was told to Gates that Arnold had gone to the field, and he immediately sent Col. Armstrong after him. But Arnold expecting this, and determined not to be called back as he had been before, spurred furiously amid the ranks, and as the former approached him galloped into the volleys, and thus the chase was kept up for half an hour, until at length Armstrong gave it up, and the fierce chieftain had it all his own way. Goaded by rage and disappointment almost into insanity, he evidently was resolved to throw away his life, and end at once his troubles and his career. Where the shot fell thickest, there that black steed was seen plunging through the smoke, and where death reaped down the brave fastest, there his shout was heard ringing over the din and tumult. He was no longer the cool and skillful officer, but the headlong warrior reckless of life. His splendid horse was flecked with foam, and it seemed impossible that his rider could long survive amid the fire through which he so wildly galloped. Some of the officers

thought him intoxicated, so furious and vehement were his movements, and so thrilling his shout, as with his sword sweeping in fiery circles about his head he summoned his followers to the charge. Once, wishing to go from one extremity of the line to the other, instead of passing behind his troops, he wheeled in front and galloped the whole distance through the cross-fire of the combatants, while a long huzza followed him. Holding the highest rank on the field, his orders were obeyed—except when too desperate for the bravest to fulfil—and receiving no orders himself, he conducted the whole battle. His frenzied manner, exciting appeals, and fearful daring, infused new spirit into the troops, and they charged after him, shouting like madmen. So perfectly beside himself was he with excitement, that he dashed up to an officer who did not lead on his men as he wished, and opened his head with his sword. He was everywhere present, and pushed the first line of the enemy so vigorously that it at length gave way. Burgoyne moving up his right wing to cover its retreat, he hurled three regiments with such terrible impetuosity upon it, that it also broke and fled. While the British officers were making desperate efforts in other parts of the field to stay the reversed tide of battle, he pressed on after Burgoyne—storming over the batteries, and clearing every obstacle, till at length he forced him and the whole army back into their camp. Not satisfied with this he prepared to storm the camp also. But once behind their intrenchments, the British rallied and fought with the fury of men struggling for life. The grape shot and balls swept every inch of the ground, and it rained an iron tempest on the American ranks, but nothing could resist their fiery valor. On, on they swept in the track of their leader, carrying everything before them. The sun had now sunk in the west, and night was drawing its mantle over the scene. Arnold, enraged at the obstinacy of the enemy, and resolved to make one more desperate effort for a complete victory, rallied a few of his bravest troops about him, and rousing them by his enthusiastic appeals, led them to a last charge on the camp itself. “*You*,” said he to one, “was with me at Quebec, *you* in the wilderness, and *you* on Champlain—Follow me!” His sword was seen glancing like a beam of light along their serried array—the next moment he galloped in front, and riding right gallantly at their head through the devouring fire, broke with a clatter and a crash into the very sally port of the enemy, where horse and rider sunk together to the earth—the good steed dead, and Arnold beneath him, with his leg shattered to pieces, the same leg that was broken at the storming of Quebec.



"This ended the fight, and the wounded hero was borne pale and bleeding from the field of his fame only to awaken to chagrin and disappointment. There is but little doubt that when he violated his orders and galloped to the field, he had made up his mind to bury his sorrows and disappointments in a bloody grave. Would that he had succeeded, and saved himself from the curse of his countrymen and the scorn of the world."

Arnold never fought again for freedom. Congress, at last, after all these victories, gave him his rank; but he had become, at Philadelphia, involved deeply in debt, and in difficulties with the Council; a court-martial declared him, with justice no doubt, to have acted "imprudently and unwisely;" and, like Coriolanus, he remembered his services and his wrongs. At one time he thought of quitting the army and, like a Roman General, establishing a settlement in the wilderness of Western New York, with his old officers and soldiers; would he had so ended his career. Pressed by immediate difficulties, and actuated by revenge, he obtained the key of the Hudson river, then gave it up to the enemy and blackened his name forever. Mr. Headley, we think, has drawn his character with much justice.

"He was a man of decided genius—sudden and daring in his plans, and brilliant in their execution. As an officer he possessed great merit, and Washington knew it, and hence constantly interposed the shield of his person between him and his enemies. Like Bonaparte he wanted *power and skill* at the head of his armies. Impelled by broader and nobler views than Congress, and governed by a juster spirit, he would, if left to himself, have bound Arnold to the cause of freedom with cords of iron. He would not have visited too severely on him his extravagances, or held him too closely accountable for the use of his power. Knowing him to be impetuous and headlong, nay, arrogant and overbearing, and often unscrupulous, he would have curbed him by remonstrance rather than by disgrace, and directed all those vast energies so eager for action on the foes of his country.

"But with all Arnold's impetuosity, he was prudent and skilful. He laid his plans with judgment, then pressed them with a vigor and energy that astonished every one. He could be safely trusted with an army, for although he could scarcely resist the temptation to fight when battle was afforded, he managed it prudently, and extricated himself from difficulties with wonderful skill. He would struggle with the most stubborn obstinacy to maintain his

ground against an overwhelming force, and when compelled to retreat, do it with consummate address. One great cause of his success was his celerity of movement. His mind worked with singular rapidity, and what he resolved to do he urged on with all the power of which he was possessed. His blow was no sooner planned than it fell, and in the heat of a close fight, he was prompt and deadly as a bolt from heaven. 'Shattering that he might reach, and shattering what he reached,' he was one of those few fearful men in the world that make us tremble at ourselves. His power over his troops, and even over militia, was so great, that they became veterans at once under his eye, and closed like walls of iron around him. A *braver* man never led an army. He not only seemed unconscious of fear, but loved the excitement of danger, and was never more at home than when in the smoke of the conflict. Place a column of twenty thousand veteran troops under him, and not a marshal of Bonaparte's could carry it farther, or hurl it with greater strength and terror on an enemy than he. Caught by no surprise—patient and steady under trials, energetic and determined amid obstacles, equal to any emergency, and daring even to rashness—he was a terrible man on the battle-field. But his pride and passions were too strong for his principles, and he fell like Lucifer from heaven. Placing his personal feelings above everything else, he sacrificed even his country to them. *Revenge was stronger than patriotism.*"

"Arnold's treason has sunk in oblivion all his noble deeds—covered his career with infamy, and fixed a deep and damning curse on his name. Men turn abhorrent from his grave—friends and foes speak of him alike with scorn, and children learn to shudder at the name of Benedict Arnold. This is all right and just, but there is another lesson beside the guilt of treason to be learned from his history—that it is no less dangerous than criminal to let party spirit or personal friendship promote the less deserving over their superiors in rank. The enemies of Arnold have a heavy account to render for their injustice, and our Congress would do well to take warning from their example."

As we have touched above upon the battle-ground of Saratoga, we will add here a full description of that most complete and important, perhaps, of all the battles of the Revolution. The description occurs in the sketch of Gen. Gates:

"It was now about three o'clock, and a sudden cessation of arms took place, while the two divisions prepared for the final encounter. An oblong clearing, about sixty rods in extent, and entirely surrounded with woods, separated them, as they stood out of



musket-shot of each other, like the opposite sides of a parallelogram. This clearing sloped down from the northern side towards the southern, on which the Americans were posted. A deep wood sheltered them, while the British were drawn up in an open pine forest. The scene now became one of thrilling interest. As the Americans looked out from their leafy covering, they saw amid the dark pine trees on the farther side, long rows of brass cannon shining through the green foliage, and beside them the gunners, with lighted matches, while still farther on gleamed the solid lines of steel bayonets. Nought broke the silence that wrapped the heights, save the hurried orders, as regiment after regiment wheeled into its place; while the sun shone sweetly down on the springing grass, gently waving in the mild September breeze. Thus slept that quiet clearing on the top of the hills, with the long shadows of the trees stretching across its bosom—and all around it lay that slumbering volcano, soon to move into its midst, and make it tremble as if in the grasp of an earthquake. The Americans could hear distinctly the orders given in the English army, and waited, with beating hearts, the shock that was preparing for them. At length the word “fire” rang through the woods—the lighted matches descended like a flash on the guns, and the next moment the balls came crashing through the trees, followed by an explosion that shook the hills, and the battle commenced. The Americans stood firm before that iron storm, watching the shattered boughs that were hurled about their heads, but not a shot replied. Finding that the cannonade produced no impression, the English commander ordered the woods to be cleared with the bayonet.

“In perfect order and close array that veteran infantry emerged from the pine trees into the clearing, reddening the whole extent with their scarlet uniforms. In double-quick time, with their standards streaming in the wind, and the drums beating their wildest notes, they swept over the open ground, and steadily moved up to the farther margin. All there was still and motionless, though thousands of flashing eyes were on the advancing battalions, and thousands of sinewy hands were clutching convulsively their trusty muskets. At length those steady troops approached the American lines; when suddenly halting, they poured in one deep volley—the next moment their levelled bayonets gleamed through the smoke, and, with deafening shouts, they rushed to the charge. A single order echoed along the concealed ranks, and in an instant that silent wood was a mass of flame rolling on the foe. The firmest ranks staggered back before it, like a strong ship smitten by a wave, then with a noble effort closed up the huge gaps in their line, and again rushed shouting to the charge. But that same astonishing fire mowed them down, till torn and rent into fragments, they turned and fled. Then like a tiger springing from his covert, the Americans leaped from their concealment, and poured in one wild torrent upon them. Over their dead and dying enemies, across the clearing, up to the very British lines, and over the guns, they go in one black resistless wave. The artillery was captured, and the exulting victors

seizing the drag-ropes, attempted to carry it away, but the pieces were too heavy, and the wood too dense. They cannot turn them on the enemy, for the artillerists have carried off the matches. One only is seized, and Colonel Cilley has mounted it, and with his sword administered the oath of allegiance, and thus in triumph is borne over the field.

“The British, rallying in the woods, made a desperate charge to recover their guns, and finally drove the brave militia-men back, down the slope to their covert. But here again they were met by those destructive volleys—whole companies sunk at once on the field, and the solid formation which is necessary to give terror to the shock of the bayonet, was utterly broken. Falling back, they attempted to re-form in the clearing, but the Americans were upon them with such fury, that they broke, and fled to the protection of their guns. But up to the very muzzles the maddened patriots rush, and bayonet the gunners at their pieces, and hurl the whole British line back into the woods. Here Burgoyne again rallied his men, and with levelled bayonets they advanced to the shock. Forced slowly back, the Americans again retreat, while those cannon pour a perfect storm of round and grape-shot into their ranks, and all over the field are seen wounded men crawling away to the wood. But rallying behind their covert, they present the same wall of fire on which the bravest grenadiers dash in vain.

“Thus the battle swayed to and fro across this clearing for three fearful hours. It was one continued thunder-clap and driving mass of flame over its bosom, while the cries and shouts of maddened men added still greater terror to the scene. Now closing in with the bayonet, now retiring before the destructive discharges of grape-shot, and now sweeping with loud huzzas over the captured guns, they fought with an energy and desperation that perfectly astonished their adversaries. The oldest officers declared they had never witnessed such destructive work with small-arms, or such terrible firing from infantry. Before their onset, the firmest troops went down, and again and again did they charge those strong batteries home, and wrench them from the grasp of the enemy. Out of forty-eight men who commanded one battery, thirty-six were killed—the dead lay in heaps amid the wheels of the carriages, while the blood stood in pools over the clearing. In the midst of this carnage the sun went down—his farewell beams just gleamed a moment through the sulphurous cloud that curtained in the field, and then twilight slowly settled over the landscape. Through the deepening gloom, bright flashes were seen as the dark columns still rushed to the encounter; but at length deep night came on, and the battle ceased. Here and there detached parties still maintained the fight, lighting up the forest with their volleys, but the great struggle was over, and night and death remained sole masters of the field. On that single clearing were piled nearly a thousand men, covering it with a perfect carpet of corpses, and all around was scattered the wreck of the fight. Here lay a trampled plume, there a neglected sword, further on a rent banner, while the blue frocks of the American militia-men and the scarlet uni-

forms of the British soldiers were mingled together in inextricable confusion. Arms raised an hour before in hate and rage, now lay across each other in the repose of death, and over the still scowling brow the dews of night slowly gathered." \* \* \*

"During the interval between the 19th of September and the 7th of October, constant skirmishes took place between detached parties, resulting from the efforts of the Americans to prevent the enemy from foraging. Burgoyne, though taught a sad lesson, by the battle that had been fought, of American valor and steadiness, still clung to his first dream, and looked long and wistfully for aid from New York, and refused to retreat. At length, his provisions becoming nearly exhausted, he resolved to make another desperate effort to cut his way through the American lines, and push on to Albany.

#### SECOND BATTLE OF BEMIS'S HEIGHTS.

"To understand the general plan of the battle-field, imagine the American camp pitched on a branch of the Hudson, and extending back about half a mile from the shore. Almost directly in front, and within cannon-shot, is the British camp, similarly situated. A little to the north and west of the British encampment, was a large redoubt occupied by the Hessians, and the one which Arnold entered. Between the two armies were two creeks running nearly parallel to each other, along which the American pickets were stationed. These presented serious obstacles to the advance of an army, while towards their sources, and to the left of Gates, the approach was easier. It was on this account Burgoyne resolved to make his attack in that direction. Accordingly, on the 7th of October, moving his troops in three columns, he advanced to the American left, and taking up his position in an open wheat field, displayed his line. The fierce and rapid roll of drums in the American advance guard, beating to arms, announced their approach, and Gates immediately sent out Morgan with his riflemen to open the battle.

Burgoyne, sustained by his best officers, occupied a rising ground, and Morgan took a wide circuit to fall on his right, while General Poor was to march straight up the hill against the left, and if possible separate it from the main army. Burgoyne had with him twenty cannon; and with these, at half-past two in the afternoon, he opened on the advancing column of Poor. But this gallant officer led his brigade steadily forward up the hill; and with the orders not to fire till the summit was reached, pressed rapidly on through the storm of grape-shot. With the same coolness he entered the deadly volleys of musketry, then as he gained the brow of the height, opened to the right and left, and poured in a close and rapid fire with terrible effect. Moving resolutely forward upon the dense masses of the grenadiers, the Americans mowed them down with volley after volley, and stood within close musket-shot of the artillery, and let it play upon their ranks. But nothing could long withstand those murderous batteries, and the Americans, excited to madness by the galling, devouring fire, rushed with terrific shouts up to the very mouths of the guns, and swept them like a

storm. But met by those resistless grenadiers, they were rolled sternly back to their position. Again they rallied and charged with such impetuosity, that everything went down in their passage: but that same steady valor reclaimed the victory, and hurled them back to their first position. On one gun they rushed five successive times, and captured it in each onset, and as often were forced to relinquish their prize, until at length they carried it off in triumph. Major Ackland, who commanded the grenadiers, held them to the shock with a firmness that baffled every effort. Galloping fiercely amid the disordered ranks, he rallied them again and again by his voice and example, until at last he himself was struck to the ground by a ball, when they broke and fled. Morgan, in the mean time, with his deadly riflemen had poured down with resistless strength on the left wing, carrying everything before him. Rallying bravely behind a fence, the shattered troops attempted to stay his progress; but reinforcements coming up under Dearborn, and rushing with shouts and such headlong fury to the attack, they again broke and fled.

The whole English line now began to shake, and Burgoyne was just forming a second line with his right wing, when Arnold, maddened with excitement, and stung with rage, burst in a headlong gallop on the field, and plunged into the thickest of the fight. His practised eye soon saw that General Frazer was the chief support of that tumultuous battle, as on his splendid gray horse he moved amid the chaos, bringing order out of confusion, and courage out of despondency, wherever he passed. Dashing up to Morgan, he told him not to let him see that officer long in the saddle. The latter, selecting a few of his best marksmen, said, pointing to Frazer, "That gallant officer is General Frazer: I admire him, but it is necessary he should die. Do your duty." The first shot cut the crupper of his horse, the second pierced the mane, the third the gallant rider himself, and he fell back mortally wounded. Arnold had no sooner given this order than he placed himself at the head of three regiments of Larned's brigade, and with a shout those who heard it never forgot to their latest day, led them fiercely on. The Hessian troops threw themselves in his path, and for a moment broke his charge. The next moment, with a mere handful of men, he hurst like a falling rock through their midst, and scattered them from his path. Nothing could exceed the terror and fury of his charges: before such onsets the firmest troops in the world must sink. He shook terribly the whole British line, and Burgoyne, now thoroughly alarmed, put forth a desperate effort to maintain his ground. But in vain did he expose himself to the hottest of the fire to animate his men—in vain did his bravest officers again and again lead his devoted troops to the attack—nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. Their rapid tread shook the field—their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, as pressing hard after their intrepid leader, they closed steadily on the shrinking line. No charge of bayonets could break their firm array, no blaze of the close and deadly batteries check their lofty enthusiasm, as moving amid the horrid carnage,

they gathered with brows of wrath closer and closer on their foes. Those shattered veterans labored a moment as if about to bear up in the storm, then swung and rent asunder, and rolled heavily to their camp. Morgan and Dearborn and Ten Broeck following up their advantage with the same impetuosity, the whole army took refuge behind the intrenchments. Nothing could now arrest the victorious Americans, as with shouts that were heard above the din of battle, they rushed forward and stormed the camp itself. But behind their intrenchments, and under cover of their heavy guns, which bristled in fearful rows along the ramparts, the British fought with the energy of desperation itself. On the uncovered ranks of the impetuous Americans they opened all their batteries, and hailed a leaden tempest from the small-arms, while bombs, hissing through the atmosphere darkened with dust and smoke, added tenfold horror to the fight. They were no longer struggling for victory but for life, and therefore summoned all their energies to check the progress of the victors. But neither formidable intrenchments with the abatis in front, nor the hotly-worked batteries exploding in their faces, nor the close and destructive volleys of musketry, could stay the excited patriots. Through the tremendous fire, and over the ensanguined field, now covered with a sulphurous cloud, amid which incessant lightnings played, and one continuous thunder-peal rolled, they charged up to the very muzzles of the guns. The camp itself was shaken throughout its entire extent, and trembled like a reed in the blast; while Arnold, enraged at the abatis, which baffled all his efforts in front, called around him a few brave fellows, and taking a short circuit, made that desperate charge into the sally-port, where he fell. One hour more of daylight, and that camp would have been swept as with a hurricane; nay, one hour more of safety to Arnold on his steed, and that darkness would have been filled with the flying enemy, and a routed camp ended the day.\*

"The British army abandoned their camp during the night, and took post on the hills, and in the morning the American troops marched into it with colors flying and drums beating, and a long shout went up from the abandoned intrenchments. During the day a scattered fire of artillery was kept up, and ever and anon was borne back to the camp the rapid discharge of musketry, as small detachments from either army came in collision. Frazer, who had died early in the morning after the battle, had requested to be buried at sunset in the chief redoubt. The procession was formed, and at six o'clock was seen moving slowly up the hill to the place of interment. General Winslow observed it, and not knowing its object or character, ordered it to be cannonaded; and while they were laying the chieftain in his grave, a solitary cannon kept booming at intervals on the evening air, and the heavy shot tore up the earth in their midst. Throughout the solemn burial-service, the voice of the chaplain was ever and anon interrupted by that solitary peal of thunder, and his priestly robes were covered with dust, which

the ball, as it smoked past, threw upon him.\* The sun had now gone down, and twilight drew its mantle over the scene. The American officers discovering at length that it was a funeral procession, ceased playing upon it, and in sympathy with the brave who had fallen, fired minute guns till the solemn ceremony was over. It was a burial worthy of the chieftain who had thus fallen on his last battle-field. Amid the thunder of artillery, he was borne from the disastrous fight—the enemy's guns pealed over his grave, and when the mute procession turned away in the gathering shades of evening, their cannon gave his last salute, and the sullen echo, as it rolled over the hills, was his only requiem.

Burgoyne, now convinced that he could not cut his way through the American army, took the only alternative left him, and began his retreat, hoping to retrace his steps to Lake George, and from thence to Canada. This he should have done sooner—now it was too late—for the American army, extending itself on every side, baffled all his efforts, and soon well-nigh completed a circle about him. In every direction the roar of cannon told that the avenues of safety were cut off. Even the last desperate effort, to abandon all his artillery and baggage, and by a rapid night march reach Lake George, was seen to be useless. Still Burgoyne lingered—his proud heart refused to yield to the stern necessity which bound him. What! that splendid army, on whose success he had staked his reputation, to be surrendered, and all his bright visions sink at once! The thought was too bitter, and he still clung to hope, and dreamed of escaping by some accident from the perils that only thickened as he advanced. For six days he turned and turned, like a scorpion girt with fire, as every moment the devouring element rages nearer—his camp was uncovered, and cannon balls were continually falling into it, while from every height the artillery played upon him, and the sharp crack of the rifle was heard along his lines. He could not enter a house without its becoming in a moment a target for the batteries. Through the hall of council, and through the apartment in which they sat at their scanty dinner, the cannon balls would crash, and it was a constant and steadily increasing storm of iron around him. At length all hope was abandoned, and a council of war was called to deliberate on the terms of capitulation. Their consultations were interrupted by the whistling of bullets and roar of artillery, and the very tent in which they sat was pierced by the American marksmen. Pride and ambition at length yielded to inevitable fate, and that splendid army, the relics of ten thousand men, laid down its arms. Forty-two brass cannon, five thousand stand of arms, and all the camp equipage, fell into the hands of the Americans.

"Gates received the vanquished commander with courtesy, dressed in a plain blue frock, while the soldiers, on marching out to pile their arms, found not an American in the field. The brave fellows were spared the mortification of grounding their arms in the presence of their enemies."

\* Vide Burgoyne,

Most assuredly the brilliant triumph at Saratoga could not be more vividly and clearly told. From the author's notice of the scenes and characters which make up his second volume, we have no doubt that it will be even more interesting than the present. And we will add, that we hope the American public, who read Mr. Headley's writings with so great avidity, will not fail to thank him for turning his fine powers to the scenes of his native land. Our liberty and national prosperity are a very great inheritance, which we ought not to delight ourselves with enjoying while we forget its cost. It should doubtless be gratifying to live in an excellent house. It is even proper to admire it ourselves—perhaps not entirely ridiculous—though hardly as safe—to

call upon our neighbors to do the same. But it should be with a solemn thankfulness, that we remember the wear of life with which its foundations were laid, the blood with which its stones were cemented, and the skill and toil and labor of scheming, with which its arches and pillars were raised, and the abiding roof stretched over the fair edifice. To him who best succeeds in making these labors appreciated, much is due. The instructed imagination is the great preserver of historic events; and Mr. Headley, in appealing so powerfully and truthfully to this chief faculty of the mind, for the scenes of our Revolution, has rendered to American History a most important service.

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#### CHARACTERISTICS OF SHELLEY.

THE degree of reputation to which Shelley's poetical works have attained, is such as at once compels us soberly to consider their merits, and relieves us from the less responsible task of echoing the notes of an established fame. However great in reality this poet may be, many years must yet pass before he can become a subject of reverential criticism; before he can take rank, if it be his destiny to do so, with those great immortals whose claims it is impiety to question. The voice of general reputation has only presented the world with the name of another candidate for this high honor, whom the ages must accept or refuse.

It was at the memorable period, when all Europe resounded with the crash of the fallen Bastille, that our poet first breathed the air of mortality. The same lofty and enthusiastic hope, the same restless excitement, which were everywhere kindling with the events of those remarkable days, characterized the youth and the man. He lived, labored, and died, as if a nursling of that turbulent spirit which then sprung forth armed from the fevered brain of France. The whole course of his existence was tumultuous with rebellion, and dark with discontent; and his melancholy end seems but an index of the entire history. Shelley's friends concede him a generous,

amiable, and heroic character; ardent in the pursuit of ideal perfection, reckless of the precepts of custom, and hostile to an order of things necessarily imperfect; but always excellent and sincere in his intentions for himself and for the world. This judgment commends him to our charity, surely—since he has gone to his last sleep—and it hides a "multitude of sins."

The fiery youth had, he confesses, "a passion for reforming the world." In this by no means original character, as he professes to aim solely at the public good, so he must, at all times, submit to be estimated according to the public wisdom. In his practical tendencies, Shelley was merely an agitator, without aim and without wisdom. Certain *words* rankled in his mind, and kept him in a perpetual restless fever; but to attach a meaning to these words, or an object to the impulses they excited, never came at all within the scope of his intent. There is much reason to suppose that the old law of obedience to father and mother, during the years of minority, is still a very valuable regulation. But even if it happened that the youth of nineteen was really endowed with wisdom so superior—with so clear a vision of justice and of truth—why did he take such pains to render it of no effect? Grant that the



world is wrong, why fall into a frenzy, because the multitude are bent on deceiving themselves and each other? There are those, we know, to whom this raving discontent looks like a sign of millennial days—a spontaneous prophecy of the future greatness of humanity—but to us, we confess, it looks like downright madness. Shelley could not obey his own laws. Raging against the institution of marriage, he is twice married; his declamations on vegetable diet and cold water, are discovered to have had their origin in stronger excitants. Insane agitators forget the vastness of the gulf between the conception and the execution; and the men of universal benevolence and self-sacrifice, seldom stay to test their principles on themselves, until they are too far committed for a public renunciation.

“Poet” and “Reformer” have few features in common. The poet retires upon himself, viewing the world as a scene. A heroic freedom, and a certain superiority to time and custom, must indeed characterize the genuine poet. Without some person who shall be able to erect himself *above* the forms of the present—not to destroy them but to show them their own more perfect law—a people must inevitably degenerate—their growth cease, and their decay begin. It is the poet's peculiar province, to dwell among those ideal forms, of which all things are imperfect copies; to paint an imaginary perfection, the contemplation of which shall give a newer life, and a better development, to all that man creates and controls. Had Shelley confined himself to this ideal sphere, he might have done better for himself and for humanity.

That Shelley was not a perfect master of his own art, however, is apparent. What the education of maturity and experience might have done for him, it is very useless to conjecture. He must remain, to our sight, like the broken shaft of a monumental column, for whose shapely continuation the necessary conditions are wanting, and beyond the point of whose fracture the sculptor cares not to extend his conception.

His intellect seems to have held in solution all beautiful things in the universe; but wanted the cold addition of experience, which alone could precipitate his visions, in bright and regular forms. His translucent figures float always on

the line of substantiality, but no sooner touch that limit than they dissolve and leave no mark. He would not suffer an intrusion of the actual upon his dream territory. He seems not to have reflected that the suffering, and the sorrow, which, in one form or another, have befallen every truly great poet, were only the spiritual gravity that kept them in a just relation to the world. Had they ranged unchecked through the heavens, reposing on no spot beneath the clouds, like footless birds of paradise, their songs might have carried an aerial wildness, but no force or feeling of a real life.

Perhaps no one can perfectly enjoy this poet who has not some portion of his sickly delicateness. Poetry which appeals to temperament, and is admired solely by reason of that quality, is, perhaps, not genuine. It leaves out the main circumstance, and founds itself on some one phase of human life. But the sphere of the true poet is among the common elements of humanity. Shelley's poetry—from those elements—is too like the drama of Hamlet, with the character of Hamlet omitted.

It is impossible for a man who finds among his fellows only the duping and the duped, and everything around him bad, to sink his personality in human sympathy; he becomes, by necessity, a desperate egotist. Shelley would, perhaps, have loved his neighbors well enough, could he have made them what he desired they should be. His chief poems are founded on his own personal experience. The hero and heroine of his longest work, (originally entitled “*Laon and Cythna*,”) are recognized from first to last—and they are represented, it would seem, with a literal fidelity even superior to that which distinguishes the Harold of Lord Byron. The subject is none other than the celebration of rebellion against all wholesome restraint from without, and of the most perfect submission to the tyranny of every passionate and hostile impulse within.

The scene of this poem (as usual) changes from Fairy Land to the clouds, from the clouds to the sea, and from the sea to unimaginable depths in the heavens. His muse never treads the earth, except on her favorite stilts, egotism and agitation. On the whole, however, after much patient effort, the reader may find not a little to admire; and, had the first and twelfth cantos been much nearer to-



gether, and united with a better grace, the work might be accounted a noble production.

It is for the "Cenci" that the admirers of Shelley usually claim the greatest merit. Here, if anywhere, egotism will certainly be sought in vain, as totally incompatible with the drama and unpardonable therein. This work is indeed unusually free from his worst peculiarities; yet we might have predicted for the author that he could not write it without seeking an opportunity of venting his spleen, through the mouth of Count Cenci. Where this can be successfully accomplished, the interest never flags, and the poet sometimes becomes scarcely less than great. That this tragedy, however, is destined to a high rank in its kind, may be very safely disputed. The final impression seems to us unalleviated horror, and not the subdued sorrow of genuine tragedy.

"Prometheus Unbound" deserves a higher praise; yet it needs a mind of a peculiar and not a frequent order to enter into its spirit as a whole; and here, again, the author's self appears altogether too plainly. Few will be persuaded that the conversations of his voices and echoes; of his spirits and phantasms; his fauns and furies, are not often considerably tedious. Nevertheless, a profusion of intellectual beauties is scattered over all, and the character of Prometheus sustains itself in sullen magnificence.

"Adonais" has all the characteristic beauties and defects of this author, and the former in their highest perfection. Like the rest, however, it is deficient in *point*;—runs almost endlessly on—is a splendid rainbow, whose end we may search after forever without finding the promised pot of gold. His blank verse is best; for rhyme invariably leads him into wanderings and mazes, from which his final escape becomes a miracle. This is especially noticeable in the arbitrary forms of rhyme and verse, such as the Spenserian stanza, in which his longest work is written, and in the *Terza Rime*, which he has several times attempted.

If we must admit, with some, that *humor* is essential to the highest genius, Shelley's claims must fall. We find no genuine traces of this gift in any of his verse or prose. Sometimes there is a near approach to the humorous—an approach and nothing more. He can adopt an easy, cheerful style, and frequently sustains himself gracefully there-

in; but the reader is always conscious of some primary defect, that vitiates the whole writing. Shelley never enters into the *sober sadness* of human life—into the *reality* of all that real persons do and feel. He lacks that practical faith which gives a solid consistence to the dramas of Shakspeare, and the want of which leaves all poetry barren and aimless.

Most of his figures are so very subtle as to appear at the first view unintelligible; and though their fine meaning may come in time to be recognized, it is vexatious to be delayed so long in the midst of an exciting action. Everything is overdone. We sicken on a profusion of sweets. We are wearied and bewildered with dancing up and down, when we should take every step right onward. A metaphor or simile is only legitimately employed to make our course at once more rapid and more delightful. But with Shelley we tarry by the way, playing with flowers and butterflies, and forgetting our errands, until night;—when, on a sudden, he disappears, and leaves us to be whipped home by mother Nature.

He is properly chargeable with mannerism. There is the same confused dreaminess, the same rebellious discontent, the same presumptuous self-confidence, throughout every page he has written. The same incidents, too, similarly served up, are presented again and again, with a tiresome pertinacity. It is only among his minor poems that we can sometimes find an exception, which gives us an agreeable relief.

The tinge of *Byronism* is, in many parts of his later works, very distinct; yet Shelley never lost his favorite defects. He never unlearned his nice, elaborate system of embellishment. With him, this was all in all. With the best poets imagery has a practical purpose, helps on the business in hand, is a god never invoked but on an emergency sufficiently pressing. *Their* figures are like angels, beautiful indeed, but appearing solely to minister—not standing in clouds, to be gazed at. It is otherwise with Shelley. His angels come only to display their beauty; but they have no work appointed them, and are not suffered to come below the clouds.

Neither does our poet treat his muse with proper courtesy. He does not await her favors with a calm countenance, and receive them with polite soberness;—he blusters, and he swears. He expects a dash of immortality in every line, and

even throws away, in her very presence, the richest gifts, if they have any features of reality, or if they walk, when he would have them fly.

“True greatness ever dwells with soberness” and serenity. In nature, the most restless and noisy are ever the least enduring. The thunders sound only when rolling themselves away; and the fiercest tempest bursts, like a bubble, and vanishes, beside the calm and silent mountain. The highest genius is usually collected and tranquil. The way of true intellectual greatness may sometimes lead through wild unrest and scepticism—but

its end is always beyond. No man can be esteemed a genuine poet or scholar, until he can see his ideal *through the actual world*—until he ceases to seek it madly and vainly in another and opposite direction. It is then the instinctive yearning for repose is first satisfied. Then, for the first time, the man of far sight is no longer a sceptic. The chaos of his spirit is charmed into creation; an emotion of tranquillity passes “along the face of the great deep;” and floods of light fall from stars that “sing together for joy.”

## TEXAS AND THE WESTERN BOUNDARY OF LOUISIANA.

[THE following has been sent us by a Southern gentleman. As it seems to us to set down some very lucid points in respect to the question of Texan boundaries, and the claim of the Administration that the “Army of Occupation,” on the 8th and 9th May, were on American territory, we give it a place. It will need to be read with a glance at the map of those regions.—ED. AM. REV.]

ON principles generally admitted as true, when applied to nations, the people who resided between the rivers Sabine and Nueces, and constituting an integral part of the republic of Mexico, acquired a valid right to the domain, with an exclusive sovereign jurisdiction over that territory.

The government established for the republic of Mexico, with the supposed assent of the governed, in the opinion of the Texans had been subverted by the rest of the Mexican States, or by those who had usurped authority over them. Therefore, as the Texans were in the actual possession of the territory, and having a legitimate right to resist an infraction of her organic laws, they asserted an authority and jurisdiction over the territory, adverse to the pretensions of Mexico, and were able to maintain the same by a force which Mexico could not overcome. Hence, with all the immunities incident to revolutions, the country became theirs.

Apply these principles to the territory situated between the rivers Nueces and the Rio del Norte, and the people residing therein, and the case will stand thus:

The Mexicans residing in this territory were in the actual possession of the domain; they chose to submit to the new

order of things, acknowledged the jurisdiction that Mexico exercised over them, and resisted the pretensions and revolution of Texas by a force which the Texans could not overcome. Hence, the immunities incident to revolutions conferred no right over that territory to the republic of Texas.

Now, if a mere assertion of the Texans, that the Rio Grande *should* be their western boundary, did in *fact* and *right* make it so, then the mere assertion of the Mexicans, that the Sabine continued to be their eastern boundary, would in *fact* confer the same *right*.

By the resolution for annexation, the United States acquired jurisdiction over the territory “properly included within, and rightfully belonging to, the republic of Texas.” The words used cannot be so analyzed or synthetized as to force within their meaning one inch of territory over which the jurisdiction of Texas had not in *fact* extended; and when the United States undertook to extend the jurisdiction they acquired from Texas, the *act* assumed all the features of a new conquest, unauthorized by anything either expressed or implied in the resolution of annexation.

But it is said Louisiana once extended to the “lower Rio del Norte,” and that

the republic of Texas had a right to consider as being within her sovereign jurisdiction all the territory which belonged to Louisiana, under the maxim: *Ubi major pars est, ibi est totum*; where the greater part is, there is the whole.

In considering the pretensions urged for Texas on such a hypothesis, I will leave out of view the treaty of 1819, as being void *AB INITIO*, and will assume the western boundary of Louisiana, as it was acquired from France, as being an open question; and admit that the inhabitants who resided in Texas in 1803, and all who went there subsequent to that time, continue at all times to owe allegiance to the United States, and the possession of the territory was held for and on her account; and by virtue of the treaty of 1803, and the right therein guarantied to become citizens of the United States, they are now incorporated in the Union—and will proceed to examine the claims of the United States and Texas as to the Rio del Norte being the western boundary of Louisiana, as it was acquired from France.

It is conceded as a principle incident to, and in fact to be the essence of all titles acquired by Europeans on this continent, that they result from priority of discovery and settlements combined; indicating an intention of occupying the domain subject to an "*observed rule*," that when there are different contiguous settlements made by the several nations, "*the unoccupied space between them should be equally divided*."

These principles are recognized and affirmed as a just rule of division, by all who assert that the western limits of Louisiana extended to the Rio del Norte, on this the claim rests, together with the declaration of Laussatte to Gov. Claiborne and Gen. Wilkinson, that the "pretensions of France went as far west as the Rio del Norte." "But," says Wilkinson, "we were not informed that a line of demarcation had ever been traced to partition these provinces." As the basis of this right, St. Bernard's Bay is claimed as the western settlement made by France in the year 1685, at which time it is admitted the eastern settlement in Mexico, was Panuco, near Tampico, and the "midway," between these two settlements, would be the Rio del Norte. This, in point of fact, is admitted, and the only question for solution is, what course should a line be traced from the Rio

del Norte, to divide equally between these settlements the unoccupied space.

In undertaking to define what would be a just line of demarcation between these provinces, I shall be controlled entirely by the "pretensions" of France, applied to the rule and principles observed by European nations—"an equal division of the unoccupied space."

Let us look at what were the "pretensions" of France, when she permitted a formal possession of Louisiana to be taken, and what was then deemed the western boundary.

On the 14th September, 1712, the King confirmed on Crozat, a grant to colonize Louisiana, for the purpose, among other things, "to preserve the possession we" (France) "had taken, in the year 1683, of all the lands, coasts, and islands, which are in the Gulf of Mexico, between Carolina on the east, and Old and New Mexico on the west."

At this period, the provinces of Old and New Mexico extended from the Gulf of Mexico, and Atlantic, to the Pacific Ocean, and St. Antonio de Bexar in Old, and Santa Fe in New Mexico, both lying west and north of Panuco, had been settled by Spain; the first two years, and the second one hundred years, before La Salle visited Louisiana.

The most extravagant "pretensions" of France could only have been to unite Louisiana with her possessions of New France, now the Canadas; and by virtue of her prior discovery and settlement—Old and New Mexico limiting her "pretensions" on the west, and Carolina on the east—to stretch her claim to the *Ultima Thule*.

Can anything more be asked for France than what has been here conceded?

France, with her western settlement at St. Bernard's Bay—Spain, with her settlement of Panuco, St. Antonio de Bexar in Old, and Santa Fe in New Mexico, and taking the Rio del Norte as "midway" of the unoccupied space, how would an impartial judge, controlled by the "pretensions" of France, order a line of demarcation to be traced? He would say—"the line must be traced due north, if such a line will leave on the east, all settlements of France, and on the west, all those of Spain, if such a line interferes with settlements of either, then, both Spain and France must be heard as to their respective pretensions, and the

line of demarcation must be a conventional one."

Trace such a line north, and it would not interfere with, or encroach on the settlements of either France or Spain, at that period, (1712,) and the point of beginning would be the mouth of the Rio del Norte.

First, settle in your own mind, whether such a division, and such a line, does ample justice to the "*pretensions*" and rights of France, as confirmed in the grant to Crozat, or asserted by Laussatte; or to the "*pretensions*" of France, asserted in any other manner, or at any other time.

If you answer this question in the affirmative, then up to that line as her western boundary, Texas has a right to extend her jurisdiction, as over a territory which once belonged to France, and transferred to the United States by the treaty of 1803.

Now take your map of Texas, Mexico and the United States, and starting at the mouth of the Rio del Norte, trace a line due north, and when you have finished, answer the following interrogatories:

1st. On the 8th and 9th of May, 1846, was the "United States Army of Occupation" on the east or west side of that line?

2d. Would you, as an American citizen, consent to destroy the line of limits between the United States and Mexico, fixed on by the treaty of 1819, and establish such a line as you have just decided should have been traced as between France and Mexico?

If, on an examination of the premises, you cannot answer my interrogatories to your entire satisfaction, and you should come to the conclusion that the "pretended" boundary of Laussatte, and the one indicated in the grant to Crozat, as having Old and New Mexico on the west, was not a line to be traced north and south, and the Rio del Norte was not the proper point of beginning; then make your starting point where you please, run a straight line any course you please, leaving St. Antonio de Bexar and Santa Fe to the west, and then answer my questions.

J. M. ELAM.

Baton Rouge, La.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Goethe's Autobiography. Poetry and Truth of my life, from the German of Goethe.* By PARK GODWIN. In two parts. Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. New York. 1846.

Goethe has been called the Voltaire of Germany. We think both these famous writers much injured by the comparison. Goethe, because in variety of scientific and critical attainments he as far exceeded Voltaire, as in breadth of sentiment and sympathy with men he fell behind him. Voltaire, because his light and brilliant intellect, always exercised on topics of humanity, intolerant of scientific discipline, and governed by the passion of the instant, has no parallel in the German, who knew as little of wit as he did of political philosophy.

Voltaire, the designer and father of Revolutions, the most terrible foe of superstition, the exemplar of liberty, advancing against all but God and the laws.

Goethe, the friend and approver of despotism, the inventor of new superstitions, more subtle and more heathenish; the ex-

emplar of a court-bred insolence advancing itself even against the Divine Idea, and professing even in youth to "do without God." Why should we compare them?

Voltaire made war against what he imagined to be Christianity, but which was only the dismal caricature of it given by the Roman Church; but his nature was full of reverence, and he needed only to have been the companion of Erasmus, (if such conjectures are of any worth,) to have been counted among the great Reformers. His inordinate vanity led him further within the limits of unbelief than his real inclinations would have urged: his day was bad, his position bad, his company worse; the applause of the world followed constantly the worser moods of his intellect. How could he, with vanity for a counsellor, become other than he was?

Goethe, on the contrary, making open war against no religion, treated all as subjects and topics of art. He even, by his own confession, constructed a new heathen theogony for his own satisfaction; a proof of a certain audacity of mind, made possible only by a profound absence of the

religious sentiment. Educated early in piety, and a member successively of a Lutheran and Moravian church, from which he was ejected for too free an exercise of opinion, the religious impression sunk no deeper into his mind than to the seat of poetry and art. Religion was a luxury, an entertainment to him. The scepticism of the age, and especially the then current heathenism of the Illuminati, seems to have fixed itself, with the preference for heathen art and letters, in his mind. By conversation with Jacobi, and physiological studies, he took a step higher, and attained to Pantheism, identifying God with life; out of which flowed, very naturally, a pride which, as he tells us, enabled him to say, "that a man must be independent of God himself," or to that effect; which was natural, for as there is in man a something ineffably superior to the very *God* of Pantheism, he might well set at defiance the subordinate deity of his mind's conception.

Our pious Emerson will have it, that as Jesus would absorb all the world, a Tom Paine is useful and necessary to prevent him. But in this German theurgist we have a greater than poor Tom, and a more successful. In Goethe we have the first invention, since the Sophists of Athens, of a philosophy professing to erect sheer Pride into an image of the one Supreme. Of this, in Milton's Satan, there is a splendid example, with poetical justice.

Of this particular work of Goethe's, we find it, in the translation, overrun, nay, thoroughly inspired, with a kind of egotism that would not, perhaps, have grown up elsewhere than in a petty German principality; an egotism founded on the weak wonder of a circle of weakling scholars and æsthetics. For a total absence of that charming element of autobiographies, the loss of self in age, country, and pursuits, it seems to be without its equal. For the art and elegance displayed in it we confess not the least respect. The world does not need to be informed that the author was the most skillful writer and one of the most powerful men of his time; all that yields no comfort; the question is, what mischief is he able to execute with all this skill? how many waters can he make turbid? how many springs of consolation can he dry up? In fine, we as much admire the skill as detest the spirit of this autobiography.

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*Life and Correspondence of General Joseph Reed, of Pennsylvania.* By WILLIAM B. REED, Esq. Philadelphia. 2 vols. 8vo.

We have received, at a very late hour, the sheets of the first volume of this work, which we understand will appear during

the ensuing month. Our time and space permits us, at present, only to say, that a cursory glance at its contents gives every reason to expect in it one of the most valuable contributions to Revolutionary biography yet published. Gen. Reed's Correspondence with Lord Dartmouth, on the Excise and Stamp Acts, the Post Office and Boston Port Bill; the letters from and to Washington, General Lee, and others, open new light on the struggle for Independence, and will be perused with interest by every one. The typography and paper are excellent.

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*The Treatment of Insanity.* By JOHN GALT, M.D., Superintendent of the Eastern Lunatic Asylum of Virginia, at Williamsburg. Harper and Brothers, New-York, 1846.

"The following production," says the compiler, owes its origin more to circumstances than to original design. While reading works on Insanity, in order to impress the treatment on my mind, and for convenient reference, I have been accustomed to transcribe, as succinctly as possible, everything relative to this portion of the subject." Experience discovered the advantages of such a plan; in fine, the Doctor's notes accumulated to that degree he began to think of giving others the advantage of all his labour, and here we have it;—a volume likely to be of great service to the profession, if judiciously used; but if employed as a first book of study, or reference book for practice, quite as likely to mislead the practitioner as to guide him aright. It is a series of condensed abstracts of the opinions of more than a hundred different writers, printed one after another, without commentary. An educated physician will find it a treasury of hints, toward the construction of a true and natural system of treatment; an uneducated or empirical practitioner will see nothing in it but a heap of facts, without connection, and by one abstract will be convinced of the utility of one system, and by another of another.

On the whole, the book is a great addition to a medical library, if it were only for a guide to reading; for this latter purpose, a better book does not probably exist in its department.

Amongst a number of valuable and curious extracts, we find the following from a letter of Sir J. Mackintosh to Robert Hall, on occasion of the insanity of the latter.

"Whoever has brought himself to consider a disease of the brain, as differing only in degree from a disease of the lungs, has robbed it of that mysterious horror which forms its chief malignity. \* \* \* You do this by feeling the superiority of a moral nature over intellect itself. \* \* \*



All your unhappiness has arisen from a love and pursuit of excellence. Disappointed in the pursuit of union with real or supposed excellence of a limited sort, you sought refuge in the contemplation of the Supreme Excellence. But by the conflict of both your mind was torn in pieces; your understanding was unable to resist the force of your powerful moral feelings. The remedy is prescribed by the plainest maxims of duty. You must act! Inactive contemplation is a dangerous condition for minds of profound moral sensibility. We are not to dream away our lives in the contemplation of distant or imaginary perfection. We must only contemplate perfection enough to ennoble our natures, but not to make us dissatisfied and disgusted with (our own) faint approaches to it."

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*An Exposition of the Apocalypse.* By DAVID N. LORD. New York: Harper & Brothers.

No part of the Scriptures has elicited more tomes of laborious writing than the "Revelations" of St. John. Most of these have been as entirely fruitless as the Arabic and black letter treatises on Astrology, except, perhaps, so far as they may have ministered to a reverence for the inscrutable things of Divinity. Some of them, we fear indeed, have but ministered to irreverence, from too bold a wrangling about sacred prophecies. If they were not, however, intended to be reasoned about, Heaven would surely never have presented them to us. The attempt to explain them is right enough; the manner of it only is to be guarded. The author of the present large volume has approached the subject, not only with evident learning, and clearness and temper of argument, but with a due respect, in tone, for what is due to the character of their "Dark Revelings," and with a sufficient regard for what others have said before him. We have never seen, indeed, a treatise on this subject so replete with the opinions of all who have written about it. Aside, therefore, from the value of the author's own opinions, the book has merit as the exponent of the conclusions of so many previous writers.

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*The Iliad of Homer, from the text of Wolf, with English notes.* By C. C. FELTON ELIOT, Professor of Greek in Harvard University. New and revised edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847.

This edition is a great advance upon its predecessors, but still leaves much to be desired. Mr. Felton *plays at Greek*: he does not write about it like a man who has studied it, or who expects his readers to study it.

The designs of Flaxman, beautiful in themselves, are altogether out of place in a work of this sort, and the notes are conceived in a spirit of æsthetic illustration, rather than critical scholarship. Difficult words and passages are sometimes slurred over; sometimes the opinion of one commentator (not always the best) is implicitly followed; sometimes the views of several are repeated without any attempt to discriminate between them. By way of compensation there is much superfluous flourishing upon ordinary epithets, and continual eulogiums upon the beauty of this or that passage, as if we could not see Homer's sun, without Mr. Felton's lamp. To any man who has the rudiments of ordinary taste and perception, these *diletante* outbreaks of admiration are displeasing; to a boy they are either tiresome or really injurious, for there is no more fruitful source of bad taste, than an early habit of admiring by rule. A youth can find out Homer's beauties for himself, as soon as he is able to construe the poet—or if he is not, it will do him no good to tell him that such and such passages are beautiful. Still we are, on the whole, pleased with this edition, as it gives evidence that the Boston editors are waking up a little to the progress of scholarship, and beginning to discard the antediluvian models of commentators, they have so long followed. That very interesting and valuable work, Grote's Greece, has been laid under contribution for the preface, and a comparison of editions has more than half convinced us, that the labors of Professor Anthon, (whom our New England friends affect to despise—and we do not ourselves admire ten pages of notes for one of text)—have not been altogether unsuggestive to Mr. Felton on the present occasion.

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*The Oratorical French Teacher; or, a new method of learning to read, write, and speak the French Language.* By Prof. NORMAN PINNEY, A.M. Hartford, Robins & Smith; Huntington & Savage, New York, 1847.

This volume comprises 375 pages, large 12mo., and presents an entire system of grammar, while the pupil is carried, step by step, through the process of constructing sentences, till the language is supposed to be thoroughly learned. The language is kindred to that of OLLENDORF and MANESCA, but, in the author's opinion, much more perfect. "His lessons for conversation, he says, are progressive and systematic. They commence with the simplest elements of the language, and advance, by an easy process, to the more difficult, aiming equally at a knowledge of the words of the language and of its principles, and to a familiarity with its use in actual conversation." So far as we have been able to examine it, he has adhered to this plan throughout. He commences with the noun, or the names of things, and proceeds to make sentences, first with these and the article—then, by adding, one by

one, the adjective, pronoun and verb, till he has gone through with all the forms of the latter, its moods and irregularities. Simple forms of the verb, singular and plural, are given in English with the corresponding French, and these verbs are incorporated into the exercises which follow, in making English into French. He gives the idioms of the language separately, with exercises on each. The work contains about one hundred and fifty lessons, and we notice, from valuable exercises, adapted specially to the wants of mercantile houses in this country, who have business with houses where the French language is used. The author supplies what he considers radical defects in OLLENDORF and MANESCA; and his book will, we doubt not, aid in the advancement of sound teaching.

The teacher's profession should be regarded as one no less entitled to the rank of a science than that of Medicine, Law, or Divinity. The intellectual resources and discipline which it demands are not less. To the first two it is superior, and nearly allied to, and scarcely below, the last, in its high moral relations. To their rank it is rapidly advancing, and we hail the day as an auspicious one for our country, when, over its entire territory, we shall have institutions as securely established, and as well endowed, for this as for those professions. A spirit of inquiry is abroad, and in all our elementary, as well as higher schools, better methods of teaching have been, and are being adopted. The object here is not merely to store the mind and systematize its knowledge, but to discipline it, to train the intellect and to develop the moral nature in harmony, the one with the other. The capacity of the young mind, with regard to the induction which is, or is not, adapted to it, is studied—and the *amount* of mental aliment, suited to its age, is regarded not less than the *quality*. If our teachers understand thoroughly the *science* of teaching, the laws of mind, and the best method of leading each mind into all the subjects and branches taught in our schools and seminaries, then the character of the text-book were less important. But in elevating the character of the teacher, the text-book, in the present state of our advancement, becomes an important guide—it is to the majority a *vade mecum*, to hint to them the true way of unfolding to their pupil the subject of which it treats. The general plan of the text-book, therefore—the details of its arrangement, and the style in which it is written—is a matter of moment. In no department has there, heretofore, been less system, or less philosophy incorporated into the method of studying than in the languages. But the plan adopted in this work, whether Manes-

ca, Ollendorf, or Pinney, may claim its best characteristics, we think a sound one. It is the most natural method, and one by which the pupil can more readily acquire a perfect knowledge of the elements of the language than any which has before been given to the public.

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*Tears on the Diadem; or the Crown and the Cloister.* By MRS. ANNE H. DORSEY. New York: Edward Dunnigan.

*The Elder's House; or the Three Converts.* New York: Edward Dunnigan.

Two small books, designed, under a garb of simple and attractive fiction, to inculcate the tenets of the Romish Faith. The effort is not a great one—but it is probably greater than will be its success.

*The Lives of Christopher Columbus, the Discoverer of America, and Americus Vesputius the Florentine.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Beauties of English History.* Edited by J. FROST, L.L.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This gentleman, like some others among us, appears to have been brought into the world to get up books. This, we believe, is about the twentieth speculation of the kind issued under his auspices. It is fortunate on his account, that the nation "has boys in it."

*Young Churchman's Miscellany.* New York: published for the Editor, Rev. J. A. SPENCER.

*Twenty-six years of the life of an actor and manager; interspersed with sketches, anecdotes and opinions of the professional merits of the most celebrated actors and actresses of our day.* By FRANCIS COURTNEY WEMYSS. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.

A singular medley, by a prejudiced egotist, but containing many pleasant scraps of information, respecting the chief persons who have figured on the fictitious stage for the last twenty years. It falls infinitely short of such a book as might be made up on this field.

*The Lives of Vasco Nunez De Balboa, the Discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, Hernando Cortes, the Conqueror of Mexico, and Francisco Pizarro, the Conqueror of Peru.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

*The True Believer; his Character, Duty, and Privileges, elucidated in a Series of Discourses.* By Rev. ASA MAHAN; President of the Oberlin Collegiate Institute, Oberlin, Ohio. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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No. VI.

THE MEMPHIS CONVENTION AND WESTERN IMPROVEMENTS.

"On the North stretches a vast Mediterranean of congregated seas, sounding to each other in a boisterous chorus forever, and opening their gates for the commerce of far-distant regions. Then, again, across the land, down all the slopes, and through valleys large enough for empires, sweep rivers that seem like moving lakes. All the features of our land conspire to form a people of vast conceptions, and the most intense practical vigor and activity."

BUSHNELL.

WHILE our invading army is marching with triumphant banners and the trophies of bloodshed upon the central city of our sister Republic—while there is a lull of the din of arms, and Victory herself ceases to scream over her prey—we turn gladly, at last, to a topic of industry and peace. It is the great subject, never yet sufficiently contemplated, of Internal Improvements. Singular, that here, also, the country should be compelled to execrate the Magistrate whom it is called upon to revere! We are blessed with a President as powerless for good in our domestic as in our foreign relations. What a Father of his Country! Twice have the Houses of Congress consented to do a late justice to the western half of the Republic; twice has he who calls himself a Democratic President, with a blindness to national interests, extraordinary if it were not willful, monarchically thwarted their wishes and the clearly-expressed hopes of the people.

We design in this article to give the indisputable statistics of Western commerce. In our August No., for 1845, we gave a very full account of the commerce of the Lakes; and in October of the last year, we commented on Mr. Polk's Veto, in connection chiefly with the same com-

merce. Our business is now mainly with the immense traffic of the Western rivers. We perform the labor at the present time chiefly in view of the important Convention to be held at Chicago on the 5th of July, in behalf of the interests of this commerce. In doing it, we shall show the vast importance of these interests, and the great wrong done by the President, not only to the West, but to the whole country. For every part of this Republic has an immediate concern in the fullest prosperity of every other portion. For what else was this august Union of Sovereign States cemented?

To the mind that surveys the progress of our nation, and studies out its future progress, nothing seems more astonishing than the vast and rapid growth of the great West. It was scarcely half a century ago when the traveller who might have stood upon the summit of the Alleghanies, casting his eyes westward, could have seen only a territory covered with the dense forest, inhabited by the Indian, or the still broader plains and prairies of the farther West, over which roamed innumerable herds of buffalo, undisturbed save by the red hunter and the trooping wolves from the Rocky Mountains. The mighty Mississippi received the beautifully gliding waves of La Belle

Riviere and the afar-rolling stream of the vast Missouri—but nothing disturbed its surface except the birchen canoe and the dip of the Indian paddle. All that he could survey, from end to end of the “great valley,” was one domain of silence. Since that time the Anglo-Saxon race has rolled the waves of a new population over the range of the Alleghanies, and spread itself over the wide plains of the basin of the Mississippi; it is now pouring through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains into the valleys and plains of Oregon and Sacramento, down to the Pacific shores. A population of ten millions now inhabits what is called the Great Valley of the West. The arts and sciences of civilized life now prevail throughout a territory over which, scarce fifty years ago, everything was of the wilderness. Cities larger than any existing on the Atlantic slope at the date of our independence, are now found where even the pioneer had not then erected his hut of logs. Upon the rivers and lakes of the West, hundreds of boats, moved by means unknown to the last century, are now the carriers of a commerce more than twice as great as the whole foreign commerce of the Union. Almost everything that can make a nation populous, wealthy and great—everything that the arts may need, that manufactures can ask, or commerce require—the West can supply. The East has its Atlantic shore, with its bays and harbors, “showing more than a thousand leagues of the highway of the world;” the West has its Mississippi river, with its tributaries—fifteen thousand miles of navigable waters!

Now the East has for years received the aid of the government—too sparingly extended, it is true—in making harbors, clearing out channels, and erecting light-houses for the safety of the merchant-ship; for the West, a few hundred miles of turnpike, called the National Road, show nearly all that has been done for the internal traffic of a region nearly as large as all Europe. For a long time the West requested of the general government that some attention should be paid to Western interests, that something more should be done than merely raising a revenue from the West to be expended almost entirely east of the mountains; but so great was the influence of party tactics, and of the doctrine of strict construction, that comparatively nothing was effected. A few spasmodic efforts would be made, and then the matter drop, that

party politicians might regulate the succession to the Presidency, or distribute the loaves and fishes among friends and partisans. And when at last Congress passed a provision, favorable not only to the West, but to the whole internal navigation of the Union, the President, in a sudden fit of conscientiousness and economic wisdom, chose to set his will above that, so decisively expressed, of almost the entire country, and both Houses of its Representatives, and refused to sanction the bill.

Owing to the want of a department for the interior, which is found in all other countries, the government has had little knowledge of the progress and wealth, or the wants and necessities of the West. Of our foreign commerce, the statistics are annually collected and published by the Treasury department; but of our internal commerce, almost nothing is known, and it is nearly impossible, for the want of proper information, to gain any adequate idea. Different individuals, in some of our Western cities, have at different times endeavored to collect the statistics of the commerce of the Mississippi river and its tributaries; but startling as have been the results of the information they have collected, all who have any knowledge of the subject see that it falls far short of the reality. It is to be hoped that as laws have been enacted to procure the statistics of our foreign trade, so some means will be taken to collect and publish the details of our internal commerce, and especially of the trade of the Northern lakes and of the Western rivers, that Congress may be enabled to legislate with a fuller understanding of the great interests of the nation.

That legislation is required none can doubt; but what is necessary to be done, is a question not so easily answered. Something was effected by means of the Memphis Convention to call public attention to the subject; much more, we trust, will be accomplished by that soon to meet at Chicago. We propose in the following pages to present for the advantage of our readers—possibly for the instruction of the statesmanlike Executive now occupying the curule chair—some information on the subject of Western improvements.

The Convention was called by those friendly to Western interests to meet at Memphis, Tenn., in July, 1845. Delegates were appointed from several of the Western States, who met at the time and

place appointed; but so small was the attendance, and so unpropitious the season of the year, that the Convention, after having appointed several committees, adjourned, to meet again in November.

At the meeting of the Convention in November, a large number of delegates from all the Western and South-western States appeared, and took their seats, and the Hon. John C. Calhoun, U. S. Senator from South Carolina, was appointed chairman. Upon taking his seat as chairman, he delivered an address to the Convention, setting forth the objects for which it was assembled, and what he understood to be the constitutional principles which limited the general government in the expenditure and appropriation of moneys for the purposes of internal improvement. These principles he has since developed more fully in the report made by him to the U. S. Senate, as chairman of the special committee to which the memorial of the Convention was referred, which report now lies before us. Although differing with Mr. Calhoun as to the limits placed by the Constitution upon the general government, yet in common with the people of the West generally, we were equally astonished and pleased with the doctrine of "inland seas" announced by him upon that occasion. The senator from South Carolina had visited the West, had travelled upon the great "Father of Waters," and his own observation convinced him that the improvement of the Western rivers was an object of full as much national importance as that of the Atlantic harbors. Coinciding with this liberal view, our intention is to show, first, the necessity for the action of the general government in improving the Western waters, and in opening new means of intercommunication between the different sections of the republic. We may then inquire what aid can be granted by Congress, and how far a chief magistrate or his legislative partisans are to be trusted, who so peremptorily and with so miserable a pretext opposed, and destroyed, the beneficent bill agreed upon by Congress.

That the Mississippi river, and its large tributaries, the Missouri, Ohio, Arkansas and Red rivers, need improvement, none who have ever travelled upon them can doubt. They water a country extending from the Gulf of Mexico, on the south, to the 47th degree of latitude north, and from the Alleghany range on the east, to the Rocky Mountains on the west, including an area of a million and a half of

square miles, or nine hundred and sixty millions of acres. Of this vast area included within the valley of the Mississippi, full two-thirds are arable and capable of cultivation. This territory now supports a population rising of ten millions of inhabitants, or six and two-thirds to the square mile. If, like England, it supported two hundred and thirty to the square mile, its population would be three hundred and forty-five millions, nearly one-half of the present population of the globe. This territory it must be remembered possesses, through nearly all its extent, a soil unexampled in fertility, capable of being made the very garden of the world. On the south it borders on the tropic, and produces the sugar-cane and the cotton, while throughout its whole extent, north of latitude 34°, it furnishes all the products of the temperate zones. Hemp and tobacco and the cereal grains are now the staples of its production, while its vast prairie will in a few years furnish wool enough to supply the whole demand of the United States, and a surplus for exportation. The markets of the East are now partially supplied with its cattle, while its beef and pork furnish the navy, and are exported to other countries, at rates so low as almost to defy competition.

But in order that we may gain some adequate idea of the West, and the business that is done upon its waters, let us turn to the statistics upon the subject, and examine the population and productions of the States that border upon the great rivers of the West.

In the reports of the Commissioner of Patents we have a tabular estimate of the population of all the States, and of the amount of their staple agricultural productions. From these reports we have made the following table of the population of the States on the Mississippi and its tributaries, and of their products, for the year 1844 and '45.

The commerce of the States of Kentucky, Iowa, Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas and Louisiana is carried on the Mississippi and its branches, while that of the other States we have enumerated in the list has a water communication on more than one side, and we allow for that portion of the States supplied by other means: Wisconsin, for instance, bounds east on lake Michigan, and west on the Mississippi river, so that we may suppose that one-half its trade is carried over the river, and half by the way of the lake.



## ESTIMATE OF CROPS FOR 1844.

	Pennsylvania	Ohio	One-quarter of Virginia	Kentucky	One-half Indiana	Two-thirds Illinois	Iowa	One-half Wisconsin	Missouri	Tennessee	Arkansas	Two-thirds Mississippi	Louisiana	Total
Population in 1840	574,641	769,783	309,949	779,828	342,933	317,454	43,112	16,472	388,102	829,210	97,574	260,666	333,461	5,096,039
Population in 1844	641,386	817,492	318,979	828,846	434,087	508,670	90,000	26,169	514,000	907,770	138,409	270,978	436,160	6,014,150
Wheat, bushels	3,494,333	7,984,500	2,701,250	3,974,000	2,709,600	2,253,333	605,000	364,000	1,144,000	6,950,000	2,111,000	259,333	34,510,949	
Barley do	49,350	93,500	23,500	14,000	16,000	61,333	2,000	8,500	10,000	5,000	1,000	1,333	386,416	
Oats do	8,201,000	10,196,500	3,703,000	11,981,000	6,792,500	7,198,666	588,000	500,000	4,556,000	7,841,000	398,000	730,666	138,000	61,771,323
Rye do	3,457,666	420,000	327,300	2,316,000	105,000	80,666	7,000	2,000	77,000	366,000	11,000	13,333	2,000	7,194,966
Bookwheat do	913,000	896,000		13,000	33,000	67,333	13,000	16,500	17,000	26,000	7,500,000	1,804,000	7,000,000	1,633,833
Corn do	6,343,000	24,000,000	9,767,250	47,600,000	12,350,000	13,120,000	1,000,000	280,000	12,500,000	61,100,000	7,500,000	9,322,000	1,443,000	906,466,352
Potatoes do	2,390,333	2,423,500	563,000	1,371,000	1,786,000	2,063,333	469,000	426,500	972,000	2,051,000	611,000	9,322,000	1,443,000	18,797,166
Hay, tons	760,666	838,000	111,000	164,000	1,013,000	333,333	34,000	33,500	90,000	52,000	1,000	666	33,000	3,464,166
Flax and Hemp, tons	182,000	3,444,000	8,393,500	67,655,000	1,600,100	641,333	74,000	12,495,000	22,786,000		2,000	117,333	118,144,266	
Tobacco, pounds	428,250	2,190,000	361,750	2,447,000	3,682,500	361,333		306,000	306,000					170,041,563
Sugar do									180,000	59,600,800	14,400,000	296,169,500	154,600,000	331,920,000
Cotton do														

## ESTIMATE OF CROPS FOR 1845.

	Pennsylvania	Ohio	One-quarter of Virginia	Kentucky	One-half Indiana	Two-thirds Illinois	Iowa	One-half of Wisconsin	Missouri	Tennessee	Arkansas	Two-thirds of Mississippi	Louisiana	Total	Increase.	Decrease.
Pop'n in 1845	653,333	880,000	317,500	855,000	430,000	441,333	125,000	50,000	540,000	910,000	140,000	290,666	440,000	6,302,833	168,666	
Wheat, bushels	4,193,333	6,740,000	2,971,250	4,769,000	3,522,000	3,042,000	793,000	485,500	1,525,000	8,340,000	2,437,000	952,000	39,100,103	39,100,103	4,595,914	
Barley "	47,000	104,000	21,170	15,400	55,600	17,333	25,000	10,000	11,000	5,500	1,000	1,300		369,363	81,007	
Oats "	8,098,000	12,223,500	2,252,000	13,094,000	6,478,000	8,634,000	681,000	600,000	5,466,000	8,025,000	476,000	792,666	65,881,333	65,881,333	4,000,500	
Rye "	3,976,666	399,000	300,250	2,548,000	71,500	91,500	4,000	2,500	61,000	384,400	13,000	14,000		7,936,516	755,531	
Bookwheat "	1,107,333	475,000		14,000	50,000	60,000	14,000	19,750	19,000	30,000			2,000	1,784,063	250,250	
Corn "	5,704,666	23,480,000	8,812,000	54,625,000	12,782,000	17,050,000	2,024,000	336,000	15,625,000	70,365,000	8,250,000	1,444,000	8,360,000	234,668,333	29,213,068	
Potatoes "	2,403,000	2,003,000	474,170	1,508,000	1,340,000	1,754,000	516,000	400,000	675,000	2,250,000	642,000	2,086,666	1,360,000	17,190,710	29,213,068	
Hay tons	320,000	625,000	74,000	123,000	675,500	196,000	95,000	43,000	77,000	42,000	1,000	666	36,000	9,410,666	15,383	
Flax & Hemp "	250	250		22,500	230	333			19,500	1,500				37,333		
Tobacco lb.	178,323	3,744,400	7,554,500	63,310,000	1,700,000	7,3,000			13,744,000	37,100,000	1,200,000	136,000	136,000	136,415,769	91,351,529	
Cotton "									500,000	48,000,000	17,000,000	156,000,666	185,000,000	407,949,000	75,929,666	
Sugar "									450,000	550,000	5,000		175,000,000	163,168,333	16,141,750	

Such are some of the agricultural products of the States watered by the Mississippi and its tributaries, and so great is the surplus over the consumption, that the markets of the whole country are glutted by it. The rate of increase in these productions averages more than ten per cent. per annum. If then any obstructions exist in the Western waters that tend to impede their navigation, and add to the cost of carriage, the West urges the claim of extent of territory, population, production, and its increase, for the removal of every such obstruction. It is very evident, from the tables we have made out, that an extent of country producing so much from the soil, must support an immense internal commerce, as it is well known that in proportion to their

value, agricultural productions are the most bulky, and require the most navigation, so that agricultural countries employ far more tonnage in proportion to the value of their exports than others. What is true as a matter of theory, will also be found true as a matter of fact; and we exhibit some traits of the commerce and navigation of the Western waters, regarding not only the tonnage employed, but the amount transported.

The total amount of property afloat upon the Mississippi exceeds \$250,000,000 per annum, exclusive of the value of the tonnage.

From the New Orleans price current of last Sept. we have an account of the imports into that city for a series of years.

**EXPORTS FROM NEW ORLEANS**  
OF SEVERAL ARTICLES, FOR THREE YEARS, ENDING SEPT. 31.

	'44-'45	'43-'44	'42-'43	'41-'42	'40-'41	'39-'40
Cotton bales	984,616	895,375	1,098,870	749,267	821,268	949,320
Ex. to Western States						
Cotton bales	5,000	2,500	2,000	1,722		
Tobacco hhds.	68,679	81,249	89,891	69,056	54,667	40,436
Flour bbls.	279,137	300,082	338,772			
Pork "	181,409	391,170	159,774			
Bacon hhds.	12,082	24,853	23,383			
Lard kegs	468,338	872,270	737,729			
Beef bbls.	23,969	35,386	4,424			
Lead pigs	707,439	600,320	542,172			
Whiskey bbls.	32,360	42,127	32,136			
Corn sacks	220,295	204,281	872,316			
Arrivals of steamboats	2,530	2,570	2,324	2,321	2,187	
All other vessels	1,682	1,680	2,018	1,409	1,643	

**RECEIPTS FROM INTERIOR INTO NEW ORLEANS.**

	'44-'45	'43-'44	'42-'43	'41-'42	'40-'41	'39-'40
Flour bbls.	533,312	502,507	521,175	439,088	496,194	482,253
Pork "	216,960	412,925	204,843	244,442	216,974	120,908
" hhds.	6,741	9,900	2,371	946	763	1,067
" bulk lbs.	4,079,600	7,792,000	6,814,750	4,051,800	9,744,220	5,099,967
Bacon casks	12,882	19,563	16,568	13,505	11,231	7,350
" hams hhds.	8,358	19,070	13,588	9,220	6,111	4,112
" bulk lbs.	350,000	1,203,821	1,453,798	1,288,109	2,593,057	1,117,987
Lard hhds.	167	212	1,433	74	74	146
" lbs.	60,078	110,717	104,540	16,207	9,672	5,007
" kegs	245,414	373,341	307,871	366,694	311,710	177,303
Beef bbls. and tcs.	32,674	40,363	17,549	17,455	33,262	10,843
" dried bbls.	58,200	55,610	51,400	60,812	70,100	39,120
Lead pigs	732,125	639,269	571,949	472,556	434,467	307,397
" bar kegs	788	851	701	1,084	601	563
" white "	888	30	50	592		
Whiskey bbls.	97,651	96,917	83,507	65,345	73,873	53,857
Corn sacks	390,964	360,052	427,552	334,700	268,557	278,553
" bbls.	139,686	165,354	255,658	240,675	183,050	152,965
" meal bbls.	7,717	5,445	5,135	3,122	2,587	5,447
Hides	117,863	76,490	45,947	26,169	25,523	29,962
Buffalo robes pks.	1,915	5,445	5,135	3,122	2,587	5,447
Wheat bush.	64,759	86,014	118,248	134,866		63,018



ed in the New Orleans trade, and the general average of all the boats upon the Western waters is nearly 200 tons, we shall find the total steamboat tonnage for the year ending 31st September, 1845, to be 632,500 tons. The commerce of New Orleans, employing this amount of tonnage, and exceeding in value \$120,000,000, cannot be even one half of the total commerce of the Western rivers; but allowing that it is one half, the total commerce of the West amounts in value to \$240,236,312. To form a proper estimate of the total amount of this trade, let us examine the statistics and details still farther.

Few persons, unless they have paid some particular attention to the subject, can have any adequate idea of the amount of tonnage employed in the navigation and commerce of the Mississippi and its tributary rivers. It is not possible, from want of proper statistical information, to know the exact number of boats used in the navigation of these waters; but from the custom-house reports of the amount of tonnage, some idea may be formed. From the reports of the secretary of the treasury, we have made out the following table of the amount of tonnage owned in the West, as enrolled at the custom-house:

TONNAGE, STEAMBOAT.

	1841.	1842.	*1843.	1844.	1845.	Steamboats built 1845.
Wheeling, Va.	1,419		1,212	1,340	1,488	3
Cincinnati, Ohio,	10,189	12,025	11,675	13,139	14,403	36
Miami, "	2,472		1,446	2,371	1,915	
Nashville, Tenn.	3,252	3,810	4,813	5,689	2,909	1
Louisville, Ken.	8,360	4,618	5,093	7,114	8,751	26
St. Louis, Mo.,	11,370	14,725	13,589	16,664	18,906	6
New Orleans, La.	90,321		99,452	105,442	111,753	6
Teche,	685		657	726	753	
Pittsburg, Penn.	10,343	10,107		9,233	13,283	50
			Total,	161,718	174,061	

New Orleans has the largest steamboat tonnage of any city of the United States; next follows New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg. The whole steamboat tonnage of the Union, in 1842, was 219,085. The total tonnage employed in the coasting trade for 1845, was 1,190,898; the whole steamboat tonnage was 319,527—an increase of 100,442 in three years. Of this tonnage, nearly two-thirds belongs to the West, and is used upon the Western waters. In the memorial of the citizens of St. Louis to Congress, the average tonnage of the steamboats is estimated at 200 tons per boat. The number of steamboats built for the year ending 30th June, 1845, as stated in the report of Mr. Calhoun, is 119, with an aggregate tonnage of 19,633 tons, averaging 173 tons per boat. At this standard, the number of boats would be, as stated in the report, 888. There were built at Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati and Pittsburg, during the year 1845, 120 boats, with a tonnage of 19,939, making an average of 166½, and allowing the tonnage as we have made it in the table, the number of boats would be

1,048. By the report of the surveyor of the port of St. Louis, there were built at that city in the year 1845, 10 boats, with a total of 2,912 tons; there were built at other ports for St. Louis owners, 8 boats, with a tonnage of 1,520 tons; there were purchased at other ports for the St. Louis trade, 12 boats, tonnage 1,674 tons—making a total of 30 boats and 6,106 tons, or an average of 205 tons.

From these facts, we may safely estimate the average tonnage of boats navigating the Western waters at 200 tons, which would give as the number, 870. According to McCulloch's Gazetteer, there were in Great Britain in the year 1834, 722 steamships, with a tonnage of 82,716 tons. According to the publication lately made of the mercantile sailing and steam vessels, there were owned in Great Britain

		Number.	Tonnage
1837	sailing-vessels	23,000	2,650,000
1844	"	23,116	2,931,000
1837	steam-vessels	620	69,800
1844	"	900	114,000

So that the steam tonnage of the simple city of New Orleans exceeds the ton-

\* For nine months, the commencement of the fiscal year having been changed.

nage of the mercantile steam marine of Great Britain in 1837; and the steamboat tonnage of the Mississippi river exceeds by 34,000 tons the whole steamboat tonnage of that mighty empire; and this too when her entire tonnage exceeds that of the United States by one-third. This is entirely reversed in our Western trade. But when we have given the number of boats, and the amount of the tonnage owned in the West, we have but a slight idea of the amount of the tonnage employed in the trade of the mighty valley. It must be considered how many trips each boat makes in the course of a year, some making 15, some 20, and some 30, so that the total amount of tonnage employed is twenty-fold greater than that merely owned. The number of steamboat arrivals in the city of New Orleans for 1845, was 2,530. If we allow 250 tons per boat, which is small for that trade, the total steamboat tonnage of that port will be 632,500. The amount of tonnage of all arrivals at the city of St. Louis, for the year ending May 30th, 1846, was 400,108 tons. The business of the year 1845 was carried on at that port by 2,050 steamboats, with a tonnage of 358,045. Allow as much for the port of Cincinnati as for the port of St. Louis, and one-half for that of Pittsburg, and other ports, and the account will stand as follows:

Tonnage of New Orleans,	632,500
“ “ St. Louis,	400,108
“ “ Cincinnati,	400,108
“ “ Pittsburg, &c.,	200,054
	<hr/>
	1,632,770

so that at the low estimate we have made, which any one can verify for himself, we have the immense amount of 1,632,770 tons of steamboat tonnage entered. The amount seems large, but it is under the reality. We have made our estimate too small, as will appear if we reflect that

St. Louis,	18	Tonnage	4,442	Value	\$206,500
Cincinnati,	32	“	7,838	“	542,500
“ &c.,	54	“	12,420	“	984,000
	<hr/>		<hr/>		<hr/>
Total,	104		24,690		1,733,000

making the average cost of each boat \$16,086. The cost of building has gradually decreased for the past few years. The estimate we have made is rather

Cincinnati,	27	Tonnage	6,609	Value	\$505,500
added to trade, St. Louis,	30	“	6,106	“	367,500
	<hr/>		<hr/>		<hr/>
Total,	57		12,715		\$873,000
Average value, \$15,140. Average value per ton, \$68.					

each one of these boats will carry from 20 to 50 per cent. more than her measurement tonnage. But at the estimate we have made, this tonnage exceeds all the American tonnage employed in the foreign trade of the United States, in the year 1840. We have merely made an estimate of the tons entered; we must add as much again for the tons cleared, and we shall have a total of 3,265,540 tons; while the total of American tonnage, entered and cleared in 1840, was only 3,222,955 tons. The amount of tons entered and cleared, for 1845, was 4,089,463. We now know something of the amount of tonnage required for the internal commerce of a population of less than six millions and a half, while the foreign trade of the whole Union requires but little over a million tons additional.

We have given facts from which an estimate may be formed of the amount of steamboat tonnage of the Mississippi; let us look for a while at the value of this tonnage annually exposed to the dangers of navigation. By the report of the surveyor of the port of St. Louis, it appears that there were built at that port, during the year, ten boats, with a tonnage of 2,912 tons, at the cost of \$189,500. There were built at other ports, for St. Louis owners, 8 boats, tonnage 1,520 tons, cost \$117,000. There were purchased from other ports, 12 boats, tonnage 1,674, value \$61,000. In Cist's Commercial Advertiser, it is stated that there were built at Cincinnati, in 1844, 32 boats of 7,838 tons, and of the value of \$542,500. In 1845, there were built of boats and barges at Cincinnati, Louisville and New Albany, 54, tonnage 12,420, cost \$984,000. The total number of boats at that port, for 1845, were 27, tonnage 6,609, valued at \$505,500. From these statements we may form an estimate of the general value of the tonnage of the Mississippi. The boats built at

under than over, as we have few statistics from which it can be made. The boats enrolled as above were, in 1845,



If, then, we take the number of steamboats, 870

multiplied by \$16,086, will give total cost, \$13,994,820.

“ “ 15,140, “ “ “ av. val. 13,171,800.

In the St. Louis memorial, the boats are estimated to cost, on an average, \$20,000 apiece; the cost then would be \$17,400,000, which is more nearly the truth than the estimate we have made. The average expense per annum of running these boats may be estimated at \$20,000, making the total expense per annum, \$17,800,000. Allowing the whole tonnage, entered and cleared at the different points on the rivers, to be 3,265,540 tons, according to our previous estimate, and that on the average, year by year, the boats earn their government tonnage, and estimating the freight at \$5 per ton, we shall have \$16,327,700, the amount paid for freights.\* If we allow for the number of officers and crew of each boat, we shall have 17,600 persons employed directly in the navigation of the Western waters. Add to these, the owners, shippers, builders, furnishers of materials, &c., and we may form some opinion of the number of persons interested in the steamboat trade of the Mississippi. The number of travellers on these waters may be estimated at one million a year. The number travelling on the Ohio, in 1842, from the ports of Nashville, Louisville, Wheeling and Pittsburg, was estimated at 348,910, and the number has been increasing rapidly with the increase of business and wealth at the West.

But we have not as yet arrived at the total amount and value of the river commerce of the West. We have made an estimate of the commerce of New Orleans alone with the interior, but to all this we must add the commerce of such cities as St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Nashville, Wheeling and Pittsburg, and that of the different towns and cities upon the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. We have not the statistics from which to make an accurate computation of the value of this trade, but some approximation can be made. As a general principle, the internal commerce of a country is always

greater than its foreign trade, as it employs double the labor of the country, and most of the supplies of the nation are drawn from its own soil.

The memorial of the citizens of St. Louis estimates the trade of that port, in 1844, at \$49,000,000. This estimate is based upon the amount of property annually insured at the different offices in that city. In the report of the Chamber of Commerce, for 1842, the amount shown to have been insured for the four years preceding, was \$58,021,986. By the returns of the same offices, up to 1844, the amount insured was \$15,451,131, making a total of \$73,473,117; an average of more than \$12,000,000 per annum. But this is a small part. Many do not insure at all; many insure in Eastern offices, as is the case with nearly all the exports, which are insured, if insured at all, by Eastern correspondents in Eastern offices. Neither does it include the property of immigrants. One-fourth of the amount of the trade of St. Louis is estimated to be insured. At this rate, the aggregate trade, for six years preceding 1844, was \$293,902,468; an average of nearly \$49,000,000.† Some of the items of this trade will be found in the note, showing the trade for the year 1846. We may estimate the trade of Cincinnati, a city of 60,000 inhabitants, against the 40,000 of St. Louis, at \$50,000,000, and that of the other towns on the Ohio and its tributaries at as much more, making the total of \$100,000,000. We have now an estimate of the value of the commerce of the Mississippi and its branches.

Trade of New Orleans,	120,118,156
“ “ St. Louis,	49,000,000
“ “ Cincinnati,	50,000,000
“ “ other places,	50,000,000
Total,	\$269,118,156

We have, then, the total annual value of

\* This amount seems to us too small. The report to the Memphis Convention, of the Committee upon the improvements of the Ohio river, estimates the freights and passages upon this river alone, at \$15,000,000. If, then, we estimate the freight at \$5 per ton, we shall have total freights, \$16,327,700, if we add one-half for passages, \$8,163,850, making a total of \$24,591,550. This may seem large, but these are the facts, and our readers may make the calculations for themselves, if they think us wrong.

† The annexed table exhibits the imports by the river for the year ending May 30th, 1846. From it some idea may be formed of the importance of St. Louis, as a commercial depot, and the rapid strides she is making towards being the commercial emporium of the West.

the internal trade of the Western valley, not including the lakes or the sea-board, more than \$300,000,000. The amount may seem enormous, but it is rather under than over the truth, and the more care there is used in collecting the statistics of this mighty commerce, the greater will it appear.

For many years the West has asked of the general government that something should be done for the improvement of the navigation of the Western waters—something, at least, should be done to remove the obstructions that impede this navigation and render it even dangerous. Notwithstanding all the petitions of the people, backed by the urgent necessities of the case, comparatively nothing has been granted, while thousands and millions have been spent to protect and improve the navigation of Eastern ports and harbors. That the commerce of the East needed these appropriations is unquestionable; but it is equally certain that the vast inland traffic by our lakes and rivers of the North-west, West and South-west, has, from year to year, needed the same assistance.

Over five millions of dollars have been paid by the government as allowances and bounties to the vessels engaged in the fishing trade, an aggregate larger than all the appropriations for improve-

ments in the Western States since their first admission into the Union. The appropriations for lighthouses, in 1841, were over \$470,000; the allowance to fishing vessels, that year, was over \$350,000; a total of \$820,000; a sum larger than the whole West has required to be expended in any one year; an expenditure which, if applied annually for five years, would remove nearly all obstructions to the navigation of the Western waters that can be removed, would reduce the costs of freight on tonnage at least ten per cent., and the cost of insurance more than one hundred per cent. Year after year, with the increasing commerce of the West, there has been an increasing destruction of property, until many insurers refuse to insure the tonnage afloat upon Western waters, so great is the risk. The West has good reason to complain, when, owing to the neglect of the general government, it costs more to insure a boat engaged in the navigation of waters flowing through a fertile and wealthy country, than a ship bound on a voyage round the globe. This ought not to be. The West can supply the whole Union with the products of her soil, and she only asks that, besides being compelled to pay for the transportation of commodities, bulky in proportion to their value, she be not also required to pay

The rapidity which has marked the growth of St. Louis, warrants us in expressing that opinion. It is but a few years since our city was a small French village—now it numbers a population of nearly fifty thousand souls—which for enterprise will compare favorably with any city in the Union. This fact our national legislature should weigh well, and not be so dilatory in making appropriations for the improvement of Western rivers—nor evince such hostility to every measure calculated to advance Western interests.

772,464 pigs lead,	19,617 boxes glass,	112,735 sacks oak,
80,871 bars lead,	5,311 bxs and kegs tar,	3,407 chests and hf do tes,
171,204 bbls & hf bbls flour,	8,998 bbls and sks beans,	14,023 hhds and bbls sugar,
80,387 barrels pork,	6,118 bbls and sks green and	46,486 sacks coffee,
634,945 lbs bulk pork,	dried apples,	3,571 do and bbls onions,
14,314 bbls & hf do beef,	2,078 bbls and sacks dried	800 sacks feathers,
2,906 casks & bxs bacon,	peaches,	2,600 tons bar iron,
220,000 lbs bulk do,	24,618 bxs & sacks potatoes,	2,793 do pig do,
34,898 bbls and kegs lard,	2,308 hhds tobacco,	2,308 do castings,
12,167 do do bxs cheese,	6,808 bxs manufactured to-	30,785 kegs nails,
1,500 casks & bbs tallow,	bacco,	4,826 boxes tin plate,
7,451 bbls, kegs and firkins	2,008 bxs (of 1000) sugar,	725 tierces rice,
butter,	1,120,355 bushels wheat,	2,344 bbls flaxseed,
1,184 sacks, bbls and boxes	410,572 do corn,	516 do hempseed,
beeswax,	25,384 bushels oats,	9,271 kegs and cannisters
9,788 coils hemp and manilla	25,540 do barley,	powder,
rope,	4,913 do rye,	1,287 boxes axes,
2,006 pieces bagging,	12,340 bbls molasses,	2,081 bxs and trunks boots,
24,784 bales hemp,	32,169 do whiskey,	11,259 do do shoes,
8,047 boxes sperma and tallow	2,451 do gin, brandy, rum,	19,828 rme wrapping paper,
candles,	2,278 do wine,	5,631 do writing do,
12,641 boxes soap,	2,978 do malt liquor,	1,483 bales oakum,
221,006 dry hides,	264 do sperm oil,	2,002 kegs white lead,
22,042 buffalo robes,	892 do linseed oil,	48,000 boxes and pigs dry
20,456 assorted skins,	7,834 do and kegs fish,	goods,
8,170 packages furs,	11,306 bxs and tubs fish,	2,205 cranes and casks
10,000 pigs cotton yarn,	41,540 bbls salt,	quansware.

for what enriches none and makes her poor.

That some reasons may be given for the neglect of the Western interests is undoubtedly true, but it does not counter-vail her damage. Her own politicians have too often thought more of dividing out the spoils of office, and of president-making, than of the interests of their constituents; and the West herself helped to elect the notable chief magistrate who, with a stolid misunderstanding of all the sound interests of the nation, expends millions on a war utterly unnecessary and iniquitous, and refuses a few thousands to preserve the commerce that must finally replenish the national coffers which his fatuous recklessness has exhausted. It is also true that the East has had little knowledge of the great and growing wealth of the West; but this very ignorance must be attributed to the neglect of the government.

The knowledge of what are the obstructions to the navigation of the Western waters, and the losses arising therefrom, is requisite, that the necessity of the removal of these obstructions may be seen.

The whole extent of waters that are now, or may be made navigable, in the valley of the Mississippi, is over 15,000 miles; draining a country on either shore of 30,000.

Mississippi from mouth to fall of St.

Anthony,	2,250
Red River to head of navigation,	1,100
Arkansas,	900
Ohio to Pittsburg,	1,200
Missouri,	2,000
Illinois,	300
Tennessee,	600
Cumberland,	300
Total,	8,650

Boats are now navigating more than this extent of water, and the amount is now increasing every day, as small rivers are resounding to the puff of the steamboat. But to this must be added the large number of small rivers, that by the removal of obstructions, or by slack water, can be rendered navigable. As the country fills up with an enterprising population, many of these rivers now navigated only by the hunter's canoe, will be sailed by the broad-horn and the steamboat. These waters, too, have two shores, and furnish the means of transportations to products on either side.

The Missouri, from the mouth of the Yellow-stone, and the Mississippi, Red, and Arkansas rivers, flow through an alluvial country, composed of sand, clay, and decomposed vegetable matter. As a consequence, the shores yield readily to the action of a current flowing at the rate of three to five miles per hour. The alluvial bottoms on both sides of these rivers are covered with a dense growth of heavy timber, and as the current cuts out the sand and undermines the banks, the large trees fall into the river and are carried out into the channel, to become obstructions to the navigation of the river—at first as snags and sawyers, and afterwards as logs and stumps. At some points on the Missouri, these snags are so thick in the channel, as to give the appearance of a complete hatchel, presenting to a stranger's eye, an impassable barrier to the passage of a boat even of the smallest class. At some places in these rivers, the pilot runs his boat so that the snags will scrape the hull for nearly its whole length; and the only way to get along at some times, is either to roll over or run over some of these snags, so directly are they in the channel. At one point in the Mississippi, between St. Louis and the mouth of the Ohio, the wrecks of nine boats can be seen within three miles distance of each other, and all these lost from striking a snag, log, or stump. The St. Louis Memorial thus describes the character of these obstructions to navigation:

“ The Mississippi, from the mouth of the Missouri, and the Missouri for its whole navigable distance, pass through a loose body of sand or alluvial deposite. The currents are rapid (Mr. Schoolcraft states the average descent at a fraction over five inches per mile,) and the action upon the banks great; the changes of the channel, or bed of the rivers, are frequent and very sudden. The banks are covered with large trees. When the water rises, and at other times, the action of the water makes the banks crumble and fall in, carrying with them the trees with their roots. These are borne along by the current until stopped by some obstruction or by the weight of the earth and sand adhering to the roots, and become firmly imbedded in the bottom of the river. The sand accumulates around the root and the trunk rests up or down, as the case may be. These sometimes give the channel a new direction; in other cases the channel is not affected. The stumps of trees falling in from the banks, often produce the same results. In course

of time, the action of the water, ice, &c., wears and breaks off the tops and branches of the tree, leaving the trunk remaining and presenting a sharp point. Some of these trees, or trunks, settle or sink, so that the point is a few feet below the surface of the water at its lowest stage; others settle, so that the point is seen or makes a break on the surface, and others are elevated above high-water mark. The first description are the most dangerous, as they cannot be seen, especially in the night. The second class are not without danger, especially in the night-time, or during foggy weather. The third class seldom produce injury. Stumps of trees, sunken logs, and rocks, (of the latter there are but few,) are even more dangerous obstructions, because their position cannot be easily ascertained, as they make little or no break on the surface. A boat freighted, and under the momentum of a steam engine sufficient to propel her against the current at a reasonable speed, striking against any of these obstructions, breaks a hole through her hull, tears off her planks, and breaks her timbers; the water rushes in and she sinks. When the weight of the boat and freight is considered, and the power under which it is necessary she should move, it will be seen that no strength which could be given to the hull could resist the concussion.

“Sunken logs which lie across the channel, imbedded their whole length, are the most dangerous of these obstructions. They occur in this way: trees falling into the river, having a greater weight than their bulk of water, sink, and lie horizontally on the bottom of the river, across the current. They most frequently lodge on the sand-bars, stretching from the foot of one bend to the head of another. It is extremely difficult to find their location, for they are only presented in the low stages of water. When the water is high, the sand fills up the low water channel, sometimes as much as ten feet, covering these logs. When the water falls, the current is confined and soon washes itself a channel through some part of the sand-bar, uncovering the logs. As these logs make no break or ripple on the surface, the pilot or navigator is often ignorant of their existence or locality, until his boat is driven upon them. These sunken trees often present part of a branch or a knot, which, however, is not discoverable on the surface, but which produces all the injurious effects of a snag. These trees are very difficult to remove as well as to discover. Stumps and roots, falling in from the banks, lodge and become permanently fixed about the points and bends, generally near the shore, and are quite as dangerous as sunken logs, and as difficult to remove.

“These obstructions are to be met with in every part of the river, but they accu-

mulate mostly in the bends, chutes, and where the course of the water is obstructed by islands and bars. A good pilot is generally familiar with the position of these obstructions, so far as they can be discovered by any indications on the surface of the water; but the frequent diversions of the channel will baffle the skill and knowledge of the best. They accumulate fastest after a high stage of water, and with such rapidity, sometimes, that boats which have passed up the Missouri without difficulty, are compelled, on their return, to send out their crew and cut their way through the snags.”

The principal obstruction to the navigation of the Upper Mississippi, are the Upper and Lower Rapids. At high stages of water these present no great obstruction, but at low stages, it is very difficult passing through a narrow channel with rocks on both sides and on the bottom. But these two obstructions can be easily removed, so that a good channel might be made, navigable at all seasons, costing an amount which the mere difference in the cost of freight in a few years would repay. The present difference between freights at high and low water is nearly 50 per cent.

The navigation of the Red river is rendered difficult and almost destroyed at some seasons, by what is called the Red river raft—a collection of floating trees, stumps, and bushes, interlocked together, so as to cover nearly the whole surface, forcing the water into small channels and openings through the raft. It also dams the river to some degree, and forces the water into bayous on either side, thus diminishing at the same time both the quantity and depth of water in the channel. This raft extends nearly one hundred miles. The government has at different times made appropriations for the removal of this obstruction, and channels have been cut through it, but it requires constant care for a series of years, until the channel becomes so much deepened that the force of the current alone may keep it open. After the work has been done, and a channel cut, a small annual appropriation, and the passage of a properly constructed boat two or three times a season, will keep it clear.

A great obstruction to the navigation of the Ohio river, are the falls at Louisville, which are passed by means of the canal, owned partly by the government and partly by individuals. This canal should be purchased by the government and made free, or the tolls should be so

regulated that the moneys realized therefrom should merely pay the expenses of management and repair. The tax now levied upon all boats passing the falls, adds very much to the cost of all freights passing the city of Louisville.

The last obstruction that we shall mention are the bars, and these are found on all the rivers. On the Ohio and its tributaries, these bars are formed of sand and pebbles, which become compacted together, changing very little their position from year to year. These bars can be removed by dredging, and by the construction of wing-dams, which narrow the channel, and the increased velocity and depth of the current cuts away the bar. The bars of the Mississippi are composed of a fine siliceous sand and clay, yielding at all times to the force of the streams, and as a consequence of this quick-sand character, constantly changing the position, and as constantly changing the channel. The position of the channel sometimes changes as much as half a mile in a single week. No means have as yet been discovered of

removing this difficulty, except that of the general improvement of the channel of the rivers by the removal of the snags, sawyers, stumps, and logs, that get into the channel, and by the accumulation of sand about them. The removal of the overhanging timber on the banks, by preventing the fall of timber into the river, and the formation of snags, also tends to render the channel constant. This general description of the obstructions to the navigation of the Western rivers, will show what is required of the government, and the statistics we have given show the amount of commerce annually at risk, and annually exposed to destruction and loss for want of the removal of these obstructions. Let us examine what are the losses to Western navigation, caused by the dangers to which it is exposed.

The amount of property annually destroyed upon the Western waters cannot accurately be determined; an approximation, however, may be made from one or two different sources.

*The Tonnage of Boats licensed and enrolled at the Port of St. Louis for the year*

	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Lost.</i>
1838	5,813.87	2,082.70
1839	8,025.12	2,127.75
1840	7,388.93	2,140.56
Part of 1841	12,862.56	2,344
Owned at St Louis 1842-43	14,725	5,392
Engaged in St. Louis trade " "		2,225
1844-45	18,906	5,151
<b>Total</b>		<b>Tons 21,463.01</b>
<b>Average per annum</b>		<b>2,682.87</b>

And this amount of 21,463 tons of tonnage lost within the past eight years is under rather than over the mark, as no accurate record has been kept at the custom-house of boats lost. The value of twenty-five boats lost in 1841, as estimated by the insurance offices of St. Louis, was \$331,000; the loss on cargoes was estimated at \$470,000; making a total of \$801,000. Of the boats lost in the St. Louis trade in 1841, fourteen were lost between St. Louis and the mouth of the Ohio, when the value of a single boat and cargo lost would have paid all the expenses of removing the obstructions that made the navigation so dangerous. Of boats owned at St. Louis in the years 1842 and 1843, the loss on hull and cargoes was estimated at \$511,500, and the loss of boats engaged in the trade at

\$257,500, and barges lost \$30,000; making a total for those years \$799,000. To this must be added the loss of flat-boats and their cargoes, of which we have no means of forming an estimate; we can mention one fact, however, that may be of interest. One individual has lost this season six flat-boats and their cargoes, coming out of the Des Moines river. The above estimate is confined to a single port, having a large trade to be sure, but not more than one-seventh of that of the Western rivers, judging from the tonnage.

By a report to Congress of 1842, the loss of steamboats on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers is estimated at 65, which, at the average value we have before given, say \$15,000, would make a total value of \$975,000. The losses on car-



goes may be estimated at the same amount, making the total losses in 1842 \$1,950,000. Even this amount, large as it is, is too small, for we find that the losses of the single port of St. Louis for the year 1841, was rising of \$800,000, and if we allow that, the losses of that port were in value only one-fourth of the total losses on the Western rivers for that year, \$3,200,000, which is somewhat near the truth. The average annual loss of tonnage belonging to the port of St. Louis, from the preceding table is, 2,682 tons, or an average on the tonnage of the port for four years of 16.7 per cent., an amount which, stated thus proportionally, appears so enormous as to stagger belief, and yet this estimate may be confirmed by others, in such a manner as to show that it is within the bounds of proof. Allowing then this per centage of loss at the port of St. Louis to be greater than that for the other ports of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, by 2.7 per cent., we may estimate the average annual loss of tonnage upon these rivers at 14 per cent. Say the total steamboat tonnage of the rivers for 1845 to be 160,000 tons, the loss at 14 per cent. would be 22,400 tons, which, estimated at \$68 per ton, would give a total value of \$1,523,200 destroyed by the perils of the navigation of these rivers. As part of all the cargoes are saved in nearly all cases of steamboats sunk, we may say that the merchandise destroyed upon these is ten per cent. of the tonnage on board at the time of the loss, which would be 16,000 tons, nearly one-half of one per cent. upon all property afloat annually upon the Western waters, which we have estimated to be more than 3,200,000 tons. If we estimate the cost of freight at \$5 per ton, the loss of freight to the boats would be \$80,000. The total annual loss upon these rivers would be

Total value of boats lost	-	\$1,523,200
“ “ cargoes	-	1,680,000
“ “ freights	-	112,000

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Losses of all kinds - \$3,315,200

or 1.27 per cent. upon all property annually afloat upon these waters, estimating the same, as before, at nearly \$27,000,000, but this per centage is only upon the value of merchandise, without including the value of the tonnage.

We may verify this estimate in another way, by an examination of some of the statistics connected with the amount of insurance, and the amount of losses paid by the insurance offices. By a statement in the St. Louis Memorial,\* we find that the St. Louis Insurance offices, in the four years preceding the 1st of November, 1841, had paid for losses upon boats and cargoes the sum of \$1,036,000. During the same period it was estimated that \$600,000 had been paid by Insurance companies of other places, making a total loss of \$1,636,000 in the St. Louis trade. The losses for the years 1842 and '43 were \$248,000, and estimating \$200,000 paid by other offices, the total losses paid in six years would be \$2,184,000—an average of \$364,000 annually. If, as before, we estimate that one-fourth only of the property was insured, we have an annual average loss in the St. Louis trade of \$1,456,000. The losses paid by the Cincinnati Insurance offices, during a period of five years, from November, 1837, to November, 1842, excluding all losses by collision, explosion, fire, &c., was \$442,939 89, or \$88,587 97 annually; and allowing, as before, one-fourth insured, the annual losses of Cincinnati averaged \$354,351 88. Insurance is also made at Pittsburg, Louisville, Nashville, Wheeling, Natchez, New Orleans, and at other places on the Western rivers; and estimating that the Cincinnati offices paid one-seventh of the losses resulting from obstructions to the navigation, the amount annually paid by underwriters would be \$610,125, one-fourth insured, as before; total loss \$2,440,500. But to the amount paid by Western offices must be added the amounts paid in the large cities of the East having a business connection with the West, such as Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, all of which have more or less property underwritten upon the Western rivers. If we take the amount of losses in the St. Louis trade at \$364,000 per annum, and make an estimate of the total losses in the proportion of her tonnage to that of the whole tonnage of the West, the proportion will be, on an average of six years, as 16,000 to 160,000 nearly, or as 1 to 10, or 10 per cent. of the total tonnage, making an annual loss of \$3,640,000. If we take the proportion of the tonnage trade

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\* It is but justice to state, that the credit for the facts collected in this Memorial, and for the whole report, is due to A. B. Chambers, Esq., the able editor of the Missouri Republican, who was chairman of the committee that drafted the Memorial.

of St. Louis, the proportion will be as 400,108 tons to 1,632,770, or as 1 to 4.8, or nearly 1 to 5, and the losses paid by underwriters will be \$1,747,200; and allowing, as before, one-fourth insured, the total losses will be \$5,988,800. But the proportion of losses in the St. Louis trade is greater than that of any other port, so that the estimate we have last made will be too high; but still from any one of these calculations it will be seen that the annual losses caused by obstructions to the navigation are enormous. From the estimate made in the report by the senator from South Carolina, the annual average loss of steamboats engaged in the navigation of the Western waters is a fraction less than  $11\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; the loss by snags, 6.4 per cent.; and by snags, logs and rocks, nearly 8 per cent. Estimating the value of steamboat tonnage, as before, at \$13,171,800, the annual losses of boats alone would in value amount to the sum of \$1,514,757; and the losses from snags, rocks and logs would be \$1,053,744; and estimating the cargoes as of equal value with the boats, the total losses would be \$3,029,514. The insurance upon the hulls of steamboats varies from 12 to 30 per cent. per annum, and even at these rates, so heavy are the losses, that some of the offices refuse to insure upon the hulls of boats, as is the case with one or two of the St. Louis offices. The annual loss, at the average rate of  $16\frac{2}{3}$  per cent., must be equal to \$2,585,900. No exact estimate, however, can be formed. We are safe, however, in saying that the annual losses exceed \$3,000,000.

The loss of life must be added to the losses of property, occasioned by obstructions to the navigation of the Western rivers. The estimate of St. Louis would make the loss of lives amount to 135 per annum! Even the loss of life in the President's favorite measure, the War, will hardly prove greater than this, equally chargeable to him, through his veto of the beneficent provisions of Congress for removing the obstructions on the Western waters.

This loss of life and property must increase with the annually increasing trade and traffic of the great valley, unless the government performs its duty, and removes the causes of these enormous losses. The removal of these obstructions would remove the causes of danger, and diminish the costs of freight and insurance in the proportion of 7 to 10. Owing to its youth,

energies, and the advantages that nature has given the West, it is increasing in wealth with a rapidity unexampled in history. By reason of these, the West, (by which we mean the Lake country as well as the regions of the great rivers,) can stand up and grow under difficulties that would almost bankrupt an older and more thickly settled country; and it is her surprising prosperity under so great obstacles which has enabled successive administrations to refuse her the privileges to which she is entitled. Few countries could bear an annual loss of its tonnage of ten per cent., of which at least seven might be prevented by the proper improvement of its bays and harbors. Were seven per cent. of all the tonnage owned in the cities of New York and Boston annually lost for want of proper improvements in the entrance to its harbor, or through obstructions in its channel, how long would it be before these harbors would be improved, and the obstructions removed? And can it be asked of the West, or of its States, whose domestic commerce is carried on over great rivers, and along the shores of its broad lakes, that it should sit idly by, and see its wealth destroyed, its commerce ruined for want of those improvements, which no single State has the authority to make? Must Western tonnage still be compelled to pay from one to two and a half per cent. per month, or from twelve to twenty-four per cent. per annum? and at these high rates the underwriters still losing money in their insurances upon hulls—while a vessel may make a voyage around the world, running all the risks of the storms of ocean, and passing all the dangers of foreign ports, yet obtain insurance at the rate of from six to eight per cent. per annum—the Western boat having at the same time no storms to encounter, and few dangers to dread, that cannot be removed at the cost of one-half of what is annually paid her insurance offices.

The losses to commerce caused by the Des Moines and Rock Island Rapids of the upper Mississippi, compared with the losses at other parts of the river, are small—the chief injury to the navigation being the increased cost of freights at low stages of water. In the year 1839, the government was compelled to pay \$6 per hundred for the transportation of pork from St. Louis to Fort Snelling, or \$132 per ton, while the usual cost of freight was \$1.50 per hundred, or \$33 per ton. These rapids can be improved at an esti-

mated cost of \$150,000, so that they can be crossed at the lowest stages of water. The increasing population of the new States of Iowa and Wisconsin is constantly increasing the amount of tonnage and property passing over these rapids, and the increased cost of carriage caused by the want of their improvement, is a constant tax upon the trade and commerce of the upper Mississippi. The amount of lead received from the Galena mines at the port of St. Louis was, in 1844, pigs, 595,012 ; 1845, pigs, 750,879 ; 1846, pigs, 772,464. All this freight must pass over both of these rapids, and subject to all the increased cost of freights. The freights from St. Louis to Galena, at different seasons of the year, vary from 40cts. to 150cts. per hundred. There should not be this variation in cost of freights, a constant tax upon the energies of the country, a serious charge upon the whole trade, preventing property from coming to St. Louis, except at ruinous rates. Boats strike upon the rocks, knock a hole in the bottom, sink, are raised and repaired at a heavy cost. The losses by this cause cannot be estimated well, but they amount to many thousands of dollars every year. A committee of the citizens of Burlington, Iowa, appointed to estimate the extra freight and losses per annum caused by the Rapids, made the following report.\* This town was not in existence ten years ago, and the statement of her trade could be equalled by that of many other towns above the rapids.

The whole amount of freight and passage between St. Louis and Burlington, during the year 1841, was \$49,251 50

Deduct probable amount of freight and fare if the obstructions were removed, 25,950 00

Loss, \$23,301 50

To which add loss by re-shipping, 27,500 00

\$50,801 00

the total yearly loss to the trade of Burlington and vicinity. This estimate was made after a careful examination of the books of the merchants of the town, and will fall short of the actual amount. All the calculations were based on the expenses, &c., when the river is high. The total amount of losses for all the towns and the country above the Upper Rapids, is ten times greater, or \$510,000

yearly ! All this loss might be saved by annual appropriation of the general government of less than \$75,000, adding the increased amount to the taxes, the resources and wealth of the country.

The St. Louis Memorial also presents the tax imposed by the tolls of the Louisville and Portland canal at the falls of the Ohio. It cannot be denied that the construction of that canal has been of immense value to the trade of the West, saving annually many thousands of dollars that must otherwise have been paid for the portage of goods around the falls. But a work of this importance, affecting so seriously the whole trade of the valley passing the falls, should not be left in the hands of individuals, or of a private corporation. In high stages of the river, boats ascend and descend the falls, but at low stages they must either pass the canal, or the goods must be carried around over a portage of about three miles. To obviate this difficulty in the navigation, a canal has been constructed under a charter granted by the Legislature of Kentucky, in 1825, in which the United States are stockholders to the amount of 2,209 shares, and upon her stock she has received more than the investment. This canal is of vital importance to the whole trade of the West. The government should cease to be a partner in private speculations, and should become the sole owner of the work, and should also improve it so as to make it of the greatest possible value to the Western commerce. The tolls should be reduced so as merely to pay the costs of management and of repair, and the locks should be increased in size to allow of the passage of boats of the largest class. Some of the boats on the Western waters exceed three hundred feet in length, and about twenty boats are engaged in the Ohio trade, too large to pass the locks. All boats engaged in the trade, from above Louisville to the Mississippi, must pass this canal, paying at every trip the most enormous tolls. The St. Louis Memorial states, "that during the year 1843, 110 boats from places above the falls, visited St. Louis 310 times. The average tonnage was 156½ tons, and their aggregate tonnage, compared with the number of arrivals, 50,224. Double these results for the return trips, and we have, for the total passages of boats in this trade, 620 boats and a tonnage of 100,448 tons. Two-

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\* Report of St. Louis Chamber of Commerce. Appendix B.

thirds of the tonnage is estimated to pass the canal, and the toll for each ton is 50 cents.

By the report of the commissioners of the canal for 1843, 232,264 tons passed the canal, the tolls upon which would be \$116,132. The tolls upon the boats passing the canal, engaged in the St. Louis trade, would be \$33,500, if we allow that two-thirds of the tonnage passed the canal. By the returns of the canal, over 300,000 tons passed the locks in 1844, the tolls upon which would be \$150,000. In a note to the report of the committee upon the improvement of the Ohio river, made to the Memphis Convention, the number of boats passing the canal is stated at 300, at an average value of \$10,000, which is too low. If we adopt the St. Louis estimate, that the boats with their outfit cost \$80 per ton, a boat of 160 tons, engaged in the Ohio trade, will cost \$12,800. She will last five years, and in the St. Louis trade may make on the average 24 trips per annum. If she passes the canal 16 times, she will pay the canal \$1,280, and in five years, \$6,400, one-half the whole cost of the boat. The cost of running such a boat may be stated at \$16,960 per annum, and the tolls per annum would be  $7\frac{1}{3}$  per cent. of that cost. A dividend of 18 per cent. was declared in 1839, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$60,723, after paying \$17,904 for repairs. These enormous profits should not be allowed, and the commerce of the West should not be so heavily taxed, unless there is a necessity for it that cannot be avoided.

The manner in which the improvements of the Western waters shall be managed, need not here be discussed in detail. It belongs to the legislators of the nation. That something should be done, no one who has read the facts we have submitted can doubt. That the navigation of the Mississippi in particular should be improved—that the obstructions that render property and life insecure, should as far as possible be taken out of the way—is acknowledged by all who have paid any attention to the subject. The great highway of half a continent should be made as perfect and complete, for the purposes for which Providence has designed it, as it can be made by the application of human science and art. The genius of Fulton has given to the vast waters of the West the machinery that is fast changing the commerce and commercial intercourse of the world, almost

bridging the ocean itself, and uniting together the inhabitants of opposite continents. A commerce that the utmost stretch of the imagination of the wisest and most far-sighted statesmen of one half-century since did not compass, is now annually afloat upon the streams that flow down the valley of the Mississippi.

There is one plan, connected with the improvement of the Western waters, that should be immediately adopted, and that is, the establishment of a Bureau for the Interior, to be connected with the Treasury Department, for the collection of the statistics of the internal trade and commerce of the country. Every year the need of such a bureau is felt more and more. The general government and its officers know nothing of the vast amount of the commerce of the rivers and lakes, or of the manufactures and agricultural products of the country, except as our foreign commerce may be an index to the same, or as they owe it to individuals in different parts of the country. With the exception of the census documents for 1840, the records of the departments fail to give the information necessary for proper action upon many bills that are annually brought before Congress. Take the tariff bill, for instance; what do the officers of the departments know of the effects of any bill of that kind, upon the manufactures of the country, or upon its internal commerce. We venture the assertion, that upon any important subject, as much information of this kind may be gathered from the debates in Congress, as from the records of the Departments.

In the report to the Senate, to which we have before referred, Mr. Calhoun is principally indebted for his statistics to the Memorial of the citizens of St. Louis and Cincinnati, and the reports of the Memphis Convention, the records of the treasury department giving merely the amounts of tonnage, and not giving what was of great importance, the tonnage annually lost on the Western rivers. McGregor's Commercial Statistics of the United States, and the volumes of the Merchant's Magazine, contain more information about the resources of the country, than he gathered from the official documents of all the departments. How can men act wisely, or Congress legislate properly, when they do not possess the proper knowledge upon which to base their action. When Congress is called upon to improve the channels of



internal intercourse, the harbors upon the lakes, or the rivers of the West, the question, what is the amount of commerce to be affected and the necessity of such improvements is the first question to be answered; but to answer it correctly, the departments are unable. This is a defect that certainly calls for a remedy. The British Government is in possession of the statistics of almost every branch of trade, and manufactures and agriculture of its whole dominions, as well as of the monetary affairs of the community, while ours knows the statistics of nothing but our foreign commerce; it knows not the amount of currency afloat in the country, the amount of banking capital, or the capital invested in commerce or manufactures, or agriculture; and yet Congress is expected to pass good and wise laws, adapted to all the different interests of the country, and what information have they by which to guide their action? There are several different ports of entry upon the Western rivers, and with but little inconvenience to those engaged in their navigation, the collectors of the different ports can gather the amount if not the value of the property and products annually landed at the different ports, by requiring of every boat a full manifest of its cargo. This is partially done in our coasting trade, and there appears to be no insurmountable difficulty in making the same provision for our internal trade. The benefits to be derived from such a course are manifest, and the wonder is that Congress has not long since made provisions for the collection of statistics so important to the merchant and manufacturer, as well as the legislator. Had the statistics of the commerce of the great lakes and the Western rivers been annually presented to Congress, the commerce of the West would not have been for so many years left to suffer such heavy losses? The States of Massachusetts and Connecticut have provided for the collection of the statistics of every branch of industry. Congress ought at least to provide for the collection of the statistics of all kinds of our national commerce.

That the navigation of the Mississippi and its tributaries can be improved, has already been demonstrated by the previous action of the government. We find it stated in the Cincinnati report, "that from 1822 to 1827, the loss of property on the Ohio and Mississippi from snags alone, including steam and flat boats and

their cargoes, amounted to \$1,362,500; while the losses from 1827 to 1832, in consequence of the beneficial action of the snag-boats, were reduced to \$381,000." A diligent prosecution of the same service, if continued, would by this time have entirely cleared the channel of the rivers from snags, stumps, logs and rocks; and a small annual appropriation would constantly keep the channel clear of these obstructions. The neglect of the government, however, has allowed the obstructions to accumulate to such an extent, that almost the whole work must be done over again; and it will require several years' active service of the snag-boats to clear the channel. The work, however, must be done, and when it is commenced, let it be faithfully prosecuted to a completion; and then let government make a small yearly appropriation for the service, and as the country becomes settled, and cotton lands cultivated, and the overhanging timber on the banks removed, the channel will constantly become more permanent and be cut deeper.

On the subject of the improvement of the Missouri and of the Mississippi, from St. Louis to New Orleans, the St. Louis Memorial presents some views, of which, as they appear to be founded upon common sense, we here present an abstract. These views are given as presenting the views of the oldest and best-informed river men, many of whom have spent their whole lives upon their waters, and understand them thoroughly:

"By the Topographical Bureau, the Western rivers are divided into two divisions: the Ohio, above the Falls, constitutes one; the Falls, the Ohio below the Falls, and the Mississippi, Missouri and Arkansas, constitute the other. The great disproportion of the divisions shows at least one of the errors of the system. We would suggest that a more equitable division would be to constitute the Mississippi, above the mouth of the Ohio, into one division; the Missouri into another, so far as the removal of snags and that class of obstructions is concerned. The work of removing snags, and keeping the channel free, is not the work of a single season or of a single year, but should be continued from year to year. Neither is it a work requiring exclusive scientific knowledge, but rather practical experience. Heretofore the evidence of the industry and utility of the snag-boats has been estimated by the number of snags taken up. This plan is fallacious; it is not the *number* taken up but the *places* whence they are removed that constitutes the value of



their operations. They should be employed in removing the obstructions in the channel or the track where the boats must run. This track is the same for ascending and descending boats, and is well known to experienced pilots. The channel occasionally changes, and when changes occur, the operations of the boats should conform to them. The accumulation of snags in a part of the river which the channel has left, or is leaving, in many cases had better be suffered to go on, for they soon form a bar, or dry land, and contribute to deepen the channel or track which the boats have to follow. A snag-boat kept constantly employed, whenever the water will admit of it, in the channel run by the boats, removing the obstructions therefrom, and observing closely the changes, under the supervision of an experienced pilot or navigator who has traversed it for years, and at all seasons, and closely observed all its mutations, knows all its points and dangers, who knows the track it has left as well as the one it is in, would be much more serviceable than the greatest skill of one not possessing this experience and practical knowledge. Surveys on the Missouri and Mississippi, upon scientific principles, to ascertain the fields for operation, *are entirely useless*. The channel changes frequently in a single day, and from the commencement to the termination of a survey the changes may be so great that no operations could be conducted on the plans laid down."

A survey of the harbor of St. Louis, was made in 1845, since when several of the posts set up by the surveyors have fallen into the river, the channel having cut away the points on the shores upon which they stood.

For the removal of the snags, several boats of different draughts are required. One of light draught for the Missouri, another heavier for the Mississippi, to the mouth of the Ohio, and one still larger thence down to New Orleans. These should be provided with a diving bell for the removal of logs and rocks. The boats by following the channel at low water, under the guidance of an experienced pilot, will keep it clear; and, by passing up and down once or twice in the course of the season, and immediately after a high water, and removing the snags that have fallen in since their last passage, will keep the channel clear, and the force of the current will cut it out. By these means these waters can be navigated at all seasons when not obstructed by ice. The management of this business must be entrusted to practical river

men, thoroughly acquainted with the river, and with the channel at all seasons, and at all stages of water; for it is useless to be applying surveys and rules derived from the flow of rivers of gentle current and constant channel, to a stream running from three to five miles per hour, and a channel varying its locality half a mile in the course of a week. To the rules of science there can be no objection, but these rules must be derived from a correct knowledge of facts, and must be applied to those cases embraced within the principles from which the rules were derived. Where the channel is constant, as on the Ohio and its tributaries, and the Upper Mississippi, a corps of engineers will answer well, but in a shifting channel, one good practical man, acquainted with the river, is worth a score of men who must always work by line and angle, and who can never get out of the track in which they were first taught to tread.

The cost of this improvement compared with the amount and value of property annually destroyed, will be small. Were \$300,000 annually applied for five years, the annual appropriation from that period need not exceed \$150,000, which would be all saved to the West by the diminished cost of insurance alone.

The amount of commerce and the necessity for the improvements having been shown, the question now presented is: by whom shall these improvements be made? It cannot be done by individuals; they do not possess the means. If they did, as no one has any greater interest at stake than another, individual self-interest will not prompt them to undertake the work. Besides, if such attempt it, they must have authority from some power having jurisdiction, and this power is either the General Government or the States. The work, therefore, must be done by one of these powers, the States or the United States. Where, then, does the jurisdiction rest?

As the States are of themselves sovereign and independent, except so far as they have made a surrender of that sovereignty to the people of the States, what the United States cannot do, the States within their own territory can do, for unlimited power is one of the attributes of sovereignty. If then the power to improve these rivers is not vested in the general government by the Constitution, it must remain to the States; if it is forbidden to the States, it belongs to

the Union, for, as the States are sovereign, the powers not possessed by them must of necessity belong to the general government. The States have jurisdiction upon the Mississippi to the middle of the main channel of the river; upon the Ohio the States of Virginia and Kentucky have jurisdiction to the opposite shores. But as in many cases it is necessary in order to direct the channel, or to deepen it, or improve it, that work should be done upon both sides of the middle of the channel, it follows that no State can do it for want of jurisdiction; States on opposite sides of the river united cannot do it, for although together they would possess the jurisdiction, they are expressly forbidden by the Constitution to enter into any agreement, without the assent of Congress, and Congress holding its power under the Constitution can grant no authority it does not itself possess, or else the anomaly is presented of an attribute greater than its subject, the creature conferring powers not possessed by its creator, of Congress above the Constitution that gives it existence.

It is not denied that Congress possesses the power to improve the bays and harbors on the Atlantic coasts, and upon all coasts, the boundaries of our possessions, by the erection of lighthouses, piers, &c.; and if it may do this upon the seaboard, why not upon the navigable waters of the interior, since they are open to the free commerce of every State, without any duties or tonnage, except by consent of Congress, and the citizens of one State are entitled to the rights and privileges of any other State. But if there is any difference between salt water and fresh, except in taste, what is it? It certainly seems ridiculous to say that what is constitutional in one State is not so in another. Suppose that where the boundary line of two States meets the sea there is a fine harbor, the entrance to which requires to be improved by the removal of rocks or other obstructions, and that these are situated upon both sides of the division line. These rocks may be removed by the general government. But suppose it happens that instead of its being the channel entering a bay that requires improvement, it is a vast river, embracing with its tributaries a navigation of twenty thousand miles, and that for more than three thousand miles this river itself is the dividing line of States and empires, though the water accidentally happens to

be fresh instead of salt, why may not this be improved in the same manner as the channel of the bay? The rivers are open to the navigation of all the States, and might be opened to the shipping of foreign nations, if Congress saw proper; it is refused only because we want our coasting and internal trade to remain in our own hands. Can any person give a good reason why the building of piers, and erection of lighthouses, should be constitutional if done upon the Atlantic shore, but unconstitutional if done upon Western or Northern lakes?

It is admitted that government owes protection to foreign shipping, why not to domestic? it may protect foreign commerce from the dangers of the shore, why not domestic from the dangers of the channels of the rivers? The Constitution gives power to Congress to impose duties and imposts, to collect taxes, &c., to provide for the common defence and the general welfare. The power granted to provide for the general welfare, is as broad as that to provide for the common defence. No limit is placed upon it; that is left to the sound discretion of those who represent the government. The only restriction is, that it shall be for the general welfare of all instead of the particular interest of any one of the States. The report of Senator Calhoun, while it denies all authority for improvements under this clause of the Constitution, finds a limited authority under the clause giving authority to Congress to regulate commerce between the different States. This power extends only to such improvements as are necessary, where rivers have three or more States bordering upon their waters, but not to those where the rivers are embraced within one, or, at farthest, two States. But why the grant is thus to be narrowed down, a man of plain common sense, unacquainted with logical and metaphysical subtleties, finds it hard to understand. It would seem as if the grant of power should be construed by its words fairly understood, and that no subsequent limitation should affect it, unless by *express* words, or by words that admit of no other construction than that of limitation. The clause of the Constitution that permits no State to make contracts or agreements with another State without the consent of Congress, is considered as limiting the power of Congress. As by agreement between two States, divided by navigable waters, and the consent of

Congress, these improvements can be made, therefore they cannot be made by the general government. But how can Congress give an authority it does not itself possess? If it has not itself jurisdiction to improve a river flowing between two States, what power has it to improve any river, the Mississippi for instance? In any part of its course that river flows between and makes the boundary line of States. The States on opposite sides of the river, by agreement between themselves, and by consent of Congress, can make the improvements themselves, and if they can do it by themselves, then Congress has not the power. It would seem to a man of common sense that if the clause giving authority to any two States, by consent of Congress, to make compacts, is to be construed as a limitation of the power to regulate commerce between the different States, then the limitation totally destroys the power, as far as the improvement of the Mississippi and its tributaries is concerned. The conclusion seems perfectly logical, and there appears to be no fair method of avoiding it. The truth appears to be, that the United States, as a sovereign people, have under the Constitution the authority to provide for the improvement of all navigable waters, within the limits of its territory and territorial jurisdiction, under the clause giving to Congress power to regulate commerce between the different States, or under the clause giving authority to levy taxes, duties and imposts to provide for the general welfare.

Another object of interest to those dwelling upon and navigating the Western rivers, is the question as to the authority of Congress to improve harbors, or, as with more truth it might be said, the power to fix or change the channel of the rivers at certain points. The improvement of the harbor of St. Louis, so much needed by the commerce of that rapidly growing city, is that the channel of the river should be made, as of old, to follow the Missouri shore at that place, and not be allowed to wander off, and by constantly cutting away and undermining the opposite or Illinois shore—thus widening the bed of the river—to diminish the depth of water in the channel and destroy the commerce of St. Louis. That is all the improvement the so-called harbor of St. Louis requires. The control of the canal at the falls of the Ohio, is another improvement required. It is granted

that these improvements are not required for the purposes of shelter from storms or enemies, or for naval stations, and according to the report of the senator from South Carolina, improvements for other purposes are unconstitutional, and are not within the powers of Congress, because the power to improve the harbors belongs to the States in which they are. But the difficulty in improving the harbor of St. Louis is this very want of jurisdiction, or else the work would have been done by the municipal authorities of the city. In making this improvement it is necessary that the channel of the river some miles above the city should be slightly deflected from its course, so that it may strike the Missouri shore at St. Louis, and the work necessary thus to turn the channel must be done upon the Illinois shore, where the State of Missouri has no jurisdiction. Some years since the city of St. Louis undertook to make this improvement, by sinking boats loaded with stone in that part of the river under the jurisdiction of the State of Illinois. The officers of the city were prevented from completing their work by an injunction from the courts of Illinois, backed by loaded cannon, arguments rather too strong to resist. To improve this harbor Missouri has no power, for want of jurisdiction, except by contract with Illinois and the consent of Congress. Congress has no power. Illinois will not permit the improvement. Were the States perfectly independent, what could not be done by treaty, might be done by force, and the State of Missouri might undertake the conquest of Illinois, so that owning the territory on both sides of the river, the improvements might be made. But this would be war—civil war. Can it be possible that the Constitution has omitted to provide for a case of this kind, that a city whose annual arrival and departure of steamboat tonnage exceeds 800,000 tons, with a commerce of \$50,000,000, must see its commerce destroyed for want of proper improvements in the channel of the river? Impossible! Congress has the power, and it should exercise it. If, as before, the clause of the Constitution allowing States to make contracts with each other by consent of Congress, limits the power of improvements of the general government, the limitation destroys the entire power. If Congress may clear the channels, remove rocks, cut down overhanging timbers on the banks, it can remove the rocks in the

channel at the falls, or cut a channel directly through the falls, although it costs \$10,000,000. But if it can make a channel through the falls, why not make a channel around them at a smaller expense, although it is called by the undignified name of canal. Provided the object of improving the navigation of the river is accomplished, what matter by what name it is called. The States can carry out no general system of improvement for the Western rivers for want of a general jurisdiction. Congress has the jurisdiction, and must perform the work. It has power to levy taxes and duties for the general welfare, and has power to regulate commerce between the States, and having the power, it should perform the trust.

The situation of the Western States, so far from the seaboard, and yet connected therewith by navigable rivers, requires that something should be done to improve the navigation of those rivers. The vast amount of property annually at risk and exposed to destructive losses, demands that something should be done. It is but a few months ago that the government lost \$20,000 of supplies for the army upon the Missouri river by the sinking of a single boat, and large losses have since been sustained by government on the Mississippi.

But the time of this neglect, we believe, is fast drawing to a close. The

West will before many years have the control of the councils of the Union, and she will take care not to send to those councils men who are always troubled with constitutional qualms, when moneys are required for the improvement of the internal commerce of a Continent, but can talk most loudly of liberality and patriotism when a needless war is to be waged upon a sister Republic. The strong, hardy common sense of the Western population has little sympathy with such penny-wise economy, or with ideas of strict construction, that, chopping off the limbs of the body politic, entirely let out and miss the soul of it. They feel and know that the Constitution was made for the general interest and welfare of one mighty people, and not for the petty interest of divided sovereignties. Whatever may be the notions of partisan or sectional politicians respecting the validity or justice of their claims, they are very soon to have the preponderating influence in the national councils; the knot which they cannot untie they will cut with the sword of power. We have only to whisper in their ear that Congress has already done its duty, and that there exists a general hope that they will not again help to elect a president who will walk away with their bill in his pocket. They themselves are now to blame for the defeat of their own wishes.

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## R E S T .

ANCIENT mother, I am weary :—  
 Earth—my mother—bid me come ;—  
 To your palace, lone and dreary,  
 Call me now, the life-worn, home.  
 On what errand have ye sent me ?—  
 Wherefore have ye madly lent me,  
 Through this alien clime to roam ?  
 From your dark breast, where I lay,  
 In the glowing, glaring day,  
 How long must I wander on ?—  
 I remember, where no ember  
 Of this weary life-fire shone,  
 In the cool and dark profound,  
 Deep, beneath this noisy bound,  
 Where no dim life-shadows creep,  
 Where no wave of light, or sound,  
 Stirs the death-dream's voiceless deep.  
 Oh, the ceaseless, ceaseless turning,  
 Thither for that leaden rest !—

Oh, the blissful, blissful yearning,  
As unto a mother's breast !  
I am weary—bid me come !  
Earth within me calleth, *Home* !

Let me blaze within the diamond,  
Let me blow within the daisy ;—  
Only, not on this life-clime, and  
Not upon the throb, uneasy,  
Of the fevered heart and brain,  
Give me unto life again !  
That was sweetest, when I lay,  
Ere the rolling rivers found me,  
Ere the whirling heat inwound me,  
Hurling upward, to the day :—  
Thither, thither, once again,  
Thither from the blinding pain,  
Call the way-worn wanderer now :  
Thither, thither, only there,  
Can the fever and the care,  
Fade from out the burning brow,  
And the mumuring from the heart,  
And the anguish, and the languish,  
From its pulseless strings depart !  
Age-long, let me slumber there,  
For only in a rest, so deep,  
Only in an age-long sleep,  
Can the crushing blind despair  
From the life-worn being creep.

Then upon the whirlwind's path,  
Bid me, evermore, be borne ;  
Bind me, in thy wakening wrath,  
To the footsteps of the morn !—  
In the white-capped tempest's breath,  
O'er the crested ocean, singing ;—  
In the white, and awful wreath,  
Where the polar blasts are ringing,  
And eternal winters blanch ;—  
Mid the everlasting roar,  
Where the gathered waters pour  
Their bright ocean-avalanche ;—  
On the desert's violet wing,  
On the lightning's fiery track,  
Bind me to thy minist'ring ;—  
Only, only, on the rack  
Of the fevered heart and brain,  
Give me *not* to life again !

Bring no more the vain to-morrow,  
With its gold-hued piles of sorrow,  
Fading into yesterday :  
Bring no more the dream-built past,  
O'er me its dream-shade to cast,  
With its dark life-mockery :  
Take this restless fire away,  
I am but the kneaded clay ;  
Weary, weary, of aspiring,  
Weary, weary, of desiring.  
Backward to thy bosom blest,  
Let me sink, once more, to rest.



I am weary, bid me come !  
Earth within me calleth, *Home* !

But there comes a mourning *Never*,  
Echoing through that silence dumb,  
"They, who from my bosom sever,  
Unto me no more may come !"  
And the black gates fold, forever,  
With the thunder-tone of doom.  
In her widening circles spangled,—  
In her roaring, bright domain,—  
*Life* hath caught thee, life-entangled,  
None her clasp shall free again.  
On her raging, tireless pinion,  
Through blind chaos wildly blown,—  
Through dark passion's storm-dominion,  
Ceaseless, thou must wander on :—  
Or, the spirit-fire awaking,  
Upward through the storm-cloud breaking,—  
Through the anguish, and the care,  
And the crushing blind despair,—  
Where the spirit tones say, "come,"—  
Where the storm in music sweeps,  
Down the golden, sun-lit deeps,—  
Upward, to a fairer dome,—  
To another, calmer breast,  
Unto *Life's* own waveless rest,—  
Earth subduing, struggle *Home* !

S.

### SAM HOUSTON AND HIS REPUBLIC.\*

A BOOK, it will be perceived, with a title most gracious, such as singularly commends its subjects—the man rejoicing in the prenomen of Sam, and the republic honoring itself in being Sam's—to the public reverence. This heroic familiarity—this slapping the thrice-illustrious on the back, as it were—this offering him to us by that sort of clipped designation with which Tom accosts Dick, and Bill, in the succinct style of such a business, asks Jim and Jack and Bob "to take a drink"—admirably bespeaks the historical dignity that is to come. Excellent as is this ennobling resort of the title-page, for exciting the imagination and lifting the worthy about to be celebrated to the topmost pinnacle of everlasting attention, the love-and-awe-commanding attitude in which Texas herself is brought before us, by the first glance,

as not only Sam's doing, Sam's exploit, Sam's commonwealth, but Sam's property, is a prodigious piece of cleverness, and wonderfully prepares the sentiments which are to be reflected from Sam upon Sam's Republic.

But hold ! what have we here ? A printed circular, as we live ! and, from its purport, manifestly addressed to ourselves, in our quality of critical journalists. And lo ! at foot shines the author's own signature ! *Tiens* ! as the Frenchmen say : Stay ! What the deuce can be the meaning of this ? Is he going to serve some notice upon us ? some *caveat* to critics ? Let us see the document. Read ! as Demosthenes says, when he would have some state-paper cited :

"Dear sir"—(Quite affectionate ; he's an intimate of ours, then, we perceive. Well, that is a gratifying piece of infor-

\* By C. Edwards Lester, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," and sundries. New York : Burgess, Stringer & Co. 1846. 8vo. 208 pp.

mation, which we did not expect. The historian and the hero, however, are of the hand-and-glove sort—hail-fellow-well-met with high and low.)

"The writer has taken the liberty" (being a "largest liberty" man) "of sending you a copy of this work. He believes" (Ah! what does he believe? For so copious is the canon of the Democratic creed, that we have never yet been able to find out *what* it does not comprehend.) "that since Texas has become a part of our Federal Union" (Oh, ho! we see it now; that Union has been greatly solidified, he is going to say; its constitution has been marvellously confirmed and sanctified; and its territories, as Mr. Polk announced, "bloodlessly" widened, at a huge rate. Proceed!) "every citizen is interested" (provided he hold Texas scrip at 5 cents in the dollar) "in knowing its history." (True; 'tis a very edifying body of annals. But tell us, O thou Tacitus! whether it would not have been quite as well to have scrutinized her heroic tale, and to have a little considered her "antecedents"—as Gauls fancifully denominate people's previous deeds—before we took her "for better, for worse?"

"If you deem the work worthy of notice, will you have the goodness to publish some review of it at your earliest convenience, and forward a copy to my publishers, Burgess, Stringer & Co., New York city. By doing so, you will greatly oblige your obedient servant,

"C. EDWARDS LESTER,  
"Author."

"New York, 20th Sept., 1846."

Certainly, Mr. Lester! We can't think of withholding a favor so ingeniously imagined, so delicately sought. The novelty, not less than artfulness—the modesty, not less than discretion—of the request, leave us no power of saying you nay; a review you shall certainly have; yea, and to complete our obedience and your satisfaction, a copy of it shall be forwarded to those thrice-favored sons of Faustus, Messrs. Burgess, Stringer & Co., your publishers.

To business, then! But hold! what's this again? By our eyes! another preface! A very prefatory author, this; for there is a third at its heels, in the shape of an introductory chapter, as little to the purpose as preface could well be, and doing nothing but to magnify the impertinences of its predecessors. Thus preface stands behind preface, in a file.

Preface second is, moreover, a very notable document—like the first, of highly original conception and most felicitous execution—such a preface as, if appropriate anywhere, would be least out of place at the end; for it is not an enunciation of what the author is going to do, but of what he has already done; a lofty gratulation of Mr. Lester to himself, upon his boundless achievements in this book; a kind of commendatory epistle, such as the learned were wont, in times of authority, to prefix to their works, under title of "Testimonies of authors." Here we have only this slight modification of that erudite usage, that the array of certifying scholars is less deep, by two, than that of prefaces, and consists of the forlorn figure of the author alone, thus soliloquizing in praise of his own performances, and wondering, like a second wonderful Katerfelto, over his own wonders.

"A WORD TO THE READER, *before he begins the book or throws it down.*"

Note A. In his encomiastic elucidation of this passage, that mighty scholiast, the veteran Ritchiens (so justly the pride of all mollisaponaceous laudation) thinks he can detect a charming and ingenious literary resemblance to two celebrated inscriptions: first, to that affecting epitaph which thus addresses the reader:

"O reader, if that thou canst read,  
Look down upon this stone!"

Secondly, seeing that this is a warning for those who have not yet begun, or never may begin, the volume, Ritchien conjectures that this astute author had heard of a certain monument, by the banks of the Liffy, which warns the wayfarer of two things—to take notice that when he cannot see that stone, the ford is dangerous; and that if he cannot read he had better inquire at the house hard by.

But now comes the astonishment of this miracle of authors: first of all, he is struck all of a heap at Yankee-land at large; next, he stands aghast at the very ill reputation which Texas has enjoyed; which done, he marvels prodigiously over his hero, Sam; and lastly, soaring to the height of all that is astounding, he is amazed at his own admirable self!

"I have lived," he breaks forth, "to see obloquy heaped by the sons of the Puritans upon an outraged people brave-

ly struggling for independence, in the holy name of Liberty.

"I have lived to see unmeasured calumny poured on the head of a heroic man who struck the fetter from his bleeding country in the field, and preserved her by his counsels in the cabinet.

"I have lived to do justice to that man and that people, by asserting the truth."

Here, a part of the surprise which overwhelms the historian seems to be, wonder at the fact that *he* should have told truth of anybody or anything. Measured by the quantity of veracity, however, that of astonishment need not have been by any means enormous, as we shall presently see. Accordingly, a fit of compunction or of alarm at the novel experiment instantly seizes him.

"This book," he proceeds, "will lose me some friends," (his original Van Burenian patrons, no doubt,) "but it will win me better ones in their places," (to wit, Houstonian ones.) "But if it lost me all, and gained me none, in God's name, as I am a free man, I would publish it." Vexingly, a prodigious fervor and fury of truth is this which is seizing upon him! Hardly a convert, he declares himself a saint, and burns to be a martyr. That fiery crown, we fear, will never encircle his head; at least, not while wood shall be at five dollars the cord. At that rate, he would have to be an unthrifty enemy of historic veracity who would waste one sagot upon all the truth in this book. Personally, then, the Lesterian aspirations must be as vain as they are sacred, until fuel falls greatly, and coals come down so low that 'twill be as cheap to burn an author as his works.

"I am," continues Mr. Lester, "no man's partisan or eulogist. But I dare tell the truth to the men of my own times, and leave the men of other times to take care of my reputation." Alas! those "other times" will have to be dreadfully economical that are to save such beggarly articles. But what if the "reputation" aforesaid, a tatter from the beginning, should never reach the posterity of next week? Perhaps 'twere quite as well the professor should take some little care of it himself; for certainly nobody else will.

The modest anticipator of his own immortality then proceeds, in the same diffident vein: "I do not ask the reader to adopt my opinions—but I do ask him to weigh my facts. I deprecate no critic's severity: I only say to him, as the old

Greek did to the man with the uplifted club, 'Strike, sir! but hear me *first*.' Let us see if any good thing can come out of Nazareth! C. EDWARDS LESTER."

Whether, in the last allusion, it is himself or Houston whom he intends for this impious comparison, is not entirely clear; for lucidity is by no means Mr. Lester's chief characteristic. As, however, he had just before likened himself to Themistocles, it is to be presumed that the superior similitude is assigned to his hero; not that, in either case, the resemblance was very perfect, or that the similes might not have been interchanged, with little diminution of appropriateness, but merely because it was now fairly the incomparable Sam's turn to be compared to something.

Works of genius have almost invariably some shining moral within themselves not directly seen, but lighting up the rich exterior, as a lamp does the figures on an alabaster vase. Such a moral gleams in various parts of this high-wrought preface; but scarce visibly enough. Let us assist the beam a little and make it obvious.

Mr. Lester has lived to see a land the notorious asylum of whatever society had among ourselves cast away, and shaken from its lap as an encumbrance or a plague; and Mr. Lester is indignant that a population largely composed of reckless adventurers and of desperate criminals should have enjoyed an exceedingly bad reputation.

Mr. Lester has lived to see strange facts and unseemly, and especially this: that a call to arms and liberty from men among whom such desperadoes as Houston, Potter, Bowie, and many more were conspicuous, each ranking high somewhat according to his previous fame of atrocity, should not have commanded, among either the sons of the Puritans, or of Penn, or of the Cavaliers, unhesitating sympathy and unbounded haste to fraternize.

Mr. Lester has lived to see half the people of the United States slow to take up a quarrel which they did not understand, and a cause which was not theirs, with partners whom they were compelled to mistrust; and nothing certain concerning them except a cruel war to be waged, wide conquests to be attempted, and enormous sacrifices of every sort to be incurred, without the reasonable hope of any one good fruit whatever.

Mr. Lester has lived to see men set up

with success the pretence of Catholic intolerance to *their religion* who had expressly, in settling, sworn they were Roman Catholics—thus selling their little faith for much land; so that if they were wronged in their religion, it was only because they had cheated in the *only* consideration given for the possessions and exemptions they received.

Mr. Lester has lived to see his fellow-citizens averse—most unreasonably averse—to plunging into a war with Mexican laws, in favor of a people the most resentful of whom were well known to be upon *older* and *worse* terms with *our* tribunals than with the Mexican.

Mr. Lester has lived to see debaucheries, seldom rivalled here in Washington, become a reproach to a man, no matter how high the rolling sphere of fortune may for a time have lifted him. Mr. Lester has, in this singular century, seen an unquestionable course of domestic conduct punished by a lasting public detestation. A woeful pass public manners have certainly come to when such a code of social morals does not conciliate admiration instead of disgust; when the having committed, while chief magistrate of a State, an action so flagrant as drove him from civil society, an exile and an outlaw, to become the voluntary barbarian—that lowest of all savages, a white man turned Indian—really creates some little prejudice against one, and gives rise to “calumnies.”

A moral or two more, some ultimate deductions from the bright page of this *proem*, and we have done. And whilst we state these profound and consolatory conclusions,

“Of darkness visible so much be lent,  
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.”

*First*, then—rejecting the fatuous, immoral and disorganizing old doctrine, that *so much virtue as a people has, so much liberty*—we reach, by Lesterian assistance, a truth far nobler as well as more beneficent, namely: that the known criminality of a people as individuals should breed in you no hesitation to fraternize with anything which it may suit them to call Freedom; for that there may well be republicans in whom the

sentiment of Liberty is as strong as the taste for Morality is weak; and, after all, the advantage which free governments have over monarchical ones must be small, if both must, in order to be happy, wear the same manacles of law, and endure the bondage of honesty and sense.

*Secondly*, that when such a community springs up near us, chiefly out of men whom the oppression of debt and the civil persecution of proclamations for homicide and the like have made seek elsewhere a genial realm, unconscious of John Doe and Richard Roe, and innocent of the vile old formality of indictments, we should see their charters in the writs, with returns of *non est inventus*, which they have left behind them in all our courts; and, judging of the attachment to our institutions, which they profess, by their obedience to them before they fled away, and inferring their love of the native soil from the celerity with which they quitted it, and the agreeable memories with which the circumstances of their departure must cause them to look back to it, we should certainly be eager, to the last degree, to re-affiliate to our government citizens possessing so many claims upon us; and for this purpose what price, such as mere national mixture of reputations, or a war that shall cost us scores of millions, or the sacrifice of our own Constitution and policy, can be too high?

*Thirdly*, the former history and present renown of him whom Mr. Lester celebrates, should teach us to beware how we stigmatize the most shameful career, or pronounce, forsooth, that a little success cannot cancel long depravity. How do we know, after all, but that every turpitude is the sign of coming greatness, the omen of dawning empire, the pledge of heroism merely assuming its latest form?

*Lastly*, the Houstono-Lesterian happiness must here be resounded; that happiness which has given to each other a hero and a historian, so matched and appropriate, that only the utmost effort of Fate could, out of all entity, past, present or to come, raise them up for one another's glory! Verse alone can do justice to so bright a conjunction.

*Vixere fortes*, says Horatius\*,  
To whom a destiny ungracious

---

\* “*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi; sed omnes illachrimabiles  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.*”

Assigned the cruel lot and hard  
Of thumps with no recording bard!  
What signifies (and Fate should know it)  
Sanding a hero with no poet?  
The noisy nation of the Frogs  
Lived in the obscurity of bugs,  
And Mice, magnanimous in vain,  
Dyed with their livesth' ensanguined plain,  
Till Jove, whose love of high deeds great  
is,  
Sent them that imp of Fame, a *vates*.\*  
All reputations must have a rent,  
When they the *sacro vate* carent,  
Without whom honor is but small,  
Or, rather, there is none at all.  
For "hidden virtue figure doth  
No more than an inglorious sloth,"  
Says Flaccus.

Who did ever groan a  
Plaint o'er the conflicts of Bologna,  
When raged with fury and despair  
Her woeful war of wooden-ware,  
Until th' sternizing Tassoni  
(Valor's redeemer, Glory's crony)  
Rescued the honors of her Bucket,†  
And from oblivion did pluck it?  
The Emperor of Lilliput  
(Polk's brother) long (like him) had cut  
A figure far from being gigantic,  
Till Chance, one day, in humor antic,  
Impelled a dean, (like a Convention  
Which we will not at present mention,)  
An Irish dean, one Master Swift,  
To give His Littleness a lift,  
And make of this bad, puny thing,  
A monarch-mannikin, a six-inch king!

Ere soul-refining Sensibility  
Of life had loosened every silly tie,  
Or people lisped Sentimentality,  
(The present idiom of rascality,)  
Or villains, to arrive at license,  
Of Freedom aped a very high sense,  
No quack of *principles*, like Godwin,‡  
Could of admiring earth the nod win;

And mankind would have only laughed  
At him and at his Wolstoncraft,§  
If they had not begun to learn  
Virtue and tenderness of Sterne,||  
To read the reasons pure and weighty  
For adulterous suicide in Goethe,¶  
Or find in Paine a nice religion\*\*  
To carry folks to hell a bridge on.  
There had, long before Heloise,††  
Been dames too tender, if you please,  
Though neither hussy yet nor rogue  
At all enjoyed their present vogue;  
But 'twas the pen of pure Rousseau  
Which made romantic truths the go.

Ere "Newgate's Calendar" had risen,  
Small were the glories of the Prison;  
While Honor now, beyond a doubt,  
Is rather for those in than out.  
Lo! Marryatt and those who're clapt in  
The volumes of that honest captain,  
Without whom every noble pirate  
Might cut throats with of fame no high  
rate

Aram's (Eugene's) renown hath sprung  
Not so much from the being hung,  
As from the luck of scribe congenial  
Intent on making all crimes venial.  
Since the performances of Dickens,  
How much the public interest thickens  
In all the amiable tribes  
Of Pickpockets whom he describes!  
In France, what would your hang-dog do  
Without the convict quill of Sue ‡‡  
Aided by it, to fame he climbs,  
In just proportion to his crimes:  
Which shows that, in this moral century,  
The "House of Fame's" the Penitentiary;  
While 'tis the Muses, if they please,  
Who keep the convicts and the keys.  
"Unwept, unhonored and unsung"§§  
No man must die who has been hung!

But Jove, who seems, at times, to nod head|||  
To facts scarce worthy a wise godhead,

Paulum sepultus distat inertie  
Celata virtus." *Ode 9, Book 10.*

We quote the Latin, merely that we may give the jesting but exact enough version of  
Byron, in his *Don Juan*:

"Brave men were living before Agamemnon,  
And since, exceeding valorous and sage;  
A good deal like him, too, though quite the same none;  
But then they shone not on the poet's page,  
And so have been forgotten."

\* To wit, him who wrote the *Batrachomyomachia*.

† The mock-epic of Tassoni, the *Secchia Rapita*, which celebrates the contents between  
Bologna and Modena, their cause a well-bucket.

‡ Him whom his now-forgotten *Political Justice* made, for a time, one of the chief comets  
of the black sky of Jacobinism.

§ Mary, irregularly the spouse of several people, married or single, and finally wedded by  
Godwin, just in time to legitimize the birth of the future Mrs. Shelley. Her *Rights of  
Women* is the book here referred to.

|| The *Sentimental Journey* and the *Letters to Eliza* may be considered the foundation of  
the Rousseau and Goethe system of morals, which allows every crime, if you will only talk,  
all the while, exquisite sensibility and impossible virtue.

¶ The *Sorrows of Werther*.

\*\* The *Age of Reason*.

†† The *New Heloise*.

‡‡ The *Mysteries of Paris*.

§§ Scott, *Lay of Last Minstrel*.

||| Allusion to that nod with which, in Homer, Jupiter ratifies the decrees of Fate, much  
as Mr. Polk sets his signature to Acts of Congress:



At others sends, with prudent notion,  
The deed and song in fit proportion.  
When, therefore, he gives earth a hero  
With virtues standing just at Zero,  
He sends a poet (as he ought)  
Who's but a counterfeit of thought,  
A genius in nonsense boundless,  
A scribbler senseless as he's soundless,  
Whose stuff of Prose as dire a curse is  
As are of Poetry his verses ;  
A brainless bard, a fatuous *vates*,  
In verse who the fag-end of fate is.

Lester ! thy worthy much a match is  
For Old Virginia pea-patches,  
Where, "angel-visits" like, are seen  
Beans very "few and far between."  
Now, the bright things in this thy hero  
Occur like peas in such a pea-row ;  
And were they more, it were periculous,  
With thee to turn them to ridiculous.

Proceed, then, O illustrious pair !  
Matched thus in merit as ye are ;  
Houston, society's infester,  
As that of Literature is Lester.  
Together mount your cart of triumph,  
While sense and decency shall cry  
"humph !"

Exalted sitting side by side,  
Lester shall drive and Houston ride,  
As when, of old, for Diomede  
Pallas herself did guide the steed.\*  
Attendant on your conquering wheels  
Shall come each hero soil who steals,  
Each wight who duly understands  
More larceny than that of lands ;  
Who, when he likes a horse, *instantly*,  
Mounts him and makes off in a canter ;  
All who too much excel in games,  
Or writing other people's names ;  
Those skilled bank-notes to make or alter ;  
Each Potterizer, each defaulter, }  
And all who dungeon dread or halter ; }  
All that of statutes do the mesh shun  
As a most tyrannous oppression ;  
Who long have quarreled with the laws,  
And so must feel for "Freedom's cause ;"  
In short, each man that in disgust is  
With catchpoles, sheriffs and all justice,  
And not for "Liberty" to fight meant,  
But merely to escape indictment.

With this array noble and numerous,  
(Fit dismal men to render humorous,)  
Leader, historian and host, }  
Not too good for the whipping-post, }  
Or in a blanket to be tossed,

All hail to *Houston Imperator*,  
Of heroes the last "small potato !"

"Avaunt, O mischievous Muse !  
Enough of prologue ! Let the piece proceed !"

"Proceed, forsooth ! Fair and softly,  
good sir ! It is easy for you to make a  
noise and hurry a body at this rate—you  
who have not the slightest idea of the  
genius with whom we have to deal !  
Why, sir, there's a third exordium, an  
additional introduction propitiatory, in  
which the panegyrist, only gathering  
fresh force from all his own previous  
hallooing, pours a bombast and peals a  
yell of praise such that, astounded, Fame  
must gape with her hundred mouths, and  
stop her hundred ears, at the din."

"Spare us, gracious Muse ! all further  
prefaces. Keep us not forever on the  
threshold ; but suffer us to pass the por-  
tal of this amazing subject. Magnificent  
porticoes are here ; but we would enter  
the temple itself and adore. Prodigious,  
'tis true, are these Lesterian proems,  
portents such as should usher into the  
gladdened world Jove's last great pro-  
geny. But, as your friend Virgil saith :

'Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur  
ordo :

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia  
regna ;

Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto !  
Tu modo nascenti puero quo ferrea pri-  
mum

Desinet, ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,  
Casta, fave, Lucina !"

In a word, permit him to be born ; let us  
know his heroical nurture ; tell us 'upon  
what meat was this same Cæsar fed.'  
The eager Earth, tired of bilks, bullies  
and blackguards, expects him. Repudia-  
tion stretches out for him her anxious  
arms ; Land-stealing salutes his rising  
dawn ; Bowie and Potter, the destined  
associates of his fugitive patriotism, await  
him, with knives and pistols half-drawn  
and with the tin-cup of whiskey sus-  
pended ; the brawl, the debauch, stay for  
him ; and longing dram-shops claim their  
customer.† Proceed, then, to his na-

"Shakes his imperial curls and gives the nod,  
The stamp of Fate and sanction of the God.  
High Heaven with awe the dreaded signal took,  
And all Olympus to its centre shook."

\* See, in the Iliad, the book of the Acts of Diomede, where Valor and Wisdom thus  
drive to battle together.

† See the rest of the prophecy in Virgil's *Pollio*, and particularly these lines :

"Te duce, si qua manent, sceleris vestigia nostri  
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras."

Thou reigning there, whatever crimes still vex us  
Shall all be swept forever off to Texas.

tivity; bring us at once to the second Lesterian chapter."

The hero of but two battles at most, if of many brawls, was born on the 2d March, 1793—that is, just two days before the inauguration of Gen. Washington for his second Presidential term. If we are to seek for stellar influences or the social spirit abroad, as affecting the natal hour, this was the period of Robespierre's dictatorship in France, of the propagation of Jacobinism in this country through Mr. Jefferson's "Democratic Societies," and of the rise of the "Whiskey Insurrection," secretly promoted by the same patriotic statesman as one of the means of overturning the Administration of which he was a member. The birth-place of Houston was a spot seven miles east of Lexington, Virginia, known as Timber Ridge Church. His ancestors, paternal and maternal, were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, of that body who, in the time of John Knox, colonized from the Highlands the North of Ireland. Mr. Lester, with that historical mal-address which makes him so sad an encomiast, says, (p. 8,) "Here they remained till the siege of Derry, in which they were engaged when they emigrated to Pennsylvania." This is much like mentioning that "certain Arkansas and Indiana men emigrated while engaged in the battle of Buena Vista." Thus does the trumpery of Mr. Lester, or the braggart folly of his hero-informant, inflict disgrace, in seeking falsely to magnify! Instead of the simple statement that some of these

people came away from Ireland about the time when some others were engaged in the siege of Derry, the migrators must, by a delightful confusion of ideas, be mixed up with the besiegers; and merely that the Houstonian progenitors may be decorated with the ill-feigned honor of having borne part in a deed of arms, they are ludicrously consigned to the disgrace of having, by strong inference, *run away* (for what else is *migrating* while engaged in a siege?) in the midst of it!

Authenticity, however, or even the air of it, is a thing which the biographer need not much consult, when a Houston is his subject. And, accordingly, the next genealogical particulars are of an exceedingly suspicious cast. *Fortes gignuntur fortibus*; so the heroism of the lineage of those who "migrated while engaged in the siege of Derry," must not have run out, before it came to Sam the Great: his sire must have been omnipotent, in order to render credible his own coming miracles of valor. Behold, then, how, being the adjutant of a militia brigade, his soul glowed, through life, with the single passion of arms; and how, there having once been a Revolutionary war, he had, of course, figured in it, although the when, how, and where, are, with commendable caution, suppressed! "His father was a man of moderate fortune; indeed, he seems to have possessed only the means of a comfortable subsistence. He was known only for one passion, and this was for a military life. He had borne his part in

Again:

"Ille deum vitam accipiet, divis que videbit  
Permixtos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis,  
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem;"

which may be rendered as follows:

"There, if not godly, he shall grow immortal,  
Maugre of decency his comings-short all;  
There round him see heroes and gods in three rows  
Pell-mell—as many quite of gods as heroes;  
And with a hickory (the Jacksonian laurel)  
For sceptre, knock down all who raise a quarrel."

For *ipse videbitur*, Scriblerus proposeth, as the better prophecy, to read, *tipsy videbitur*.

\* "Derry!" some reader may ejaculate: "Siege!" "What Derry? what siege? Who besieged Derry? and where did he find it to besiege? Derry? Derry? Derry? There's a See of Derry: but surely nobody ever besieged the bishop and all his country clergy and vicars at once. What other Derry, then, except that at the end of songs—'down, derry, down?'"

Dear reader! suffer us to offer a solution. In popular, not historical language, Londonderry is sometimes called Derry: and Londonderry, you know, stood, in 1689, a famous siege against the forces of James II. That this is what Houston and Lester meant, we must not say; for evidently they know nothing about it; they suppose the Scotch-Irish to have been the besiegers, not (as they were) the besieged. As to their then migrating, 'twas not easy for the people of a beleagured town to migrate so far. In 1682, at the founding of Penn's colony with the promise of general toleration, there was a migration from Puritan Ireland, through the dread of James and Popery: but after his dethronement, in 1688, migration for religious causes ceased. Houston and Lester are obviously repeating vague popular traditions of events that they know nothing about.

the Revolution, and was successively the inspector of Gen. Bowyer's and Gen. Moore's brigades. The latter post he held till his death, which took place in 1807, while he was on a tour of inspection among the Alleghany mountains. He was a man of powerful frame, fine bearing, and indomitable courage. These qualities his son inherited; and they were the only legacy he had to leave him."—P. 8.

Now, it being premised that *all the details of fact*, throughout this notable biography, are obviously supplied by Gen. Houston alone, and the lighter graces only of fancy, style, and the last polishing touch conferred by Mr. Lester, how will such statements as these last stand criticism? The personal vanity of Houston will not suffer him directly to avow what his tale itself very ill dissembles—that his father was poor and obscure. Here, the family fortune is "moderate;" they have only "the means of a comfortable subsistence:" and yet, but a page further on, we are told that the boy, kept constantly at "hard work," (except for a little while in winter,) had not, perhaps, up to his 13th year and the period of his father's death, been able to receive in all more than six months' schooling. (See pp. 9, 10.) A moment more, and we are informed that the father's death "at once changed the fortunes of the family." (P. 10.) But if, in this family of "moderate fortune," the very children, between eight and thirteen years, were all the while obliged to "work hard" for their bread, we see not how the father's death could depress them into greater poverty: for, in this country generally, the utmost condition of penury, to a rural population, is that in which the very children at a tender age must support themselves by the constant labor of their hands. It is, we think, evident, that either this sire, whose sole passion was for a military life, was a worthless frequenter of militia muster-fields, and lazily poor; or that the poverty pleaded, in contradiction to what had just before been told of "moderate fortune" and "comfortable subsistence," is clumsily assumed at the instant, to palliate the otherwise shameful ignorance in which the Texan hero grew up. It is plain that he is exceedingly ashamed of that poverty which, nevertheless, by an amusing dilemma, he presently finds the most available refuge from the truer disgrace of voluntary want of education.

Next comes an account of his other parent:

"His mother was an extraordinary woman. She was distinguished by a full, rather tall, and matronly form, a fine carriage, and an impressive and dignified countenance. She was gifted with intellectual and moral qualities which elevated her in a still more striking manner above most of her sex. Her life shone with purity and benevolence, and yet she was nerved with a stern fortitude which never gave way in the midst of the wild scenes that chequer the history of the frontier settler. Her beneficence was universal, and her name was called with gratitude by the poor and the suffering. Many years afterward, her son returned from his distant exile to weep by her bed-side when she came to die."

This picture of a mother, though tame and commonplace, would be tolerable, in the midst of all its exaggeration of tone, did one not easily discover, in all that Mr. Houston says of either parent, a body of traits designed to give himself, not them, semblance. He paints only such features as he desires to be supposed to have inherited. His father's image is not such as the filial affection of the boy of thirteen would recall; except his "powerful frame," there is nothing individual, nothing characteristic about the portrait; but qualities are given such as suit a popular effect only, and are by no means those which the heart of a child would single out for fondness and memory. Much the same is it with the mother: she stands a tall, dim figure, the ghost of a frontier heroine—a shadowy impersonation of a class, and not herself a particular person; and she is a marvelous "friend of the poor," a perfect Lady Bountiful; for, although the family *always* "worked hard" (every soul of them) for their bread *before* the father's death, and were, after that misfortune, sunk much lower as to worldly goods, yet it is decidedly popular to be the son of a dame "whose beneficence was universal, and whose name was called with gratitude by the poor and suffering;" and so Mrs. Houston is not, in her poverty, the kind-hearted helper of a few neighbors as poor as she, but she rises into the protectress of all, far and wide, her liberal hand and her good deeds blessed by a whole region! As for the filial piety (the "weeping by her death-bed") carefully recorded in this paragraph, the fact cannot well have been

furnished by any but Gen. Houston himself; and one must regret to find, in reading the book, that the General has forgotten to supply any other fact whatever which betokens the slightest affection towards any of those whom he should have loved. It presently appears that, instead of aiding to sustain a newly-widowed mother, burdened with eight other children, he ran away from home in his fourteenth or fifteenth year, and naturalized himself into a Cherokee tribe, and the adoption of an Indian papa and mamma. The ceremony of letting his majestic mother know that there was a possibility of his re-appearance—because a certainty that he was neither shot, stabbed, nor hung, but only turned red-skin—he seems to have considered quite needless: he was not a man of forms, and perhaps had his own notions of the maternal agonies which his sudden vanishment was entitled to create. For three or four years, (until he was eighteen,) his attentions and assistance to the beneficent lady consisted, apparently, of a visit, now and then, when his clothes were worn out: so that he probably came to see her only in compliment to her charity, and by way of patronizing her skill of the spindle, the loom and the needle. Yet should our youth, emulous of Master Houston, take to the woods, by way of becoming heroes of the 19th century and the progress, we must be allowed to exhort them at least to become Indians enough to make and wear the garb, with the tastes, of savages, and not to burden a mother, deserted and poor, with the charge of clothing a vagabond.

It is true that, to whiten the fact of this turning savage, Mr. Lester avers that young Houston was “tyrannized” over by his elder brothers; that they “exercised over him some severe restraints;” that “they crossed his wishes occasionally.” The force of such extenuations is difficult to measure, when (as in this case) they are placed in the same sentence, in such a graduation that you may suppose either that the youth was made a perfect slave of, or that he ran away because he could not make his elder brothers slaves. He appears, at the evasion, (so says the biographer,) to have been “nearly six feet high, and standing straight as an Indian.” Now, people of that stature and make are seldom very violently oppressed by their brothers in this country; nor, should

they chance to be so, would running away to the Kickapoos be by any means the necessary remedy—there being magistrates and county courts to whom orphans may always resort as their guardians. Besides, Messrs. Lester and Houston have an unlucky way of telling somewhat more than always sheds probability on their own stories; and in this instance, they themselves admit that it was while living as a clerk in a “store” in Knoxville, that the young gentleman thus sought to recover that estimable state of society,

“Where wild in woods the lordly savage runs.”

From his parentage, let us descend to what Mr. Lester (by courtesy, no doubt) calls “his education.” The following extract will show:

“It is a matter of some interest to inquire, what were the means of education offered to this Virginia boy. We have learned from all quarters, that he never could be got into a school-house till he was eight years old, nor can we learn that he ever accomplished much in a literary way after he did enter. Virginia, which has never become very famous for her schools at any period, had still less to boast of forty years ago. The State made little or no provision by law for the education of its citizens, and each neighborhood was obliged to take care of its rising population. Long before this period, Washington College had been removed to Lexington, and a Field School was kept in the ruined old edifice once occupied by that institution. This school seems, from all accounts (and we have taken some pains to inform ourselves about this matter), to have been of doubtful utility. He is said, however, to have learned to read and write—to have gained some imperfect ideas of cyphering. Late in the fall and the winter, were the only seasons he was allowed to improve even the dubious advantages of such a school. The rest of the year he was kept to hard work. If he worked very well, he was sometimes permitted to run home from the fields to be in time to retain his place in spelling. But it is doubtful if he ever went to such a school more than six months in all, till the death of his father, which took place when he was thirteen years old.”

The further history of the family, until they fix themselves in new seats, is recounted with a Lesterian beauty, which is particularly glowing near the close of the first of the three ensuing paragraphs.



"Mrs. Houston was left with the heavy burden of a numerous family. She had six sons and three daughters. But she was not a woman to succumb to misfortune, and she immediately sold out the homestead and prepared to cross the Alleghany Mountains, and find a new home on the fertile banks of the Tennessee river. Those of our readers who live in the midst of a crowded population, surrounded by all that embellishes civilized life, may be struck with the heroism of a Virginia woman who, forty years ago, took up her journey through those unpeopled regions; and yet few of them can have any adequate conception of the hardships such a heroine had to encounter. We hope the day may come when our young authors will stop writing and dreaming about European castles, with their crazy knights and lady-loves, and hunting through the mummy-haunted halls of the pyramids, and set themselves to work to glean the unwritten legends of heroism and adventure, which the old men would tell them, who are now smoking *their pipes around the roof-trees* of Kentucky and Tennessee.

"There is room for the imagination to play around the toilsome path of this widow and her children, as she pushed her adventurous way to her forest home. *Some facts, too, of wild interest are in our possession*—but we shall hurry on with our story, for, if we mistake not, our readers will find romance enough in this history to satisfy the wildest fancy.

"Fired still with the same heroic spirit which first led them to try the woods, our daring little party stopped not till they reached the limits of the emigration of those days. They halted eight miles from the Tennessee river, which was then the boundary between white men and the Cherokee Indians."

Here, according to what is probable, as well as what is asserted by the hero through his deft secretary, the family set to work to "clear" fields, in order to make themselves corn; for, in that rude tillage of the frontier, corn is more than "the staff of life;" maize is the sole culture; of maize is the universal hoe-cake; the woodman eats it, at first, with his main animal food, venison, and by and by with his pork, which meantime has been eating corn that it may with corn be eaten; the horse, at first self-sustained in "the range" (the forest), takes to eating corn as soon as he has made it; and, in a word, corn is the beginning and corn the end; in corn the settler—when ceasing for a time to be the "mover" he *does* settle—"lives, and moves, and has his being."

To corn-making, then, along with the rest, it is averred that Master Houston fell. Very greatly do we doubt the fact; for, through whatever legend is sung to us about his aversion to school, his heroic determination to learn Latin and Greek or to learn nothing, the tyranny of his brothers, his repugnance to the counter, and finally his escape to the happiness of aboriginal freedom, from which he only recurs to civilization when he has become nakeder than the supine savage himself likes to be, we see, or think we see, the honest, homely, familiar truth: namely, that Sam's was a case of what Dryden calls "a lasting make, like that of thoughtless men;" unapt of brain and ease-loving of body, so that he could not learn, yet would not work, and had, in short, the "strong nativity" of early worthlessness, and incurable distaste for exertion and therefore for obedience (because they who obey must work and make themselves useful), and a fixed aversion to honest acts and respectable habits. Everybody perfectly comprehends the real moral of fables like those with which these ingenious historians would amuse us; no soul so simple as not to see through such strong symptoms of the scamp, the "young loafer;" and as for all the fal-lal, presently to come, about a man's running away from a decent home, in order to consort with Indians, all the world understands entirely *that* phenomenon—knows that it never occurs except with men whom not the pretended *romance* of savage life (heard of only in the foolish books of a few Frenchmen) has attracted, but the mere license of living unshamed by decency, unfettered by law, disenthralled of every duty, an almost irresponsible outcast even in the savage society upon which one has thrown himself. The maturer manners of Mr. Houston are a little too notorious for anybody not to conceive the impulses which repeatedly led him to *Indianize* himself.

But we are anticipating; and this mythological part of our worthy's career is too deliciously told not to be given in the words of the text.

"There was an academy established in that part of East Tennessee about this time, and he went to it for a while, just after Hon. Mr. Jarnagin, who now represents his State in the U. S. Senate, had left it. He had got possession in some way, of two or three books, which had a great power over his imagination. No boy ever



reads well till he feels a thirst for intelligence, and no surer indication is needed that this period has come, than to see the mind directed towards those gigantic heroes who rise like spectres from the ruins of Greece and Rome, towering high and clear above the darkness and gloom of the Middle Ages. He had, among other works, Pope's Iliad, which he read so constantly, we have been assured on the most reliable authority, he could repeat it almost entire from beginning to end."

Here, then, is the Homeric question—the possibility that a rhapsodist should learn the whole Iliad by heart—set at rest forever! Now, such is our faith in Mr. Lester, and "the most reliable authority," (to wit, the tenacious General in person,) that we will take with the latter any moderate wager that he cannot, for his life, recite ten consecutive lines of Pope's Homer. Nay, we will give him twelve calendar months, and he shall not be able, even with the assistance of Professor Gouraud, to commit to memory the book only (the 2d) which contains the catalogue of the ships and forces, at which we remember to have seen a youth of very tenacious memory (whom we must not more particularly indicate) stick, in a wild boyish undertaking to get the Iliad, as he had previously done some other pretty long poems, by heart.

Other facts as egregious next ensue: the narrative proceeds:

"His imagination was now fully awakened, and his emulation began to be stirred. Reading translations from Latin and Greek soon kindled his desire to study those *primal* languages; and so decided did this propensity become, that on being refused when he asked the master's permission, he turned on his heel, and declared solemnly that he would never recite another lesson of any other kind while he lived; and from what we have been able to learn of his history, we think it very probable that he kept his word most sacredly! But he had gathered from the classic world more through Pope's Iliad than many a ghostly book-worm, who has read Euripides or Æschylus among the solemn ruins of the Portico itself. He had caught the "wonted fire" that still "lives in the ashes" of their heroes, and his future life was to furnish the materials of an epic more wondrous than many a man's whose name has become immortal."

What an amazing thirst for literature! What a violence and voracity of love for knowledge! The dominie of the school will not teach him Latin and

Greek; and so he proudly determines that he will learn no more of anything! Are dominies accustomed so cruelly to balk the learned longings of such pupils? of pupils who had got the Iliad by heart? Let your marvels, O ingenious mythologists! be more specious. Remember the Horatian rule, or that of your fellow-fabulist Gay, and—

"Least men suspect your tale untrue,  
Keep probability in view."

But consider, now, one plain question: suppose that a teacher so wayward—a teacher averse to the reputation and the profit of forming a scholar so strenuous—had really been found? Was he the only one in the world? If he would not (though that was his vocation) teach the vehement Sam, why, somebody else would. Nay, for that matter, the vehement Sam might have taught himself, as Burritt, the blacksmith, Heyne, the starving child of a hand-weaver, Alexander Murray, the shivering shepherd boy upon a Scotch hill, and multitudes more have done, in the bosom of ignorance, and in the depths of penury and toil. In knowledge, there never was a will but there was a way. The passion for it, once kindled, never was thus put-out by the first little whiff of a difficulty; difficulties, on the contrary, only blow it up to a flame. Such lofty aspirations as are here alleged of Master Houston, are never seen—unless they were mere braggadocio and fustian—to pass at once into the stolid resolution henceforth to learn nothing. In short, the whole thing is a fiction, in probability quite below the inventions in Fairy Tales, and utterly incapable of winning upon the credulity of anybody that does not hang in childish wonder over the exploits of Prince Prettyman, the strangely-got wit of Riquet with the Tuft, and the courtly tact and *savoir-vivre* of Puss in Boots.

To this beautiful passage in the adventurer's literary life succeeds one equally admirable in his social. The family had settled, it will be recollected, upon the very selvage of civilization—within eight miles of the Indian border. All the world knows what such a frontier is; that the advanced guard of the better race and the rear-guard of barbarism are, morally, of much the same material; that opposite principles mix and are lost there, in a sort of twilight, what the French call *ni chien ni loup*—"neither dog nor wolf;" it is not day, it is not even

honest night ; but whatever is worst in either, mingles. Here, contest had ceased, arms were at an end ; it was no longer the bold pioneer thrusting back, with superior arms and more regular valor, the Indian brave ; but peace had intervened, and the white man's whiskey, and the white man's fraud, were finishing, upon the dispirited and debased savage of the confines, the work of destruction. At such a time, the barbarians on either side are distinguishable by little but the color of the skin ; refugees from the retreating manners on the one side and from the advancing authorities on the other, swarm upon the debatable ground. Such was, necessarily, the position of things ; yet evidently it was too good for the future Texan revolutionist. There was too much law on his side of the border, he must get to the other. Accordingly, the next events of his career are the following :

" His elder brothers seem to have crossed his wishes occasionally, and by a sort of fraternal tyranny quite common, exercised over him some severe restraints. At last they compelled him to go into a merchant's store, and stand behind the counter. This kind of life he had little relish for, and he suddenly disappeared. A great search was made for him, but he was nowhere to be found for several weeks. At last intelligence reached the family that Sam had crossed the Tennessee river, and gone to live among the Indians, where, from all accounts, he seemed to be living much more to his liking. They found him and began to question him on the motives for this novel proceeding. Sam was now, although so very young, nearly six feet high, and standing straight as an Indian. He coolly replied that " he preferred measuring deer tracks to tape—that he liked the wild liberty of the red man better than the tyranny of his own brothers, and if he could not study Latin in the academy, he could, at least, read a translation from the Greek in the woods, and read it in peace. So they could go home as soon as they liked.

" His family, however, thinking this a freak from which he would soon recover when he got tired of the Indians, gave themselves no uneasiness about him. But week after week passed away, and Sam did not make his appearance. At last his clothes were worn out, and he returned to be refitted. He was kindly received by his mother, and for a while his brothers treated him with due propriety. But the first act of tyranny they showed drove him to the woods again, where he passed entire months with his Indian mates, chasing the

deer through the forest with a fleetness little short of their own, engaging in all those gay sports of the happy Indian boys, and wandering along the banks of the streams by the side of some Indian maiden, sheltered by the deep woods, conversing in that universal language which finds its sure way to the heart. From a strange source we have learned much of his Indian history during these three or four years, and in the absence of facts it would be no difficult matter to fancy what must have been his occupations. It was the moulding period of life, when the heart, just charmed into the fevered hopes and dreams of youth, looks wistfully around on all things for light and beauty—" when every idea of gratification fires the blood and flashes on the fancy—when the heart is vacant to every fresh form of delight, and has no rival engagements to withdraw it from the importunities of a new desire." The poets of Europe, in fancying such scenes, have borrowed their sweetest images from the wild idolatry of the Indian maiden. Houston has since seen nearly all there is in life to live for, and yet he has been heard to say that, as he looks back over the waste of life, there's nothing half so sweet to remember as this sojourn he made among the untutored children of the forest.

" And yet this running wild among the Indians, sleeping on the ground, chasing wild game, making love to Indian maidens, and reading Homer's Iliad withal, seemed a pretty strange business, and people used to say that Sam Houston would either be a great Indian chief, or die in the mad-house, or be Governor of the State—for it was certain that some dreadful thing would overtake him !"

Oh ! the dear, delightful visionary, who goes sentimentalizing among squaws and scalps, and for two years finds the Golden Age amongst an Indian horde ! The romantic Houston, then, only ran away, after all, to play Celadon among the Choctaws, to seek Chickasaw Amoryllises, an Arcadian innocence among the Kickapoos ! How pleasant a system this, of turning man's turpitudes into glories ! But really Messrs. Houston and Lester ! if you have imposed upon yourselves with such a version of facts as this, you are more easily taken in than anybody else will be. Since the time of Rousseau's gymnosophists, his sages in a state of Nature, his politeness and virtue gotten by going naked, nobody believes in such drivelling as you have just favored us with. People have quite ceased nowadays to mix up pastorals with tomahawks, and to figure to themselves any very nice romance among tribes that

burn each other at the stake. Possibly, in his exceeding shallowness, Mr. Lester may credit such paltry fictions, but his principal cannot: for he, bred upon the frontier, knows perfectly well that there, with the *Real* before men's eyes—the vices, the degradation, the drunkenness, the filth, the fleas, the hideous squaw, her ugly little wretch of a papoose, and all that is at once miserable and revolting in Indian life—neither he nor anybody else, face to face with it, ever entertained, for one instant, any of the egregious ideas which Master Houston is now pretended to have attached to it. The extreme only of Lester's folly and his hero's impudence could have attempted to palm upon the world so gross a fabrication.

One thing there is, however, of quite artful in the *Houstoniad*: the epic of quarrels at home and running away is relieved, now by the didactic of swearing he'll learn no more,\* now by the romance of "keeping store," and now by the pastoral of courting squaws in the woods: so that there is a charming diversity of incident; one is startled, at every step, with an event the very last that anybody's fancy could have conjectured. Such a one is the next that arrives. Sam gets tired of the Indians, or the Indians of Sam; and he turns—what would our readers suppose? But no: we will not be cruel and put them upon the useless task of guessing. We will explain. Sam, it will be remembered, had—Mr. Lester avows—had, in all, six months of instruction, before the migration of his mother to East Tennessee: there, he went to an academy "for a while"—a very brief while, so far as intimations of the period can be collected from Sam's own story: but disgusted, presently, by his pedagogue's refusing to make a mighty Hellenist, a profound Greek of him, Sam attests all the Infernal Powers of Night and blackest Erebus, in a huge Homeric oath, (for Sam swore always in a style the most Homeric,) that *he will learn nothing more*. In this just, this fervid, this enlightened resolution,

he seems, through all the intellectual tribulations and temptations of selling tape for some months and of turning regular savage for some years, to have persevered: for his biographer—or rather himself—averts that his oath was "kept most sacredly."† What, then, more fit, more natural, or even more necessary, than that a genius so endowed by Nature, and so perfected by study, should at length cease to withhold from mankind the vast accumulations of his wisdom? What wonder, in brief, that one so made to be the enlightener of his country should at last (as Halleck says of the Highlanders)

Put on pantaloons and coat,  
And leave off cattle-stealing,

as also actually set up school-keeping? 'Tis true that the erudite Sam had, in a literary huff, bound himself, under vast imprecations, to remain forever in all the gloomy grandeur of magnanimous ignorance, illiterate and sublime, a self-devoted dunce: but what then? He had sworn for himself, not for others, and to be eternally a blockhead, but by no means that he would not establish a minor university of his own. So, as we have said, and as Mr. Lester shall presently sing, Sam opened an academy of his own. We have seen, thus far, how invincible was his partiality for ease, bodily and mental: 'twas this, no doubt, that invited him to the new vocation; for what easier life could man desire than merely to teach all that Sam Houston could pretend to know? Let Mr. Lester, however, tell the thing in his own inimitable way.

"This wild life among the Indians lasted till his eighteenth year. He had, during his visits once or twice a year to his family to be refitted in his dress, purchased many little articles of taste or utility to use among the Indians. In this manner, he had incurred a debt which he was bound in honor to pay. To meet this engagement, he had no other resource left but to abandon his "dusky companions," and teach the children of pale-faces. As may naturally be supposed, it was no easy matter for him to get a school, and on the

\* An oath which, Mr. Lester pleasantly assures us, was kept most religiously: and, indeed, it was probably easy for him to keep.

† Mr. Lester appears satisfied that H. has never perjured himself as to this vow. Now, there is but one way of judging, in such a case: if H. in his utmost intellectual efforts—his senatorial speeches, for instance—exhibits no more capacity nor information than an excessively ill-educated boy of 15 might naturally have, then is H. guiltless of breaking this oath. Mr. Lester has heard his statesmanship, has considered his oratory; and infers his innocence of having learnt anything since he was 15. We ourselves most heartily concur.

first start, the enterprise moved very slowly. But as the idea of abandoning anything on which he had once fixed his purpose, was no part of his character, he persevered, and in a short time he had more scholars to turn away, than he had at first to begin with. He was also paid what was considered an exorbitant price. Formerly, no master had hinted above \$6 per annum. Houston, who probably thought that one who had been graduated at an Indian university ought to hold his lore at a dearer rate, raised the price to \$8—one-third to be paid in corn, delivered at the mill, at 33½ cents per bushel—one-third in cash, and one-third in domestic cotton cloth, of variegated colors, in which our Indian Professor was dressed. He also wore his hair behind, in a snug queue, and is said to have been very much in love with it, probably from an idea that it added somewhat to the adornment of his person—in which, too, he probably was sadly mistaken.

“When he had made money enough to pay his debts, he shut up school, and went back to his old master, to study. He put Euclid into his hands. He carried that ugly, unromantic book back and forth to and from the school a few days, without trying to solve even so much as the first problem, and then he came to the very sensible conclusion, that he would never try to be a scholar!”

Of this ingenious piece of history, from the first fact to the last—the extraordinary auspices under which he becomes a highly successful preceptor, and the unparalleled catastrophe which closes a career of learning so prodigious—we hold it fit that each man should, according to the measure of facile faith with which Heaven has blessed him, believe just as much or as little as likes him. For our part, we avow that we nourish a profound conviction of the exact authenticity of the story of the queue. Possibly it was, strictly speaking, a scalp-lock, assumed among his polite associates, his

‘Feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves,’ as Gray says (you know), General Houston. But, queue or scalp-lock, there was little in it to be ashamed of, especially for a young gentleman who had so early disencumbered himself of all those sickening forms and vile hypocrisies (as Mr. Lester considers them) which white men (as he profoundly remarks) are absurd enough to think as mannerly as the style of the woods and as respectable as going naked. The aspiring Houston had gone half-way back to Monboddos men: why, then, not finish the journey and put

on a tail? Besides, let not the modern dignity of the queue be undervalued: it was yet, in 1813, a main party designation: its presence marked the avowed Federalist—its absence, the Democrat—and was quite as good a test of public principles as any that has more newly distinguished the latter creed. And, finally, as to its seemliness, its danger of provoking derision, Mr. Houston cannot have made half the mountebank figure in it that he did when, to draw the vulgar eye upon him, he figured habitually for the boys in the streets of Washington, and even at his senatorian seat, in a party-colored Mexican poncho—a vesture about as fit for his age or his place as it would have been to sit, in Indian nudity, painted, shoeless and shirtless.

We pass over minor probabilities: that, being too lazy to hunt like other Indians, he had, though supplied with clothes by his poor deserted mother, gone in debt “for articles of taste:” that people were found to trust him: his solicitude (seldom seen since) to pay his debts: the very likely way of liquidating them with his learning: the literary reputation which enabled him to obtain higher rates of tuition than ever were before known in that region: the encomium of his invincible perseverance, already so admirably illustrated in his previous enterprises of erudition, and yet again to be delightfully manifested in his tremendous attempt upon Euclid: and, finally, his secession from the mighty task of illuminating the minds of all others; his doughty resolution to learn something himself; his return to that very master who had heretofore driven him to such a cruel extremity, by the refusal of Greek and Latin; the new misfortune of that terrible book, Euclid; how he carried it, for “several days,” unopened, in his hand; and how, after that severe trial of his wits, even his indefatigable, invincible perseverance gave way, and he “came to the very sensible conclusion” that

“Proud science *smiled* not on his humble birth,”

and that, in a word, he “would never make a scholar:” upon which profound discovery, he posted off to the nearest recruiting station, took the bounty, and enlisted as a common soldier in the U. S. Infantry. This disposal of himself seems (as one might have surmised) to have been viewed by the public around with more than their usual complacency, and



less than their usual astonishment at his acts; in fact, according to his biographer, nobody looked for anything else. Now, every one knows what the standing of a young man must be, on whom all the neighborhood counts as certain to be enlisted, the first time Sergeant Kite shall come along his way: the fact of such an expectation stamps his reputation as that of a lazy, disorderly, good-for-nothing fellow; and this—disregarding all the trumpery of Mr. Lester about the mortification of his friends and the heroism of his mother—is the plain substance of Houston's own account of the event.

"This was in 1813. But fortunately an event now took place which was to decide his fate.

"The bugle had sounded, and for the second time, America was summoned to measure her strength with the Mistress of the Seas. A recruiting party of the United States Army came to Maryville, with music, a banner, and some well-dressed sergeants. Of course, young Houston enlisted—anybody could have guessed as much. His friends said he was ruined—that he must by no means join the army as a common soldier. He then made his first speech, as far as we can learn:—'And what have your craven souls to say about *the ranks*?—Go to ——— with your stuff; I would much sooner honor the ranks, than disgrace an appointment. You don't know me now, but you shall hear of me.'

"His old friends and acquaintances, considering him hopelessly disgraced, cut his acquaintance at once. His mother gave her consent, standing tall and matronly in the door of her cottage, as she handed her boy the musket: 'There, my son, take this musket,' she said, 'and never disgrace it: for remember, I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave, than that one of them should turn his back to save his life. Go, and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to brave men, it is eternally shut against cowards.'

We have little doubt that—except the chasm to be filled with a word not always held the properest for "ears polite"—the "maiden speech" thus given is faithfully reported—especially as the orator is himself evidently the reporter.

We proceed to his military life. It appears that he was, by and by, in camp, promoted to a sergeantcy, and afterwards to an ensigncy; and that his regiment (the 39th) was brought into action, for the first and last time while he was in it, at the battle, or rather slaughter, of the Horse-Shoe; where, as our readers will

of course remember, General Jackson attacked, with artillery, and about 2,000 men, half that number of Creek warriors, posted behind a breastwork of logs, drawn across the neck of the peninsula. While the main body of Gen. J.'s troops drew up to storm the wall from without the isthmus, another large force, under General Coffee, succeeded in crossing the river, so as to fall upon the Indian rear—which manœuvre executed, the rest of the affair (the Indians being beset on all sides) could be, of necessity, nothing but either a surrender, or (as it became) a massacre.

The main body destined to carry this Indian line of defences included the 39th regiment, and had been held back until the firing of those penetrating within the peninsula should give them the signal for the onset. The part of the combat in which Houston figures must be related in his own version only, set off with Mr. Lester's idiom:

"When General Jackson's troops heard the firing and saw the smoke, they knew that their companions had crossed the river, and they were impatient to storm the breast-works. But the general held them steady in their lines till he had sent an interpreter to remove all the women and children in the peninsula, amounting to several hundreds, to a safe place beyond the river. The moment this was effected, he gave an order to storm the breast-works. The order was received with a shout, and the 39th Regiment, under Col. Williams, and Gen. Doherty's brigade of East Tennesseans, rushed up with loud cries to the breast-work, where a short but bloody struggle followed at the port-holes, bayonet to bayonet and muzzle to muzzle. Major Montgomery was the first man to spring upon the breast-works, but a ball in the head hurled him back. About the same instant, on the extreme right of the 39th Regiment, Ensign Houston scaled the breast-works, calling out to his brave fellows to follow him as he leaped down among the Indians, cutting his way.

"While he was scaling the works, or soon after he reached the ground, a barbed arrow struck deep into his thigh. He kept his ground for a moment till his lieutenant and men were by his side, and the warriors had begun to recoil under their desperate onset. He then called to his lieutenant to extract the arrow, after he had tried in vain to do it himself. The officer made two unsuccessful attempts and failed. 'Try again,' said Houston, the sword with which he was still keeping the command raised over his head, 'and if you fail this time I will smite you to the earth.' With a desperate effort he drew forth the arrow,



tearing the flesh as it came. A stream of blood rushed from the place, and Houston crossed the breast-works to have his wounds dressed. The surgeon bound it up and staunched the blood, and General Jackson, who came up to see who had been wounded, recognizing his young ensign, ordered him firmly not to return. Under any other circumstances Houston would have obeyed any order from the brave man who stood over him, but now he begged the general to allow him to return to his men. General Jackson ordered him most peremptorily not to cross the breast-works again. But Houston was determined to die in that battle or win the fame of a hero. He remembered how the finger of scorn had been pointed at him as he fell into the ranks of the recruiting party that marched through the village, and rushing once more to the breast-works, he was in a few seconds at the head of his men."

This feat of fiction being such as the strongest man must pause to take breath after, we have a brief interval, during which Mr. Houston is not "pierced deep" with arrows, nor torn to strings of flesh by wrenching the weapons out against their barbs, nor in the hands of the surgeon, nor in those of General Jackson, nor getting himself shot again: but presently, of course, he is destroyed again, in a much more thorough manner. The savages are cut or shot down everywhere but at a single point.

"But the victory was still incomplete—the work of slaughter was not yet done. A large party of Indians had secreted themselves in a part of the breast-works, constructed over a ravine in the form of the roof of a house, with narrow port-holes, from which a murderous fire could be kept up, whenever the assailants should show themselves. Here the last remnant of the Creek warriors of the peninsula was gathered, and as the artillery could not be brought to bear upon the place, they could be dislodged only by a bold charge, which would probably cost the life of the brave men who made it

"An offer of life, if they would surrender, had been rejected with scorn by these brave, desperate savages, which sealed their fate. General Jackson now called for a body of men to make the charge. As there was no order given, the lines stood still, and not an officer volunteered to lead the forlorn hope. Supposing some captain would lead forward his company, Houston would wait no longer. Calling on his platoon to follow him, he dashed down the precipitous descent towards the covered ravine. But his men hesitated. With a desperation which belongs only to such occasions, he seized a musket from one of his

men, and, leading the way, ordered the rest to follow him. There was but one way of attack that could prevail—it was to charge through the port-holes, although they were bristling with rifles and arrows, and it had to be done by a rapid, simultaneous plunge. As he was stooping to rally his men, and had levelled his musket, within five yards of the port-holes, he received two rifle-balls in his right shoulder, and his arm fell shattered to his side. Totally disabled, he turned and called once more to his men, and implored them to make the charge. But they did not advance. Houston stood in his blood till he saw it would do no good to stand any longer, and then went beyond the range of the bullets, and sank down exhausted to the earth. The Indians were at last dislodged from the covered ravine by its being set on fire. The sun was going down, and it set over the ruin of the Creek nation. Where, but a few hours before, a thousand brave savages had scowled on death and their assailants, there was nothing to be seen but volumes of dense smoke, rising heavily over the corpses of painted warriors, and the burning ruins of their fortifications."

We have never seen any other account of Mr. Houston's feats or "hair-breadth escapes" in the battle of the Horseshoe: he himself stands, we presume, the sole authority for these egregious exploits, and Mr. Consul Lester for their sole blazoner. If anybody can contrive, with his utmost effort at the preposterous, to invent what shall seem a fiction, bolder and more impudent than the *first*, or more merely stupid than the *second* of these performances (that of the arrow, we mean, and that of H.'s charging, all alone by himself, upon the "covered ravine,") we pronounce him, without hesitation, to be worthy to have travelled with Munchausen, to have sailed with Ferdinand Mendez Pinto; nay, soaring above modern degeneracy in fibbing, to have challenged all ancient Crete, although there the act of telling "houncers" was, even in "*Græcia mendax*," confessed to be carried to its perfection. If such a master in the fabulous can be found, and he can bring himself to forego singing of arms and heroes and will "touch the lyre" of peace with so bold a hand, who knows but that he may be employed to negotiate the next Oregon treaty, or even to write the President's next Annual Message?

Now, it may be true that Houston was slightly hurt by an arrow, in the storming of the Indian wall; and that after

wards, in an attack upon the "covered ravine," he was severely wounded by a bullet; but all beyond this is such, and so told, as to cast the most violent discredit even upon the few facts stated which are, in the nature of things, feasible. In the first place, although the hero himself is but the lowest commissioned officer in his company, he is distinctly made to be in command of the whole. Nay, the lieutenant is set before us, as submitting, under the threat of instant death, to a command the most insane that Bedlam itself could have issued. Thus *one* superior officer appears, even in Houston's own tale: but what had become of the rest?—the Captain?—the two other lieutenants (for, in that day, every Company of the Line had *three* lieutenants)? How, then, could Houston have threatened, "with the uplifted sword with which *he* was keeping the command," to cut down his superior officer, because he did not tear, "deep out of his thigh," a bearded shaft? What did he want that amazing surgical operation performed for? Well, after all, he *must* have had his head full of the *Iliad* or *Paradise Lost*; for 'tis in them only that one reads how, no matter how pierced or cloven, the flesh of celestials (Mars, Satan, and the like) reunites and is whole, as soon as the weapon is withdrawn. Such a wound as H. here fables of would, even without the plucking-out of the arrow-head by main force, have instantly disabled anything but a Homeric God and rendered all personal locomotion impossible: but Houston, as if more than a god, adds the disruption to the wound, climbs the wall like a rope-dancer, gets his torn tendons and muscles mended by the doctor; and lo! leaping the wall again, at a bound, (like the pagan in Ariosto, Rodomont, from whose enormous brags comes the word *rodomontade*,) he is again in the thick of the fight: not (as it well appears) to do anything sane or serviceable, nor even to hurt any opposite foeman; but only for the excellent and useful purpose of receiving fresh wounds, as senselessly earned as the first was stupidly treated.

So much for the main points of story No. 1: and now for achievement No. 2. Had General Jackson called only for a

platoon of men, without crow-bars, mattocks, or any instrument in the smallest degree fit for breaking a way into a strong, close work of logs, guarded by a large body of Indians bent on selling their lives as dear as possible, and only to be got at through loop-holes? They must have shot down, at their ease, forty such successive platoons, every man of them. Less than a number equal to that of the defenders could not have been sent to the attack, unless to get them all killed. But Houston did not command more than the fourth of *one* Company; and *not that* independently of his captain and lieutenants: he was in the Regular Service, in which little military freedoms like this of breaking the ranks just when one likes are not tolerated. The movement itself is executed, in this ludicrous onset, as totally without plan or purpose as it is undertaken without subordination: the gentleman in the dismembered thigh outstrips his whole-limbed platoon so much as to make, in effect, only a single-handed assault, with his sword, upon a wall of loop-holes bristling with rifles; and, after getting himself shot, at somewhere about arm's-length, deliberately walks off again, to be put upon the doctor's books for the remainder of the war: for this is his first field and his last, as a soldier of the United States. Here ends his military career, in this country, except certain exploits of the bludgeon, hereafter to be commemorated. A brief civil service, partly Congressional—the latter utterly undistinguished, except by the fact that, dumb within the Capitol, his debaucheries and ribaldry were its disgrace without, in days when yet the House of Representatives *could* be disgraced—ensues; then the conjugal outrage which, while Governor of his State, drove him forth an outlaw; next, his second naturalization among savages more congenial to his habits. All these may be very briefly dispatched, when we shall perhaps resume his life, in order to examine its greater events—the Texan part of his history.

Mightiest of magnanimous men! most deserving of worthies! thou fag-end of False Heroism! for the present adieu!

IL SECRETARIO.

## THE UNKNOWN OLD MAN IN THE MOUNTAIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH, BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

BY SAML. SPRING.

DEEP night lay upon the mountains. The outlines of their peaks could alone be distinguished, drawn in relief against the somewhat lighter heavens, and at times a thick grove, of vast overhanging oaks, beech, or fir trees, which, in their strange forms, when stirred by the night wind, appeared more like giants than like trees.

Thus at least, it seemed to a young man who, about two hundred years ago, returned to his old home in the Hartz forest, from a journey into foreign lands, which he had undertaken for the purpose of perfecting himself in his noble craft, which was that of an armorer. The cottage of his father, an honest collier, could not be more than a league farther up the mountain. During the five years of his absence, many things seemed to have changed in the Hartz. Or it might be that he himself had changed, and thus things around him appeared much more altered than they actually were.

Be this as it may, however, seen through the gloom of night, the path which he trod, on a sudden, appeared fearfully strange to him. He could have wept aloud, like a child lost in the night and mist.

And still, at times again, everything around him looked so kindly and familiarly upon him. "O heavens!" he sighed, "the joy, the feeling that I am at home, start up suddenly before me, and then vanish, like the sparks from a forge, and I cannot grasp them!"

Overcome by the toils of his long day's journey, and still more by a keen feeling of sadness which mastered him at these words, he sank down upon a heap of stones which were almost hidden by the tall grass. But then, at once starting lustily up, he said:

"Joy is God's favorite messenger to man, and home is the stay and prop of life. No flickering sparks are they. So, then! freshly and gaily onward, good heart!"

He now resumed his walk briskly up the mountain, humming songs between

his teeth; now, some old ballad of his childhood, now, new and strange ones, which he had learned in foreign lands.

"Have a care with the stuff!" said some one close behind him. He turned, and beheld a little old man who had probably followed him for some time unobserved.

The young man, with that almost frightful violence, which at times surprises even brave men at the sudden appearance of a stranger, cried out, "Who is there? Wherefore do you warn me? and against what stuff do you mean I should take care?"

"Against the singing," replied the old man, coldly. "Against inward singing, I mean especially. For, in good sooth, so long as you sing it out into the open air, you will thwart others therewith more than yourself. But when the sound is within yourself, unheard by all men, unheard even by your own outward senses, but to your inward sense and self is a constant companion, even in your slumbers, even in your faintest dreams—then the thing is much more serious and dangerous."

"And still," said Barthold, (thus was the young man called,)—"still such a condition appears to me rather enviable than fearful."

"That depends upon the songs," replied the old man. "There are some that make us first mad, and then dead. So has it in part fared with me, although I was ever more of a soldier than a singer."

"Yet you live still," said the youth, filled with strange terror.

"A little," said the old man, "and even that little only for a few hours. When, to wit, a truly living being has rested upon my grave, as you did a moment gone, then it trickles in my cold breast, like a soft sun stream, and like a warm breeze in the first days of May. And when the guest goes onward again—man or beast—I arise and follow him a little way. Wolves and boars commonly take it ill, and bite and strike, howl and grunt fearfully. But still I follow

after them, and they cannot touch me with their teeth and tusks. Stags and roes, on the other hand, run in wild terror through the forest before me, but with a leap I am upon their backs, and though they dash beneath the thickest branches to sweep me off, I sit firm, and take no hurt. Many a slender roe has thus plunged over the cliffs, and many a lofty stag has beaten his head to pieces against the giant trunks of the forest. But nimble and sound, I leap up from the fall like a goblin. Yet I return to my grave weeping. That men have done to me, and magic. But the inward singing also."

And he wrapped his face in his dark and tattered garment, and it seemed to the youth as if he heard him sob softly.

He was then moved with compassion for the gray-haired maniac, for he could think him nought else, and he said with a voice and gesture of encouragement: "Go now to rest, thou poor distempered creature, and seek me at noon to-morrow in my father's dwelling. We will then all take counsel together."

But the little old man laughed sadly. "At noon to-morrow? By early dawn I must leave thee, or at latest by sunrise, and I cannot seek thee again before midnight; or rather, I cannot seek thee at all, unless thou comest again to rest upon my grave. But that thou wilt probably never do."

"It does not seem likely," laughed Barthold, his youthful gaiety returning. "For the present, I need neither a companion nor a guide. So then, good night!"

"I wish it to us both," said the little old man. "What is right for one of us, is certainly so for the other. For until the morning twilight, I shall continue thine inseparable companion, constant even as the sullen mother Night. Conduct thyself toward me as thou wilt, I shall still go with thee!"

"Against my will wilt thou venture it?" said the youth in a threatening tone.

And the old man replied: "Yet the hateful singing ventured, and still ventures it even so with me!"

Barthold knew not what to reply to the strange old man. The two, side by side, walked on in silence and in haste. No one could have supposed that the shrunken and shrivelled old man could thus keep pace with the tall and vigorous youth. It excited Barthold's wonder

also, and the fears which he had suppressed stirred anew within his bosom.

In order to banish it by cheerful discourse, he began: "You seem to be well acquainted here in the mountains. Do you know my father, the honest collier, Gottfried Wahrmond."

The old man started fearfully, and exclaimed in furious tones: "No, no! Ei no! I do not—I do not know him. Ei no! Do not suspect me of such"—

The indignant youth then cried: "You may be mad at your own cost, strange comrade, as much as seems good to you, but leave my father's honor and fair name—'tis for your own sake I counsel you—leave these out of your mummery, if you would walk with me in safety."

The little old man laughed—but it sounded also like a painful gasping and groaning—and he said: "Alas! alas! why make this little life so wearisome, both to yourself and others? I speak nothing ill and black of your dear mountain father. I will simply confess to you that I fear him beyond measure. Is that abuse? So far as I am concerned, I wish all men felt thus toward me."

"I wish no such thing. I wish that all men loved me!" replied Barthold, quickly. He did not observe how, at these words, the dark form glided behind him, shaking its head. For the stars shone joyfully to the young man's eye, and his spirit rose swelling with mysterious emotion up toward the blue heaven.

But the old man began now to laugh again, and said: "Thou art not the first star-gazer, probably, who has fallen into a well. Just gaze before thee, for example," and then, with a scream, he added, "Where dost thou stand, boy?"

Barthold, greatly startled, cast his eyes to the ground, and saw that he was walking close along the edge of a dizzy precipice. So sudden was his alarm, that it required an exertion of his utmost strength to keep himself from falling into the abyss below; he was obliged, indeed, to grasp the branch of a fir tree, by the aid of which, he hastily swung himself upon the moss within the secure shadow of the trees. When he had recovered his powers again, he said, laughing:

"Well, I must say this, comrade, you have a peculiar manner of warning a fellow-traveller! a manner which seems, in reality, contrived to break one's neck."

It is well that I am no night-walker.\* In that case you had plunged me with your startling cry over the cliffs."

"Thou art a night-walker," said the old man, in a hollow voice. "Thou walkest, forsooth, and it is night. But so, in truth, walk all men. And if thou canst find thy whereabouts without me—*ei!* then try it once! Thy father's cottage must stand close at hand. Seek for it; I am not mocking you. Look nicely and carefully about you."

Barthold did so with intense eagerness, sure of being able to confute the disordered babble of his mad guide. But what was his astonishment, as cliff and meadow and the old pines seemed to grow so familiar to him that he could not deny that near by must stand the dwelling of his parents. He walked through the bushes, searching on all sides. He began to call upon his beloved father. No answer; no hospitable roof arose between the branches. Suddenly his foot struck against a large flat stone. Heavens! it was once his paternal hearth, now in ruins; half-charred beams lay scattered upon the ground. Shuddering, and scarcely able to speak, Barthold said with a groan, "Alas, what has happened here? Where are my dear friends? My parents, where are they? Where is their sweet foster-child, Gertrude?"

"Oh, they are alive; they are all three alive," replied the old man, "my word for it; and thou shalt, at once, see them too. But as to what has happened here; do not take it amiss, my friend, but the question seems to me somewhat silly. The old heathen god of fire, whom the learned call Vulcan, once stopped here at night as a pilgrim, with a soot-black garment closely wrapped about his shoulders. Thy parents did not know him, and let him make his bed comfortably upon a couch of hay and straw in the barn. Bad dreams came upon him in the night, as often happens to him, and with this he started up in all the pomp and glow of his mighty nature, broke in the roof with his head, and with his arms dashed the rafters in pieces, and with his foot stamped the hearth deep into the earth. Hereupon house and barn vanished, and thy worthy friends dwell in a cavern not far from here. But he who was the messenger of the Fire-God in this strange business—see, good friend, that was I."

Barthold, drawing from his scabbard

his well-tempered blade, the work of his own hands, turned upon the author of the mischief. The latter made not a motion of self-defence, and as is usually the case with brave men under such circumstances, this behavior checked the arm of the indignant youth.

The old man then said, "If you kill me because I was Vulcan's messenger to your dear friends, I cannot now be your guide to them, and you yourself would find them upon the earth never, and never more, in sooth."

Barthold, with a shudder, thrust the blade into its sheath again, and said, "Lead me to them then! Onward!"

The little old man hurried quickly from the desolate ruins; he himself seemed seized with deep terror. They went onward upon a rocky path, close along the edge of the precipice, until they stood before a high cavern in the face of the rock, which was overshadowed by gloomy firs.

"Hold!" said his guide, in a low voice. "Here dwell thy dear ones. But do not shout aloud in thy excessive joy; thou wouldst else startle them. They have now grown a little timid, but that is in part my fault. Yet it is better that thou shouldst find them a little singular than not find them at all. Dost not think so?"

"But show them to me!" said Barthold, wishfully, although at the same time, he felt his hair stand erect from a feeling of horror that he could not comprehend.

Striking steel and stone together three times with a solemn gesture, the old man lighted the little horn lantern, which he carried concealed beneath his mantle, and with outstretched arm held it within the mouth of the cave.

Something white stirred therein, as if upon a bed of moss.

"That is thy mother!" said the old man; "but, as I said, wait a little; let her come to her senses by degrees; otherwise, nothing good will happen from it. She might, from excess of joy, dash thee down the precipice at our heels. She often behaves frightfully wild, since I brought Vulcan into the house in the guise of a courteous guest. And seest thou, above yonder in the second story—it may seem to thee, perhaps, like a projection of the rock—there dwells thy parent's foster-child, the dear, sweet Ger-

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\* *Nachtwandler*—Sleep-walker.



trude. Yes, she makes her bed high and solitary, in maidenly wise. Mark, what a strange, gray night-dress she has put on! When you marry her, you need not purchase costly garments for her, for by night she is contented with this dark attire, and by day she scarcely ever leaves the hall. Hark! she stirs. Hei, she sees that her bridegroom comes, and she flutters toward him. Hei, see!"

And a large horned owl, disturbed by the glare of the light, flew down from her nest in the cavern wall, and dashed wildly against the lantern, breaking it in pieces and extinguishing the light, while a white roe started up from its lair, and rushed madly by the two men. Half howling, half laughing, the old man called after the two creatures: "Ei, stay now! ei, come back again to your home! It is your bridegroom, fair maiden; it is your son, worthy dame, who has come to visit you."

He hearkened for a while, through the now still night. Sighing softly, he then said: "I have done wrong, to put so mischievous a spell upon them; and the worst of it all is this, I have forgotten the magic word by which I could disenchant them again. Believe me, poor youth, but for this I would gladly do it. Besides—ah me, thy father—I could not bring him back to thee, the stout collier Wahrmond. For no spell did I cast upon him. And, in sooth, he lives, as I before assured thee; but not here below any longer. I sent him to heaven by a cast of his own axe, and he will take good care, doubtless, not to return to our dark and midnight world. Ah, we may call him ever so long, and with the wisest sayings—he will not come to us again!" With these words he began to weep in silence, and sank upon his knees as if in prayer.

"Man, unhappy man!" cried Barthold, "if thou—O thou, whose presence thrills me with compassion and with terror—if thou couldst tell me, in plain human language, how and what I should pardon! truly, I would gladly do it!"

The old man groped anxiously amid the moss in the cavern. After a while he brought forth an axe, and letting its bright edge play in the beams of the rising moon, he said, in a solemn tone: "See there! that was a sharp key, that opened to thy father the abode of eternal peace. See there! his blood still cleaves to it. I cast it at him, and—woe's me! my aim was good."

The edge of the axe shone red with blood in the moonlight.

Barthold, beside himself with anger and terror, tore the frightful weapon from the stranger's hand, and swung it threatening over his head; but the latter glided backward into the gloom of the cavern and disappeared. From an immeasurable depth, the youth heard him—he knew not rightly whether laugh or weep. Barthold ran wildly forth, as if in feverish delirium, with the axe clasped convulsively in his right hand.

He sank down at last in death-like faintness upon the sweet-scented moss, by the border of a murmuring brook. A kind of sleep fell upon him. He was soon aroused again, however, by his anxiety about the fate of his parents, and that of his long-wished-for bride, as well as by the fearful thought that yon spectral old man, in case he bore a living soul within his body, had, to avoid his threatening, fallen into the abyss of the cavern, and had there miserably perished. Or was it a restless spirit that had been his fellow-traveller?

His senses were bewildered.

It now seemed to him, as if in a dream that he was lying upon a far softer couch than the moss upon which he had fallen, and as if a voice whispered near him, "He must sleep yet for three hours; then all will be well."

The voice sounded like a dear and familiar one. At the same time an odor of perfumed balsam breathed around him. Willingly yielding, he sank back into a deep and pleasant slumber; every trace of consciousness vanished from him.

When his senses returned, it seemed as if he were transported to his father's dwelling, everything around appeared so familiar to him. That, doubtless, was the old round oaken table, at which the family were accustomed to eat! There stood his mother's spinning-wheel, curiously wrought and carved. And ah, his Gertrude's lute, to which she was wont to sing so sweetly her sacred songs, hung in mild light against the wall.

Much around him, however, was changed. Instead of the little cottage windows, with the creeping winter-green, the sun now shone through a high and somewhat ruinous arched window into an apartment which resembled a hall rather than a chamber, and in place of the chirping of the merry finches in the branches of the wood without, solemn

choral music was heard as if from a neighboring chapel.

"Where am I?" he sighed at last. "Have they thought me dead, and placed me in a cathedral for interment—and does yon solemn music proclaim my funeral obsequies?"

"God forbid, my dear, my newly-found son!" echoed the soft, weeping voice of his mother, and from the head of the bed, where she had watched for his waking, the worthy dame bent fondly over his face. Refreshed by the dew of his mother's tears, as a flower by the dew of heaven, Barthold raised himself with a smile, and before him stood his father, Wahrmund, who grasped his hand heartily and said: "Up then wholly upon thy feet, as beseems a stout man, especially an armorer. He who would forge the weapons for brave deeds must bear a bold heart within his bosom, and prove it at every turn of his earthly pilgrimage. Yet think not, thou dear, long absent son, that I have spoken these words in rebuke. It is well known to me, that many a strange wonder harbors in our Hartz forest, which will disturb at times even those most familiar to them. But you have for a long while been unused to them, and besides this, were scarcely grown from boyhood when you parted from us. And that makes a serious difference. For the wonders of this old German land disclose themselves, as is but right, to those for the most part only who are not at once subdued and cast into the dust before them. They appear to the ripened youth, to the full-grown man; to weak boys seldom or never."

Barthold, who but a moment since was pale as death, now started from his couch, with a face crimson red, and cried: "How, father! The Hartz wonders were mistaken in me, then, when they approached me as a vigorous youth. For I sank overcome upon the grass, and fell into a swoon. Who was it found me there by the brook, and my shame with me?"

Collier Wahrmund replied kindly and gravely:

"It was I, my son, who found thee. But God be praised, I found no shame with thee. I brought thee hither with the help of two stout comrades of my craft. But, thank Heaven, neither now

nor ever have I carried shame into my house. That thou wast not vanquished and overthrown by yon juggling phantasms, that thou hast bravely withstood the foes of flesh and blood also, who at last probably mastered thee, as suits and beseems old Wahrmund's son—look, this is proved by the blood upon yonder axe, which thou didst hold firmly grasped in thy strong hand; so firmly that perhaps thy father's hand alone had been able to wrest the weapon from thee."

"Father," replied Barthold, while indistinct remembrance brought a shudder upon his frame, "the blood on yonder weapon is not the blood of an enemy. Ah no, it is blood very dear to us!"

"For God's sake, my son, what hast thou done?" cried his mother, weeping.

"I? Nothing which should terrify you," replied Barthold. "But the axe and he who wielded it, either years or months ago—yes, truly, the two between them have been the cause of mischief." Scanning his father more closely, and seeing a deep and still reddish scar between the gray locks upon his noble forehead, he cried, "Oh, father, the blood upon the axe is your blood in truth!"

"He has returned to us crazed!" cried his mother, and began to weep anew.

But Wahrmund said, when, after a rapid stride across the chamber, he had closely viewed the axe, "No, God be praised, he has returned in his sound senses. But it may be that he has met with things in the wood which might turn the wits of the strongest, unless aided by God's inscrutable power."

"You say truly, father," replied the young man. "You bear the fair name of Wahrmund\* this time also not in mockery. But the goblin in the wood yonder, who with his wild words and juggleries drove me into a swoon, and almost into madness, he was in truth a lying mouth. Nay, he was crazed besides, from his own story, the poor mad phantom! Listen: he imagined that he had turned you by his sorcery into beasts; you, dear mother, and oh, a young, sweet creature beside! Forgive me, but the gloom that yonder goblin breathed upon me flutters again about my head, as upon the wings of a bat. And so I will ask the question outright.

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\* Wahrmund, literally true mouth.

Tell me truly, your sweet foster child, Gertrude, she certainly is not spell-bound?"

"Ei, Barthold, compose thyself. God preserve us!" said his mother, in an almost upbraiding tone. "Do such thoughts beseem the day of thy return to us, dear son?"

"Oh, dear mother," said the youth, "you blame me very justly. But have compassion, and tell me what has become of the sweet Gertrude."

"Hark! you can hear her sing in the choir of the cloister close at hand," replied the mother, solemnly. "Our present dwelling, as you can see, stands close against the chapel."

"Has Gertrude become a nun then?" asked the youth, and covered his face with his hands.

"Oh no! oh no!" replied his mother encouragingly. "But since a great misfortune befell the cottage and farm where you were born, Barthold, the compassionate nuns of the cloister have given us an abode here, in their once splendid, but now crumbling refectory; so that by partitions we have arranged it like a little house. And as Gertrude has cause for sorrow on account of many things—on account of your long absence among the rest, my own dear son—she joins her sweet tones every morning to those of the virgins of the cloister, and thus, with her glorious voice, discharges in part the debt of gratitude we owe them."

"How sweetly it sounds!" said the youth, "as yonder hymns echo over to us from the chapel. Oh, God be praised that all I love still live, and welcome me kindly and affectionately as of old! This is indeed the fairest and the best blessing that we can enjoy here below. It is true, then, that our old home lies in ruins? Father, in that the mad goblin did not lie. A fire broke out therein?"

"That was a frightful business, my good son," said his mother. "Thou must first rest and be refreshed before it saddens thy young soul."

"Not so," said the collier Wahrmond; "suspense is worse than death. My son is a sturdy man, and will bear all that is yet in store for him; how much more than past evils, which are like subterranean passages, that look frightful so long only as no one ventures into them with a light. Besides, it is better he should know all before Gertrude returns from mass. Am I not right, wife?

Therefore, in the mean while, prepare a dinner that may render this day of happiness still happier. I will lead Barthold out into the fresh air, where the heart discloses itself more freely."

"Right!" replied the good dame. "But our dear Gertrude has, as usual, already cared for our mid-day's meal before going to mass. Let me go out with you then. When it concerns a story full of woe and anger, as in this case, a kind-hearted woman, as it seems to me, is never in the way. If she grieves a little herself as she listens, yet she soothes others, perhaps, by her presence."

"As with the free mild air of heaven, so it is with you," said her husband. "Come then." Leading wife and son by the hand, he walked with them to a shady spot in the wood. Deep stillness reigned around, interrupted only by the wind rustling through the leaves, and by the murmuring of a brook in the valley at their feet. They sat them down in the grass upon the hillside, and Father Wahrmond related as follows:

"You know, my dear son, that I received the sweet Gertrude as my foster-child, while she was yet in swaddling-clothes, a fatherless and motherless orphan, about two years after you were bestowed upon us by Heaven. But under what circumstances has not been told you. I found her lying by the brook Ilse, which then ran red with blood over its pebbly bottom; for, a short time before, a battle for life or death had been fought there against a wild and lawless scum of marauders, who marched through mountain and valley, doing hurt and mischief to all honest people, until a few dozen of sturdy fellows agreed together to attack and disperse them. Of course, I was one of the number. The field was ours. You can imagine, Barthold, with what delight I took the pretty, weeping infant, and bore it as my sole portion of the booty homeward. Whether it belonged to one of the fallen ruffians, or whether it had been stolen by the band from some noble house, with all my inquiries I was unable to discover. And thus, you two grew up together in quiet happiness. I saw a band twine itself daily about your hearts that filled my own with joy, and does so still, for it is a sacred band, and pleasing in the eyes of God. Ye separated, in truth, half betrothed, when you went forth upon your wanderings."

"Aye, truly!" cried Barthold. "But speak out quickly, father; there has no obstacle risen in the way?"

"Thou wilt hear!" said Wahrmund, with some severity.

But the mother whispered in her son's ear: "Would I have come out so cheerfully with thee if things went ill with thy dearest joy? Be still and full of hope, my only child."

And the youth smiled brightly, as the collier proceeded with his story.

"More than a year ago a stranger came into our mountains, a curious old man, who was looked upon by some as a spell-bound dwarf, by others as a money-digger, and by others, again, as a maniac. It cannot be denied that he had a little of each of these about him. His diminutive size might be owing to his great age, which oftentimes shrivels up people to mere mummies. That he spoke often and mysteriously of a treasure which he was to find here in the Hartz forest, every one knew who came much in his way. Neither can it be denied that his manner and speech smacked somewhat of madness. But thou canst remember perhaps from earlier years, and hast probably found it confirmed in thy wanderings, that the inhabitants of mountain districts, whose dealings are with the tall woods, have hearts too fresh and active, to rack their brains about the creepings of wild, entangled vines. He was left to roam about unnoticed, and I should not have heeded him, had he not often crossed my path, in a strange and sudden manner, when I was busied in the mountains. It so happened at last that I could not avoid speaking to him. 'Comrade,' I said to him one day, 'whence come you, and whither are you going?'"

"And he then had a long, sad tale of woe to repeat: how he had been robbed by a wild band of his only child; how he was wandering around to seek her—a useless torment to himself, and an object of scorn and mockery to the world. To my question, whether he looked upon me as the robber of his child, and why he so often crossed my path, he gave me no reply, except a shrug of the shoulders, accompanied by a groan of anguish, which seemed to come from the very depths of his soul. I turned away from him, overcome by an indescribable aversion. The little old man with a singular volubility, which almost caused my brain to whirl, then said, that he indeed had business with me; yet he himself knew

not rightly what it was. This was certain, however, he said: In my garden there bloomed a flower; this flower belonged of right to him, and until I had planted it upon his grave he could not revive again to true life, but must wander restlessly around, like a half-witted goblin.

"'Name to me thy flower!' I said, dreading lest the fearful man was in some way connected with our dear Gertrude. He replied with a grin: 'Aye, aye, who can say how you have baptized it? But I was a happy gardener, not far from the sunny hills of your Hartz mountains, when I possessed that flower. It was the gift of a lovely maiden, just nine moons after we were joined in holy wedlock. I was greatly pleased with the fair creature, for having bestowed upon me such a treasure. It was a token of a modest soul, of a child-like loving heart. For I was then a fellow of fifty years, and had just returned, after many a cruise and ramble, to my home; and in all my life indeed, I was never comely, as you may plainly see. But it was given to this maid to read the hearts of men, and so she read in mine that I esteemed and loved her above everything in the world, and that if I were ever to reach a cheerful old age, it could only be hand in hand with her. Then she gave me that dear hand. But scarcely had she presented me with yonder flower, when she herself returned to heaven, before I had clearly informed her how many stains of blood and fire cleaved to my poor soul from the career of my wild and warlike youth. Then, while I mourned over the departed angel, it happened that some wild Italian men, with whom I had had dealings in past times, came into this quarter, with various mad schemes in their black curly heads, to conduct which they had need of a captain. And they thought that no one could suit them better than I. But I would hear nothing of it. I wished to foster my little flower, and have nothing farther to do with the world. When I refused these people so resolutely, and they marked the reason, they, in a night of wild revelry, mingled something stupefying in my cup, and then stole the little flower from my garden, and went away with it. The next day by a secret message they gave me to understand that if I would bind myself to become their captain, I should have my flower again. But before I could resolve upon an an-

swer—my head may have suffered a little from many a pain and fright—the ruffian soldiers were attacked by you, ye sturdy mountaineers, and cut to pieces. My flower I supposed was trodden somewhat deeply into the turf—so deeply perhaps as a child's grave might reach. Then I ran all wild out into the world—at times also I have ridden, at times been borne in a carriage—but only when I was sadly wounded, after fierce fights, or sadly sick from bad dreams, or at times even dead from pain, and longing after the little flower, and after the angel. Once, after being thus dead, as I came involuntarily to life again, I found myself suddenly here in the Hartz woods once more, and learned that my little flower was not trodden into the earth, but bloomed all sweetly in your garden, my good collier, Gottfried Wahrmond."

"How then," interrupted Barthold, "can that fearful wanderer be our dear Gertrude's father?"

"It is to be feared so," said the collier. "Now, I felt, as you do, a great terror at the thought; it at first made me wild and violent, and I turned the little old man away with threats. He then declared that he would put a spell upon my household. To me, however, he would give a red cap, purple red, he said, like the electors' hats, and he would bring a bright guest into my house, so that for very joy it should dance around, like gnats on a summer's evening. And he kept his word. Not indeed with the spell. There thy mother's and our Gertrude's pious hearts resisted him, even if he had known such wizard tricks. But in a dark night he set fire to our cottage, and with such abominable craft, that all blazed up in an instant, and we may thank God's angels above that we three escaped from the fearful din; and to the aid of some night herds in the wood we owe the small portion of our goods that were saved from the flames. Soon after he found me high up in the mountain. Wearied with labor, I had laid my axe in the grass, and had fallen asleep. He seized the axe, stepped backward from me about ten paces, and commenced a frightful howling after his flower, which I kept from him in my garden. And as, upon awaking, I chided him, threatening him on account of his mad doings, he hured the axe toward me, and it struck me upon my brow. Then, snatching it up again, he ran wildly forth with it, and was afterwards seen in churches and

cloisters, praying that they would wash the blood from the edge. Were the steel but clean again—so he asserted—his soul would then be clean, and he could bless his child, and be reconciled to me, and all would then be well and good. At times they have tried to seize him, or at least to wrest the bloody weapon from him. But always without success; madness has furnished its vassal with such fearful strength. It is incomprehensible to me, my son, how he could have suffered thee to deprive him of the axe."

"A strange terror seemed to overcome him," said Barthold, slowly, as he recalled the singular occurrences of the past night, or rather, strove to recall them, like the vanished images of a dream; but suddenly he exclaimed in horror: "Heavens! if, startled at my threatening gesture, he has fallen into the abyss, into the night of death! It seemed as if I heard him moan! far down in the deep chasm!"

"God will not suffer it!" whispered his mother, pressing both hands before her eyes. But collier Wahrmond said calmly: "Now be silent of the matter. Yonder comes the unhappy man's sweet daughter, humming a morning song between her lips." And as Barthold started from his seat, he added in a severe tone, "Be quiet! wouldst thou frighten her also to death?"

"No, father, no!" replied Barthold, softly and quickly, as if with a winged tongue. "But she cannot possibly know of my return—she cannot have seen me, or have heard of my being here. See, she glances with her dear eyes around upon the earth, after the flowers! But what a meeting for me!—at this moment when I know not but I have"—He hesitated.

Collier Wahrmond placed his hand upon his mouth, whispering: "True, my son. Up, and seek for him!" And like an arrow, Barthold glided away through the shadows of the wood, biding the bloody axe under his arm.

The youth did not return during the whole day. Father and mother listening in anxiety and hope, and at each sound gazing involuntarily at each other with inquiring looks, had still strength and love enough—both are indeed one, in the true heart—to hide from their dear foster-child the happiness that was so near, and still was threatened with such doubt and danger. When they were



about to sit down to a late dinner, the mother hastened to remove a fourth plate which she had placed upon the table, and the tears came into her eyes the while.

A gloom lay upon all like a dark, slowly-coming thunder-cloud. In addition to this, some inhabitants of the Hartz, who came by, and stopped to partake of the hospitality of their board, brought word that a furious wolf had been roaming for some days in the wood, and had committed dreadful havoc, especially upon unwarned strangers. Father and mother were silent. Toward evening, Gertrude took her lute from the wall, and tried some airs upon it. But she said, sorrowfully: "A noxious night wind must have blown through the hall during the night; I have never before found my cithern so dreadfully untuned." Whereupon, with a kind of sad forbearance, she laid the instrument aside—somewhat as we turn, for a moment, from a friend, who, this time, will not or cannot understand us.

As the evening began to grow darker and darker, collier Wahrmund stepped in silence from the house, and walked into the woods.

He wandered carefully around amid the depths of the forest. High up beneath a group of fir trees, far from coal-kiln or dwelling, he suddenly beheld a bright red glow ascend toward the dark, o'er-shadowed heaven. It occurred to him that a destructive conflagration might have arisen in the woods, and he hastened thitherward at a quick pace.

It was no fire in the woods, but a far stranger sight that now met his eyes. Upon a hearth made of heaped up stones, he beheld his son kneeling before a fire, and blowing it lustily. He then saw him rise again, and with a smith's tongs turn a piece of metal busily back and forth, the shape of which could not be discerned. But what collier Wahrmund very clearly perceived, and what delighted him in his inmost soul, was his son's cheerful face. It was turned toward heaven, and glowed in the light of the flame upon the hearth. Upon the spot from which Barthold had just risen, there sat a thing like a gloomy shadow, which rocked anxiously back and forth. But Barthold then said, or rather sang—

"Thou man of woe and night,  
Take heart; all will go well."

The power of fire and light  
Full many a wound can heal.  
It is not I who make it—  
The Eternal makes it so.  
Cleansed is the axe; here, take it,  
Banished is all thy woe."

As he sang, he raised the piece of metal from the hearth with the smith's tongs, and held it aloft before the shadow that cowered near him. But this one cried in a whimpering tone: "Oh, woe's me! Now it burns my very eyes completely out. Thy father's life-blood has now become a flaming spectre to me. Oh, Barthold, I am now lost more than ever!"

"Be calm!" said the youth, quietly and kindly, as he lowered the glowing axe-head slowly toward the earth, so that it was hidden among the dewy leaves of the branches, and then laid it upon the grass to cool. "Be calm!" he repeated, still more kindly, and in a moment added: "When I found you, strange self-tormentor—recall it all calmly to mind—when I found you in the cavern, into which, timorous and yet angry, you glided down at my menacing gesture, you told me, that if the blood were but removed from the axe with which you struck my father, then all would be fair and mild and good. Do you remember it?"

"I remember," replied the little old man, now growing more calm. "Oh, I now remember far more. I may in truth have prated much wild stuff last night to thee, as I have done during many days and nights before to other honest people. But now it falls like scales from my soul, and the lonely anchorite looks out clear and bright, from her dwelling of clay—at least much clearer and brighter than for a long, long time before. Yes, my young armorer, I have given the men of thy noble craft much to do, while I marched fighting around the world."

And having murmured a few syllables indistinctly to himself, as if he were uttering a name, with a solemn gesture, which gave him an air of dignity, he laid his hand upon his heart, and said: "Yes, on my word and honor, thus I am called!"

"I have had dealings then, perhaps, with a very great warrior of our time, but one long since thought dead!" said Barthold, hesitating between reverence and compassion.

The old man replied with calm severity: "'Perhaps!' that is a silly word."

But I am he for whom thou dost take me. Lay thy hand upon thy mouth. By God's stern, yet gracious decree, the secret must remain deeply buried; do not thou, stout armorer, disturb the mine; enough if the ore is delivered up to thee. What matters it from whence? And if thy dear father, the stout collier, Gottfried Wahrmond, in all truth still lives, as thy words almost seem to declare"—

He stopped, and by the light of the flame, Wahrmond saw that he gazed with strange, inquiring glances upon the youth.

"My father lives!" cried Barthold, and raised his right hand in solemn asseveration toward heaven.

The old man then said in a tone between joy and terror: "If thou hast spoken truth, may God reward thee! Hast thou wished to deceive me here by this flaming hearth, may thy reward come from the—"

But he stopped, and added more mildly: "No, no! nothing shall be said between us two of him. I have, besides, thought too much of him during my wild campaigns. In my heart—God knows it—I have never willingly resigned myself to the hateful blackamoor. I hope, therefore, that I may find mercy; especially if the collier, Gottfried Wahrmond, really lives. Ah! and if he has my sweet little flower in his garden, who certainly will pray for her father, and will, without doubt, be heard."

"Right! right!" said Gottfried Wahrmond, with a mild, kind voice, as he stepped slowly forth from behind the bushes. "I live, and thy dear flower lives—thy daughter lives with me. Come with me to my present abode, that I may show her to thee."

With a scream of mingled joy and terror, the old man fell at his length upon the turf. But, raised again at once by father and son, he said, looking upward to the stars: "Yes, yes, thou eternal love above us, thy countless eyes of gold twinkle mildly down upon me, and say, that all is truth that I have just heard from the lips of this kind man, this man of heavenly compassion. But that he may know that he has no madman to deal with, come forth, my jewel, from the recess of my trembling breast. Behold! if my little flower has the counterpart of this, then all is right. But if she has not, all is but a phantom, a mockery of the—but hush! I will not speak of him—the worst of jugglers!"

With these words, he drew from his tattered garments a brilliant token, which hung around his neck by a cord.

In the darkness of the night and the flickering glare of the fire, Barthold could not well observe it. It seemed to him as if he saw two little golden dragons, with wings, entwined either in strife or in embrace, surmounting an ornament that looked like a high-pointed coronet, or like a hill strangely cut into steps.

But Gottfried Wahrmond said: "I know it. One like it was found in the swaddling-clothes of thy child. Whoever thou may'st be, come. I will lead thee to thy daughter. I will help thee to thine inalienable rights. Come!"

But notwithstanding all the kind earnestness, notwithstanding the air of command with which the collier at last repeated the summons, in words as well as gesture, the old man stood as if spell-bound.

"Do not vex me thus," he groaned at last. "I can never follow thee to my little flower until the axe is cleansed from thy blood."

The young armorer had in the meanwhile raised the now cold axe-head from the grass, and fixed it again upon its stout handle of ash. Holding the bright, silver-sparkling weapon before the old man, and turning it back and forth so that the reflection of the flame played upon either side alternately, he said, in a tone of confidence: "Well, if that is not clean, there is nothing clean here below upon this dark earth."

"Thou art right," said the old man, and with a mild gesture, he took the axe from the youth's hand, weeping tears of joy over it, and bending himself with the weapon lowly before collier Wahrmond, in the dewy grass. But the latter raised and embraced him, and the three walked, arm in arm, through the still night, back toward the collier's cottage.

Something now rushed through the firs of the valley on the right hand. Seized by his mantle, by some unseen power, collier Wahrmond tottered backward, and before Barthold could call out "What is the matter?" the old man's axe sparkled and whirled through the air, and a groaning howl came from something upon the earth. Collier Wahrmond leaped up vigorously. The furious wolf lay convulsed in death upon the ground. "See," said Gottfried Wahrmond, taking the old man's hand; "thy axe is once more dyed with blood, my

preserver! But what say'st thou? It need not now be re-forged again?"

"The blood shall remain upon it," said the old man with a strong, clear voice. "But axe and wolf shall disappear, for my life is now cleansed of blood."

Having said this, he placed his foot against the dead beast, spurned it over the cliffs, and then hurled the axe after it. Then marching vigorously in front of the two others, he said with a clear and cheerful voice: "Let us hasten. My dear daughter is waiting for us."

As they approached the building, they heard the sound of song and cithern. "It is Gertrude!" said Barthold, softly, and the old man restrained the two others with a gesture of entreaty. They stopped and heard the following words:

"In a near garden blooms a flower rare,  
Unlike the flowers that bloom around it  
there;—

It is a shoot from out a princely garden.  
There many a seed fell scattered on the  
earth,

The wild birds picked them up and bore  
them forth;

Sportive they bore them from the princely  
garden.

One seed they dropped out in the forest  
wild,

It grew and blossomed 'neath the heavens  
so mild,

Transplanted now into a quiet garden.  
There blooms the flower, far from its native  
skies,

Beloved and watched by friendly hearts  
and eyes;—

Let none transplant it from the quiet  
garden."

The voice was silent. The delicate fingers still wandered dreamily over the well-tuned strings, almost as if bees were humming over them.

The old man then whispered—"Oh, who has breathed this song into her soul? It stills the storm within my bosom. Every jarring sound is silent before it, and a sweet sadness falls upon me. But she sings indeed of herself."

"And she herself has breathed the song into her soul," replied Gottfried Wahrmund. "Since her earliest days, while yet a lisping child, she often spoke of a dream, in which it appeared as if a wondrous rose bloomed in our little garden, which had been plucked from some lofty, princely spot—and thence this mysterious song has by degrees arisen."

"Let it remain a mystery to her forever!" said the old man, solemnly, and then added, in a soft, sweetly humming tone, "Let none transplant her from the quiet garden."

With this the three entered the hall. So great was the joy of the good dame at the return of her husband and son, that it could only be expressed in a silent prayer of thanksgiving; and the sensation of fear, which she felt at the presence of the gray-headed stranger, vanished as collier Wahrmund said, "This old man, I hope, will be our guest for life." When she had fully heard how her good husband had been saved by his hand from the furious wolf, she said with unmingled delight, "Welcome forever, our most dear guest!"

Gertrude now entered the hall. A slight blush stole over her face at the sight of the dear companion of her youth, but she became pale again as her eye glanced at the gray-haired stranger. She approached the latter first, and lifting her folded hands toward heaven, she whispered, "The peace of God rest upon this venerable head!"

The old man then began to weep, and sank upon his knees. Striving to raise him, but in vain, Gertrude also knelt. And now the old man rose again, laid his hands in an attitude of blessing upon the maiden's locks, and said, "The peace of God rest upon this blooming head!"

Gertrude arose, trembling with joy, and said, with an enthusiastic, almost extatic smile, "Oh, father Wahrmund, what mysterious joy hast thou brought into our dwelling on this strange night!"

The collier was about to speak, and Barthold also; but the old man signed to them with a commanding gesture, and they were silent. He then placed his meagre forefinger, upon which there sparkled a brilliant seal-ring, upon his own lips, and it seemed as if he had closed them with magic power.

Not a word thenceforth escaped his lips, but a happy smile hovered perpetually about his mouth.

Preserving the same silence, he blessed the tie which after some weeks joined Gertrude and Barthold in wedlock. When the first boy bloomed from this union, the old man laid himself calmly down, and died.

Who and what he had formerly been in the world, no one could discover. This, however, is certain: after several

years, a richly dressed soldier, followed by a noble train, came into the Hartz forest, and desired to be led to the old man's grave. He there kneeled down, and Barthold, who had travelled in many lands, knew that his fervent prayer was uttered in some southern tongue. All he could plainly understand were the words, "Oh, my great leader!" uttered aloud to Heaven.

Whether these words referred to the silent old man is not known. But that the last blessing which his lips pronounced over Gertrude's head was heard in heaven, may be judged from the welfare and great abundance which rested upon Barthold and Gertrude, and their children and children's children.

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## MEMOIR OF JOHN R. VINTON,\*

BREVET-MAJOR IN THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, WHO FELL AT VERA CRUZ,  
MARCH 22, 1847.

"In science, in erudition, in taste ; in honor, in generosity, in humanity ; in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment."—BURKE.

WHEN one of the countless shots thrown in a siege and defence, which might have spent itself in the air or on the ground, takes suddenly out of life a mature and accomplished man, we are made to feel how serious are the chances of war, and how heavily its issues of death may come upon the country and the public service, as well as on the distant circle of private life. Nor are we willing that the loss of such a man should receive only the official or temporary notices of the event and manner of his death.

A graduate of West Point, a Master of Arts in a leading New England college, a scholar in the Greek, Latin and Hebrew languages, carefully and extensively read in theology (for many years his favorite study), well versed in metaphysics, ethics, constitutional and international law, and in an unusual degree acquainted with the rules of municipal and technical jurisprudence, a master of mathematics and of the scientific part of his own profession, which he had practiced from a boy, well instructed and deeply interested in astronomy, chemistry and most of the physical sciences, so skillful and so tasteful with his pencil as to have given his pictures a rank among the works of professed artists, and made them intrinsically valuable gifts to his friends, with intellectual powers unusually good by nature, and scrupulously

cultivated and held under absolute discipline, with a grave and serious cast of mind from childhood, resulting in a deep-seated and mastering principle of religion, a father, a son, and a brother, with a heart set on the kindly affections, bound to life by every tie—such a man, so constituted by nature, and so elaborately fitted and adorned for future action, the cruel chances of war, an accidental shot (I speak as a fool), a senseless iron ball, has in a moment taken from life and the living, from the public service, the domestic circle, the Church, from children, friends and country !

The qualities of Major Vinton as a soldier are a part of the history of the times. His nomination by the President, put expressly on the ground of his heroic conduct, the confirming vote of the Senate, the dispatches of Generals Taylor, Worth and Scott, and the tenor of the private letters from the seat of war, the history of the march of our army into the interior of Mexico—all speak in the clearest manner of his skill and energy in the general campaign and his valor in the field. These qualities may indeed be little regarded by those men who, in the self-indulgence, and, may it not sometimes be said, self-complacency, of literary pursuits, affect to undervalue military virtues. They are, indeed, not the chief qualities

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\* We are very glad to insert, though somewhat aside from our general custom, the present graceful sketch of this accomplished gentleman, lately fallen in our destructive Mexican service.—ED. AM. REV.

of a character so unusual as his, yet we must not withhold from them our tribute of unfeigned respect. When valor is the result of principle and self-command, when a life of study and rigid performance of duty has begotten habits of mental discipline and of patience under privations and sacrifices, so that a man keeps himself hanging loosely on the world, with home, comforts, and every worldly good, ready to be left behind at a moment's notice, and holding his very life at a pin's fee, for the greater good of the national life, we feel that here are manly and honorable qualities, which the world ever has, and ever will, esteem, and which the men of the pen and the men of the tongue, force themselves as they may, must always treat with respect. When we meet a thoroughly educated and high-minded soldier, we feel that here at least is a man removed from the absorbing pursuits of wealth and luxury, and the ceaseless scramble of politics. With a salary honorable, but not sufficient to be coveted, he performs his duties for some other purpose than such as influence the mass of men. A governing sense of duty, a high estimation of the importance of reputation, and a desire for a share of fame, even if there be nothing more than these, are motives at least as respectable as those which we see at work among men of business, of the professions, and even of the closet.

General Scott, in his dispatch from before the walls of Vera Cruz, records the death of Capt. Vinton in these words: "That officer was Capt. John R. Vinton, of the United States 3d Artillery, one of the most talented, accomplished and effective members of the army, and who highly distinguished himself in the brilliant operations at Monterey. He fell last evening in the trenches, where he was on duty as field and commanding officer, universally regretted. I have just attended his honored remains to a soldier's grave, in full view of the enemy, and within reach of his guns."

He was landed with the first line, and was at once placed in a conspicuous and important command, at the lime-kiln, in a perilous situation, the place being a perfect target for the enemy's shot, and liable to attack at any moment. When the batteries were opened, he was called to a still more honorable post, that of field and commanding officer in the line of batteries and trenches. A letter from an officer of high rank, written before his death, says :

"I saw him a few minutes last evening, well and in good spirits. He has all the enthusiasm and ambition of a young soldier, and stands very high in the confidence of the general-in-chief." The same officer, writing again, says: "I am overwhelmed with grief! My friend, the gallant, gifted, accomplished Vinton is no more! The news has come from the trenches that he was instantly killed by a shell while at his post at the batteries. This sudden dispensation has spread a deep gloom through the whole army. I have been for several hours on a sand-hill, in a crowd of perhaps a hundred officers, who were uniting their voices in lamentation. Just now, at General Scott's tent, to a large circle of the staff, the general pronounced a most eloquent and feeling eulogium upon the deceased, that went to the heart of every listener. He spoke of his rare talents and accomplishments and high soldiership as placing him in the front rank of his profession. Before leaving Washington, the general recommended him for the appointment of Assistant-Adjutant-General, with the view of making him chief of his staff in the field. He (the general) mentioned this to me when I first joined him at Tampico, and no longer ago than yesterday lamented to me that he had received no advices of the appointment. He spoke of it again this evening, with highly complimentary reference to Vinton's gallant and distinguished services at Monterey. . . . General Scott repeated this evening that the instantaneous surrender of the city and castle would not assuage his grief nor compensate the country for the loss of such a son."

Towards evening of the 22d March, Major Vinton went out upon an exposed situation, to watch the effect of our shot and the direction of that from the enemy. He remained there for some time, came down, and said to Major Martin Scott, who commanded the covering party, "Tell the officers, major, as you pass the mortars, that our guns are working accurately." He had just returned to his post when a huge shell, striking the top of the parapet, glanced and struck his head, fracturing the skull. He fell instantly dead, lying upon his back, with his arms crossed over his breast, his face, as an officer writes who was present, "retaining its habitual expression, sedate and earnest, but not harsh." The officers and men rushed to him as he fell, and gathered about him. The shell did not



burst, fortunately, for it was found to be charged with a pound of powder and 320 musket balls. Upon his body were found letters from his children, stained with his life-blood, which flowed from a wound in his breast. He was buried in the military coat in which he fell. The funeral was attended by the general-in-chief and all the officers who could be spared from duty, and the service of the Church was read over him by a brother officer—a friend of many years—amid the roar of cannon, the falling of the enemy's shot, and the whirling of sand in the fierce Norther—snatched from the victory of the morrow, that his spirit might gain a greater victory over death and the grave.

Having had the melancholy privilege of reading portions of the journals and letters of the deceased, and having learned many particulars of his life from the best sources, I have desired to perform one of the duties a citizen owes to such a man, by presenting his character and services to the sympathy and admiration they so justly deserve. But I find it will be impossible, within the limits of these columns, to give even a rapid sketch of his life, with such anecdotes and extracts from his journals and letters as will exhibit him in the light in which he has always appeared to those who knew him. I abandon this course with the less reluctance, from the belief that his life and writings will be given to the public by those to whom the task will be a pious and grateful occupation. Indeed, it is almost impossible to make selections where there are so abundant materials, each portion of which exhibits some trait we are unwilling to omit. The evidence presented by these letters and journals, and the letters addressed to him at various periods, is of a kind not to be doubted. Opinions expressed after a melancholy or a glorious death are apt to be over favorable to the former life and character; but there is no severer trial and no more triumphant issue than when a man is weighed by contemporaneous evidence, furnished without favor or reference to future effect. Tried in this balance, all will agree, nay will ardently proclaim that, in Major Vinton the country has lost a man of extraordinary qualities of mind and heart, who, had he lived, would have adorned the highest stations in his profession in a manner not to be always expected of merely military men.

The son of a lady of uncommon powers of mind, joined with great worth and

influence of character, the elder of four brothers, now distinguished in the church and the army, he was a boy of unusual promise at school, and was celebrated at West Point, where his instructors, in letters written at the time, pronounced him "unrivalled" in genius, acquirements, and high tone of moral character. He received a commission when scarcely seventeen, was employed for several years on topographical duty on the Atlantic coast and the Canada line, and yet was so good a tactician, that at an early age he was appointed by Gen. Eustis adjutant at the school of practice, and gave entire satisfaction, in that arduous office, to a fastidious commander. While residing at Washington, as aid to Gen. Brown, he was employed by the government in several duties of a special nature, and certain papers which he prepared were so generally admired in Congress, that in a leading speech in favor of the Military Academy, Lieut. Vinton was referred to as an instance of the kind of men the system of that institution could produce.

Indeed, success might be predicted in everything he undertook; for he had too much self-knowledge to undertake what he was not fitted for, and an energy, method, and high spirit, which yielded to nothing short of necessity. Until the breaking out of the Florida war, nearly all his life was passed in garrison duty on the seaboard, where he had great advantages for the pursuit of his studies. His furloughs were spent in travelling, or in the refined society found in the large cities, and among libraries and works of art, in which he delighted. His chief recreation was with his pencil, in copying from nature or the great masters, chiefly in landscapes or scriptural subjects, and his passion for this art seemed to grow with every year of his life. But he constantly bent the powers of his mind to hard and systematic study. The secret of his success is to be found in a few lines of a confidential letter to a young friend, written about this time: "I have been thought over rigid, and even heartless, in my requirements for the formation of excellent character; but it is because I have seen how idle, how senseless and pernicious, are the ordinary habits and views of young men, that I became so *exigunt* in my beau-ideal. I could repudiate all pleasures that do not please on reflection, and abandon every pursuit that does not lead to substantial

results. I speak now of precepts applicable to young men of ambition—those who wish to be useful or distinguished in the world. As to drones, I make no rules for them.”

By the pursuit of such a course of rigid self-denial and discipline, he was able to perform labors in various departments of art and science, in such a manner as to command the respect of men to whom those pursuits were professional. The works of his pencil are received among artists; his correspondence upon astronomical subjects was valued by men of science; his general scholarship procured him a degree of Master of Arts in a leading University; his edition of the work on military tactics was highly satisfactory to the government and the general-in-chief; and in the second volume of Mr. Sumner's Reports, the lawyer will find an argument prepared by him in a case in which he was personally interested, depending before Judge Story, to which that judge paid the best compliment of following, in his decision, the same course of reasoning pursued in the argument.

His letters show him to have been as remarkable for the soundness of his views as for his acquisitions. With reference to several political and theological subjects of those times, they show us how a thoughtful man, removed from the strife of parties and the whirl of events, may take the same views at the which the actors come to after the retrospection of years.

But that which most interests us in his character, is the tenderness and depth of his affections. He had married a lady of distinguished merit and beauty, who died early, leaving three children, two daughters and a son, who now survive both their parents. In his relations as a father, a husband, a son and a brother, he was sensitive to every impression, and gave and received exquisite pleasure in the interchanges of affection and esteem. In one letter we find an earnest plea for the paternal affection, in answer to a suggestion that it might interfere with the love and duty we owe to the Most High. He speaks from the heart, and will not permit the natural affections to be severed from religion, and set over against the love of God.

Indeed, the tone of his mind was grave, and its tendencies religious and peaceful. So far was he from falling into the error, common among young military men, of supposing it necessary to profess fond-

ness for war, that he never hesitated to deprecate it as the greatest evil. At the time of the threatened rupture with France, and again with Great Britain, his letters are full of expressions of hope that peace may be preserved, and of suggestions as to the mode of securing it; while he was faithfully preparing himself for duty in the field. But still more earnest is he when, during the South Carolina difficulties, a civil war seemed impending. “Supposing victory to crown either standard, there is nothing to be hoped for in the subsequent acts of the prevailing party which will promise much for the welfare of the country or of the human family. Arms, therefore, is an alternative to be deprecated beyond measure. The lessons which are read to us daily from South America are sufficient to teach the dullest understanding on this point. This is not a government to be supported by bayonets, nor the controversy one of physical prowess. Any arbitration is better than successful contest in the field.”

While in Florida, in the prosecution of the war, his mind came under the influence of religion far more than ever before. His whole soul was warmed into a new life, and for a while, like the bewildered apostles, he seemed to “stand, gazing up into heaven.” His journal and letters during this period are of the most intensely interesting character. Nothing, in the famed life of Martyn, more touches the heart, than the humility, self-accusation, and child-like devotedness of the high-minded, heroic man. At a secluded post, in the midst of the interminable pine forests, the solitude and silence of which he describes as awful and almost oppressive, far from his family and friends, his mind and affections ripened into the highest state of Christian experience and discipline. He then turned his thoughts, or rather, they were turned for him, towards the office of the Christian ministry. His letters are full of doubts, hopes, and plannings for taking holy orders. He fears that his health will not enable him to follow a sedentary life; he doubts his fitness; fears that selfish motives, the prospect of being with his family and friends, may combine with others; and examines himself in the most thorough and humble manner. He cannot honorably quit the army then in the field, and the prospect of retiring from it was somewhat distant. His pecuniary affairs, too, were hardly such as to war-

rant him in yielding up all income for three or four years, and the banks in which his property was invested were embarrassed and in danger. Then, too, he doubts if he is not too old to begin the study of a new profession; but modestly considers his acquirements in the languages, and avers that he aims at no distinction as a scholar or a preacher, but only at that degree of fitness which the rules of the Church require, to enable him to do his work in some humble part of the vineyard. To lose no time, he sends for books, and in his tent and in the forest he pores over the Greek and Hebrew, the commentators and sermonizers, and devoutly uses the best books of meditation and reflection. He prepared several outlines of sermons, and in his choice of subjects leaned towards those of a pathetic and personal character, that are more likely to bring tears into the eyes than to tax the understanding. As another preparation, he used to read parts of the service aloud, by himself, in the forest. He says, in his journal: "It requires time and habitude for one to become reconciled to the sound of his own voice. It throws one, at first, into absolute trepidation. In the solitude it is sufficiently appalling. What must it be in an assembly of people, a silent auditory, where a thousand eyes are fixed upon you, a whole congregation of faces bent upon you, ready to criticise and condemn the slightest fault?" This from a man who could stand with firm nerves a three-hours' fire from concealed Indians, scale the heights and walls of Monterey, and face the blazing batteries of Vera Cruz!

In a letter from Fort Taylor, he says: "Since I have been here, which is five or six weeks, the following has been my daily course: Rise at reveillé—private devotions—study Greek and Hebrew. Walk to my palmetto temple, a mile distant. Church services aloud. Return to reading. Dinner. Reading aloud with Major G. Study Greek an hour. Walk with Major G. to palmetto temple—social prayer and hymn. Return to tea. Bible class of twenty soldiers and two or three officers, in the evening. After tattoo, retire to my tent—Greek and Hebrew, or religious reading—private devotions and bed. On Sundays we have public worship, with good attendance from the men and officers, the major and I officiating alternately. Our interruptions are so few, that the foregoing

routine is carried on with great regularity day after day." It is proper to remark, that this is from a letter written to one whom he had selected as a confidential adviser in his religious habits and studies.

But it is in vain to attempt to do justice, in the short space of these columns, to this period of his life. Perhaps it had been better to pass it by in silence. It is of a sacred and private nature, and may not be understood or appreciated when so hastily noticed.

It was Captain Vinton's fortune to be engaged in one of the few battles of that distasteful war—the action at Lake Munroe. The event, and his own feelings, are faithfully described in his letter of Feb. 12th, 1837: "I have at last been an actor in the trying scenes of a battle. Hostile bullets have whistled their strange music in my ears, and my hitherto untried nerves have been tested by the crisis, which puts them to the severest trial. The ordeal has been passed, I may say successfully. I am assured of my ability to be composed and self-possessed, though my comrades were falling on my right hand and my left.

"Early in the morning of the 8th inst., half an hour before light, we were aroused by the war-cry of the savages, and a fire was poured into our camp on all sides, except that toward the lake. Our men, though recruits, almost without exception, repaired with alacrity to their posts, and returned upon the enemy full volleys of musketry. The morning was rendered still more obscure by a dense fog, which, with the smoke from the fire-arms, nearly concealed the enemy from our sight. But we had the direction with sufficient precision, and poured in our shot with interest. For three hours this conflict continued, with only one or two slight intermissions, our men gaining confidence and enthusiasm every moment. At length the savages began to slacken their fire, and made off, carrying their dead and wounded, but leaving behind many articles which they would never have relinquished but for discomfiture and necessity. They came down upon us with all their force, thinking, perhaps, to take possession of our camp. Their numbers were large, variously estimated at from three to five hundred, and their fire was sustained with a vigor and pertinacity unprecedented." In this action Captain Mellon was killed, and Lieut. McLaughlin and thirteen privates wounded. One man was struck

down at Capt. Vinton's side, so near as to cover him with his blood.

Although officers were brevetted and promoted who did not see an Indian man nor hear the crack of a rifle during the whole war, and appointments were made, from political motives, over the heads of the regular officers, yet Captain Vinton received no favor from the source of official honor. This has always been considered a gross injustice. Doubtless it was so; but there were reasons which account for, though they do not excuse it. He would never make, nor permit his friends to make for him, those efforts through lobbies and ante-chambers which so often determine official favor. But chiefly, it should be considered, that his intention of leaving the army, and taking holy orders, was well known; and on applying for a furlough at the end of the season, he had intimated his intention to resign his commission.

The continuance of the war in Florida, and the financial difficulties of the country, as well as his uncertain health, obliged him to abandon his cherished hope of the ministry, and he made up his mind to devote the remainder of his life to the duties of his profession, to general studies, and the education of his children.

Being at Providence during the Dorr insurrection, he entered ardently into the cause of the State, and saw the necessity of military organization and discipline to save the lives and property, and what is more than life or property, of the inhabitants from the recklessness of an armed mob. He hastened to Washington, and asked authority to offer his services to the State. This was not given, and he was told that he must act on his own responsibility. As he was not forbidden, he took the responsibility; and had he been called to account, would have made any sacrifice for the good of his native State. He knew the risk he ran, for it was generally feared that if the Dorr movement prevailed in Providence, it would also prevail in Washington. The people of Rhode Island well remember and appreciate the value of his military counsels in that crisis, of his incessant disciplining of the volunteer companies, and the spirit and intelligence infused into the young citizen soldiers by his course of military lectures. And we rejoice to know that Rhode Island is to pay to his memory the highest honor a republic can pay to one who has served his country faithfully unto death—the honor

of reverently transporting his remains from the field of his fame to the land of his birth, and of interring them among his kindred with the testimonials of a public funeral. She may be congratulated on being able to add his name to those of Greene, Perry, Olney, and others of her sons, who in every war, on sea and on land, in every part of this continent, from Lake Erie to Vera Cruz, have up-borne the honor of that high-spirited State.

While stationed at the arsenal at Augusta, Georgia, he received orders to join the army of General Taylor on its march from the Rio Grande into the interior of Mexico. During this march, he performed the duties of a field officer, often with a separate command, a proof of peculiar confidence in an enemy's country. He was sent to take possession of Mier, which it was thought would be defended, and to act as governor of the place during its occupation. This he did, and remained there until the main army passed on, and then rejoined it in season to act a conspicuous part in the battle of Monterey. His letters, journals, and pencil sketches, give excellent descriptions of the scenery and inhabitants of his new country, their religion, dress, habits, and characters, and present a fine illustration of the uses to which a man of thought and science may put a toilsome and oppressive march. But his letters are yet more marked by his characteristic strength of affection. At every stage he corresponds regularly with each of his children, giving most excellent and affectionate advice, and often touching upon the holiest and most sublime topics. From the rude furniture of his tent, surrounded by armed men and the strongest and coarsest developments of life, in reply to an inquiry from his daughter, he writes a beautiful, critical, and sober-minded essay on the presence and agency of the spirits of departed friends, in which he gives his views of the subject on scriptural grounds, and upon reasons drawn from natural religion and philosophy. Another, to his daughter, contains some valuable remarks on the choice of companions in a large school, and one to his son presents in a clear and simple manner, suited to a boy's capacity, the difference between envy and emulation, and gives earnest warning against seeking for relative distinction. All are marked by a sense of the reality of a superintending Providence, and a full belief in an intelligent, per-



sonal, sympathetic Supreme Being. In all, he endeavors to instill the governing principle of his own life, a sense of duty. To other friends, he writes with vigor and animation upon the campaign and its results, and confesses himself deeply interested in it. After alluding to the hardships of the march, he says: "Yet there is excitement and manly emprise, and on the whole I am far better pleased here than when luxuriating in the polished halls of Augusta Arsenal." On the night before the battle of Monterey, he writes to his daughter, showing a spirit of preparation for the duties and chances of the morrow, which could not but ensure him success in whatever might fall to his lot to attempt.

He was with Gen. Worth's division, and was actively and prominently engaged in the operations of each day. He was with the troops as they passed so long under the fire from the two heights in the storming of those heights, the capture of the palace, and the penetrating into the town, the digging through walls, and firing from house-tops. He was in five several engagements, in each of which he was exposed to severe fire from the enemy. In the storming of the second hill, he led a battalion on one side of the hill, while Col. Childs commanded on the other, and after forcing their way up, over rocks and brambles, amid a shower of musket balls, they drove the enemy from the top, at the point of the bayonet, and forced them to retreat to the stronghold of the bishop's palace.

The part performed by him in the capture of the bishop's palace was of so distinguished a character, and attracted such admiration at the time, that it deserves a full recital here. We cannot present a juster description of it than is contained in a letter from Capt. Blanchard, who served under him at the time. "I found Capt. J. R. Vinton in command of the advance, and he then told me that his plan was to try to draw the enemy from their position, in and near the palace, and when they were fairly out, to rise and charge them vigorously, and, if possible, to get possession of the palace. The advance was covered as much as possible behind the rocks, to protect them from the dreadful shower of grape and musketry which the enemy kept up from their defences. I asked him if we should advance or fire, He told me that I might advance if I did not expose my men too much, and that he wished me to fall back whenever I saw

the enemy coming out, until we were upon his line of ambush, and then to close on him and rush on them. It was a well conceived plan, and the result showed that it was well executed. The enemy were induced to come out and charge, and as they came up the hill, Capt. Vinton shouted, 'Now, my men, close and drive them!' With a will they closed to centre, delivered their fire, and with charged bayonets rushed on the Mexicans. They were thunderstruck, and, after a moment's stand, broke and ran. Our men were in the palace and fort before they all escaped, and in ten minutes their own guns were turned upon them. The main body under Col. Childs came down in solid column, and we were the victors. It was a stirring, thrilling scene, and I cannot do it justice, for it should be seen to be felt. Capt. Vinton derived all the credit which his position enabled him to obtain, and I shall always be of opinion that his plan was an admirable one. I hope he will be promoted, not only for his skillful and gallant conduct on that day, but for his general meritorious conduct as an officer."

This manœuvre, so well planned, and so consummately executed, was distinctly seen by the officers of the brigade on the opposite side, who spoke of it as brilliant in the extreme, and the first reports that reached us, brought his name as conspicuous among the heroes of the day.

After some time spent at Monterey and Saltillo, he was ordered with the greater part of the regulars to join General Scott in the attack on Vera Cruz. Here it was that he wrote his last letter which has already been given to the public. Those who knew him know how truly he speaks of his past life. His country will not forget in what spirit he gave his life to her "in her time of appeal." "I have hitherto lived mostly for others—but my children will reap some of the fruits of my self-denial, by the means I shall leave them of living independently, and securing a good education. I commit them, in full reliance, to the care of their Heavenly Father, and I hope their trust in him will ever be at least as firm as my own. My confidence in the overruling providence of God is unqualified, so that I go to the field of action assured that whatever may befall me will be for the best. I feel proud to serve my country in her time of appeal; and should even the worst, death itself, be my lot, I shall meet it cheerfully."



In the opening of this memoir, I noticed the manner of his death, and the high opinion entertained of him by the general-in-chief. It is gratifying to know that this regard was not owing to accidental intimacy, still less to anything in the nature of favoritism. On the contrary, without intruding into private relations, I may be permitted to say that Captain Vinton earned, by proofs of a high tone of character and uncommon abilities, addressed to the mind of an honorable and discriminating commander, the favor and confidence he received.

It is painful to reflect that Captain Vinton died without knowing that his services at Monterey had been appreciated and rewarded by the government. It was six months since the capture of Monterey; Congress had been in session nearly four months, and the session was drawing to a close. Ten regiments had been added to the army. Men of every sort and kind, taken from all imaginable situations in life, favored by some political or personal influence, had obtained high titles and commands, overtopping the educated gentlemen of ten and twenty years service; and the men who had fought and bled in the field, the heroes of Monterey, remained unnoticed. Men, too, who had never set a squadron in the field, never given or executed an order, were appointed at once to stations which the regular officers could hardly hope to reach in a long life and after many campaigns. An officer writes: "The army feels keenly that the officers who have so nobly distinguished themselves in the field, receive neither brevets nor promotions. Why should not such men as Childs, John R. Vinton, and C. F. Smith, and others of that class, be placed at the head of the new regiments?"

Towards the close, if not on the very last day of the session, the tardy act of justice was performed but too late to gratify the proper pride of one at least of those to whom it was directed. His appointment as Major, confirmed in March, and dating back to battle of Monterey, reached the besieging army a few days after his fall. He died in the belief that his services were overlooked. But to such a man, with whom duty and not opinion had been the ruling principle, this little honor was not necessary. He made no complaint, but again took his life in his hand, and stood among the murderous shells and balls that ploughed the ground about the devot-

ed post, proud of being thought worthy of a trust so conspicuous and so critical. "I observed," says a writer, "the look of gratified pride that lighted up his thoughtful countenance, when the general answered to him that he was appointed to that command."

His habits of order were singularly preserved to the last. On the leaves of a pocket-book he made daily and almost hourly memoranda in pencil, which he afterwards transferred, at leisure, to his journal. These notes are carried down, in a clear hand, to within less than an hour of his fall, and being found on his person are now in the possession of his friends. The last entry is as follows:

"*March 22d.*—Ordered to the trenches to command the batteries, early. General Scott sent in a flag for the city to surrender, at 2 P. M.; refused. Seven mortars opened at 4 P. M. Heavy cannonading"—

These were his last words. In a few minutes he fell.

I almost regret having attempted a sketch of a man to whom so little justice can be done in so short a space. His life and character deserve the study of his countrymen, and, it is hoped the opportunity to profit by their examination will be given us in due time.

To those who have questions as to the military calling, it may be said that Major Vinton followed his profession with no unsatisfied or uninquiring conscience. He had settled it in his own mind that the office of an armed magistrate, for such only is the soldier of a Christian civilized state, is an honorable and necessary one in organized society, distinctly recognized in "the ways of God to men," and approved by the best and wisest of all ages and nations. With the devout Fuller he could say, "A soldier is one of a lawful, necessary, commendable and honorable profession," and with the author of the "Kingdom of Christ" he might add, "And what I say further is, that if we attach any sacredness to the Jewish history, as containing the divine specimen of a national life, we cannot refuse to believe that the other nations of antiquity were justified in their deep inward conviction that God has not given swords to men in vain, but that there are occasions on which the magistrate is bound, by his allegiance to God, to cut off offenders against the majesty of law."

It is not alone to the God-fearing and accepted warriors of the Old Testament,

whose lives are written for our example, nor to those whom John the Baptist taught to be just and merciful bearers of the sword, nor to the devout centurion, to whom, in the midst of the Roman camp, the angel could say, "Thy prayers and thine alms have come up as a memorial before God," nor to St. Louis and other hero saints of later ages, that we are to look for illustrations of the great truth, that the application of force, under the solemn sanctions of the highest earthly tribunals, to protect from wrong and enforce right, whether against our own citizens, or against our neighbors, in

tribes or in nations, is a legitimate and recognized portion of the divine government upon earth, administered by human responsible agents. Until the kingdom of peace shall be fully established on earth, every age will present for our regard its Christian warriors, as well as its jurists, scholars and statesmen. For the coming of that kingdom, no one prayed more sincerely than he whose beautiful, refined and chastened life terminated, by what we might almost call an incongruity, amidst the uproar of a field of battle.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?  
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower;  
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence; a peculiar grace;  
But who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a lover; and attired  
With sudden brightness, as a man inspired;  
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;  
Or, if an unexpected call succeed,  
Come when it will, is equal to the need;  
He who, though thus endued as with a sense  
And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans  
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;  
Sweet images! which, where'er he be,  
Are at his heart; and such fidelity  
It is his darling passion to approve;  
More brave for this, that he hath much to love;

This is the happy warrior; this is he  
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

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## THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

## CHAPTER XXII.\*

STORY OF EGERIA. (*Continued.*)

"WE raised him in our arms," continued my narrator, "and bore him into a private apartment in the house. After a little time, with proper attentions, he recovered so far as to change his dress, which was thoroughly wetted by the absurd assiduity of those who endeavored to revive him. When his senses were perfectly restored, he began to recollect the reason of the sudden oblivion of his faculties, caused by the too violent operation of hope, rushing over the nakedness of his despair; nor was it the only instance I have known of such effects from that delicious and powerful passion.

My companion informed the young man in the gentlest manner, and by degrees, of what had happened, re-assuring him of his hopes, and insisting on the necessity of self-command. Meanwhile, the nurse and physician were busy above, successfully cherishing the life of the apparently deceased, until signs of animation began to appear.

When the young man was assured of their success, his countenance discovered a passionate joy, and he would have instantly gone up to his mistress, that he might be the first to meet her eyes, when they should be opened again upon the world; but on our representing to him the possible injury of such a course, he refrained, and sitting down, began to converse in an under-tone with my companion, relating, as I suppose, by what coincidences they had met together in so remote a place; with other particulars in regard to the lady. But as it was not my part to listen, I could gather nothing connectedly from their discourse.

This conversation had not continued long, when it was interrupted by the entrance of a little black-haired girl, who burst into the room, and delivered a half-breathless message from the physician, importing that the young lady had per-

fectly recovered her senses, and desired to see some person, whose name the messenger had forgot. Without waiting to hear out the message, the stranger rose quickly, and leaving the door ajar behind him, hastened to obey the summons. In an instant we heard a very sweet but faint voice exclaiming as if with the greatest joy; but the door closing at the instant, we could make out nothing of what followed. Though the evening was far advanced and darkness began already to occupy the vales, my companion proposed that we should walk together in the coolness, to recover ourselves from the impression of the events which we had so unexpectedly witnessed. Just as we were about to leave the house, the stranger joined us.

"As I am forbidden the company of my best friend," said he, with a smile, "for they put me out of the room, allow me that of her deliverer, who gave her back to me when, as I thought, death had snatched her away. It were vain to attempt to thank you," he continued, as we walked together along the green road; "the darkness might more easily describe the light, than my words the gratitude I feel. Let my life answer it."

"All that is very well," replied the other, laughing quietly, "but you will allow, had I done less, I should not have done what mere nature and duty required. But my joy is for the good fortune which threw the chance upon me of doing you so great a service without deserving any particular thanks for it. For that, you know, affords you an opportunity of giving me more than my due; which is a kind of giving to which you have always been addicted." So saying, he put one arm in mine, and the other in the stranger's, being a little less in stature than either; and then, to give ease to his feelings, "Come," said he, "if I

have done you any service, you shall be out of my debt from this hour, by doing a service in turn, which 'will be as much greater in merit, as it involves you in more trouble."

The stranger inquired eagerly in what particular he could serve him; pledging his honor to comply with anything within the bounds of possibility.

"I desire only," said my friend, "that you will relate to me and to this gentleman, who is a piece of myself, all the circumstances of your connection with the lady whom you say I just now gave back to you, having, like another Hercules, rescued her from the monster Death, who was just about to convey her to the Shades."

"You make me shudder, dear Clem," replied the stranger, "by alluding to the fate I have escaped; and, indeed, what a miserable fellow I should have been. But see! the moon is fully risen, and begins to look brightly over the tree-tops; let us turn aside here," said he, inclining to the right. "Walking here, years ago, I remember to have found a seat under a hemlock tree, whence you may look out over the valley."

Going a few paces from the road, which was shut in by low hazels, he led us to a point from which, under the streaming light of a full moon, we overlooked a glade in the forest; and when we had seated ourselves under the great hemlock, reclining against its vast bole, and secretly delighted with the resinous perfume of its leaves, he began his story:

"When we left the university together," began the stranger, addressing my companion, "I told you, that my plan of life was to live a bachelor, devoted to the elegant occupation of letters, which I held then, and do still hold, to be the noblest, if we except the kingly functions of a statesman, that any man can engage in. Not that I might acquire the readiness of an impertinent critic, such as abound in words, and are forward with a sentence on every subject, whether they understand the matter or not; I meant rather by a long-continued application to the works of the greatest writers of all ages, to become familiar with wisdom beforehand; that, by their description, I might know her features when I should meet them in real life. It is now five years since I formed this design, and although accident, and the intervention of other motives have prevented its accomplishment, at least in as complete and admi-

nable a manner as I could wish, I have never repented of entertaining or attempting to pursue it."

"Pray, sir," said I, "inform me;—To what branch of science did you devote yourself?"

"To no one part," replied he, "more than to another. My design was to run the circle of human knowledge."

"Is it possible," I answered, "for any man to be so bold as to attempt that labor?"

"I should have informed you," answered he, "that I divided my labors into five periods, allowing one year to the sciences, one to philosophy, one to classical learning, one to history in general. The fifth I reserved for the reading of the sacred writings, and those who interpret them. Of law and medicine I already had a smattering."

"And pray," said I, "how far have you advanced in the execution of this fortunate scheme?"

The stranger was silent for a moment, and then answered: "To confess the fact, I did not find as much pleasure in the sciences as I had anticipated. So, throwing them aside, I was soon buried in history and morals, and there I am at present. My term is up, and very little of the work accomplished."

I did not know which to admire most, the confidence of the stranger's attempt, or the simplicity with which he confessed its failure. Presently he resumed, as follows:

"In pursuit of this scheme, I purchased a cottage, in a retired nook, not far from the city, intending to live unknown and forgotten, until, by learning and meditation, I should have raised my intellect to such a pitch as might enable me to astonish and instruct mankind. To this retirement, thought I, neither care, nor vain desire, nor any human passion, shall pursue me. By simplicity of diet, I will subdue the desires of my body, and by books and meditation, exalt the powers of my mind. I will combine the seclusion of the hermit, the occupations of the scholar, and the meditations of the sage. The world shall see in me an example of a young man superior alike to the allurements of society and the temptations of solitude.

"Bidding adieu to my friends, under pretext of a journey to the South, I retired unperceived, and burning with pleasurable impatience, to my philosophical abode; thinking no less than, on a sudden,

and by the easiest of all sacrifices, to have attained the felicity I sought.

"An old woman who had formerly been the servant of my mother, and had nursed me in infancy, consented to act the part of housekeeper in the cottage, so that nothing should hinder the prosecution of my grand design. This was nothing less than to attain wisdom, the alchemy of the soul.

"To apply instantly to study, after a winter's dissipation in the city, was not easy; and resolving to inure myself by degrees, I began by reading a few pages of Plato every morning, and spent the remainder of the day in hunting or fishing. The cottage was situated in a glade, or opening among forest trees, on the slope of a kind of natural park, which inclined with a gradual fall to the borders of a deep and narrow lake. If you have ever seen Sallmon lake at this season, I need not describe its beauties to you. Nay, to describe them in any language save that of painting, would be to do them wrong. The depth and crystal clearness of the crooked lake tempted me often upon its surface. Winding from headland to bay, along the dripping shores, with the forest on one hand and the mountain on the other, I floated hour after hour, sometimes reading, sometimes musing, but always happy with the contemplation of the glorious future, of which I seemed to be the heir. Meanwhile, the habit of study did not return with all the vivacity and force I had expected. On the contrary, musing, and a kind of warm anticipation, devoured the nervous energy of my spirit. I became sad and visionary, indulging recollections of the past.

"One sultry afternoon, being in this mood of despondency, I had sailed and drifted in the shallop nearly to the extreme end, or head, of the lake, which was at least four miles from the cottage. Here the channels of a tumbling brook bring down the waters of the springs of the mountains. Leaving the shallop to its own direction, I lay looking upward at the skirt of a dusky cloud that led the van of the evening-summer's storm. The edges of the cloud folded and writhed themselves, moving rapidly from the west, and half the sky was already overcast. The hills grew dark, the wind sounded, the waters swelled; yet, absorbed in dull wonder, I made no movement to come nearer the shore. On a sudden, the cloud lengthened itself down-

ward toward the mountain, on the right, and, accompanied by a vehement wind, dragged its narrow skirt over the surface of the lake, not far from the boat. The waters rose in a confused and tumultuous surge, which dashed over the shallop, and filled it nearly to the brim. Leaving it to its fate, I threw off my coat, and with difficulty gained the shore; for, though the distance did not exceed three hundred yards, it was increased in effect by the irregular motion of the waves. Landing in the edge of a glade, on the east side of the lake, I found the termination of a footpath which led up from the shore. Following this path, in a wet and somewhat disconsolate condition, I came at last into an open field, beyond which was a country road, and a rude hut or cottage, on the hither side, built against the declivity of a low swell. The view opened beautifully toward the west, over a line of moist meadows, bounded northward by a series of rocky headlands, that shot out at intervals from a mountainous region. These headlands were of basalt, and showed broken precipices crowned with cedars."

"Sir," said I, interrupting the stranger in his story, "while we are eating melons, you talk of figs."

"You mean to say," replied he, "that one kind of scene is described, while we are enjoying another kind; which is in very bad taste, I admit, but it seemed quite necessary to the story; and to confess the truth, I saw nothing but what I was describing."

"Very well," says my friend, "that is the way of your scholars; they spoil the pleasures of the sense with the pleasures of the imagination."

"While I stood enjoying the view," continued the stranger, "a rustic wench, in a very slovenly costume, came out from the cottage, with a bucket on her head, and would have taken the way across the field; but seeing some one in the path, she retreated. It was now about an hour before sunset in the afternoon"—

"I thought you said it was evening," said my friend, interrupting him again.

"I said," replied he, "that an evening storm came over the lake; but these, storms begin, in our district, at four or five in the afternoon, and last till sunset. We have a great number of them in the hot days of summer and in autumn."

"Pray, sir," said my friend, somewhat impatiently, "could you not omit some



of these circumstances, and come sooner to the personal adventures. I am really eager to hear them. And now I think of it, how could you pretend to be enjoying a prospect, when you were soaked to the skin?"

"For that matter," continued our narrator, "I forgot the circumstance. You must know, I am particularly insensible to such accidents. I verily believe, if I were to fall into a lake in winter, it would not affect me disagreeably."

"That," said I, "is truly surprising. But pray, proceed."

"The girl with the bucket had no sooner entered the hut, when a meagre kind of hag came out of it, in the most miserable country costume I had ever beheld. Nor was her person less miserable than her dress. Her eyes were bleared, and the lid of one permanently everted; her toothless jaw almost touched her nose, which also went farther than it ought toward the jaw; she could not have thrust a spoon between them. If anything more extraordinary was to be noticed about her person, it was her hands and arms, which resembled the shanks of a long-legged water-fowl, so black and bony were they. This sibyl issued from her den with the same bucket, as I thought, which had been carried by the ragged girl; and coming toward me, she would have gone by in the path, but seeing my wet condition, she uttered an exclamation of surprise. I very civilly requested her permission to dry my wet clothes by her hearth. She replied in the shrillest voice imaginable, with a volley of questions and exclamations; but presently led the way to the hut, and set a chair for me by the fire. I will not weary your ears with a description of her wretched tenement: poverty in all countries is the same; but rural poverty seems to be less miserable than that of cities, because we associate it with the romance of the country, and the pleasures of solitude and summer's idleness. To the rustic poor themselves, there are no such associations, but only those of long years of solitary wretchedness."

"I beseech you," cried my companion, "do not mix all this matter with your narrative. You ruin the interest of the story by these melancholy additions!"

"I sat," continued the other, "by the sibyl's hearth it may be a half hour; during which time, she appeared occasionally at the door, but the girl kept herself out of sight. Rising to depart, I inquired

the shortest way to the high-road: whereupon the sibyl called the girl, who at that moment appeared with the bucket on her head, and bid her go before, as the path she said was hard to find, but Cherry knew it well enough. In a word, Cherry set down her bucket and led the way."

"How long," said my friend, with a start of impatience, "do you think it would take you, Mr. Clementine, to relate the incidents of your life, by the rate at which we are now moving?"

The stranger paid no heed to this remark, but continued his narrative as follows:

"Cherry walked very modestly before me, keeping well in advance and quickening her pace as I did mine. Her step was light and her movements had an air of grace which struck me with surprise. She seemed to be about seventeen, was of medium stature, slender figure, and delicate proportions. Her feet and naked ankles, though brown with exposure, were small and of an elegant shape. Her hair, of a rich chestnut color, fell in natural ringlets below the shoulders. A rent in the sleeve of her miserable dress, discovered an arm of incomparable whiteness.

"These particulars struck me as I followed her, with such force, I must needs, thought I, come near enough to see her face, and quickened my pace nearly to a run; but to no purpose; for, without disturbing the natural elegance of her motion, she tripped lightly in advance, never once looking back, and would by no means suffer me to come near. When we had gone on in this manner, by the winding path of the wood, for a distance of a quarter of a mile, or more, my curiosity grew to an irresistible pitch, and as there seemed to be no possibility of coming up with the tormentor, I called out to her to stay, stopping at the same instant myself. It was after sunset, but the shadows of the wood did not wholly obscure her features as she looked behind her, nor were they less agreeable than my fancy had anticipated. On the contrary their expression of united sweetness and melancholy, veiled with an agreeable reserve, more than compensated for a sunburnt hue, and a certain rusticity, the effect of ignorance and fear.

"'Pray, my girl,' said I, sitting down by the path, as if out of breath, 'is not your name Cherry?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And what is your mother's name?'

“ ‘I have no mother?’

“ ‘The old woman is not then your mother?’

“ ‘No, sir, she says I have neither mother nor father, and that she is no relation of mine.’

“ ‘Pray, how does it happen that you live with her?’

“ ‘I have no parents nor friends.’

“ ‘And how long have you lived with this old woman?’

“ ‘Ten years. My father brought me to her when I was a little girl. She says he was a rich man, and that he ran away from the city and hid himself in her house and died there. His grave is near by in the wood.’

“ ‘And that was ten years ago, was it?’

“ ‘Yes, sir.’

“ While questioning my wood nymph, I approached her as if unintentionally; but, I assure you, it required all the resolution I possess to conceal the effect of her replies, for her voice had a particularly sweet tone. I had by this time gathered a handful of the pyrus which grew thereabout, making the air rich with their odors, and tying them in a nosegay, I placed them in her hand. She thanked me with a courtesy, and after showing me the path I should take to gain the high-road, (it was but a stone’s throw further,) she turned and left me.

“ I followed the girl with my eyes as she entered the wood, and when her form was no longer visible, I listened to her footsteps and the rustling of the branches as she turned them aside in the path. When the sounds were no longer audible I would have gone after her, but shame held me back. With a heavy step I regained my cottage. Everything here seemed to have changed its appearance. To read, or even to open a book, had become mysteriously difficult. Sleep did not come with darkness, and the first light of the morning found me again in the path that led to the hut. The old woman was at work in her garden, but the girl did not appear. All that I had heard the day previous was confirmed, with additional particulars, which the old woman was easily persuaded to communicate by a small present of money. It seemed that about ten years before that time, a man in very coarse attire, but with a polished address, had taken shelter in the hut at night. He had with him a little girl of great beauty, but clad, like himself, in a coarse disguise. For a certain sum which he paid her, the old

woman had consented to keep the stranger concealed in a loft, under the roof of her hut, and at the same time to take charge of the child—that he remained all the day hidden, and came out only at night, when he would wander through the woods or endeavor to amuse himself with working in the garden. He lived in this manner concealed for a month or more, when one morning she found him lying quite dead, with the child, whom he called his daughter, fast asleep in his arms. As the girl, she said, was docile and active, she resolved to keep her as a grandchild, and had passed her off as such to the neighbors. That now, her poverty had grown upon her, and she did not wish any longer to keep the secret; but, if young master wished to do a kindness to a poor woman he would find the girl a place at service, or get her work in the new factories!

“ I heard the old woman with attention and endeavored to learn from her all that she remembered of the conduct and appearance of the father, and not neglecting opportunities of inquiring into the character of the daughter also, gathered many particulars which it gave me the greatest pleasure to hear; for you must know I was actuated by a secret resolution to remove the girl out of her present miserable condition, and after giving her the advantages of an elegant education, to conclude by making her my wife.

“ The representations of the old woman convinced me that the man who had taken refuge in her hut was some person of ability and consequence in the city, who had fled into concealment from the suspicion of some terrible reproach, of the nature of which I could not form the least conjecture. So much, however, was certain, that his manner and figure were elegant, his conversation courteous and affable, and his bearing that of one who knew the world. His affection for his daughter was so intense, he would not spare her a moment from his sight;—which she repaid by the most endearing and dutiful behavior.

“ In fine, for a sum of money, I fairly bought the orphan of her foster-mother, and added a *douceur* for secrecy. My *protégé* was easily persuaded to accept my offer to educate her in the city. Having procured a suitable dress for my *protégé*, and a disguise for myself, we hurried to the city at night, and took private lodgings in a retired quarter. After a sufficient inquiry, I procured a respecta-

ble governess, and passed off my companion upon her for a niece of my own, the daughter of a Western planter, who had committed her education to my charge. A story not ill supported by the singular mixture of rusticity and elegance in her manners. At this time, my Cherry could not read with ease, and barely wrote her name in a cramped fashion, though the old woman assured me of her capacity, and of the pains which her father used to take in her education, when her childish conversation was his only solace.

"For the first year, I took care to visit my pretended niece but seldom, maintaining instead a very regular and judicious correspondence, under the eye of the governess. This continued for a year, until by my own inadvertency the lady discovered that her pupil was not my niece—a fact which she had suspected from the first; and having not the best opinion of me or my intentions, threatened, on a sudden, to betray me, as you shall hear."

Then, taking out a letter, the stranger read from it the following:

"MR. CLEMENTINE:

"Sir,—I have to inform you that it has become necessary for me to resign the charge of the young lady, whose innocence God protect. I have reason to think she is no niece of yours, but that you are educating her with dishonorable intentions.

"I am, sir, respectfully yours,

"VIRGINIA ———."

"This letter gave me very little uneasiness. I received Miss Virginia's resignation without regret, and made her a handsome present for secrecy. Meanwhile my *protégé* had made wonderful advances in her studies, so that in less than two years' time, with the help of excellent tutors, I beheld her transmuted from a rustic wench into a beautiful young lady. Dancing and music she acquired with perfect facility. I provided for her instruction a German teacher, who led her quickly, with the aid of her natural genius, into the right taste of music, and gave her such hints as might enable her to become a perfect musician—a particular which it gave me exquisite satisfaction to think upon; for you must know, I cannot find it in my heart to like a woman whose taste in melody is vulgar, or who uses a shallow and affected, or a coarse and nasal style of singing. It seemed to me, that a cultivated mind

and a true sentiment is more discoverable in the musical, than in any other expression. If people have neither ear nor voice, they are not to blame; but to exhibit one's defects before persons of discernment, out of vanity or hope of pleasing, is an unpardonable folly.

"In other parts of education, she discovered equal diligence and ability. She acquired a perfect taste in dress—or rather she possessed it by nature—and showed the happy talent of uniting simplicity with elegance. Having a fine figure, full of natural grace, she knew how to set it off to advantage, by a proper choice of forms and colors; a talent which her governess immediately discovered, and used to her own advantage, while she did not fail to caution me against it in my *protégé*, as a vicious peculiarity. Indeed, in every particular, this very worthy lady used her best endeavor to prejudice me against my Cherry, representing her rusticity as an incurable awkwardness, her simplicity as silliness, her curiosity as vulgar, her taste as vanity, her arch humor and attractive conversation as the signs of a naughty and meretricious temper. Indeed, through her repeated misrepresentations, my first passion had very much cooled, and would have been quite extinguished, but for a visit at long intervals; when the growing beauty of the girl—her modest confidence in myself—her gratitude, expressed in a manner irresistibly moving—her joy at my coming, and her ill-concealed grief at my departure, together swept aside suspicion, and confirmed me in my first resolutions anew."

"Pray, tell me," said I, "if the question be not impertinent, by what name you passed off your *protégé* upon her governess?"

"By my own," replied the stranger. "Of her real name, and by what fortune I discovered it, you shall hear anon."

Our narrator would have continued his story, but stopped, on observing that my companion appeared very much agitated. He sat with his face buried in his hands, and at intervals heaved a sigh so profound it seemed to come from the bottom of his heart.

"Why, Frank," said I, "what is the meaning of this?—when were you wont to be so very sympathetic?"

"I was thinking," replied he, making an effort to repress his emotion, "of the loneliness and misery of the poor child; for indeed, the particulars of her history

are as new to me as to yourself. But proceed; let us hear the rest, and do not observe my humors. I was merely indulging in a little sentiment;—the place and time moves one. Besides, your manner is infectious,” said he, laughing hysterically, and wiping his eyes.

As we knew our friend for an oddity, and full of singular conceits, we made no farther inquiries, and the stranger resumed:

“Being now actuated by an intense desire to make a perfect woman of my *protégé*, I cast about for information on all subjects connected with education. During the first year, I was chiefly occupied with letters, which I wrote with the utmost care, weighing every word, that it might produce the best impression on her mind. I endeavored to fill her imagination, and if possible impress her heart, with sentiments of religion, though I confess to you my own notions were not in the most settled condition: but as the idea of an irreligious woman was intolerable to my soul, and the age is now replete with every species of detestable heathenism, appropriating to itself the language and notions, without the spirit of the Holy Faith, I wished early to defend her against it, by wakening a deep reverence for the Holy Scriptures, as the fountain of the most ancient truth. To that end, I dwelt chiefly on such texts as convey maxims and secrets of divine morality, as distinguished from commonplace philosophy of the schools, or the shallow sayings of public men. Nor did I neglect the education of her fancy and sentiment, by that most admirable and indispensable means, the drama, which I place next in importance to books of religion:—for that it is the voice of the human heart left to itself and operating under the vehement instigation of the loftiest passions. As she attended the church by my order, so, at rare intervals, she visited the theatre in company with her governess: but I would never suffer her to hear a play until she had first read it aloud, and understood it in the sense of the author. The governess informed me that at her first visit, when the tragedy of Hamlet was represented by several excellent players, she was silent with astonishment, and seemed to hear nothing until the last act, when her attention suddenly became fixed upon the scene. At the close, during the relation of Ophelia’s death, she wept: but at the lines

‘Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night,  
sweet prince;  
And flights of angels ring thee to thy  
rest’—

she burst into an agony of grief, and could never be persuaded either to hear or read the play again.”

“Charmed with these evidences of sensibility in my *protégé*, I was not the less cautious to avoid betraying my pleasure. I listened with an air of doubt, and never addressed myself to her in terms of flattery or acquiescence; but endeavored—though you may laugh at the thought of it—to assume the tone of a grave friend, or an elder brother. Nevertheless, it was not possible for me wholly to conceal my passion; and I had the satisfaction to see, or fancy that I saw it returned.

“It was, then, a trust of extreme delicacy to receive this orphan from the hands of her suspicious governess. To avoid the least appearance of evil, I endeavored to persuade her, before resigning her charge, to find some other fit person who would undertake it. She professed to have done so; and gave me a direction to a very reputable-looking house in a retired quarter, where she said my young lady might be placed under the best imaginable influences; for that the family were very religious, and the mistress herself a woman of excellent discretion and good attainments. Being very well satisfied with her recommendation, and with the family themselves, who made a good appearance, I allowed her to place my Cherry with them; and soon after went thither to see that everything necessary had been provided for her comfort and improvement. I purchased a choice collection of books; hired the best teachers; deposited money with the new guardian, and retired to my country cottage with feelings of the most exquisite satisfaction—not unalloyed, however, with impatience.

“I now recollected my plan of study; and began again to lay out a very systematic course of improvement; but the irksomeness of solitude forced me again into the world, or led me to draw whatever friend I could persuade into my retirement. It was you, dear Frank, who first came to my retreat. You will well remember our excursions, our readings, our conversations;—How, at midnight, when a serene heaven of stars shone in the abysm of the lake, we discoursed

of things eternal—the essences, the beings; and soaring in our heavenly mood to the very height of reason, how we found forms of imagination subtle and vast enough to body forth divinity itself; nay, to identify our own with God's essence."

"But all this time," groaned the other, "you said nothing of her."

"Of whom?" replied the stranger.

"Of Egeria!"

"No," continued he, "I made a secret of that, because no man could know my intentions."

"Go on," said my friend. And the stranger proceeded.

"A wider acquaintance with men, through books and conversation, only served to convince me of the excellence of my choice. The letters I received from Cherry, persuaded me equally of her wit and her simplicity: my own, in answer, were of such a grave, didac-

tic tone as it seemed necessary to assume.

"At length, after waiting an unusual time for an answer from her to a letter, I became impatient, and hastened to the city. It was noonday, in the heat of summer; and the quarter, where she lived, seemed to be quite deserted of inhabitants. I walked slowly on approaching the house; anticipating, with the intensest joy, the pleasure of beholding her sweet face. Already, her voice, melodious as the note of a thrush, seemed to welcome me; her fair hand was clasped in mine, her large dark eyes cast downward, or tremblingly raised to mine, seemed full of the sweet union of mirth and affection; my step was on the threshold—I knocked gently—no one came—again—no footsteps—again, more loudly; and the empty street gave back a resonant echo—I looked up; the shutters were closed, the house deserted.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### STORY OF EGERIA, (*Continued.*)

"I went from house to house," continued the stranger, "to inquire to what place the tenants of the mansion had removed. All were deserted—except a wretched looking tenement hard by in a close alley, from the upper window of which an ill-favored female, with a shrieking voice, informed me that it was useless to inquire, for that every one had left the neighborhood because of the fever which had appeared thereabout with great virulence. Sick with disappointment and alarm, I paced slowly and wearily back to my lodgings, under the hot sun. A feeling of desolation, and an intolerable weight about the heart, followed me through that day and the next. I shunned society like a man struck with infamy, and spent my time wandering through the streets of the half-deserted city, in the vain hope of meeting some person who could give me the information I sought. The former governess, whom I found, could tell me nothing; she said the family would no doubt return in the cool season, and the young lady with them. As I had kept the secret from my friends and relations, I could say nothing to them, and my altered looks, forced gaiety, and marks of real despair, impressed them with a feeling of dread and suspicion. Some attributed the

change to mania; others to the use of narcotics; others hinted at a loss of property, and the dangerous company of the borrower; others, more judicious or knowing, complimented me on the romance of my look—that I had the aspect of a true disconsolate knight discarded by his lady.

"Finding no consolation in the great city, I travelled to watering-places, and conned over hundreds of hotel records, in hopes of lighting on the name of the governess. After losing several weeks in these fruitless inquiries, I bethought myself on a sudden of the owner of the house; concluding that he, if any person, would be able to give me a clue to the course taken by his tenants. After a long and troublesome journey into the interior, I at length found him, and learned that the house had been returned upon his hands, and that the former tenants had left the country—gone, he knew not whither. Noticing the grievous effect of his information he yet made no inquiry, and offered no sympathy. I returned to my cottage, and through the joint effect of grief, disappointment, and fatigue, fell into a species of marasmus, which, in a few weeks, reduced me to a skeleton. I believe it was the longing for sympathy that produced this



effect; for, by an absurd kind of infatuation I concealed everything relating to the lady, and even invented probable matter to account for such part of my conduct as seemed singular. As the disease was an inheritance, no one suspected the real cause. At one period, as I well remember, my secret became a burthen too heavy to bear, and I felt compelled to seek out some person who might be trusted with it. Passing by the house of a physician in a principal street of the city, I remembered to have heard of his humanity and wisdom. Here, thought I, is the man to give me consolation and advice. I entered, and, after some desultory consultation about diet, and general health, I inquired of him if he had made any study of heart diseases, or knew of any cures for that class of griefs. Understanding me literally, he said he had some experience in that way, and could give advice, but added, that he saw no tokens of anything of the kind in myself. His want of penetration disgusted me. I paid him a double fee to be clear, and departed without a word of the business.

"Summer glided into autumn, while you, dear Frank, watched over my miserable carcass, striving, often against my will, to keep the life in it. Winter succeeded autumn, but still no tidings of my girl. 'Gone! gone! gone forever!' But still the voice of hope, more penetrating than the wildest outcry of despair, continued to rouse and cheer me. To search was useless. All attempts failed. Another year passed and I began to recover a certain measure of health. A third year restored me so far I was enabled to fulfill a resolution, secretly taken, of quitting these scenes of my misery, and by new experience, in a foreign land, of subduing, or at least mitigating grief. A resort to books of travel stimulated an old and very natural desire of visiting France, the country of my ancestors. Allow me to pass over the less important particulars of my voyage and journey, and imagine to yourself a village on the hither slope of the Alps, situated between two oval hills, that were then green with rows, not of maize, but of vines producing grapes, covering and investing their sides and summits. Between, on an eminence above the village, stood the ruins of the chateau of my fathers, once the delicious home of noble refinement and wealthy hospitality; now the whole was a heap

of blackening ruins. While I stood among the fallen rafters, in a mood of sorrowful meditation, contrasting the glorious past with the gloomy present, I felt myself to be the last of my race. A race of soldiers, of courtiers, perhaps of heroes and statesmen, was about to die with me. A feeling of boundless desolation—a solitude not only of space but of time—for is not the past a mere mockery separated from hope, and only the harder to bear when its shadowy forms suggest what might, but shall never be?—a loneliness, awful, in that it was an obscure and remediless extinction of all that is best.

"(O sordid Radicalism, what knowest thou of liberty, rejecting the splendid consolations of honor? Consider, half-souled demoralizer—Deity itself is venerable only because it is eternal—darest thou, then, worm of a day, compare thy shallow happiness against the deep-founded bliss of ancestry? Thou darest not be proud, having the earth for thy parent; but ancestry takes its origin from God! The name of Israel, old as the Holy Book—old as the race of man! they preserved, in a great reverence of ancestry, the image of justice and of truth. The race of Rome! by veneration for the virtue of their fathers, they became masters of the world. The race of Normandy! remembering their father's honor, they made the letters, the religion, the arts and the arms of France, and, with their brother Saxons, of England—and art thou, sordid Radicalism, the bouncing slut that insults all this grave glory of the world?

"Then falling into a mode of reflection more restrained, I thought thus:—

"We revere what is old, because it resembles what is eternal. A venerable old man is a kind of deity to us—we know not his beginning.

"A thing is lasting by reason of its strength. What is absolutely strong should last eternally.

"So, in the reverse order, vastness is admirable; for whatever is vast has a proportionate weight. As a large and strong man has an evident, so an old man has an inferred, and imagined superiority; the more sublime as it is indefinite.

"A family must contain the old, the middle-aged and the young; the mean is educated by the extremes while it sustains them. Innocent youth excites love and hope, venerable age a reverent solicitude.

"Youth and infancy make us proud of ourselves; age makes us humble; ancestry, devout. The one fosters authority and beneficence—the other religious care. Piety, in its ancient meaning, referred only to the veneration for our parents, even in remote generations. The rites of the old religion began with honors to the dead, and concluded with a worship of that to which their spirits had returned.

"The painters represent God with the features of age. The poets name him the Ancient of Days.

"Old men are just; the young, ambitious and insolent. A young generation delights in the destruction of all the barriers against vice, that it may sin with

less reproach. For, as all men feel that sin is the transgression of the law, their inclination is to subvert the law; that they may not be contradicted, declaring that there is no sin.

"Old age is querulous; but its complaining is the plaint of the soul against the body; the murmurs of youth are of the body against the soul.

"The vilest of men have no reverence for the sacred and the founded; like beasts they rush in and defile the sacred things.

"To say of age and venerable virtue that they are useful to us, is impious; for they begot and made us, and we are theirs."

## THE MIGHTY MEN OF OLD.

BY MISS MARY M. CHASE.

THE shepherd-king of Israel sat on his gleaming throne;  
Around him crested helmets waved, and burnished bucklers shone;  
And the trumpet, and the cymbal, and the clarion's stirring peal,  
Were mingled with a thousand shouts and clang of glittering steel:  
The bravest band of all the land are in that proud array,  
For the king will choose his mighty men from out their ranks to-day.

They come from far Beersheba, from Judea's utmost bound,  
From where the silver springs of Dan burst forth with pleasant sound;  
From Gilead's scented groves of balm, from Carmel's wooded hill,  
From Jordan's banks, and from the shades by Hebron's sacred rill;  
They come from Lebanon's dark heights, and Sidon by the sea,  
From Gibeah's towers, and from the shores of radiant Galilee

The king sits in the city gate, and all the gathered town,  
From battlement and parapet are looking eager down.  
And Judah's maids with raven braids and tresses flung aside,  
Are gazing from their lattices upon the concourse wide;  
The pale cheek burns, the dark eye glows, as standing there they see  
The proud young warriors who have sued to them with bended knee.

The trumpets cease, the monarch speaks in accents stern and loud,  
And a sudden stillness falls upon the murmuring restless crowd:—  
"Stand forth, ye brave of Israel! your deeds of valor show;  
That rich rewards and honor high your proud deserts may know;—  
Stand forth, ye valiant captains! and the mightiest of your band  
Shall be your chief, and from this day sit down at my right hand."

Uprose a tall, dark warrior ere the Monarch's speech was done,—  
There strode not through Jerusalem so haughty-paced a one :  
He stood and leaned upon his spear before the admiring king,  
While murmurs of applause went up from all the martial ring ;  
And they whispered to each other, with reverential air—  
“ There's none that with Adino for prowess can compare.”

He speaks, and all are hushed, his brief and wondrous tale to hear—  
“ My lord ! I slew eight hundred men, one time, with this good spear !”  
Then what a shout went up to heaven ! and loud the monarch cried—  
“ There is no such in all the land— now sit thee by my side !  
The brazen shield upon thy arm shall be exchanged for gold,  
And unto pale Philistia's coasts thy story shall be told !”

He ceased, and all the warrior host a solemn stillness kept,  
As a fierce and lion-featured man into the circle stepped ;  
And he spoke :—“ Hast thou forgotten, my leader and my lord !  
How side by side in desperate strife we drew the avenging sword ?  
Philistia's host had filled the land, our men had gone away,  
But four alone, of Judah's bands, defied them to the fray.

“ I rose, the Spirit of the Lord had filled my arm with might ;  
I smote them till their stoutest men turned back in headlong flight ;  
I smote them till unto my sword my hand clave with the toil,  
And Judah's men returned again but to divide the spoil.”  
“ Thou hast fought well !” the king exclaimed, “ and for thy service done,  
Thy place among my mighty men shall be the second one.”

Another stood amid the throng ; defiance stern and high  
Dwelt in his darkly shaded brow, and in his haughty eye—  
“ Thy people fled before their foes, and left their harvest field,  
To proud Philistia's trampling hoofs its bounteous store to yield ;  
I stood alone and slew them there, I saved the golden plain,  
And the Lord wrought us a victory over our foes again.”

“ Stand thou beside me,” said the king, “ and for thy noble deed,  
The third place in my valiant band shall be thy well-earned meed.”  
Then from the assembled throng came forth into the monarch's view,  
Three of Judea's noblest sons, all warriors tried and true :  
Within Jerusalem's palaces, her soldier-crowded street,  
No stronger captains drew the lance, no braver bosoms beat.

They looked upon each other's face, each strong hand grasped the sword ;  
They looked upon the monarch's face, but never spake a word ;  
Then rose the king from his high place, laid off his golden crown,  
And cast his royal mantle by, and from his throne came down,  
And took the warriors steel-gloved hands, and met them face to face,  
Before the hosts of Israel, in brotherly embrace.

“ These are my friends ! long, long ago, in far Adullam's cave,  
I thirsted, and I pined for drink, my fevered lips to lave :—  
I longed for water from the well by Bethlehem's city gate,  
But round about my harbor lay the Philistines in wait ;  
But these three men broke through their ranks, and slew them as they passed,  
And drew the water from the well, and brought it back at last !”

Then spoke the eldest of the three :—“ My lord ! not ours alone  
Was all the glory of that day ; the chiefest was thine own ;  
For when into thy hand we gave the dearly purchased draught,  
‘ Not by *my* lips,’ thou saidst, ‘ shall this, the price of blood be quaffed ;’  
And there upon the cavern floor the precious drops were poured,  
“ Because our lives were jeopardd for thee, before the Lord !”

Loud shout the assembled multitude—a thousand echoes ring:—  
 “God save the Lion of Judah! God save our Lord the King!”  
 Oh! many another tale was told of battle-field and fray,  
 And many another name was placed upon the list, that day;  
 But none had such a thrilling tale of hardihood to tell,  
 As they who drew the water up from Bethlehem’s sparkling well.

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## DANGERS TO BE GUARDED AGAINST IN THE PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

WHEN we see so close an analogy between the natural body and the body politic, in their gradual advance from infancy to maturity, in their healthy and diseased action, and in their self-preserving power to remedy the evils they may chance to encounter, we are naturally led to extend it still farther, and to suppose that, as the animal body has, by the laws of its structure, a certain term of existence which it cannot transcend, so must political communities have their old age and death, as well as their infancy and manhood. But this is carrying the parallel too far. Governments may be more correctly compared with species than with individuals—while the latter flourish for a time and then pass away, the former have the power of perpetual renovation.

The dissolution of a government, then, not being a necessary condition of its existence, it behoves a people who have one created by themselves and fashioned to their tastes and circumstances, to consider the remote as well as present evils and dangers which they may meet in their progress, that they may devise means of prevention where practicable, and mitigate what they can neither prevent nor cure.

Our inducements thus to look ahead are peculiarly strong when we recollect the extraordinary capacities of our country, and the career of glory for which it seems marked out. Its destinies are, in some sort, in the hands of the present generation.

Here, too, the great problem is to be solved, whether man is capable of self-government, or whether those artificial forms which prevail in the old world, and which seem to us adapted to that state of ignorance in which they originated, are necessary in an advanced stage of intel-

ligence. Most of us are, indeed, apt to consider that this question has already been settled. Our present government has been tried for half a century, during which our success, when examined by the ordinary tests of good government, has been unexampled. But the rest of the world refuses to abide by this experiment, and they insist that what we claim to be a merit of our political institutions, is due to the peculiar circumstances of our country—that since these are temporary, our government is destined to encounter trials of which it has as yet had no experience.

We are bound, we think, in candor to admit this. The frame of government which has worked admirably in one state of society may be unsuited to another. Let us, then, both as patriots and honest searchers after truth, seriously inquire into the dangers which we are likely to encounter in those changes of condition to which we may look forward, see how far they may be obviated, and what will be the probable extent of the mischief, where they are irremediable.

The dangers which may be supposed most to threaten the success of our great experiment, may be referred to the character of our polity, both as to its complexity and its democracy; to the diversity of feelings and interests in the different States; and to the diversity between classes of the people in the same State. These comprehend all that is or may be peculiar in our government, and all that may occasion its downfall. On each of them we propose to bestow some consideration.

One of the most obvious dangers to which the permanency of our system seems exposed, arises from the complexity of its structure, by which the attributes of sovereignty are so distributed

between the general and State governments, that some of them are exercised by one of these governments exclusively, and some others by both concurrently. This part of our polity has always been viewed by us with peculiar favor, from its enabling us to combine the highest degree of civil freedom with our vast extent of country. In any other system than ours, the two things would be utterly irreconcilable. No single national government could make laws or execute them so as to suit the diverse tastes and circumstances of the several States; and though it could, the power and influence required for those objects would be greater than could be safely trusted. Overcoming, either gradually or by sudden violence, all checks devised for its control, it would finally become despotic. By means, however, of our present system, every State is left free to make all its laws which more nearly touch the individual interests and concerns of man—those which establish rules of property, regulate contracts, define and punish crimes, provide for the preservation of morals, the means of instruction, the facilities of intercourse—and to adapt them to its local circumstances, its usages, its feelings, and its tastes. The functions of the general government are, on the other hand, limited to the subjects of national defence, of foreign intercourse, and two or three minor objects, in which peculiar considerations made uniformity desirable, as in the post-office, coining money, and naturalizing foreigners. We may form some idea of the benignant character of our local legislation by reflecting upon the large proportion of those State laws which have long held an undisturbed place in the State codes, because they were suited to the circumstances of their respective States, and which would never have been enacted by a national legislature.

In our ordinary estimates of the distribution of power between the government of the Union and the several States, we are under an illusion produced by this very excellence of the State governments. Questions relating to the national government generally excite a livelier interest among our citizens than mere local State questions. Yet this is not because they are intrinsically more interesting, but because the others are commonly so regulated as to give general satisfaction. They faithfully reflect the feelings and opinions in each State. Let us only

suppose the improbable fact that a State legislature should make a radical alteration, not called for by public opinion, in the law of descents or in the criminal law. We should find that the sentiments of the community would not be confined, as in our federal politics, to newspaper discussion and occasional public addresses, but that one general burst of indignation would break out in every corner of the State, cause the prompt repeal of the odious law, and consign the faithless representative to lasting ignominy.

Yet this machinery, which produces such admirable results, is liable to disturbance from the delicacy and complexity to which it owes its excellence. For our political engine to perform its destined part, each government must exercise its due portion of power, and no more. If the States appropriate more than their share, the general government cannot discharge its high national functions. If the latter arrogates undue powers the citizen is affected in his dearest interests, and the safeguards of liberty are weakened. In either case, the stability of the system is endangered.

The framers of the national government have endeavored to secure us against these hazards by a written constitution, in which the powers assigned to it, and thus, virtually, those retained by the States, were, as they hoped, so carefully marked out, as to preclude uncertainty or dispute. But this was, in the nature of things, utterly impracticable. From two causes, inseparable from man, their purpose was unattainable. These are, the impossibility of foreseeing all the cases that may arise, and consequently, of devising rules adapted to such multifarious occasions; and, in the next place, the impossibility of making any constitution that will not admit of different interpretations, both from the inherent uncertainty of language, and the disposition which men have, both purposely and unconsciously, to interpret it according to their passions and interests. Is this a mere speculation of fancy, or does it accord with our actual experience? During the half century that the present form of government has been in operation, how many are the laws passed by the federal legislature which some of the States have regarded as inconsistent with the Constitution, and in some instances, have been tempted openly to resist? There was the law which laid a tax on carriages, that which established



a bank, the sedition law, the law repealing the judiciary act of 1799. Then the power of affording direct protection to manufactures; that of laying an indefinite embargo; the power over the militia of the States, of making roads or canals, of appropriating money to a purpose not specified in the Constitution, of admitting new States not comprehended within the limits of the original territory, the extent of the power of exclusive legislation, and of the jurisdiction of the federal courts, have all been subjects of warm and obstinate dispute, besides many others of minor interest.

Though on several of these questions ambitious politicians, in their struggles for power, and mercenary men, looking only to emolument, have taken sides, without much regard to what was the true meaning of the Constitution, yet it is reasonable to suppose that most of our citizens honestly differed about them, and in the sincerity of their convictions some of the questions have agitated the public mind to its centre, and threatened nothing less than open resistance to authority. Even the sedition law, which has been pronounced unconstitutional by the most unequivocal evidence, was deemed to be clearly constitutional by one of the most honest and acute men we have ever known, and he held and avowed that opinion to the day of his death.\*

Nor is the mischief from this source confined to acts of the general government. The States too may assert contested powers, and may even transcend their prescribed powers. But the balance is as effectually destroyed by putting a weight in one scale as in the other. The State legislatures are likely to interpret the Constitution in their favor in all cases that are doubtful, or can be made to appear so; and, in some cases, so as to frustrate salutary powers given to the general government. Thus, many believe that the Constitution meant to prohibit any State from making a paper currency of any kind; and, consequently, that, in creating banks with State capital, whose notes constitute much of the money of the State, and were so intended, they violated this prohibition. So they may pass laws violating the obligation of contracts; refuse obedience to federal laws, passed for regulating the militia, or for pur-

poses of revenue. Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia, Illinois, Georgia, &c., have all passed laws which have been pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States; some of which laws have been carried into execution. The questions which have thus arisen may again arise. If the States are right in the power they assert, the General Government has exceeded its authority when it has attempted to restrict that power. If, however, they are wrong, the States are disturbing that equilibrium which they all agreed to establish.

It is easy to see from these examples, stated from memory, and which it would require no great diligence of research to extend, that our written Constitution, however indispensable in organizing the government, and quieting the jealousy of the States, has been as yet very fruitful of controversy, and may be expected to continue so. Yet we must submit to this evil, if we would prescribe a law to the legislature. We could not have had union without a written constitution, and we cannot have such a constitution without differing and disputing about its interpretation.

It is true that most of these questions have passed away with no more serious mischief than the temporary effervescence they produced, and some of them are already forgotten. Yet we cannot confidently pronounce that they will always prove equally innocuous. The oak, which has withstood the storms of a hundred winters, may yield to a more furious hurricane at last. It behoves every good citizen, who wishes to perpetuate the government which secures to us so many blessings, to do what he can to mitigate these dissensions; we cannot hope to be exempt from them altogether. With this view some well-meaning persons offer a notable recipe, which they call *strict construction*. Yet, so far as we have observed, those who are very rigid in their interpretation of some parts of the Constitution, are equally liberal in construing others; for the great cause in the difference in the interpretation of that instrument is the difference of men's feelings and interests; and, since they differ about the distribution of power between the general and State governments, he who is strict in construing the

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\* Philip Doddridge, formerly a representative in Congress from Virginia.

powers he wishes to abridge, will be latitudinous in construing those he wishes to enlarge.

On this point men may be always expected to disagree; but to those who feel no strong bias either way, we would venture to suggest what seems to be the only practical and consistent rule, and that is, to give that construction which seems most obvious to common sense—that which the people, when they ratified the Constitution, may be presumed to have attached to it; and that which they will be likely to give it, when appealed to in the last resort. With this view, philological niceties, ingenious subtleties, and wiredrawn distinctions, such as we often see pressed into the service in constitutional discussions, should be peremptorily rejected. Accommodating ourselves to the rule of action of our ultimate arbiter, we should endeavor to give that interpretation which, without deviating from the words, will best promote the great ends of national security, liberty and prosperity for which the government was created.

Although we cannot confidently pronounce that agitations from this source may never prove more disastrous than they have done, yet there are many circumstances that are well fitted to soothe our apprehensions on this point. In the first place, it may be presumed that the questions concerning the legitimate powers of the general government, which are first in importance, are very likely to have already occurred; and, in whatever way they may have been withdrawn from the forum of the people, they will not probably be revived. What Congress would again enact a sedition law, or lay an indefinite embargo? If, however, some of these questions should be again agitated, or others of equal interest should present themselves, they will be somewhat less likely to inflame the passions of our citizens, from the recollection that similar questions, once deemed vital, have proved comparatively insignificant, or have passed into oblivion. The soldier acquires firmness in battle by being familiarized to danger, and by finding that the hazards of death, which seem at first so imminent, are far less than those of escape. Dangers to the Constitution, like all others, are alarming in proportion as they are new. When the amended Constitution of Virginia was under discussion, and the question whether the slaves should make part of the

basis of representation, threatened to break up the Assembly in confusion, Mr. Madison, who felt as deeply for the public welfare as any member of the body, but was not misled by his fears, coolly remarked to some of the alarmists, "I have been in a convention before." Besides, good and brave men, who watch over the safety of the State, and regard their country's welfare as yet dearer than their own, become both more confident and more skillful in healing these irritations, and in lighting upon some happy compromise, by which the enkindled passions of men are soothed, their jarring interests reconciled, the plighted honor of heated partisanship is saved, and a spirit of mutual conciliation restored to the community.

The opponents of a law deemed unconstitutional are further encouraged to forbearance by the conviction, drawn from many examples, that, if they are clearly right, the peaceful, but efficient remedy of a change of the public agents is at hand; and the more satisfied men are of the truth and justness of their views, the more confidently will they expect this redress, and the more patiently will they await its arrival; just as we find that those injuries which in savage life could be atoned for only by the blood of the aggressor, are, in a state of civilization, quietly left to the avenging power of the laws. And lastly, time will have its accustomed effect of increasing the veneration of our citizens for the Constitution. It will be associated in their minds with every great and glorious act achieved under it, whether civic or military; and with the prospect of national greatness which lies before us. What is now the dim future to us will be the well-defined past to them, and these interesting reminiscences will give new fervor to their love of country, and to all that is connected with it.

We are aware that a late intelligent traveller in this country has expressed the opinion that the power of the individual States is increasing, and that of the national government diminishing; and that, in this way, our system carries with it the seeds of its own destruction. Though M. De Tocqueville has shown himself an honest inquirer after truth; though he has examined our institutions more in the spirit of philosophy than any other European traveller, or rather, we may say, he is the only one who has so examined them; and though many of his specula-

tions, both favorable and unfavorable, indicate a depth and soundness of reflection remarkable for one of his years, yet some of his most important views manifest that want of accurate knowledge which is to be expected in a stranger. He mistakes accidental and varying circumstances for uniform and permanent results of our social system. Where he is right as to their character, he sometimes mistakes the cause; and he prematurely forms a theory from too small a number of facts. Of this description is the opinion in question. It is probably as yet too soon to decide which power will preponderate in the equilibrium our Constitution meant to establish, but many of our profoundest thinkers believe that the general government is gradually gaining, and the States gradually losing, their relative weights in the system. \ They believe that every new State added to the confederacy is an additional band to the Union, and gives additional power to the general government.

\ It is true that we have seen many instances in which States have disregarded or contravened acts of the federal government; but many of them not being of general moment, and exciting but a transient interest, they have been unnoticed. The play was not worth the candle. It is also true that, where a number of neighboring States combine to oppose important measures of the national government, that government may sometimes find it prudent to temporize, and not attempt to enforce what it believes to be its legitimate authority. This was the case when most of the New England States refused to place their militia under the control of the national Executive. But that case was singular in all its circumstances. It may never again happen that the general government will put the loyalty of so large a portion of the Union to so severe a test as did that embargo; or that equally strong considerations of prudence will prevent the general government from enforcing its authority. Such combinations may be expected to be extremely rare; and though the sympathy of States similarly circumstanced, would seem to be a natural and powerful motive of co-operation, we find that, on these occasions of resistance to the laws of the Union, the other States promptly rally round the national standard to compel obedience. The insurrection in Pennsylvania was put down, not by a standing army, but by the volunteer militia of other States;

and during the resistance of South Carolina to a tariff which she regarded as unequal, unjust, and unconstitutional, we believe that, in all the neighboring States, though they had the same cause of complaint as herself, and some of them yet greater, there was a majority of the people who disapproved her course, and would not have supported her in the event of an appeal to force. Our government is now in a course of experiment, and the reflecting portion of our citizens, justly appreciating its merits as to civil liberty, and the thousand blessings she brings in her train, watch its movements with unceasing solicitude, and are ready to throw their weight into the scale of the Union or of the States, as time and circumstances shall show is required, and to weaken or strengthen the powers of the component parts—to restrict or retain the executive veto—to alter or continue the appointing power—to regulate the elections to the federal legislature by the national government, or to leave it to the States, as they think that a weight should be added here, or taken away there, for the proper adjustment of the complex machinery. This conservative power, active, sagacious, unceasing in its vigilance, and, though marked by no badge of office, silently pervading the whole community, seems to have been overlooked, or not sufficiently appreciated by M. De Tocqueville. As to the evil auguries of other European commentators, they are, compared with his, the *niaiserie* of children, and of spiteful children too. There seems then to be nothing in our frame of government which is inconsistent with its permanency; on the contrary, it is endued with the faculty of correcting those abuses or irregularities which may occasionally arise, and this faculty it will retain as long as the character of the people for intelligence and love of freedom remains unchanged.

But prolific sources of dissension meet our view when we look at the diversity of interests and pursuits among the several States. Some are largely engaged in shipping and foreign commerce, while others are shut out from the ocean. Some are extensively employed in manufactures, others principally in agriculture. Some permit domestic slavery, others prohibit it. Some contain large quantities of the public lands, others, not an acre. Some are in contact with the Indians, others are so separated from them as

hardly to know of their existence. In some, the population is homogeneous; in others, it is made up of foreigners and natives. Some, being large, have much more than an equal share of political power; and others, being small, have much less. In these several points of diversity, we find most of the principal sources of discord among communities; and it would seem that there could be no law or public measure which would not have different, and even opposite effects in different States.

Here are certainly many causes of disagreement, but let us not overrate them. It is often the diversity which produces harmony, not discord. Some of the most striking points of difference are fitted to draw the States closer together, rather than to separate them, and to bind them in the strongest of all bonds, that of mutual benefit. The difference in their leading occupations and pursuits is the foundation of a profitable commercial intercourse, and consequently, of good feeling, instead of that jealousy which sometimes arises between communities whose productions and pursuits are the same. The manufacturing States find in the agricultural the best vent for their fabrics, while these again find in the others a growing market for their redundant produce; and in this way, the peculiar advantages possessed by each portion are imparted to both. Whatever doubts may be entertained about the benefits of free trade between different nations, there can be none about those between the different parts of the same nation.

Such is the natural relation in which the States stand to each other, by reason of their diversity of interests and pursuits; but this diversity has incidentally been, and is yet likely to be, the parent of dissension in another way. Many of the States, not content with the advantages they intrinsically possess, seek to enhance these advantages by asking of the general government the total or partial exclusion of foreign competition, by which means the other States would be shut out from the greater cheapness of foreign articles. In this way those other States consider themselves virtually taxed for the benefit of the manufacturing States, whether they buy the foreign article subjected to the tax, or the similar article made at home.

We shall not now stop to inquire whether these complaints of injustice are well founded, or, supposing they are, whether the injustice is compensated. It is suf-

ficient for our purpose that the question has made the States seriously differ about the policy of the general government—some insisting that foreign industry and capital should be excluded from competition with domestic, and others urging their right of buying wherever they can buy cheapest.

On a sober view of this question, it seems, under existing circumstances, to present no serious ground for difference in practical policy. It is admitted that the ordinary expenses of the general government, which must naturally somewhat increase with the increase of population and extension of settlement, cannot be reduced under twenty-four or twenty-five millions a year. To raise this revenue, there is no way so easy, both to the government and the people and so economical, as by the impost. But to raise it on articles exclusively produced abroad, such as tea, coffee, silk, wine, and the finer fabrics of the loom, as the opponents of the tariff wish, and as would unquestionably bear equally on all the States, would be utterly impracticable. Low duties would fail, from the insufficiency of the amount imported, and high duties would equally fail, both because they would be evaded, and would lessen consumption. We must then, of necessity, resort to an impost on those articles which are both produced at home and imported from abroad; and all duties thus laid must operate as an encouragement to the domestic producer. Of the duties thus laid, if the manufacturing States pay less than their proportion, the inequality admits of no remedy which would not be worse than the evil itself.

In addition to the consideration which has just been mentioned, there are causes which will more and more tend to allay the irritation produced by the subject. The States which can advantageously engage in manufactures will increase with the increasing density of population, and the motives for asking protection will be less strong, as the market furnished by the consuming States is diminished. Manufacturing industry and skill too, are making more or less progress in all the States, and to the same extent that they are diffused is the inequality among the States reduced.

A further, but more distant, ground for expecting the influence of this question to decline, is to be found in that reduction of the price of labor which awaits a denser population. That will give a security for the home market which will defy



all foreign competition. Our distance from the workshops of Europe and Asia already profits our domestic manufacturers more than the tariff—and this protection the smugglers have no means of evading—but when the price of labor in those countries, and in this, shall lose somewhat of its present disparity, the distance will be decisive. The same effect will be accelerated by the increasing substitution of machinery for human labor, and the rapid accumulation of capital in our country. And lastly, we may hope that sound principles of political economy will be better understood, and more strictly pursued, by the mass of our citizens, than they have been heretofore. Though much of this vexed question may, doubtless, be resolved into one of local interests, yet very many also embrace erroneous opinions concerning it from an honest conviction of their truth. A better knowledge of the science will tend to harmonize many of those who now stand in the relation of angry disputants.

The difference of the States in their relation to the public lands did once threaten to produce discord between the Atlantic and the Western portions of the Union, but the wise policy of discontinuing sales on credit, by which so many of our Western citizens were placed in the delicate relation of debtors to the government, arrested the danger; and now, on the subject of these lands, most of the Western States, and a large majority of their population, have precisely the same interest in the disposal of these lands as the Atlantic States.

There is, however, a difference in the interior polity of the States which is more threatening than any we have mentioned, and which it behoves every man who regards the Union as the anchor of our political safety to watch closely and unceasingly. It so happens that one half these States, continuing the usages of their ancestors, hold in domestic slavery another race of men, and, believing that race to be inferior to their own, they are unwilling to admit them to an equality with themselves, and think they cannot safely liberate them without such equality. Many citizens of the States who are exempt from this class of persons, in their zeal for civil freedom, or abstract claims of humanity, endeavor, by every means in their power to bring about the emancipation of these slaves; and, when their passions are thus enkindled, their animosity to the master is often in proportion to their sympathy for

the slave. Their taunts and reproaches naturally react on those to whom they are addressed, and thus the breach is ever widening between them.

Time, however, is silently at work, and will bring a remedy for this source of internal dissension. Before the lapse of the present century, most of the States now permitting slavery, will be impelled by self-interest and a moral necessity to put an end to it. In that time, human labor, obeying the general law of declining in value with its increase in quantity, will have so fallen as to make the rearing of slaves unprofitable, when, of course, slavery, in some mode or other, must terminate. In the mean while, the thorough conviction of the misapplied sympathy of the abolitionists, of the unwarranted interference of the citizens of one State with the interior policy of another, are so deeply impressed on a large majority of the citizens of every State, and especially of those who are most intelligent and respectable, that this source of civil strife can never produce any more serious consequence than to afford materials to those who follow the craft and mystery of politics, to inflame the prejudices of one part of the country against another, and so far to adulterate the purity of our popular elections.

But is there not a real danger to the peace and integrity of our confederate republic in that party strife which rages here so furiously and unceasingly? Without doubt, in all free countries, there are always arising questions, before which, for the time, all others disappear, and which divide the people into two distinct and hostile communities. This war of opinion gives new force to all our affections, good and evil, and if party attachments and sympathies draw men more closely together than any other bands—even than the ties of blood—so party animosities are more bitter and unappeasable than any other. If this feeling has Samson's strength, it has his blindness too. Swayed by its illusions, merits are enhanced or diminished, faults are exaggerated or overlooked, as they belong to men of one sect or the other. Scarce any talent, service, or merit is acknowledged except where it is accompanied with orthodoxy or party questions; nor is there an error or vice, or hardly even a crime, over which party zeal will not throw its protecting shield; and we may every day see such instances of its illusive power as was afforded by a female supporter of Wilkes, who, in de-



fence of his horribly distorted vision, denied that he squinted; "if he did, it was not more than a gentleman ought to squint."

Since, then, this propensity in men to differ and dispute, to love those who agree with them in feeling and opinion, and hate those who do not, is too deeply implanted in our nature for us to hope to eradicate it; so long as we take an interest in public affairs and are free to discuss them, it may be thought that we should be reconciled to its mischiefs, grievous as they sometimes are, for the blessings of that civil freedom, of which they are the certain sign, and the never failing attendant, just as we reconcile ourselves to the occasional explosions of steam engines by the recollection of their preponderating benefits, or are not disposed to forego the uses of fire because it sometimes causes ruinous conflagrations.

But it is urged by some, who admit that party conflicts are inseparable from civil liberty, that they are here carried to an unexampled excess—that, in other countries, this fevered state of the public mind is only occasional, while here it is constant. In others, such agitations merely ruffle the surface of society, but here they upheave the whole mass from the bottom; and that this excess is the more dangerous in this country, because there is less here to control popular feeling, and to prevent its being carried out into action.

Of this excess there can be no question, and it is plainly referable to the character of our people, as well as of its government; for nowhere does the great body of the community think, and feel, and speak so much about public measures as here. Party spirit, then, animates the whole mass; and every citizen, whether he points to the north pole or the south, obeys the magnetic influence. And although a regard to the public interest is the motive which actuates most men in uniting themselves with a party, yet, after a while, according to a well-known principle, what was first regarded as means becomes afterwards the end; and thus the interests of the country are merged in those of the party. When these divisions are once formed, pride, emulation, the desire of distinction, the contagious sympathy with numbers, and that disguised form of self-love, the *esprit de corps*, all concur to swell the tide of feeling, until the desire of party success becomes the master passion of the human breast.

It may be further remarked, that party disputes are never more violent than when they are founded on mere differences of opinion, and of no opinions so much as those of a general or abstract character. Thus, where party zeal has turned on religious doctrines, it has exhibited peculiar force; and questions about the forms of government and the proper distribution of political power, have kindled livelier passions than the immediate acts of the government. Now, we cannot say what questions of this kind are in store for us—what quilllets of constitutional law—what new principles of policy or morals—what ultra doctrines of political freedom may hereafter arise; and, intoxicating men's minds with their subtle essence, hurry them into the wildest excesses of madness and folly. Who could have believed thirty years ago that the circumstance, whether a man was a freemason or not would more affect his supposed fitness for the office of President, than whether he preferred beef to mutton—wore a black coat or a brown one? With such an example as is afforded by anti-masonry, we know not what dogmas may be erected into tests of merit, nor what reaction such arbitrary caprices may produce.

Such are the reflections which are likely to present themselves when we look at the operations of party spirit in this country. But, on a further consideration of the subject, we may find much to make us more tolerant of the evil, and to allay our fears that time will aggravate its mischiefs. Besides that party strife is an incident to civil freedom, it now also serves to satisfy a want of our moral nature. According to that nature, we must feel as well as think; and however men may differ about their capacity for thought, their powers of feeling are substantially the same. The mind craves emotion of some sort, and must have it. With the uncultivated, if it is not found in pursuits of gain, in war, in love, in spectacle, they are apt to resort to the bottle, or the exciting hazards of the gaming table. Political parties supply the place of these excitements, and have the more force with us from the present circumstances of the country. They thus may sometimes prevent vicious stimulants, and yet wilder fanaticism; and as our country advances and improves, a part of this moral heat may be conducted off by the gentler excitements of literature, of the arts, and other refinements of civilization.

In the mean time may we be permitted to make a suggestion, by which some of the asperity of party spirit will be smoothed? Every one must have observed that in the frequent shiftings of party questions, and of the relation of individuals to them, men are, ever and anon, finding themselves with new associates: to-day estranged from one who was yesterday his friend, and fighting side by side by another who had been his bitter opponent. In such a situation he is sure to see, if he has been honest in his change, merits in his new friends, which he had previously overlooked; and he is likely to feel no small self-reproach for his former injustice. It will then serve to mitigate this moral virus of party prejudice to bear in mind, that he whom we are now disposed to regard with alienation, will, in all probability be by and by our friend, to whom, though now he turns on us a frigid if not a hostile look, we shall be warmed by kindred feelings, and be linked in some common cause of public interest. In like manner, when we become separated from those with whom we once acted, let the remembrance of our former friendly relations keep down our rising wrath. In this course there is a concurrence between Christian benevolence and worldly prudence that does not always exist. What, we would ask, is there in party contests—what in the triumphs of victory—what in its vain applause, to compare with those feelings of kindness and forbearance which give to the cup of life its purest pleasures and most uncloying sweets?

There is another source of civil discord, which is independent of all political measures, of all party contests for power, or of speculative opinions, but has its seat in the human heart, and which may be supposed to increase with the increase of the destitute class. In every community those who are distinguished by talents, public services, wealth, or the lustre of their connections, arrogate a superiority over those who are less favored, and form themselves into a separate class; while the others are impatient of these claims, and are ever contesting them. Society is thus divided into the *αἰσῆτοι* and the *πολλοί*, of whom, as was said of Cæsar and Pompey, one cannot bear an equal, and the other a superior. The seeds of this aristocratic pride and democratic resentment exist everywhere, but they are most developed in countries that are most free. One of them exceeds in moral strength, the other in physical; and there might seem to be danger of their conflicts

producing civil commotion. Now, the prominent questions which are ever agitating the public mind here—such as the choice of a President or the distribution of political power—make so many cross divisions which break up the other parties into fragments, so that the multitude cannot combine against the *aristoi* nor the latter against the people. Though these parties are ever on the watch to assert and maintain their respective sentiments, and readily incline to that side in the other divisions which seems to have most affinity with their own, yet on almost all great questions, the greater number of both are found co-operating warmly and indiscriminately on the same side. And thus our vehement party disputes, with all their mischiefs, save us from the danger from this deep-rooted and permanent source of dissension.

As our population advances not only very rapidly but at very unequal rates in its Atlantic and Western portions, we should be on our guard against the effects of those changes of relative weight which must necessarily ensue. Hitherto the Atlantic States have had the preponderance of numbers, and consequently of political power, and our national policy has been adapted to that state of things. But in twenty years, or less, the Western States will have the ascendancy, which will be constantly increasing. At present we may see no serious mischief from this change—no political storm that is likely to arise when power shall thus pass the equinoctial line. Yet it is possible that views peculiar to the Western portion of the confederacy may present themselves, and that it may use its power in conformity with such views. Suppose, for example, what is, however, very improbable, that the Western States should be disposed to adopt the Chinese policy as to foreign commerce, and, inviting all nations to trade with us, to withdraw from the ocean, and thus save ourselves the expense of supporting a navy. Such a policy would seem to the Atlantic States suicidal, and would be opposed as all vital questions are.

But we will state a more probable cause of difference. We see that the tide of our population presses on to the West with a force which nothing but the Pacific can arrest. Will this mighty current deflect to the right, so as not to touch the territory now occupied by our red brethren, and solemnly guaranteed to them forever? Not only national honor will answer the question in the affirma-

tive, but humanity and justice will confirm it with the right-minded portion of our citizens, both of the East and the West. Yet will these liberal and just sentiments prevent bickerings and disputes between our citizens and the Indians, where their respective territories touch? Can any measures of precaution secure us against such collision? And when a continued course of mutual aggression, such as has always taken place under similar circumstances, has inflamed the passions of both parties, what can prevent the quarrel from extending to the neighboring States, and growing into open war? a war which we might consider would be one of extermination, and of short continuance, if we had not lately seen that a few hundreds of this brave people, when driven to despair, and favored by the localities of the country, may defy the efforts of more than as many thousands of our well-appointed troops. And, though our reiterated attacks would, no doubt, finally prove victorious, yet at what a prodigious cost, not only of money but of our own blood, would it be purchased; and, what is yet more to be deprecated, at what a cost of national character.

When such a disastrous issue seems so probable, ought we not to prepare in time to adopt the only course by which it may be prevented, and that the incorporation of these Indians with the people of the United States? Let us assign to them a term of probation, at the end of which they may become, according to their numbers, members of the federal union. On this subject we have little popular prejudice to encounter—none that cannot be easily overcome.

This race is remarkable for some of man's noblest virtues. Courage, both in daring and suffering; veracity, fidelity to engagements, and an indomitable love of freedom. We have, in them, no evidence of that intellectual inferiority commonly attributed to the African race. There are but few of their descendants among us, but of those few, an unusually large proportion are among the distinguished of the land. Three we have seen members of Congress. One of them was afterwards a Governor of Louisiana; another is now a Judge in Virginia; and the third had the power of enchaining attention by his bold imagery, his burning words and cutting sarcasm, beyond any man of his day. Who has not noticed the unusually fine appearance of their

deputies to this city, and especially of those who traced their descent both from the white and the red race? Their robust, well-proportioned frames, their manly beauty, their inborn dignity of demeanor, and their excellent sense, little aided, as it is, by instruction, was well calculated to suggest the theory that the mixture of the two races was an improvement on both. Be this as it may, it may be safely asserted that we should not be discredited by the association; and the bill, a few years since submitted to the consideration of Congress, of giving the tribes, lately established beyond the Mississippi, a federal government, to prepare them for admission into the Union, appeared to me to be as much marked by wisdom as liberality; which, we would add, are not only children of the same family, but are much seldomer seen apart than some of our legislators seem to suppose.

Of the dangers, of which we have hitherto spoken, we have already had a foretaste. The dissensions of our citizens, arising from collisions between the general and the State governments, and those growing out of a difference of interests, pursuits or opinions, have been experienced in more force, in some instances, than they are hereafter likely to exert. But we may, in the process of time, encounter dissensions of a different description, which may put our political system to a yet severer test. Our population is, at present, in most of the States, very thin, and will continue to be comparatively so, until our whole vacant territory is occupied. Its density will then, everywhere, steadily, though slowly, increase, until it reaches, or approaches, that of European countries of similar climate and fertility. In this state of things, there must be here, as we see in other countries, a class of persons possessing property, and a much larger class without it. Can these two classes live together in peace and harmony, when they possess an equal share of political power? or must our government change its character, and have infused into it new vigor and means of restraint, suited to the new order of things? And, lastly, suppose such a change requisite, will it be practicable? These are questions about which reflecting minds may be divided, and their momentous character well justifies us in pushing our speculations into the future, for the purpose of anticipating the effects of this change in our social condition, especially when it is not so remote but

that some of the present generation may live to see it.

However favored may be the circumstances of a country, and whatever its aggregate wealth, the great mass of its people must be poor. Even in England, with a degree of opulence such as the world has never before seen, if her whole annual income were divided among her people, the proportion to each individual would not amount to more than from seventy to eighty dollars, which would be barely sufficient to give to each one the means of plain and comfortable subsistence, at the price they bear in that country, and not enough to do that, according to the standard which prevails in the United States. In this country, though, on such a distribution, the proportionate share would, in quantity, be larger than it is in England, the money price would be less; that is, from sixty to sixty-five dollars—enough to furnish the comforts of life on a very simple scale, and nothing more.

But this income is, and must ever be, very unequally distributed. Fortune blindly rewards some men, but the virtues of industry, integrity and prudence, a far greater number; and in the same degree that some have more than their proportionate share, others must have less. We know that many have an income one hundred times as large as the average, and some in England a thousand times as great. The number, then, who have less than the average, must be proportionate. Thus, if there be one in a hundred who have *but* fifty times the average income, then the average income of the rest of the community, that is, ninety-nine hundredths, would be reduced to one half the average—a pittance barely sufficient to sustain life, which many obtain by honest labor; but some are fain to seek it by crime, or fraud, or beggary, and a portion, not obtaining it, experience the miseries of hunger, disease, and premature death.

Such would seem to be the condition of every civilized community. By far the largest portion are dependent upon their daily labor for the means of subsistence; those means are necessarily small, and gradually diminish with the increasing density of population. The gradual rise in the price of raw produce, or the gradual fall in the price of labor, are but different modes of expressing this fact.

Such a class as we have here sup-

posed, has always been unfriendly, if not formidable, to the peace and well-being of society, by its numbers, its necessities, and the vices and crimes engendered by its ignorance and wants. Looking with envious discontent on those who are in affluence or ease, desirous of change and confusion, by which they may gain, but cannot lose, they will be ready to follow any leader who will give them bread, or promise it. Nor is it necessary that the worst passions of this class should be appealed to, since plausible pretexts for reformation can always be devised by the cunning and unprincipled demagogue, sufficient for minds so indiscriminating, and so easily yielding to impressions, so that the better portion of the destitute class often unite with the worst, in riot, outrage and disorder. Such is the character of the populace in Europe, and signs of the rise of a similar class may be occasionally seen in our largest cities.

To guard against these mischiefs, which strike at the root of society, and which have their seat in the appetites and passions of men, wherever ignorance is associated with want, government, it is urged, must be armed with an adequate physical force; and political power, moreover, must be withheld from those who are so incapable of rightfully exercising it, and would be so sure to abuse it. Even the system of representation affords no security with such a constituency, for the representative will faithfully reflect the feelings and opinions of those who have chosen him. If they favor a liberal and enlightened policy, so will he; if one that is narrow-minded and unjust, as certainly will he. If they wish to defraud their creditors, he too will be a repudiator. If they wish to lay an unequal tax on the rich, he is their willing instrument. The government must then have the power to quell commotion, or rather to keep it from rising; and that power must be exercised only by those who have intelligence and independence. So far you may, in a densely peopled community, extend the elective franchise, and no further. Such is one view of the subject.

But these remedies and precautions imply a considerable change from our present political system, and a far less degree of civil freedom than we now possess. They would not only disfranchise a large part—perhaps much the largest part of the community—but it supposes a degree of power in the Executive which sometimes may be brought to bear upon



the honest and loyal, as well as on the vicious and lawless, and which may lead to further encroachments. It has been from such small beginnings that military usurpation, profiting by the proper moment, has taken its rise, and that monarchies have been reared on the ruins of republican government. This remedy may thus create a worse disease than it cures.

But will it be necessary to alter the distribution of political power? and when our population becomes dense, may not our democratic institutions be retained in their present form, or with only such slight modifications as experience shall clearly point out? There are many circumstances to favor these agreeable anticipations. In the first place, the class which will be without property is likely to be proportionately smaller in this country than it is in any part of Europe. Equality of civil rights, though it cannot produce equality of property, tends to lessen the inequality. It keeps the avenues to profitable employment, whether in public office, or by the efforts of industry, open to all competitors, and it cherishes the pride of personal independence. Here are no laws of primogeniture—no privileged orders—no enormous salaries—no monopolies to favorites—no means of perpetuating property in the same families—as exist in other countries; by all of which the inequality of property is increased and maintained. On this account, property, which is now more equally distributed in this country than in any other, is likely to continue so, and consequently, the class of the destitute to be proportionally diminished. Nor is this all. Many of those who are without property, seeing the field of competition open to all, and that a large proportion of those who have attained affluence or distinction, were once as poor as themselves, are encouraged to hope for similar favors of fortune, and such hopes afford the same security for their obedience to the laws as would the possession of property.

But in the next place the poorest class with us is not likely to be so poor as the correspondent class on the old Continent, from the peculiar circumstances of the American people. We know that, in the regular progress of society, the population of a country is in proportion to its means of subsistence, and that this has been no less the case when its people were in the condition of hunters, as the aborigines of this continent, with scarce-

ly one to the square mile, than when they amount to two or three hundred. The population is thus always up to the level of the food, and, without doubt, the increasing demand for food, occasioned by increasing numbers, has been the parent of husbandry and all the other arts by which human aliment is augmented.

The state of things has, however, been very different in this country. Here, a people possessed of those useful arts which can support a dense population, settled in a country which contained not more than one to a square mile. Hence, while in other countries population has been determined by subsistence, here subsistence has been determined by population. In consequence of these peculiar circumstances, there has always been here a liberal rate of subsistence, such as is not seen, and probably never has been seen, in any part of the Old World. Now, when a people become habituated to so liberal a standard of comfort, they are likely to cling to it, and thus the preventive checks to redundancy may be expected to operate sooner here than they have done elsewhere, and to keep down our population to the means of liberal subsistence; or, if they cannot reach that point, they will greatly tend to reduce the number of that needy, ignorant, and desperate class of which we have been speaking. Our last census shows conclusively that the moral checks have already begun to operate in this country, though the means of subsistence have been all the while increasing instead of diminishing. It must also be recollected that if, in the progress of society, the influence of intelligence and property is, on some accounts, diminished by the increased numbers and votes of the ignorant and necessitous, that influence is, on other accounts, augmented by the increased dependency of the destitute class on the others for employment and subsistence. Every large land-owner or ship-owner, every great manufacturer or miner, has an influence over those he employs, far greater in a dense, than a thin population; and this influence, having its foundation in the nature of man, furnishes a further security against the supposed danger from the class without property.

We are likely to have another security which must not be overlooked; as popular ignorance is one of the principal elements of the mischief, it is consoling that the ignorant class will ever probably be



unusually small in this country. The policy of diffusing instruction among the people is of such obvious benefit, and is so vital in democratic governments, that it is a popular measure in all the States. There is accordingly no country in which elementary schools are so general as in some of the States, and in the others, they are steadily increasing. Greater density of numbers, so far from checking the diffusion of this benefit, will give new facilities to it, as experience has already shown us.

May we not also count something on that extraordinary respect for the laws which is manifested by our citizens, and which generally characterizes democratic governments? By far the greater number of the laws being promotive of the public interest, and, in fact, dictated by the popular will, the people have the strongest motives to respect, as well as obey them, and thus the sentiment becomes by habit engrafted in the character of the people. Hence it is, that at our largest and most tumultuous assemblies, one may see thousands yield the same obedience to a constable as in most countries is yielded only to the armed bands of the government. On all these accounts the fears entertained by some that our political system is not suited to a dense population, seem to be unfounded.

There are some evils to which we are even now exposed, without carrying our speculations to a distant future. The great merit of a democratic government is, that the people will, for their own sakes, aim at good laws—laws which are suited to their circumstances—which impose light duties, and secure personal rights; and although they may, sometimes through ignorance, mistake their true interests, in most cases the sagacity of self-love is too unerring for this. But the preceding theory, it must be recollected, supposes only that the interests of the *majority* will be promoted in good faith, and with effect. Now, it may sometimes happen that the *interests*, as it often does, that the *wishes* of the two parties into which all free States are commonly divided, will be directly opposite, and on these occasions, there is always danger that the majority will be unjust to the minority—we do not mean by disappointing their wishes, but by departing from those principles of right which all recognize and profess to respect—that, in a word, the impulses of feeling will

prevail over a sense of duty. Thus, to give examples, the majority of a State legislature may so unequally arrange the election districts as to secure to themselves more than their fair proportion of political power. They may appropriate to themselves all the public offices, and put incapable men in the place of those of tried skill and integrity, on the ground that “to the victors belong the spoils,” and they may so adjust the revenue laws as to make them bear more heavily on the minority than the majority. In these ways may minorities be deprived of their just share of political power, and robbed of their property. These flagrant wrongs are not peculiar to any party. They arise in all free governments, and are incidents of human weakness. Is there any remedy for the evil? There can be none by any device of organization, which might not at times, as formerly in Poland, paralyze the necessary action of the government. Would constitutional provisions avail? Party leaders are too ingenious not to find means of evading such provisions, sufficiently plausible to satisfy their indiscriminating followers, and are sometimes reckless enough to make boldness supply the place of ingenuity. There then can be no remedy for this injustice, but improving the moral sense of the community. All good men must endeavor to give new force to that rule of action which is written on the human heart, and is man’s law to himself.

The very lively interest which the people of the United States take in the election of their chief magistrate threatens also, as some think, the future peace and stability of the Union. At every successive election, this interest is likely to increase, both from the increase of the President’s patronage, and the growing power and importance of the nation of which he is the head; and as the weight and dignity of the office augments, the voters not only increase in number, but also somewhat alter in character. The recollection that the contest, in this election, is one in which millions are engaged, will, of itself, powerfully operate on the passions of the people, and produce a fervor of feeling which may lead to the most serious civil commotions. The rapid growth of our cities, and the steady increase of the needy, ignorant and vicious, who are the ready instruments of the ambitious intriguer, greatly enhance the mischief. When we see the causes of

danger thus increasing, who can say that we shall be always able to escape them? While the storm is yet rising, we cannot be sure that the ship may not continually founder.

Such are the gloomy anticipations, not only of those who look with unfriendly eyes on our institutions, but of many of our citizens, whose love of country shows itself in over-anxious fear about the future. That the presidential election will be an object of increasing interest we cannot doubt, but that the interest will be at all in proportion to his increase of power, or that of the nation, may well be questioned. In the contest of 1800, between Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams, or even in that of 1796, when our numbers were less than a third of their present amount, the people were as much excited as at this time. Even if the interest were to go on increasing; it is too much to suppose that it would lead to the predicted consequences. Such an opinion is utterly inconsistent with that love of order, and that habitual respect for the laws which mark the character of the American people, and which temper their deportment in the wildest paroxysms of party zeal. Broken heads and bloody noses, so familiar in some countries in popular elections, are unknown here, except now and then in some of the cities, and where too most of the actors are foreigners who have not yet been disciplined into sobriety by a government of equal laws.

This part of our political system has ever been the favorite occasion of evil augury, whether men predicted what they feared or what they hoped. They first insisted that the weight of General Washington's character kept the frail structure of the federal government to-

gether, and that after his death it would fall to pieces. When it was found to go on as well under his immediate successors, the effect was then ascribed to the great names of the Revolution. But these have passed away, and it is found that for its safety and healthy action it is indebted to its own inherent *vis medicatrix*, and that strong as it has already proved, it is ever gaining new strength by time.

Yet the interest taken in the election of President, though not fraught with such disastrous consequences, is still mischievous; and it would be desirable to lessen somewhat of this absorbing feeling, which not only painfully agitates the nation, but in no small degree diverts it from objects of more intrinsic importance, and more direct bearing on the national welfare. How can this be done? We know of no means except those of abridging the term for which he is eligible, and lessening his power and patronage. The framers of the Constitution seemed to fear that the federal Executive would be too weak for the legislature, but experience has shown that their fears were groundless; and the power which he has exerted against majorities of both Houses in Congress has been far more frequently used of late than formerly. Should this exercise of executive power become familiar, it would give to that branch of the government a share in legislation, and even of initiating laws which would destroy the lines of separation its framers thought it wise to draw. Though these and similar changes might not cure the evil of excessive popular agitation in electing a President, they could scarcely fail to mitigate it.\*

If there are dangers to our government, in common with all others that are free, from the sway of sinister passions—from

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\* We are strengthened in these views by the reasoning of a late conspicuous member of this Institute, who perished by that terrible accident on board the Princeton, which threw the nation into mourning, and deprived Virginia of three of her most cherished sons. Judge Upshur, who was fast attaining the same eminence as a statesman, he had previously reached as an orator and jurist, in his able tract on the Constitution of the United States, maintains with great clearness and force that the Executive has a growing power, which ought to be diminished.

Concurring with him in these views, we were far from concurring in all, more especially as to the rights which he asserts for the individual States; and we had promised ourselves the pleasure of conversing with him on some of the political topics on which we both had reflected, and of learning from him whether, since he had seen the working of the government from a new position, some of his former opinions were not materially modified, but alas! all that we expect, as well as all that we possess, hangs by a brittle thread:

“Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendencia filo  
Et subito casu, quæ valere ruunt.”

His work, already a text-book to the advocate for the rights of the States, may be profitably read by all who would be well acquainted with the theory of the federal Constitution.

agitations and commotions—from that sudden ebullition of feeling in which the virtue of moral restraint evaporates, and right and wrong are melted down into one indiscriminate mass—may there not be dangers of an opposite character? May not our political system perish by paralysis as well as by fever? May not our splendid hopes be eventually marred by our too great strength instead of weakness? It is easy to see that these States will, in the course of two or three generations more, attain a degree of power and wealth of which the world presents no example. In this state of confident strength, shall we engage in a career of conquest, or shall we gradually fall into a state of torpor? For the first, there appears to be no adequate field, even if democratic jealousy should see no objection to it. Long before the period to which we advert, the destinies of Canada and Mexico will be determined. They will give us no provocation, whether the one remains independent and united, or the other becomes so. They will either have been incorporated with these States, or, more probably, neighbors too far inferior to them to excite fear or jealousy, or even to keep alive a military spirit. In this state of things, is it not possible that the energies of our people may decline, for want of adequate causes to call it forth, and that we may sink into a listlessness similar to that of the Chinese? Though that precise result should not take place, is there not danger that we may want sufficient motives of national emulation when we have greatly surpassed in numbers, wealth and strength all the nations with which we have intercourse?

Every species of human excellence is mainly the effect of exercise and the desire of excelling—from the art which makes a nail to that which produces a poem or a statue—and to this emulation between individuals must be added national rivalry to call forth the utmost powers of which man is capable. What nations of this earth have elevated our species to the highest point of excellence in letters, arts or arms? They are, first, the Greeks, among whose little States there was an unrelenting struggle for superiority or independence, and also for distinction at those remarkable institutions, the Olympic and other games,\*

where men of extraordinary endowments of body or mind assembled from every part of Greece, to attain honor for themselves and their country. And those States with which the rivalry was the greatest, because they were most nearly equal in power, were the Athenians and Spartans, who both, though in very different ways, exhibited human nature in its greatest exaltation. Then the Romans and Carthaginians, in their struggle for superiority, excelled in the art of war, and those virtues it most favors, all their contemporaries. The Italian States, long afterwards, produced the same result in painting, sculpture and architecture. Who have taken the lead among the moderns in letters, science, arms, and the useful arts? England and France, who, by the emulation stimulated by neighborhood, and the animosity it is so apt to engender, have put the higher faculties of our nature in requisition, and given them the most energetic and unremitted exercise. Spain and Portugal were never so great as when they felt this same animating principle in their commercial enterprise. Holland, too, excited by the same spirit in her contest with Great Britain for naval supremacy, exhibited a degree of vigor and power altogether disproportioned to her numbers, and [which was] truly astonishing. It would not be difficult to extend this list, and perhaps it would not be going too far to aver, that no nation ever attained a high place in the scale of human greatness, in which the force of this principle of national emulation may not be distinctly traced.

But it is indispensable to this spirit of rivalry that there should be some approach to equality between the parties—some ground for hope that extraordinary efforts will be crowned with success. As soon as the disparity is too great for dispute, and to be above the probability of change, the emulation ceases. It has continued longer between France and England than in the other instances, and therefore the effects have been greater in advancing both nations. Shall we not, then, be likely to want this great, and, as it would seem, indispensable incentive to the exertion which alone produces human excellence? We dare venture to say we shall not. The source of it is to be found in the separateness of the States of our con-

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\* The Greeks, says Cicero, thought it nearly as great an honor to obtain a prize at these games as a triumph at Rome: "*Hoc est apud Græcos prope majus et gloriosius quam Romæ triumphesse.*"

federacy, together with the important attributes of sovereignty retained by them. By reason of their large powers and numerous important functions, they are felt to be distinct communities; and they are, with their respective citizens, much more the object of love of country than the general government. This will be yet more the case hereafter, when the migrations of our citizens, which greatly weakens this sentiment, will be less considerable than at present; and in the same degree that their native States are objects of affection and pride, will be the emulation among the citizens of the different States. Signs of this rivalry may already be seen, and it may be expected to grow as we increase in numbers and advance in the race of improvement. Emulation has everywhere been most strong in communities most advanced. In one part of our country, or with one class, we may expect to see rivalry in commerce and manufactures; in another, in the arts; in another, in literature. The master-poet of Ohio will be compared with that of Massachusetts or Connecticut; the historian of New York with that of Illi-

nois or Michigan; the architecture or sculpture of Pennsylvania with those of Maryland; the orators of Virginia with those of South Carolina or Kentucky. In this way the *amor patriæ* and the *laudum immensa cupido*\* will lend new force to each other, and all the human faculties will have the incentives and the exercise necessary to their full development. Thus viewing the benefits of rivalry, we find consolation for the occasional dissensions among the States, and we see a further argument against their consolidation. It would indeed be better if our citizens could follow the noble advice of Aristides, when he proposed to his ancient rival that they should contend who should render most service to Athens; but such cases of disinterested virtue are too rare to be relied on, and our hopes of the well-being of States must rest on principles of action that are common, not on those that are extraordinary. It is, then, to State pride and State patriotism, alloyed as it may be with State jealousy, that we are to look for the full development of all our faculties, and the ultimate fulfillment of some of our most splendid visions of national glory.

## ENGLISH UNIVERSITY LIFE.—No. II.

### A TRINITY SUPPER.

"SHADY rather this composition: you never know where to put your *āv's*. I think we *may* get you a First though, by a triumph of art, that is— How are you off for mathematics?"

"Very mild."

"Ever read Euclid?"

"Rather. Say eight years ago. Can get that up in two days."

"And Algebra?"

"When I was a boy, but never very brilliant in it."

"If you can get ten marks out of five hundred, it is better than nothing. Better go to Dunny (Dunbar) first and see what he can do with you. Don't try too much at once. I cut the Algebra and Trigonometry papers dead my first year, and came out seventh."

"*Verremos. ἀπὸ τῶν.*"

"Nay, stop the revolving axles of

your feet a minute. Have you anything to do after tea? No? then come up and you'll find a few men at supper."

I went back to Letter E, New Court, read 80 lines of Aristophanes, and did a few more bits of illustration, such as noting down the relative resources of Athens and Sparta when the Peloponnesian war broke out, and the sources of the Athenian revenue, (we had a book of Thucydides for one of our subjects,) all which occupied me till half past nine.

"There will be some quiet bachelors there, I suppose," thought I, "and a Junior Fellow or two, some of those I have met in combination," and so thinking, I substituted a dress coat and boots for the loose slippers and George-Sandish half frock-coat, half dressing-gown, which figured prominently in my ordinary evening costume. It was about six

\* Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.—VIRGIL.



steps across New Court, and three to Travis' staircase in the cloisters. He kept in the third story, but long ere this ascent was completed the sound of voices and clatter of knives and forks gave token that the grub was under discussion. The outer or "sporting" door was of course wide open; passing through an interior one of green baize, I blundered up a narrow and totally unilluminated passage, and rapped instinctively at where the third door ought to be; then, scarcely waiting for the emphatic "come in," plunged into the jovial assemblage. Dead sell for the Nugee and patent leathers! *Abandon* reigned throughout. One man was in a blouse, another in his shirt-sleeves, the amphitryon himself in a shooting-coat. There were not a dozen of them but they made noise enough for thirty. As quietly as possible I slipped into the chair reserved for me at the host's right hand.

"Ah, Benson!" and Travis squeezed my hand with a solemn and business-like affection. "Just in time. What will you take? Ducks—grilled fowls—lobster *grating*, as our cook calls it—Lawson, here's a young gentleman here will trouble you for some duck. Try some champagne—not so good as you get in America, I'm afraid; we're waiting for free trade."

The duck and champagne went to their appropriate place, and then, as every one was fully occupied, I had time to look about me and study the company. At the head of the table sits our worthy "coach," Tom Travis. His fine person is not displayed to full advantage in a loose plaid shooting-coat, and his very intellectual but decidedly ugly features are far from being improved by a black wool smoking cap of surpassing hideousness. Take him as he is, he is a rare fellow—with American versatility and English thoroughness. He knows nearly a dozen ancient and modern languages, more or less correctly, and when you bring him out on Greek he would astonish a room-full of Yankee Professors. His mathematics are decidedly *minus*, but the use for them is past long ago. Two years ago he got up enough of his low subjects to go out among the Junior Ops (are you quite sure you understand this, reader mine?) and then the way was easy to a high First class in the Tripos; and, as he is well up in metaphysics, you may count on him for a fellowship, propably his second trial. And after that what will he do? He is gay; a puritan

might call him dissipated, but it is not wickedness aforethought, but an incurable passion for seeing *character* which drags him into all sorts of society—once he went off among the gipsies, Borrow-fashion, and staid there long enough to learn their lingo and find that he couldn't seduce any of their women. He is independent in politics and *juste milieu* (by his own account) in church matters, very fond of law and equally so of theology—fonder of the theatre than either. Perhaps he will be a nominal barrister and an actual writer for Punch and the Magazines. Perhaps he will go quite mad and write a tragedy. Perhaps some of his liberal friends at "the University we've got in town," profanely called *Stinkomalee* by Oxonians and Cantabs, will make him Professor of Greek—or English or Zincali, it's all the same to him—in that great institution. Or perhaps (here the reader, if a New-Englander, is requested to pull out his handkerchief, and borrow a *flacon* of salts) he will stay here for three or four years as an M.A. pupillizing constantly, and his clothes will gradually grow blacker and his cravat whiter, till some day there will be stuck up on the Hall screen a small notice to the effect that "Mr. Travis requests the college testimonials for orders." And after all there are worse parsons than he would make—yea, even in old Connecticut—for there is great earnestness in the man and benevolence extraordinary; he takes much interest in the poor and is very generous to them—too generous indeed, for he sometimes gives them his tradesmen's money—and he always minds his own business, but to be sure that is not so rare and Phœnix-like a virtue in England as with us. Any of these things Tom Travis may be, (I ought not to omit the opinion of his *gyp*, who holds him in absolute veneration, that "Mr. Travis will leave the college a Fellow, and come back a Judge,") at present he is a bachelor scholar and a "coach" (private tutor) of rising reputation, in which last capacity it is that Carl Benson has the most intimate connections with him, that young man being in a violent state of cram for the May examination, and very nervous about the result.

The Vice is Effingham Lawson who puts you in mind of Bob Sawyer, "a dissipated Robinson Crusoe," generally dispensing with gloves and wearing a red P-coat, and an enormous stick. But under that unpromising exterior there is



much learning, more common sense and even considerable warmth of feeling. Break in upon him during the day, his deportment will be brusque and his replies monosyllabic; but give him a cigar and some whiskey-toddy on a winter night and after the third tumbler he will "discourse most exquisite" politics, literature, or theology, till morning chapel. He is older than Tom by a few years, say three, which will make him twenty-six, and has only one more chance for a Fellowship, which, however, he is pretty safe for, as he will do very well all round, his classics being good enough to let his mathematics in, and his metaphysics brilliant.

On his right, diagonally opposite me, is a handsome little man with a predominating aquiline nose. Quite a youth, to look at, is Horace Spedding, but he is considerably older than you would take him to be—older in every way—and a very hard customer you would find him, not at all easy to sell or come over. He was an Etonian, and of course is an elegant Latin versifier, and captivatingly innocent of mathematics, which does not in the least prevent him from being an acute and dexterous logician. The most remarkable thing about him is his *εἰρωνεία*. This is a peculiarly Cantab quality, inexpressible in English save by a periphrasis; you may call it *the opposite vice to hypocrisy*. Thus to hear Spedding talk in a mixed company (particularly if there are any freshmen or country clergymen to astonish) you would think him a monster of depravity, just fit for one of Eugene Sue's heroes; whereas he is in private life a very quiet and temperate man of high principles and steady practice. The Rugby men can't abide him, taking this *εἰρωνεία* for natural wickedness; he in return laughs at them, and calls them *Arnold and water*. There is American blood in Horace, but you will not easily find a man with a more thorough abhorrence of democratic institutions. N. B. His father lost £20,000 by U. S. Bank. To-morrow he is going in for a scholarship, and is sure to get one; for, much as the Dons dislike him, they always elect the best man. No one ever dared charge them with unfairness. And his Fellowship will follow in time. Then he will probably invest his small income judiciously, for he has a great talent for statistics and finance, and in some four or five years you may find him in town, coming home from 'Change to read Plato. After a while, his connection, which is a

good one, will procure him some attaché or legationship, and then woe to the foreign diplomat who comes in his way, for a *leerier* man than Horace is not on this side sundown.

That escaped-convict looking man, next Spedding, is the Hon. G. Dutton, Captain of the First Trinity. Though a peer's son, he has come up as a pensioner, not an unusual step now, the expenses of a Fellow Commoner being so great. He is an Eironiast, like Horace, but with him it takes a more practical turn. There never is a gay boating supper party without George Dutton. The Barnwell girls know him well, and the Dons look askew at him. But the man is always walking through the fire and never getting burnt. Immoveably capacious of liquor, cold and passionless as Pitt or Paracelsus, he is the wonder and the admiration of his weaker companions. To hear him talk now, you would think his only object on earth was the Boat; working his men up the Long Reach at the top of their speed; running round the hall after dinner to see that none of them take sizings (pastry is bad for the wind, say the knowing ones); prowling about in all sorts of places, by night, and pulling them out of all sorts of places to send them off to bed at a proper hour. Yet that rowdy, reckless boat-captain manages to clear his seven-hours' reading every day, and no one stands a chance for Senior Classic alongside of him, except one steady, well-trained Shrewsbury man. (Marsden and Dutton are sworn friends, by the way, each worshipping the other; so much for the evil effects of emulation, &c.) In more thorough bodily and mental training you cannot conceive a man to be; and there is no doubt of it, that he will take a high stand at the bar—probably be, as was his father before him, a law-lord, some day—if there are any lords at all by that time—which there will be, the Democratic Review to the contrary notwithstanding.

And who is next Dutton? Who but the redoubted Romano? Is that man an Englishman, or an Anglo-Saxon at all? Short, dark, and much be-whiskered; his name too—*Romano*. Yes, he is very foreign, but an Englishman for all that, though he has lived much on the continent, where he learned to speak three or four languages, play an instrument or two passably, and not only *tell* French dishes but absolutely *cook* them. Clever enough is Romano, but his university course has been a shipwreck, and he will

probably end by going out unnoticed among the πολλοί. He stood well his first year, chose to be vexed his second, because he did not get a scholarship at the first trial; migrated to a small college; couldn't stand that, and came back again—just too late for a Trinity scholarship. The only tangible result of his migration and re-migration was a joke from Spedding. Benson had unthinkingly asked, one day, "What *could* have made Romano migrate to Pembroke?"

"Why," quo' Horace, "when Rum'un obtained the dignity of a Junior Soph, he suddenly became religious; so much so, indeed, that he thought of going as a missionary to the South Sea Islands, when it was suggested to him that there existed an extensive field nearer home, in the Small Colleges."

Finally, on Travis' left sits Wilkinson, another shipwreck, so far as University distinctions are concerned. He came from Eton beautifully fitted. Even now the classic poets are at the top of his tongue, and when the fit is on him he will reply to you in extempore verse. For instance, I once met him in our beautiful grounds, just before four, our early dinner hour.

"Well, Wilkinson, are you going to devour beef in the hall, or shall we take a stroll here in the sun?"

"Suave vorare bovem, sed suavius apri-cari,"

replied the unhesitating manufacturer of longs and shorts. Could there be a prettier spondaic line? But alas! Wilkinson has little ability and less taste for mathematics. He will never get up enough of his low subjects to pass the Senate-house; so the Tripos is a sealed book to him. Still he *must* get his scholarship, and *may* get his fellowship; for in Trinity mathematics are not a *sine qua non*, though imperious Whewell is doing his worst to make them so. But it is more probable that he will take a disgust at the whole business, and do something very mad; learn the flute, fall in love, or turn Romanist.

And now who is there on my side of the table? A stray freshman or two like myself; a fat, beer-drinking captain of one of the second crews—Marsden; a quiet Scotchman, irreproachable as a classic and a whist-player, but not very brilliant in any other department; and—yes! that man asleep on the other end of the sofa is Fowler the Australian. He has just got out in a bye-term after being plucked once, and has been getting—something that begins with D or I, on the

strength of it. The effects of the first spree he is sleeping off; by and by we may perhaps see him in his glory.

While my survey was going on the substantials have been consumed, the last morsel of the indispensable cheese demolished, the last stoup of beer emptied. The decks are cleared; Porcher, Tom's faithful gyp appears with a mighty bowl. That *οσπρήνη ταμία*, Mrs. Porcher, produces the lemons and other punchifying appurtenances, and Travis himself hauls out from a "wee sly neuk" two potent bottles.

"Do they make punch in America?" says my fellow-pupil, Menzies (pron. Ming-ee), opening his mouth for the first time.

"O yes; and other drinks manifold. Egg nogg—sangaree."

"What is sangaree?"

"What you call negus."

"Negus is *ne gustandum*," broke in Wilkinson.

"Do open the window, Horace, and let that pun out."

"Sherry cobbler, mint julep, and"—

"Do tell us how mint julep is made;" and Travis in his curiosity actually looked up from the bowl, with whose contents he had been busy for the last five minutes; the third lemon remained uncut in his hand, and the knife fell vacantly on the table.

"You don't know!" I took confidence and drew myself up in conscious superiority of knowledge. "It's the drink of Elysium. The gods combined their energies to concoct it. Bacchus gave his most potent spirit. Venus sweetened it with her most precious kiss. Pomona contributed her most piquant fruit, Flora her most aromatic herb, and Jove shook a handful of hail over all." As I concluded this prose version of Charles Hoffman, a burst of applause went round the table.

"Bravo!" quoth my coach. "Fancy Flora walking up with both hands full of mint like Demeter in the Thalusia—

*δράγματα καὶ μάκωνας ἐν ἀμφοτέρεσσιν ἔχοισα.*

"Benson, what does *δράγματα καὶ μάκωνας* mean?"

I gave the proper answer, and Travis stirred up the beverage for the last time.

"By the way, Travis, as we *have* begun to talk shop, is that popular edition of the Agamemnon worth anything?"

"Æschylus made easy from the German of Herr Filzauf?" inquired Tom, a.

he filled three glasses at once for  
ὁ ἐχόμενος.

"Even the same."

"Bad, bitter bad; it's not too much to  
say d—— bad."

"Who's that?" asked Marsden, who  
had been pricking up his ears for some  
time.

"Filzauf. I say, Horace! He's the  
man that calls Mitchell an accurate  
scholar."

"Ah! what will George Bennedy say  
to that?"

"Send Filzauf a copy of his pamphlet,  
I suppose."

This was a *brochure* of B.'s, showing  
up some half hundred of Mitchell's  
countless mistakes in syntax, etymology,  
and history.

"Talking of Bennedy, Tom, did you  
hear the last story about him?"

"No, Horace, what is it?"

"Bennedy met Cateson the other day  
and said to him, 'Do you know, Cateson,  
I've been reading the New Testament in  
the original.' 'Indeed!' said Cateson,  
looking surprised; 'and pray, what do  
you think of it?' 'Why,' said Bennedy,  
'it's strange—it's really astonishing—  
that fellow, Mark, *will* use *ερωτός*  
with a future.'"

A growl from the vice interrupted us.  
Lawson had been for the last ten minutes  
ornamenting the fine features of the  
sleeping Australian with a huge pair of  
burnt cork moustaches. He now looked  
up from giving his victim the last touch,  
and muttered, "Blow Filzauf! Let's  
have a song!"

"Very well!" responded Travis, to  
whom nothing ever came amiss, "Ro-  
mano has just got a new one by letter  
from Oxford. Come Rum'un!" And  
Rum'un did as he was bid. Be it pre-  
mised, for the benefit of the uninitiated,  
that Oxonians call the sporting door "the  
oak."

"Here's a song to my oak, my brave old  
oak,

That was never yet left ajar;  
And still stand he a stout bit of tree,

All duns and intruders to bar!  
There's strength in his frown when the  
sun goes down,

And duns at his portals shout;  
And he showeth his might in the broad  
daylight

By selling the tutor's scout.

CHORUS.

Then here's to my oak, my brave old oak!  
That no heels, sticks, or pokers can mar;

And still may he last as in days long past,  
All duns and intruders to bar.

When I came up to Queen's I knew I was  
green,

But I swore I would ne'er be gay,  
So I sported my oak and read for a joke  
Full sixteen hours in the day:

But care comes to all, being plucked for  
my small,

And finding but grief for my pains,  
I next like a brick ran up all sorts of tick,  
So sported my door remains.

Then here's to my oak, &c.

I once knew the times, when the silvery  
chimes

Of a well-plenished purse met my ear,  
When 'your small account, sir,' and 'very  
large amount, sir,

To make up,' for me had no fear.  
Now duns rule the roast, as I find to my  
cost,

And a merciless set are they;  
But they ne'er shall get in to ask for their  
tin

While my door can keep them at bay.  
Then here's to my oak, my brave old oak!

That keeps me all safe alone,  
And still may he last, as in days long past,  
Till a hundred duns are gone!"

After some applause and a moderate  
pause Dutton was called on to volunteer  
(to speak Hibernicé), and promptly came  
forth with "Vilkins and Dinah," a rich  
cockney ditty, one version of which may  
be found in Bentley's Miscellany for '43  
or '44. It goes off very musically, even  
like a chime of bells, somehow thus:

"It was a licker-marchant in Londing did  
dwell,  
Who had one only darter, a beautiful young  
gal—"

"Ob-serve the accuracy of the rhyme,"  
says Travis.

"Her name it was Di-nay, 'bout sixteen  
years old,  
Who had a fine fortune of sillivere and  
gold;"

and then proceeds to relate, with much  
humor and pathos, how "Villikins"  
wooed the lovely Dinah; how the gover-  
nor (as governors always do) had ano-  
ther "lovyere" waiting for her; how he  
mildly expostulated with his refractory  
offspring in these moving terms:

"O Dinay, my daughter, I pray you don't  
vex me,  
For if you do, 'tis ten to one, I die of the  
apoplexy;"

how

"Villikins, vile vollocking (walking) her garding around,"

discovered the "cold corpus" of his true love, and thereupon drank up the "pison" always provided in such cases; and then the melancholy conclusion was speedily relieved by a *chœur foudroyant*, so long, so loud, that it actually woke the Australian. Being woke up, Fowler was satisfactorily put through his paces, talked an indefinite amount of nonsense, rubbed his face in happy unconsciousness of its extraordinary appendages, and thereby blacked it all over, to the inexpressible delight of the Freshmen; sung a Parhyponæan song which will hardly bear

transportation, and finally extemporized a vigorous hornpipe, doubtless to the great comfort of the small, precise Don, keeping immediately underneath, whom Tom had dubbed "Bloody Politeful," and was in the habit of paying various delicate attentions to, such as stealing his bread and drowning mice in his milk jug. This concluded the evening's entertainments, and the company broke up at half past twelve, except Lawson and Benson, who staid with Travis till three, talking theology. Fortunately no one in Cambridge need go to morning chapel unless he chooses. Who shall say, after this, that England is not a land of liberty?

CARL BENSON.

## A SUMMER IN THE WILDERNESS.\*

THE title of this book is attractive, to us, at least, and to many others, no doubt, who seek with avidity whatever is well written of the wild portions and aboriginal features of our country. Probably, to every youth of lively fancy in our land, that part of our history which comprises the story of the Indian, of his habits of life in the wilderness, and of the mournful fate which is urging him towards the setting sun, is endowed with superlative attraction. Still more: there are many who will turn away from the old pictures of old times on the eastern continent, to gaze upon the wild and rugged freshness of a ruder sketch of this new and undefaced world. They who love nature most keenly in this country, are always seeking those portions of it where man has done the least—where the mountains and plains are yet strong with the primeval forests—where the beasts and birds, and the fishes "of a silver being," are yet in their full freedom and greatest plenty. May it not be true also that this love of the wild and pure is more general than is supposed, and that it is not merely the love of gain, or the impatience of law, but the attraction of the wide natural independence of forest and border life, which impels our countrymen so constantly to leave the places where conventional forms have become uppermost, and restraints

are becoming more and more numerous. How many there are among those who are reared in the lap of refinement, who feel the desire to wander away and to live in the forests and prairies and untouched mountains, greater than the disposition to live in the old and still homes of their youth.

We do not think that we are saying untrue or visionary things, but believe that *now*, at this period of the world's history, the love of country, the pride at the thought of one's native land, is stronger in our own than in those where the hills and the rivers are studded with castles and old domains, which have clustering about them the associations of centuries. If we have any feeling as a nation, any *American* feeling as inhabitants of this new continent, it cannot come from those things in which we are far outdone by every nation of the Old World, in the richness of our history, in the antiquity of families, or the splendor of works of art. It must be born of the thought of our vigorous growth and rapid story, of the activity and energy of our inhabitants, and, more than all, of the thought that we have so short a past, that all has not been done, but that all is yet to be done, and that we must help to do it, and that our future is yet so boundless and full of hope, and that the fears which have croaked

\* A Summer in the Wilderness; embracing a Canoe Voyage up the Mississippi, and around Lake Superior. By CHARLES LANMAN. New York: Appleton & Co.

into the ears of the men of the Old World for ages, never whisper into ours, or if they do, are not heeded. And our love of country, too, is nurtured and beautified by the thought that our land, in its physical features, is newer, and fresher, and more beautiful, than the Old World—that there are features in our scenery which owe nothing of their glory or their interest to man's hand—and that we have it always in our power to leap into the vast freedom of a life in the wilderness.

In all this we are original, and our country and our character is our own. In all this too lies the way for excellence in literature and art. With our quick growing minds, and scantier education in books, we shall scarcely equal the students of the Old World in the themes they have been busy about so long. And we may not be able to produce works of art which shall reproduce the old past with such excellence as the artists of the countries whose story is but a continuation of that old past. But in our own history—brief, eventful and vigorous as it is—in our own physical land, so strong and fair, may literature find occasion for new excellence. Here may poetry flourish, and plume and adorn itself with beauties endless and as yet unused. Here may painting achieve those triumphs which alone shall indicate the originality of our artists. We would not wish, indeed, that the time should come when the old past and the old country shall be regarded by us with an unmoved and incurious eye—for History is eloquent, and Antiquity is immortal; and Art and Literary Creation have need of all that is gone, beautiful and great enough for its memory to remain. But we may hope that our love and enthusiasm will never fail to awaken at the story of our own bright youth, and the pictures of our own beauty. We are among those who always love to read our own authors, and who find a charm in any truly American book.

Far away in the grand old wilderness yet lie the Upper Mississippi and Lake Superior; and here is a young author of no little enthusiasm who has ransacked their beauties, and comes to seek a response in the hearts of others to the delight with which they have filled his own. He tells us his story somewhat heedlessly. The youth and careless enthusiasm of the author is everywhere peeping forth, usually to our greater enjoyment, though that may subject him to greater severity at the hands of criticism.

We have no desire to criticise the SPIRIT of this book. An ardent and ever-present love of Nature—a minute attention to her changes and imagery—a memory which is constantly storing up little pictures, yet seems capable of holding greater ones—which gathers and delights in interesting relics and traditions; all this is so much positive merit, for which the author deserves praise. His material is interesting, his mind active, and his heart in the subject. We believe that the book is capable of interesting one in all that it treats of. There are too many inelegancies of style and language, and some other faults which we lack space and time to point out. We especially object, among minor things, to the continual use of the word "perfect," tacked as an appellative to all kinds of substantives. It is, so used, a mere vulgarity, and, with similar things, is altogether too frequent in our writings. But Mr. Lanman is a young and promising writer, and may easily remedy these, and the graver faults of his style.

The author journeys up the Mississippi from St. Louis to its very sources, noticing all the remarkable points of scenery in the way, and all the memorable parts of the history which is attached to the country through which he passes; preserving, too, every Indian tradition which comes to his knowledge, and everything remarkable in the condition and habits of these (to us Americans) most interesting people. Then he visits all the beautiful lakes which lie in that region; then crosses over to Lake Superior, of which he makes the entire circuit, in his bark canoe, still having the same object in view.

Much of the journey is performed in a canoe, with Indians, when frequently he is the only white man, and the sole patriarch of the party. He makes some geographical discoveries, too, of waterfalls, &c., hitherto unspoken of. And even the utilitarian may find some little information, if Mr. Lanman writes carefully and accurately, as he ought to do, of the fertility or sterility of the country, or gives a true picture of the copper region; for all this is no theme of romancing. We have hunting and fishing stories, too, in great number, which, if accurate, will be of great interest to sportsmen. Not that we have any reason to suppose that they are not perfectly truthful; but judging from our own experience, the charm of a hunting or fish-



ing story is greatly enhanced by our having a perfect faith in it; whereas any suspicion of its falsity or exaggeration will cause us to lose all interest in the story, and often to distrust and dislike the narration. Men do not love to be humbugged in this, and writers of all marvellous adventures, whatever, would consult their own interest by checking any disposition to romance, when telling what pretends to be a true story. All this in a parenthesis, for we are not in the least inclined not to give full confidence to Mr. Lanman's narrations.

There are, as we said, many very interesting Indian traditions and legends, and very graphic descriptions of what must be surpassingly beautiful scenery. Frequently, however, Mr. Lanman stops the current of his narration, or description, to paint us a picture, in words, of the scene before him, at some point of time when the unusual interest which he feels is not the result of any superior beauty of what is before him, but is simply to be found in his own mind, unnecessarily excited. We think Mr. Lanman has erred in introducing these things too frequently. Those who would not read his book indulgently, might be apt to smile and be displeased at the continual obtrusion of his own feelings and emotions, especially as they are often such as very few could sympathize with or understand. This iteration is sometimes unpleasant even to those who well comprehend and have felt every emotion which he describes; and one feels somewhat cloyed when we find the author so often overpowered by what is before him, and so very sensitive to physical grandeur and beauty, as once, in so "blissful" a "phrensy," or "bewilderment," to "stagger to the ground" and become "insensible."

But this is the fault of all young poets and writers of rhapsodical prose; a fault which experience generally corrects, and teaches them that the highest excellence is to keep *themselves* out of view as much as possible. The world never will sympathize with these idiosyncracies of the few. For an author so to paint a scene, as to arouse, in a measure, the same emotion which he felt himself, without refining upon, or even speaking of, his own feelings at the time, is a true triumph of art.

And such pictures in this book are often well painted; and we have often a charming landscape in words; and sometimes one around which is found the at-

mosphere of true imagination. We will endeavor to present a few extracts, of no greater merit perhaps than the rest, but which may induce our readers to read the book itself. Here is a sketch of border life:

"Major Campton is the name of a noted character, who once resided at Galena. He is a powerfully built man, who has spent his whole life among the wildest of mortals; and whose various occupations have caused him to be well known from the banks of the Ohio to the shores of Lake Superior, where he is now figuring in the copper line, having made and lost a fortune at Galena. A natural consequence of his peculiar experience is, that he perfectly understands the art of fighting; though he is so much of a gentleman, that he could not be called a bully.

"It so happened that, while travelling in his own conveyance, and accompanied by his wife, during a pleasant day last summer he came to a halt on the margin of a certain river, and shouted for the ferryman. In due time the indispensable gentleman was ready, and while inquiring the news of the day, he was suddenly smitten by a new thought, and dropping the painter of the old scow, looked inquiringly into the major's face, when the following dialogue ensued:—

"'Stranger, isn't your name Major Campton?'

"'Yes, sir, it is. What business have you to transact with me?'

"'You are the very man I have been wanting to see; for you must know that I am the Bully of the North.'

"'Indeed! What do I care for that?'

"'I've heard tell that you are a famous fighter, and I should like to have you give me a thrashing, if you can.'

"'Why, man, I have nothing against you, and do not want to make a fool of myself.'

"'But you shall, though, my honey; and you don't cross this ferry until it is decided who is cock of the walk.'

"Remonstrance on the part of the major was all in vain, the ferryman was determined to fight. The major held a short consultation with his lady, who was, of course, in great trouble; but taking off his coat, and unbuttoning his straps, he stepped out upon a grassy spot, and waited for the ferryman's attack. To shorten a long story, the fight was a tedious one, and ended in the total defeat of the challenger; who presented in himself, after the struggle, an admirable picture of a misspent life. He had strength enough left, however, to ferry the champion over the river; and when the major offered to pay the accustomed fare, the latter held not out his hand, but making a rude bow,

he exclaimed ;—‘ *Not a dime, sir : good afternoon.* ’ ”

There are many amusing sketches in the book—pleasant passages of hunting and fishing, and a number of Indian legends, but too long for quotation.

The following extracts give an idea of the Great Lake of the North—the most splendid body of fresh water in the world :

“ Lake Superior, known to be the largest body of fresh water on the globe, is not far from four hundred miles long from east to west, and one hundred and thirty wide. It is the grand reservoir whence proceed the waters of Michigan, Huron, and Erie ; it gives birth to Niagara, the wonder of the world ; fills the basin of Ontario, and rolls a mighty flood down the valley of the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic. It lies in the bosom of a mountainous land, where the red man yet reigns in his native freedom. Excepting an occasional picketed fort or trading-house, it is yet a perfect wilderness. The entire country is rocky, and covered with a stunted growth of vegetation, where the silver fir, the pine, hemlock, the cedar and the birch are most abundant. The soil is principally composed of a reddish clay, which becomes almost as hard as brick on being exposed to the action of the air and sun. In some of the valleys, however, the soil is rich, and suitable for purposes of agriculture.

“ The waters of this magnificent lake are marvellously clear, and even at midsummer are exceedingly cold. In passing along its rocky shores in my frail canoe, I have often been alarmed at the sight of a sunken boulder, which I fancied must be near the top, and on further investigation have found myself to be upwards of twenty feet from the danger of a concussion ; and I have frequently lowered a white rag to the depth of one hundred feet, and been able to discern its every fold or stain. The color of the water near the shore is a deep green, but off soundings it has all the dark blue appearance of the ocean. The sandy shores are more abrupt than those of any body of water I have ever seen ; and within a few feet of many of its innumerable bluffs, it would be impossible for a ship to anchor. It is a singular fact that the waters of this lake are much heavier than those of Huron, which are also heavier than those of Erie and Michigan. I am informed on the best authority that a loaded canoe will draw at least two inches more water in Huron than in Superior.

“ The natural harbors of this lake are not numerous, but on account of its extent and depth it affords an abundance of sea-room, and is consequently one of the safest of the great lakes to navigate. The only

trouble is that it is subject to severe storms, which arise very suddenly. Often have I floated on its sleeping bosom in my canoe at noonday, and watched the butterfly sporting in the sunbeams ; and at the sunset hour of the same day, have stood in perfect terror upon the rocky shore gazing upon the mighty billows careering onward as if mad with a wild delight, while a wailing song, mingled with the ‘ trampling surf,’ would ascend to the gloomy sky. The shipping of the lake, at the present time, is composed of one steamboat, one propeller, and several small schooners, which are chiefly supported by the fur and copper business.

“ The winters are very long, averaging about seven months, while spring, summer and autumn are compelled to fulfill their duties in the remaining five. During the former season the snow frequently covers the whole country to the depth of three, four, and five feet, but the cold is regular, and consequently healthful. But the climate of Lake Superior at midsummer is delightful beyond compare ; the air is soft, and bracing at the same time. The common diseases of mankind are here comparatively unknown ; and I have never seen an individual whose breast did not swell with a new emotion of delight as he inhaled the air of this northern wilderness.

“ The Canadian shore of this lake abounds in rocky islands, but of all those which I visited there is only one deserving of a particular notice. It lies in the north-eastern part of the lake, and is unquestionably the greatest natural curiosity in this wilderness,—not even excepting the Chippeway Falls, the St. Louis River, or the Pictured Cliffs on the southern shore of Superior. I visited it with a party of Indians and miners, and the former informed us, that we were the first white men who had ever ventured to explore its interior. It is found about twenty miles from the main coast, and is supposed to be about a dozen miles in circumference. The shores are of sandstone, and for the most part rise abruptly from the water to the height of four or five hundred feet. But the wonder is, that in the centre of this island lies embosomed one of the most beautiful lakes imaginable. It is about a mile long, and the perpendicular cliffs which look down upon it, are not far from seven hundred feet in height. It has an outlet, which is impassable for a canoe, on account of the rocks and trees that have blocked up the narrow chasm ; and at the opening of this outlet stands a column of solid rock, which we estimated to be eight hundred feet high. The base is probably one hundred feet in diameter, and it gradually tapers off to about twenty feet in thickness, while the summit of this singular needle is surmounted by one solitary pine tree. The waters

of this inner lake are clear, but have a blackish appearance, and are very deep. It is so completely hidden from the surrounding world, that the passing breeze scarcely ever ruffles its tranquil bosom, and the silence which reigns there, even at noonday, is intense, and almost frightful. In some places the walls which surrounded the lake appear to have been recently rent asunder, and partly demolished; as there were immense piles of broken rocks lying at their base; while in other places the upper points and edges are overgrown with moss, and from their brows occasionally depends a cluster of fantastic vines, drooping perpendicularly to the tranquil water, which reproduces the beautiful pictures in its translucent bosom. The lake, so far as we could ascertain, is destitute of fish, and the island of animals; but when we were there gulls of every variety, and in immense numbers, were filling the air with their wild screams. The entire island seems to be composed of rocky materials, but is everywhere covered with a stunted growth of vegetation. I spent one day rambling over this singular spot, and one night slumbering by our

watch-fire in the shadowy cove at the mouth of the ravine; and at dawn, on the following morning, we boarded our feathered canoes, and were joyfully skimming over the 'deep waters of the dark blue sea.' "

The last in the book is a very well written and racy chapter upon Michigan, the author's native State, in which he inducts the reader into the story of his early life.

Altogether, the book will repay a perusal. Its style is easy and flowing, though too often careless and inaccurate. It is a book, however, for entertainment, and not a work to be studied, and it is not, therefore, amenable to much closeness of criticism; though we cannot help remarking, that no book, however light, or sketchy, should be written in other than an accurate style. But Mr. Lanman's improvement upon what he has formerly written, is so marked, that we are disposed to think he will gradually discern and remedy his faults.

## HEADLEY'S WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS, VOLUME II.

In looking over this second volume of Mr. Headley's work, we are struck with the great difficulty he has had to contend with, of giving unity to his sketches of the struggles of the Revolution. In all writings this is a desirable quality. Perusing even a series of desultory sketches, if they concern at all the same subject, we wish to feel that they are in fact parts of a whole—calculated, while each part occupies a place by itself, to produce a oneness of impression. But an almost insurmountable difficulty in the way of such an effect in Mr. Headley's work lay in the nature of the conflict he describes, and the extent of country over which it was carried on. Had it been a single campaign, or a series of successive campaigns, conducted under one commander, and covering at once the entire territory engaged in the war, it would be easy to give the feeling of unity to the narration of its different movements. The several descriptions would partake of the nature of continuous narrative. But this the character of the country and its population forbade.

Three nations only have ever waged wars over so vast and varied regions:—the Romans, who were accustomed at the same time to invade and conquer wild and distant provinces in opposite quarters of the globe; the English, who have for two centuries been carrying on wars of the same nature; and the French, especially when, under Napoleon, their campaigns covered the greater part of Europe. But of the military movements of these nations, those conducted by Napoleon alone could have been narrated with any degree of the unity that belongs to history; they were too divided and desultory. So with the Revolutionary war. Our country, extending from Canada to the Gulf, and hemmed in between the ocean and an interminable wilderness, presented a great number of points of attack; and the sparseness of population, partly scattered among immense forests, rendered it impossible to assemble large forces, or usually to employ those gathered, except in defending these separate points. Thus, though the controlling genius of Washington—comprehensive and far-

seeing—primarily planned out and directed the various campaigns, the whole was practically a multitude of desultory movements of defence, often contemporaneous, and carried on in different and distant parts of the continent. It was, in fact, almost a partisan warfare, conducted under different chieftains; and having little reference to each other except to drive the enemy from the country. While Washington mainly operated in the central part of the country, Arnold and Burr had made their way through the forests of Maine, and Montgomery, by Champlain and the St. Lawrence, to the heights of Quebec; Schuyler, afterwards, and Gates, in that important northern campaign, swept the English from the lakes and wilderness of New York; Stark, and Sullivan, and Wayne, ranged their militia troops, and fought their bloody battles from the Green Mountains to the Hudson and the forests of the Susquehannah; the bold Moultrie, and Sumpter, and Pickens, and Lee, aroused Southern bravery from the shores of the Carolinas to the mountain passes of the Alleghanies; Marion, for years, led on his indomitable partisans by stealthy night marches and sudden movements by day, till the disciplined regiments of Britain were worn out with surprises and sudden defeats; and Greene, by himself, and unaided, fought those battles and conducted those astonishing retreats which saved the South, and helped Washington to secure the freedom of a continent. And not only were these movements so widely separate, but most of the leaders themselves were, with but short periods intervening, in places far distant from each other. To relate, therefore, the actions of each of these men, so that the whole should have the effect of a single body of narrative, or even to keep the sketches from sometimes crossing each other's track, was impossible, and Mr. Headley's volumes have necessarily a fragmentary character. The only way in which the impression of unity could have been given to them would be to present constantly the moral elements of the conflict—the universal uprising and tenacity of resolution, throughout all the colonies, for freedom. But to do this effectually would have required nearly the compass and minuteness of history. Still, something of this might have been introduced more frequently; and while relating the occurrences in one part of the country, some

references might have been made to those taking place in other sections. Had he taken more time, also, his materials might have been more ample. But with these exceptions, we think the author has done, not only all that he proposed doing, but nearly all that he could well have done.

The second volume is most occupied with the South, and is, in some respects, more attractive than the first—as the narrative is equally as free and vigorous, while the matter is in general fresher. The sketch of Greene, in particular, with his surprising retreat through the Carolinas, is unsurpassed in interest, and ought to be read by every one desirous of knowing what were the men of our Revolution. The sketches too of the brave Moultrie, of the rash, impetuous Lee, of Sullivan, and Morgan, and Marion, and the partisan of the sea, Paul Jones, are well told. We cannot but again express our feeling, that whatever faults may be charged against these volumes—and we have urged some pretty freely ourselves—the country is indebted to their author for so effectually calling back its memory and its interest, from such a war as we are now waging—a war of aggression and conquest—to that old struggle of our Fathers for their homes and Freedom.

We shall quote but a passage or two. In the singular sketch of Lee, occur some good remarks in regard to native-born men in times of revolution.

“There can be no greater error committed, than for the leaders of a revolution to select, for military commanders, those whose tastes and habits have been formed under an entirely different organization of things. They have no sympathy with the impulsive, irregular movements, ardent hopes, and wild energy which a people exhibit just as they feel the shackles falling from their limbs, and, Samson-like, begin to cast abroad their arms in the joy of recovered freedom. The pillars of everything before stable and firm, shake and totter in their grasp. There was not a lord in England who could have carried Cromwell's army as it went, under its appropriate leader, from victory to victory. Cromwell was a creature of the revolution; and the strong bond of sympathy between him and his soldiers did more for him than all the science and experience of a long military career could have done. Had Bonaparte chosen his marshals from the old and experienced military leaders of France, he never could have led his conquering eagles



as he did, the length and breadth of Europe. He took the power the revolution rolled into his hands, and used it. Moreau, an old veteran, and of good extraction, betrayed him; and Grouchy, born a count, ruined him at Waterloo. So Gates, proud of his military experience, sought to supplant Washington; while Lee, actuated by a similar desire, and filled with the same pride, almost lost us the battle of Monmouth, and finally sunk into disgrace. Such men as Wayne, and Stark, and Putnam, and Greene, and Sullivan, and Schuyler, and Marion, and Sumpter, and others, who were born on our soil, partook of our character, and understood our feelings, were the men who stood firm in the hour of trial, and led our armies to victory."

In the brief account of as bold a man as ever fired a rifle in the forest,—Brigadier-general Morgan,—a curious paragraph speaks of the appearance of his riflemen, and the "way they shot."

"His riflemen were the terror of the British, and no wonder, for before their unerring rifles, officers fell with frightful rapidity. Their uniform was 'an elegant loose dress, reaching to the middle of the thigh, ornamented with fringes in various parts, and meeting the pantaloons of the same material and color, fringed and ornamented in a corresponding style. The officers wore the usual crimson sash over this, and around the waist: the straps, belt, &c., were black.' This dress gave the riflemen a picturesque appearance as they moved through the forest. The precision of their fire was astonishing. Morgan had a curious way of collecting them, when dispersed, as was frequently the case, where each was accustomed to fight so much on his own responsibility. He always carried a turkey-call, a small instrument used by hunters to decoy the wild turkey—and when his men heard its shrill whistle, they immediately began to gather.

"Our troops have always been distinguished as marksmen—owing, no doubt, to their being accustomed to the use of firearms from boyhood. A large proportion of European troops never handle a musket till they do it on drill; while most of our people can pick off a squirrel from a tree-top before they are old enough to become soldiers. The consequence is, that our fire is much more deadly—one out of fifty shots taking effect; while but one out of every hundred is calculated to hit in European battles.

"It is a curious fact, that notwithstanding the sparseness of our population at the time of the Revolution, our battles then were the bloodiest we have ever fought. At Bunker Hill we lost five hundred to

the British fifteen hundred. At Brandywine we lost, probably over a thousand—at Germantown a thousand, the British nearly the same. In each of the two battles of Guilford and Eutaw, Greene lost six hundred. In the latter engagement, his loss equalled a *quarter* of his entire army. In the storming of Savannah over a thousand fell in a *single hour*. Such mortality in our battles with the Mexicans would stun the nation."

From the narrative of Gen. Sullivan's efforts—one of the most interesting in the volume—we cannot help extracting some beautiful passages, among the best specimens of Mr. Headley's felicitous power of description. The Indians of the Five Nations had committed terrible ravages on our frontiers; and Sullivan was sent to burn their villages in the wilderness, from the Susquehannah to the Lake of the Iroquois. The army made its toilsome way, first through the vast extent of woods from the Delaware to the Susquehannah.

"At length the whole force assembled at Wyoming, and on the 31st of July took their final departure. So imposing a spectacle those solitudes never before witnessed. An army of three thousand men slowly wound along the picturesque banks of the Susquehannah—now their variegated uniforms sprinkling the open fields with gay colors, and anon their glittering bayonets fringing the dark forest with light, while by their side floated a hundred and fifty boats, laden with cannon and stores—slowly stemming the sluggish stream. Officers dashing along in their uniforms, and small bodies of horse between the columns, completed the scene—while exciting strains of martial music rose and fell in prolonged cadences on the summer air, and swept, dying away, into the deep solitudes. The gay song of the oarsman, as he bent to his toil, mingled in with the hoarse words of command; and like some wizard creation of the American wilderness, the mighty pageant passed slowly along. The hawk flew screaming from his eyrie at the sight, and the Indian gazed with wonder and affright, as he watched it from the mountain-top, winding miles and miles through the sweet valley, or caught from afar the deafening roll of the drums, and shrill blast of the bugle. At night the boats were moored to the shore, and the army encamped beside them—the innumerable watch-fires stretching for miles along the river. As the morning sun rose over the green forest, the drums beat the reveille throughout the camp, and again the pageant of the day



before commenced. Everything was in the freshness of summer vegetation, and the great forest rolled its sea of foliage over their heads, affording a welcome shelter from the heat of an August sun. Thus, day after day, this host toiled forward, and on the twelfth from the date of their march, reached Tioga. Here they entered on the Indian settlements, and the work of devastation commenced. Here also Clinton, coming down the Susquehannah, joined them with his brigade—and when the head of his column came in sight of the main army, and the boats floated into view, there went up such a shout as never before shook that wilderness.

“Sullivan in the meantime had destroyed the village of Chemung; and Clinton, on his passage, had laid waste the settlement of the Onondagas. The whole army, now amounting to nearly five thousand men, marched on the 26th of August up the Tioga river, destroying as it went. Having reached Seneca Lake, they followed its shores northward to Kendaia, a beautiful Indian village, with painted houses, and monuments for the dead, and richly cultivated fields. It smiled like an oasis there in the wilderness; but the smoke of the conflagration soon wrapped it, and when the sun again shone upon it, a smouldering heap alone remained—the waving corn had disappeared with the dwellings, and the cattle lay slaughtered around. Our troops moved like an awful, resistless scourge through this rich country—open and fruitful fields and smiling villages were before them—behind them a ruinous waste. Now and then, detachments sent off from the main body were attacked, and on one occasion seven slain; and once or twice the Indians threatened to make a stand for their homes, but soon fled in despair, and the army had it all their own way. The capital of the Seneca's, a town consisting of sixty houses, surrounded with beautiful cornfields and orchards, was burned to the ground, and the harvest destroyed. Canandaigua fell next, and then the army stretched away for the Genessee flats. The fourth day it reached this beautiful region, then almost wholly unknown to the white man. The valley, twenty miles long and four broad, had scarce a forest tree in it, and presented one of the most beautiful contrasts to the surrounding wilderness that could well be conceived. As the weary columns slowly emerged from the dark forest, and filed off into this open space, their admiration and astonishment knew no bounds. They seemed suddenly to have been transported into an Eden. The tall, ripe grass bent before the wind—cornfield on cornfield, as far as the eye could reach, waved in the sunlight—orchards that had been growing for generations, were weighed down under

the profusion of fruit—cattle grazed on the banks of the river, and all was luxuriance and beauty. In the midst of this garden of nature, where the gifts of Heaven had been lavished with such prodigality, were scattered a hundred and twenty-eight houses—not miserable huts, huddled together, but large, airy buildings, situated in the most pleasant spots, surrounded with fruit-trees, and exhibiting a civilization on the part of the Indians never before witnessed.

“Into this scene of surpassing loveliness the sword of war had now entered, and the approach of Sullivan's vast army, accompanied with the loud beat of the drum and shrill fife, sent consternation through the hearts of the inhabitants. At first they seemed resolved to defend their homes, but soon, as all the rest had done, turned and fled in affright. Not a soul remained behind; and Sullivan marched into a deserted, silent village. His heart relented at the sight of so much beauty, but his commands were peremptory. The soldiers thought, too, of Wyoming and Cherry Valley, and the thousand massacres that had made our borders flow in blood, and their hearts were steeled against pity. An enemy who felt no obligations, and kept no faith, must be placed beyond the reach of inflicting injury.

“At evening, that army of five thousand men encamped in the village; and just as the sun went down behind the limitless forest, a group of officers might be seen flooded by its farewell beams, gazing on the scene. While they thus stood conversing, suddenly there rolled by a dull and heavy sound, which startled them into an attitude of the deepest attention. There was no mistaking that report—it was the thunder of cannon—and for a moment they looked on each other with anxious countenances. That solitary roar, slowly traversing the mighty solitudes that hemmed them in, might well awaken the deepest solicitude. But it was not repeated; and night fell on the valley of Genessee, and the tired army slept. The next morning, as the sun rose over the wilderness, that heavy echo again shook the ground. It was then discovered to be the morning and evening gun of the British at Niagara; and its lonely thunder there made the solitude more fearful.

“Soon after sunrise, immense columns of smoke began to rise, the length and breadth of the valley, and in a short time the whole settlement was wrapt in flame from limit to limit, and before night those hundred and twenty-eight houses were a heap of ashes. The grain had been gathered into them, and thus both were destroyed together. The orchards were cut down, the cornfields uprooted, and the cattle butchered and left to rot on the plain. A

scene of desolation took the place of that scene of beauty, and the army encamped at night in a desert."

There are in the two volumes many affecting or amusing anecdotes. Of the former kind is one in the sketch of Stark and the battle of Bennington.

"One old farmer had five sons in the battle, and when it was over a friend came to him and said, sorrowfully, 'I have sad news for you.' 'What is it?' replied the father; 'have my sons run away from the fight?' 'No,' replied the friend, 'but one is dead.' 'Bring him to me,' said the old man, without changing his countenance. The youthful, athletic form of his boy was laid before him. Not a tear dimmed the parent's eye, as he wiped the blood from the ghastly wounds, and the dust from his pallid face. 'It was the happiest day of his life,' he said, 'to know that his five sons had fought nobly for freedom, even though one had fallen on the altar of his country.' A country filled with such fathers and sons the world could not conquer."

A laughable anecdote is told in the sketch of Paul Jones. The daring rover was hovering on the coast of Scotland, and just then threatening Kirkaldy.

"The inhabitants, as they saw her bearing steadily up towards the place, were filled with terror, and ran hither and thither in affright; but the good minister,

Rev. Mr. Shirra, assembled his flock on the beach, to pray the Lord to deliver them from their enemies. He was an eccentric man,—one of the quaintest of the quaint old Scotch divines, so that his prayers, even in those days, were often quoted for their oddity, and even roughness.

"Whether the following prayer is literally true or not, it is difficult to tell, but there is little doubt that the invocation of the excited eccentric old man was sufficiently odd. It is said that, having gathered his congregation on the beach in full sight of the vessel, which, under a press of canvas, was making a long tack that brought her close to the town, he knelt down on the sand, and thus began:— 'Now, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk o' Kirkaldy; for ye ken they're puir enow already, and hae naething to spare. The way the wind blaws he'll be here in a jiffy, and wha kens what he may do? He's nae too good for anything. Mickle's the mischief he has done already. He'll burn their houses, tak their very claes, and tirl them to the sark. And waes me! wha kens but the bluidy villain might tak their lives! The puir weemen are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna think of it! I canna think of it! I hae been long a faithful servant to ye, Lord; but gin ye dinna turn the wind about, and blaw the scoundrel out of our gate, I'll nae stir a foot; but will just sit here till the tide comes. Sae tak ye'r will o't.' "

## THE EUROPEAN GRAIN MARKET.

THE subject of shipments of grain to Europe having become a prominent one, and speculations as to the future being rife, it may be interesting to our merchants and farmers to have well-authenticated accounts of the English crops and their prices, for some time back, in order to form some idea of what the future has in store for us.

Of course it will be understood by our readers, that the prices which we shall state, before the reduction in the duties took place, can have no other bearing upon any future shipments of grain or bread-stuffs to England, than, inasmuch as they show the great fluctuations which take place, and therefore the ex-

treme uncertainty of that foreign market.

We, as is well known, are among those who believe that the great dependence of our agriculturists is the home market, sustained by consumers engaged in the useful arts. We do not, of course, deny that much advantage may occasionally result from very bad seasons, when the crops abroad, as at present, fall vastly short of the consumption; but it will be seen that these seasons have been the exception, and not the rule.

The great demand, for some little time past, and at present, it should be borne in mind, arises from a partial failure of

the crops in France and Belgium, as well as in England; the almost total failure of the potato crop in Ireland, and the injury elsewhere to that nutritious plant from the extraordinary disease to which it has been subjected.

From the great scarcity of grain in Europe, which has thus been brought about, it is probable that, for one or two years to come, a greater demand than usual may prevail; and doubtless this country will participate in the advantages to result from this uncommon state of the grain trade; but we should remember that Russia, Prussia, Denmark, various parts of Germany, Holland, France and Italy, have heretofore mostly

supplied, and doubtless will in future supply, by far the greater amount of the deficiencies of grain to England.

The Hon. Mr. Hudson of Massachusetts, in an able speech at the last session of Congress, very properly asks, upon the supposition that the average demand may increase in England, "from whence will she obtain supplies?" Her present average annual demand for foreign bread-stuffs, when reduced to quarters of grain, is, we think, fairly estimated at two millions of quarters, of eight bushels each; and the following table,\* which we have made out from parliamentary returns, shows from whence the deficiency was supplied in the years 1841, '42, and '43.

Countries.	1841	1842	1843	Total
	Bushels	Bushels	Bushels	Bushels
Russia, . . . . .	498,205	1,824,688	269,368	2,592,261
Denmark, . . . . .	1,915,279	617,656	565,248	3,098,183
Prussia, . . . . .	7,134,400	5,938,065	5,311,000	18,383,465
Germany, . . . . .	5,295,674	1,626,172	1,027,224	7,949,070
Holland, . . . . .	815,964	73,979	6,864	896,507
France, . . . . .	1,643,932	4,216,100	29,248	5,889,280
Italy and Islands, . . . . .	901,600	4,878,597	24,840	5,805,037
North American Colonies, . . . . .	2,333,354	3,729,690	2,790,504	8,853,548
United States, . . . . .	1,107,840	1,195,873	749,601	3,053,278
All other countries, . . . . .	866,859	1,816,340	272,407	2,955,606

"Here," continues Mr. Hudson, "we have a view of the demand and supply of the English grain market for three successive years. And does it appear that that market is to be regarded as ours? Is the United States the country upon which Great Britain is to depend for her bread-stuffs? A glance at this table will show at once, that our supply, when compared with that of the continent of Europe, dwindles almost into insignificance. Russia supplies nearly as much as the United States; Denmark a trifle more; Prussia more than six times as much; Germany and Holland nearly three times as much; France and Italy each nearly twice as much; and the British North American Colonies more than twice as much, as this boasted granary of the world. To show the relative importance of our trade to Great Britain in bread-stuffs, it is barely necessary to say, that of every hundred bushels sent to the English market, we have, on an average, supplied only five bushels, or, in other

words, about five per cent. of her demand."

But our purpose is, at present, more particularly to show, from Tooke's history of prices, the state of the crops, and the grain market of England for the last thirty years, the prices stated being in shillings sterling, per quarter of 8 bushels each, or 480 lbs.

In 1816: There was a lamentably deficient harvest, and wheat rose from 55.6 per quarter in February, to 74.11 in June, 82.1 in August, 90.10 in October, 103.7 in December.

In 1817: There was almost a famine in France, and large purchases were made in England, late in the spring, for the French government. The price was 104 in January, and rose to 112.8 in June: but from the fine weather both in France and England after that time, it fell in July to 102.6, in August to 86.5, and in September to 78.8.

In 1818: The price was 84.10 in January, 89.8 in April, and 86.6 in July;

\* National Magazine, p. 1049.

91.3 in August, and 80.8 in December.

In 1819: The average price was, in January, 79.3, in June, 68.10, in December, 66.3.

In 1820: It had risen in August to 72.5; but in December it fell to 54.6.

In 1822: Early in the season the price of Wheat was about 50; but in December the average price was 38.11.

In January, 1823, the average price was 40.4; and rose in June to 62.5; and fell again in October to 46.6; in December it rose again to 50.8.

In March, 1824, it was 55.6, but it declined to 55.4 in December.

In May, 1825, it was 68.9; in September, 66.7; in December, 63.

In January, 1826, it was 60.3; and fell in March to 55.7; and closed in December at 55.8.

In 1827: It was in January, 53.8; in July, 59.6; in August, 57.11; in September, 55; in December, 50.2.

In 1828: It was in May, 55.3; in June, 54.9; in July, 54; in November, 73; in December, 71.8.

In 1829: Much of the crop being of bad quality, sold for 50; best quality brought an average of 72.6.

In 1830: In January it was 54.4; in April, 63.11; in August, 70.5; in October, 60.10; in December, 64.11.

In 1831: In February Wheat sold for 71.10; in August it was 61.11; in December, 58.3.

In 1832: It was 61.5 in July; in December, 52.6.

In 1833: It was 51.1 in January; and 51.6 in June; in August, 53.5; in December, 47.10.

In 1834: It continued to fall from 45 in the early months throughout the year, till, in December, it sold for 39.6.

In 1835: Wheat sold in April for

37.10; in July, 41; but it fell again in December to 35.4; being but little more than one-fourth of what it brought at the close of the last century.

In 1836: In January the price was 36; in June, 48.11; in October, 46.4; in December, 57.9—an advance of seventy per cent. upon the price of December, 1835.

In 1837, it fell again, till in May it was 52.10; in June, 54.9; in August, 57.5; in Sept., 54.11; in December, 51.3.

In 1838: In January, 53.5; in February, 55.5; in March, 56.6; in August, 73.8; in September it fell to 64.9; but it rose again till, towards the last of December, it was 78.4.

In 1839: In January it reached 81.6; in April it fell to 70.1; in July and August it was 71.8; in December, 66.11.

We have Tooke's prices no later than this year, and therefore have only the price, on the 1st of November, to 1843, as given in Parliament by Lord John Russell, as follows: In 1840, November 1st, 63; in 1841, November 1st, 63.2; in 1842, November 1st, 50.

In 1843: The price in February was 51; in June, 49; in August, 62; in December, 51.8.

In June, 1844, it was 55.8; in Aug., 40.1.

In 1845: In June, 47.10; in August, 57; in December, 58.6.

In January, 1846, it was 56.3; in March, 54.10, in August, 47.5; in October, 59.10; in November, 62.3; in December, 60.3.

In 1847, up to the present time: January 2d, 64.4; January 20th, 73.3; February 6th, 73.10; February 13th, 71.10; February 27th, 74.6; March 20th, 75.10; March 27th, 77; April 10th, 74.

From these data we make the following table, adding the prices at the same time in Baltimore, Maryland.

*Prices of Wheat in England and America during the following years:*

In		Sterling per Quarter.		Average annual prices at Baltimore, per bushel in dollars and cents.	
		Minimum	Maximum		
1816		55.6	103.7	\$2	00
"	1817	78.8	"	112.8	2 40
"	1818	80.8	"	111.8	2 00
"	1819	66.3	"	79.3	1 30
"	1820	54.6	"	72.5	92
"	1821	49	"	59.1	93
"	1822	38.11	"	50	1 33
"	1823	40.4	"	51.1	1 37
"	1824	55.4	"	65.6	1 11
"	1825	63	"	68.9	1 00
"	1826	55.8	"	60.3	92

Sterling per Quarter.			Average annual prices at Baltimore, per bushel in dollars and cents.	
" 1827	Minimum 50.2	Maximum 59.6	1	00
" 1828	Slid. scale 54 of duties established	71.8	1	10
" 1829	Inf. qual. 50 good quality	72.6	1	28
" 1830	Minimum 54.4	Maximum 70.5		96
" 1831	" 51.3	" 71.10	1	12
" 1832	" 52.6	" 61.5	1	12
" 1833	" 47.10	" 53.5	1	12
" 1834	" 39.6	" 45	1	02
" 1835	" 37.10	" 41	1	21
" 1836	" 36	" 57.9	1	60
" 1837	" 51.3	" 57.5	1	78
" 1838	" 53.5	" 78.4	1	60
" 1839	" 66.11	" 81.6	1	37
" 1840	Minimum not ascertained, Nov. 1st	63	1	00
" 1841	" "	63.2	1	14
" 1842	" "	50	1	05
" 1843	Minimum 49	Maximum 62		92
" 1844	" 40.1	" 55.8		91
" 1845	" 47.10	" 58.6	1	00
" 1846	" 47.5	" 60.3	1	10

We would particularly call the attention of those concerned to the extreme fluctuations in the English grain market, shown by this Table, rendering, in common years, shipments from this country a perfect lottery.

It is probable, that since the removal of the duties, and the consequent average fall in prices, these fluctuations may not be so great as formerly; still it is a notorious fact, as is fully shown by the Mark Lane newspaper, that the prices fluctuate from week to week as the weather is fine or discouraging, or the foreign imports greater or less; and that no satisfactory calculation can be made here of what prices may govern, when our shipments may arrive. The grain trade of England is in the hands of the most astute speculators, who have agents in every part of the United Kingdoms, and scattered all over the continent of Europe; and the proximity of the great exporting ports of the northern part of Europe, which, as we have shown, furnish at least three-fourths of all the grain that is imported into England, gives these speculators the opportunity, on any rise, to pour in their shipments from thence, so that before any shipments made from America can arrive, the market gives way to the increased supplies. The writer has had, for a long period, an intimate knowledge of the English corn market, and feels no hesitation in recording the opinion that few seasons have occurred since 1816, in which shippers of grain or bread-stuffs from the United

States to Great Britain, have received remunerating prices, however flattering were the prospects in advance.

Moreover, it may be farther remarked in relation to the future, that the recent scarcity and consequent high prices, will cause a greatly increased growth on the Continent, which, far from augmenting the chances of profit on shipments from this country, will have a tendency to diminish them.

Let us not, however, be supposed not properly to appreciate any market which Great Britain may hereafter afford us for our bread-stuffs and provisions; for whatever they may sell for, is a clear national gain to us, and therefore highly valuable; in addition to which, it gives valuable freights to our shipping.

This whole article, and these particular opinions, are put forth solely with a view to keep the past before us, that we may not suffer the present very uncommon state of our foreign grain trade, arising solely from the causes already named, to induce us to anticipate for the future sources of national wealth, which cannot be realized; and this more particularly, as those now high in office falsely represent the prosperity, which proceeds from no other cause than the famine in Europe, to have had its origin in the reduction of our import duties, under the Tariff of 1846, when every tyro in commerce knows that, but for this rise abroad in bread-stuffs and provisions, the injudicious measures of the present administration would have brought wide-extended ruin to our



finances, and to the general interests of the whole Union. If the present high prices in England, which cause our immense shipments, could be for a moment in any way connected with the free trade so much landed by Great Britain, they would prove but a bad commentary upon the arguments put forth by "the Corn Law League," the main burthen of which was, that the repeal of the duties was to give cheap bread, and produce halcyon days to the working-men of the whole realm.

The two great causes which thus influence the fluctuations of the English grain market, are the uncertainty of the climate of Great Britain, and the heavy or light importations from Continental Europe—the quantity sent from this country being so trifling as to have but little influence.

Having stated the prices which governed from 1816 to 1847, we now proceed to show the quantity produced in England and Ireland, and what proportion of the consumption is imported.

The quantity of wheat produced in the whole island of Great Britain is estimated by Mr. M'Culloch and other writers at about thirteen millions of quarters, equal to 104 millions of bushels. The produce of Ireland is stated to be about one million of quarters, or eight millions of bushels, of which one-half was annually sent to Great Britain, previous to the year 1838—since that year the quantity shipped thither from Ireland has diminished.

The following is an abstract from parliamentary documents, showing the amount of wheat imported into Great Britain from 1760 to 1840:

Years.	Annual av. import'n.	Years.	Annual av. import'n.
1761 to 1770	94,089 quarters	1801 to 1810	555,939 quarters
1771 to 1780	111,372 "	1811 to 1820	429,076 "
1781 to 1790	143,292 "	1821 to 1830	534,762 "
1791 to 1800	470,342 "	1831 to 1840	908,118 "

So much for the average importations. We now annex a table showing the importations in each year, and the places

from whence imported, for the latter period of ten years, from 1831 to 1840 inclusive.

*Comparative Statement of the Quantities of Wheat Imported into the United Kingdom, during the years 1831 to 1840.*

Whence imp'd	1831	1832	1833	1834	1835	1836	1837	1838	1839	1840.
Prussia	996,605	119,360	87,003	20,826	3,336	100,900	315,121	550,626	740,203	800,551
Germany	910,773	43,046	40,421	42,770	11,577	51,583	87,885	212,442	409,729	364,539
Holland	30,249		276		8	3,984	70,741	82,010	116,440	59,610
Italy	953,059	2,304	6	1	1	4	4,483	30,364	335,612	140,292
Russia	464,904	91,290	16,656			1,036	11,244	41,339	371,093	266,269
Denmark	55,960	33,549	7,958	11,733	9,739	10,359	18,940	111,499	196,730	150,331
Brit. N. Amer.	190,796	89,516	79,410	44,907	14,396				27	8,192
U.S. of America	42,736	6,990	"	"	"			555	3,766	73,735
Other countries	280,417	6,107	4,535	3,855	3,729	1,804	8,377	102,525	460,316	127,843
	1,636,529	391,417	949,171	133,091	42,026	169,649	455,971	1,201,400	2,634,556	1,993,493

The quantities imported into Great Britain in 1841, '42, and '43, as we have already given them in the first table of

this article, when summed up, present the following results:—

In 1841 in quarters 2,814,138 or bushels 22,518,704  
 In 1842 in quarters 4,739,645 or bushels 29,717,160  
 In 1843 in quarters 1,380,825 or bushels 11,046,600

Of these importations the United States furnished as follows:

In 1841 in quarters 138,480 or bushels 1,107,840  
 In 1842 in quarters 149,484 or bushels 1,195,872  
 In 1843 in quarters 93,700 or bushels 749,600

Not four per cent. of the quantity imported in 1841—about four per cent. of the quantity in 1842—about seven per cent. of the quantity imported in 1843—aver-

aging for the three years about five and one-third per cent.

We have not the data before us to show the present falling off of the im-

portations into England from France, Russia, Prussia, and Germany; but we have no doubt when these can be obtained, the whole secret of the great demand at present sustained for our breadstuffs will be made fully manifest, and will clearly prove that we are indebted for it, to the short crops of the last year throughout Europe; and that therefore we have made a liberal allowance in fixing the average quantity which Great Britain will require, at two millions of quarters or sixteen millions of bushels; and that the United States will not in future supply of that quantity much more than one million of bushels, while the remaining fifteen millions will be supplied by the continental nations of Europe. But suppose we should even supply double that amount, what a trifling proportion is that of our crop, which was estimated by the report of the commissioner of patents to be in 1845, 106,548,000 bushels, as per following table:

New York,	16,200,000
New Jersey,	1,050,000
Pennsylvania,	12,520,000
Delaware,	440,000
Maryland.	4,384,000
District of Columbia,	15,000
Virginia,	11,885,000
N. Carolina,	1,969,000
Kentucky,	4,769,000
Tennessee,	8,340,000
Ohio,	13,572,000
Michigan,	7,061,000
Illinois,	4,563,000
Indiana,	7,044,000
Missouri,	1,525,000
Wisconsin,	971,000
Iowa,	793,000
New England States,	2,363,000
States south of 35° north latitude,	7,84,000
<b>Bushels,</b>	<b>106,548,000</b>

Thus, if our estimate be correct, our exports to Great Britain will not exceed one per cent., and if that be doubled only two per cent. of our crop, estimating it upon the crop of 1845; whereas the quantity of Wheat grown in the United States will doubtless greatly increase from year to year.

It is the party slang of the day, to attribute the recent large exportations of grain and provisions to what is called Free Trade, but which in truth is nothing more than the necessity to which Great Britain is reduced of favoring her

manufacturers by removing the import duties on the raw material and on breadstuffs and provisions, when surely none but the most ignorant can for a moment doubt that had the tariff of 1842 remained in full force, we should have furnished the exhausted and famine-stricken portion of Europe with precisely the same amount of food to save them from a hopeless destitution. Nothing, therefore, but the tariff system, which has fostered our manufacturing and mechanic industry, has enabled us to lay their specie under contribution—as it must be obvious that but for the amount of manufactures now made at home, instead of the specie that has come to us, we should have been deluged with the proceeds of the pauper labor of Europe in return for our breadstuffs and provisions, to the destruction of American skill and industry.

How far the tariff of 1846 may injure us we will not pretend to prophecy, but we have no hesitation in declaring our most thorough conviction, that if Mr. Walker's principle of collecting the largest amount of revenue at the lowest rate of duties shall be submitted to, then the paralyzation of our resources must be the result, and American labor find a much lower level, to the demoralization of the great mass of our citizens and the destruction of the real independence of the nation.

We would by no means, as we have said, underrate the advantages our country has derived from the very large shipments of grain and provisions which the distresses of Europe have enabled us to furnish them, for the current year. We consider it as the only thing which has saved us from a state of depression such as we have seldom witnessed. Our object is to state the facts, which are proven by a reference to the experience of many years in the Wheat trade, that our farmers and merchants may not be led into erroneous calculations for the future.

It is highly probable that, for one or two years to come, we may profit by the extreme scarcity in Europe of vegetable food of all kinds; as it will require some time for Europe to reinstate its full supply, and have the usual quantity left on hand at the close of the year. Doubtless, also, our commerce in Indian Corn will experience a great increase over former years. The value of that grain as a substantial aliment has been fully tested, during the present season of trans-Atlantic famine; the European palate is becoming accustomed to it, and the power which

exists for its increased production in the Southern States, may prove of immense advantage to that quarter of the Union, and enable them to substitute it in some degree for cotton, the lessening of the cultivation of which is so important to sustain a remunerating price.

The investigation of this subject gives rise to many other considerations, so closely connected with it, that we must ask the indulgence of our readers while we give our views respecting some of them.

One of the great arguments produced by Mr. Secretary Walker in his notorious report on the Tariff, at the last session of Congress, against protective duties on manufactures, is, that a few of the Western States can supply any deficiency of grain that England, or Europe, may at any time require: hence he argues that the United States should give up manufactures, and increase the cultivation of grain. The writer of this article combated this doctrine in the National Magazine, in a review of that report, and in doing so, took the ground that we could supply all agricultural produce that would at any time be required of us, with our present force engaged in agricultural pursuits; and he is now enabled to appeal to existing facts as triumphantly sustaining the ground then taken. Such a state of destitution in vegetable food as is now prevalent in Europe, has scarcely ever before existed; and what has been the result? Let our immense exportations recently made, answer this question. And let it also be remembered that this has occurred without the slightest preparation for it, from the crop that was grown, without any anticipation that an increased demand would take place. "But," reasoned Mr. Walker, "foreign nations will not buy our grain unless we will increasingly take their manufactures." Whence, then, we would ask, the immense importations of specie which are daily flowing in upon us, until they have already exceeded twenty millions of dollars?

Greatly may the Secretary of the Treasury console himself that his ignorance of the nature of trade has been so fully demonstrated; for we risk nothing in the assertion, that but for this influx of specie, his Tariff of 1846, his Sub-Treasury, and his unlimited Warehousing System, would have produced such a revulsion in trade, that he would not have been enabled to negotiate his loan, nor would any bank this side of Boston have been in a situation to continue specie payments up to this time.

Of the same stolid ignorance of the course of trade, and the actually existing state of things, are the congratulations that fill the high party presses that the Tariff of 1846 is working well for the country. That law has been but five months in operation, and has as yet produced no other effect than to cause a fall in price on all foreign and domestic manufactures, which has severely injured those who deal in them and had stocks on hand, and to introduce cotton goods, prints, &c., which are commencing to interfere with the home industry. No man living can at this time form the slightest accurate judgment of what will be the eventual injurious effect of the policy commenced by the present administration. One thing we think is clear, and that is, that the country is wholly opposed to it. The recent elections have already done away with the large majority of the supporters of "the party" in the last lower House of Congress. And we confidently trust that when all the elections for the next Congress are over, a Whig majority in that body will at least have an opportunity of overhauling the wasteful expenditures of the public money in an unrighteous war, and of showing up to the country the reckless manner in which the public interests have been sacrificed to sustain an unscrupulous party, ready and willing to immolate the best interests of the Union in the vain hope of ministering to their insatiable thirst for place and power.

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## MISCELLANY OF THE MONTH.

EUROPE continues to be agitated in almost every part of its extent. In England a severe pressure in the money market has followed the demand for foreign grain, and the ravages of the famine in Ireland continue unchecked. The ministerial scheme of education has been

very ably discussed, and although it encountered an intensely bitter opposition, chiefly on *pseudo*-religious grounds, it has passed the House of Commons by an overwhelming majority. The proposition is simply to appropriate £100,000 per annum, to the aid of schools, each receiving

sum proportioned to the amount of money voluntarily contributed for its support. The system of school inspection is also to be extended and improved, and government rewards are offered to the best scholars and teachers. The only condition required is, that a portion of each day in all the schools shall be devoted to reading a portion of the authorized version of the Scriptures. The Catholics complain that they are thus entirely excluded from the benefits of the system proposed. There is no doubt that the scheme will be adopted, and that it will contribute greatly to the improvement of education in England. The whole subject was very thoroughly and ably canvassed. One of the most solid as well as brilliant speeches upon the bill, was that made by Mr. Macaulay.

Upon the Continent, politics and the condition of the people continue to engross and excite the attention of all classes. The Pope, by his firm and wise adherence to liberal measures, has provoked the enmity of Austria, and various conspiracies have been formed against him, in all which the priests are found to bear a conspicuous part. A desire for greater liberty is, however, becoming universal in Italy, and the Pope receives the hearty support of the great body of the people. In Spain and Portugal the popular parties are acquiring greater strength and giving better form and method to public affairs. Upon all these points, as well as others of general interest, the letter of our Paris correspondent, which we give below, will be found satisfactory.

In literary matters, nothing worthy of special note meets our eye.

Chevalier Bunsen's work on the "Church of the Future" has been published in English, in the form of a comment upon the author's correspondence with Mr. Gladstone. The Prussian minister in England, who is the author of this work, has been most favorably known for some years to literary men as one of the ripest scholars, and most earnest seekers after truth, among the orthodox divines of Europe. The letters of Dr. Arnold, by the tone of most emphatic eulogy with which they always refer to Bunsen, whom Arnold declares to be the greatest and best man he has ever known, have excited in him and his works a fresh interest, which will insure for this treatise a marked reception. The author in his preface says, that he has been engaged for over twenty-five years upon inquiries connected with the subject. His conclusions are greatly at variance with generally received opinions as to the constitution and offices of the Church, and coincide with those of Arnold more nearly than of any other writer of the day. The book will be read with interest by all concerned in the progress of theological inquiry.

A book of "Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea," by a civil engineer with a most unbewitching name, Xavier H. de Hell, has been translated and published. It contains a great amount of fresh and valuable information, and many of its sketches, being written by M. Hell's lady, who shared his travels, are clever and interesting. A very spirited anonymous novel has made its appearance, entitled, "A Whim and its Consequences." It makes some slight sensation. Two new books upon China one by Robert Fortune, a botanist, and the other by Smith, a missionary explorer, have been published. Both are valuable, and add much to our information concerning men and things in the Celestial Empire. One of them at least should be reprinted. Lamartine's "History of the Girondins" has reached its third volume, which is devoted mainly to the causes of the 10th of August and the 2d of September, 1792. The works of Thomas Reid, with Dugald Stewart's account of his life and writings, together with a selection from his hitherto unpublished letters, have just been published in a new edition, edited by Sir William Hamilton, who also contributes a preface and some supplementary dissertations.

The discussion of the best modes of ventilation has elicited some interesting statistical facts connected with the health of the English. It is stated that *one-fourth* of the children in England die before they are five years old; and that in London, out of 49,089 people who died in 1846, 22,275, nearly half, were under 15; and that 14,368, nearly one-third, died from diseases of the organs of respiration. These facts certainly justify the utmost attention to the quality of the air that is breathed.

A newspaper directory has been published in London, from which it appears that there are now in England 555 journals: 30 liberal, 187 conservative, and 138 neutral. It is also stated that more money is lost in starting newspapers than in any other department of business; not one in ten of those which are started ever succeeds in paying its expenses. In this country, the proportion, we imagine, would be much less—because, perhaps, the number started is far greater.

Other foreign matters of interest are chiefly embraced in the following European letter:

PARIS, April 30, 1847.

You have already received accounts of passing events in Europe during the first fortnight of April. You know that this month was ushered in, at Paris, by weather which effectually dampened the festivities of Longchamps. That annual promenade of fashion has lost the prestige which it once enjoyed as a substitute for the ancient

pilgrimage to an Abbey, founded in 1261, at the Bois de Boulogne, by Isabella of France, sister of St. Louis, where, towards the middle of the 18th century, the attention of amateurs was attracted by a melodious choir of nuns whose voices were long ago silent. You have been informed of the solemn services of Passion Week, when the churches of the capital were thronged, as at St. Roch's, by worshippers of every rank, from street beggars to the Queen and her sons, the Princes—all kneeling before the same altar—while the most imposing ceremonies of the Catholic ritual were celebrated. The perfume of costly incense filled the great temple; the finest music swelled beneath the high arches, and floated among the dim pillars of the long aisles. For one evening, at least—that of good Friday—the theatres were deserted, to the benefit of the keepers of the cafés and billiard-rooms which were then crowded by multitudes who would otherwise have offered, as usual, their nightly devotions at the shrine of Thespis. You have heard of the principal occurrences and rumors on the continent during the early part of the month. The threatened rupture of relations between Greece and the Sublime Porte; the ministerial changes in Spain, where the daughter of King Ferdinand displays, freed from the tyranny of the queen mother, the impetuous temper she inherited from her late father, and heeding foreign interference, whether from the palace of the Tuilleries, or the cabinet of St. James, as little as she does the incapacity of the mock-king to whom M. Guizot boasted so exultingly of having married her, chooses to follow her “own sweet will,” not uninfluenced, however, so scandal says, by the same seductive power which seems, in the person of Gen. Serrano to have played a similar part at Madrid to that enacted by it in the person of Lola Montes at Munich; the rumor of a triple alliance between England, Spain and Portugal; the unexpected introduction, under the auspices of the French Minister of foreign affairs, of the Emperor of Russia, as a stockholder to the amount of 50 million francs, at the Bourse of Paris; the illness of the Autocrat, which prevents, or at least postpones his projected visit to the metropolis of France—an event heralded, it was said, by autograph letters and sundry gifts of northern delicacies sent to Louis Philippe by the imperial hand; the convocation of the Prussian Diet by Frederick William IV. the parliamentary proceedings of the French Chambers; all these, and numerous other items of European news up to the departure of the steamer which left Liverpool ten or fifteen days ago, have been duly chronicled in the American journals. My topics are therefore limited, and it will be necessary merely to glance at the present aspect of

the ever-changing affairs of the Old World.

The quarrel between King Otho and the young Sultan is more violent than ever. The excitement which it has occasioned may at any moment break out in warlike manifestations. The only two means which might have checked it in the beginning—the interference of the great European powers, or a personal advance on the part of the Greek sovereign—have been resorted to in vain. It is true that two of the cabinets, consulted on the occasion, pronounced in favor of the Ottoman, and but slight weight is allowed to the contrary opinion of France. A letter from Otho to the Sultan, couched in the most respectful terms, but not affording, however, sufficient satisfaction to the *tres haut et tres puissant Empereur*, as he was styled in it, has also been ineffectual to heal the breach. The period allotted for the desired concessions having expired on the 1st of April, without their fulfillment, the Hellenists at Stamboul are deprived of protection, and the diplomatic relations between the two courts are completely interrupted. Menaced on the one hand by Turkey, Greece is exposed on the other to England. Three British vessels are lying on the waters of the Pireus, and whether or not they have been sent, according to general belief, to reclaim the interest on the English loan, their attitude is nevertheless threatening. A new complication in the affairs of Greece, and one which, in the actual circumstances, may lead to serious consequences, is the question never entirely decided and now agitated anew, relative to the succession to the throne, in case of the present king's decease without issue. English interference, to which the diminution of French influence at Athens is here supposed to be owing, does not now for the first time intermeddle in the affairs of the Porte. So long ago as 1609 it aimed at an authority in Constantinople which it is not disposed to relinquish at the present day.

The barbarities exercised by the Turkish Government against the Christians of Liban, have excited universal reprobation in France. Chekib-Effendi, the present ambassador of the Sultan to Austria, and who not long since visited Rome on an embassy, unprecedented in history, from the successor of the Caliphs of Bagdad to the successor of St. Peter, the spiritual chief of the “Christian dogs,” as those same old Caliphs would have called the infidels, was previously sent on a mission to pacify the troubles in Liban, and defend the Maronites against the Druses. His interpretation of the word “pacify” permitted them, on the contrary, to be pillaged and massacred, their houses to be burned, and their harvests destroyed. In spite of his education at Paris, he seems to have retained a portion of the traditional hatred of the Osmanlis against the Christians of Syria.



